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FIFTH YEAR OF THE LIBRARY.

The coming of a new year, and the first page of our *ninth* volume, invites us to follow the good custom of making a bow to our friends and readers; as they are numerous. We make our entrance hat in hand and say in one word to all, "a happy New Year, and frequent may be the recurrence thereof. We have much to be grateful for, and hope to show our gratitude by increasing exertions on your behalf."

Upon a review of our eight volumes, and their accompaniment the "Journal," it is impossible to suppress such emotions of honest pride as must naturally result from the complete success of an undertaking, in which the view of pecuniary emolument, in the mind of the editor, was subordinate to his earnest desire of affording gratification and amusement where his selections might penetrate, in those numerous nooks and corners of our great country, the domestic fireside. We are disposed to coincide with the general admission that the farther our work proceeds the stronger are its claims to public favour, *especially* as we have the satisfaction to know from the publisher that the more extensive is the support with which it is honoured, notwithstanding numerous short-lived attempts at imitation, and the competition of new and vigorous candidates in the field of periodical literature. We assure our readers that our solicitude to deserve the flattering encouragement so liberally bestowed is unabated; the distinguished rank among the literary *productions of* the day awarded by the public to this LIBRARY, shall not only stimulate us to avoid the charge of degeneracy, but to incessant efforts for its future advancement.

We are well aware of the improved state and the vital importance of periodical literature: and that unceasing vigilance, indefatigable exertion, and heavy expense, are requisite to procure amusement and information worthy of the enlightened and enlightening taste of the American reading public. How far we have heretofore accomplished this object we leave to a discerning public to decide; but we trust full credit has at least been given for our anxiety to fulfil all our engagements. It were *superfluous to* promise what our own pleasure and the publisher's interest so obviously dictates—the continuance of our zealous endeavours, not only to maintain, but if possible to increase, the attractions of WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

We cannot take our leave without recommending to the attention of our readers the following judicious remarks, from "The Accomplished Woman:"—

"Three very excellent things, of great utility, are reading, conversation, and reflection. By reading, we treat with the dead; by conversation with the living; and by reflection with ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the mind, and reflection forms the judgment. But of these noble employments of the soul, were we to say which we think the most important, we must confess that *reading* seems the ground-work of the other two; since, without reading, contemplation is fruitless and conversation dull and insipid."

The Saracen,

OR,

MATILDA AND MALEK ADHEL:

A CRUSADE ROMANCE,

From the French of Madame Cottin.

—

Introduction.

Madame Cottin's novels are but little read in America; and, with the exception of "The Saracen," perhaps it is as well for our country that they are almost unknown through the medium of translations. This author's maiden name was Ristan; she was married at the age of eighteen, in compliance with the wish of her father, a merchant of Bordeaux, to a rich banker at Paris. Her husband left her a childless and beautiful widow, at the age of twenty-two. She afterwards resided for some time with a lady to whom she was warmly attached, and devoted much of her attention to the education of the two daughters of her friend. This accomplished writer died at Paris, at the early age of thirty-five.

This Crusade Romance has been a favourite for a long period, and is one of the few of its class which those who have read it in early life, would be glad to reperuse. Though not true to history in all its parts, it is filled with striking scenes, many well-contrasted characters, and a great variety of most affecting incidents. The narrative is flowing and perspicuous, while the sentiments are equally correct and beautiful. Some of the strong points in the episode of Agnes are perhaps made rather more prominent than it was necessary or desirable that they should be; yet, on the whole, we have no hesitation in recommending this production as an unexceptionable work, and a very noble romance.

The eldest daughter of Henry the Second, who lurks in an obscure page of English history under the homely name of Maud, and was united in marriage to Henry Duke of Saxony, is the Matilda of the story, touched by the magic wand of our author, and converted into the lover of Malek Adhel. The period chosen, it is to be remembered, is peculiarly that of chivalry, and the noblest sentiments of honour.

—

CHAPTER I.

After a long and bloody siege, Saladin had entered Jerusalem as a conqueror. At the report that the holy city had fallen, all the Christian powers were agitated. William, Archbishop of Tyre, embarked for Europe instantly: he went to impart his grief to the sovereign pontiff, and implore assistance in behalf of his brethren in the East. Urban III., death-struck at this fatal news, expired in the arms of William. Gregory VIII., who succeeded him, preached a new Crusade. At his voice, and that of the pious archbishop, traveling over Europe on foot, holding a cross, using prayers, tears, and threats, all minds grew warm, the enthusiasm of glory and religion again took possession of men's souls; the kings themselves rose, united, and swore not to lay down their arms until they had recovered that Jerusalem which cost their ancestors so much blood, where stands the tomb of a God, and whose loss seemed to them a stain, which its conquest alone could wipe off.

At the head of so many sovereigns were Richard the First and Philip Augustus; rivals in power, by the situation and extent of their states, rivals also by their age and ardour for glory. Both equally proud, haughty, and intrepid, they were incensed at the least appearance of insult, and could not be brought to yield: Philip Augustus, as great and magnanimous as he was provident and wise, aspired to more solid and brilliant victories; Richard, full of candour and sincerity, but imprudent and wild, always led away by his passions, unable to dissemble, or to delay his vengeance a single day, as constant in enmity as in friendship, and hurried on by the most impetuous courage, attached, perhaps, more splendour than his rival to his name and exploits, and owed to the very excess of his qualities the universal admiration that he became the object of, and the striking misfortunes into which the snares of perfidy precipitated him afterwards.

The Emperor Frederick, at the head of fifty thousand men, had just set off for Palestine, while Richard and Philip Augustus, encamped yet in the plains of Gisors, saw their armies increasing every day by the pathetic and vehement pictures that William drew of the deplorable condition of the Christians in the East. All the youths who were animated with warlike ardour, in the two kingdoms, repaired in crowds to the standards of their respective sovereigns: and, in seeing them marching at the head of their soldiers, ready to fight with courage for the cause of Heaven, no one would have suffered his name to be tarnished by the infamous reproach of having forsaken the cross.

Meanwhile the two monarchs parted, having agreed to meet again at Messina. Philip embarked at Genoa; Richard returned to London, entrusted the regency to his brother John; and, while the fleet on board of which he was to be conveyed was preparing at Marseilles, Berengere, his destined bride, had already repaired to Sicily, in order to celebrate there the nuptial bond which was to unite them in the face of two camps.

The affianced of Richard, the bashful and tender Berengere, was daughter of Sanchez, King of Navarre; she possessed few charms and talents, but so many virtues adorned her disposition, and so much love attached her to Richard, that she had managed to fix the heart of this inconstant monarch; he had preferred her to all her rivals, even to the sister of Philip Augustus. In vain the proud Alix had tried to chain his affections; Richard, seduced for a moment, had, soon after, rejected the hand of a woman whom he could not esteem, and once, at least, modest virtue had an opportunity to triumph in the heart of a great king over the dazzling splendour of birth and beauty.

But, before entering on his long and perilous enterprise, Richard wished to assist at the sacrifice of his youngest sister, who was on the point of pronouncing her vows. He had not seen her since her infancy; perhaps he should never see her again, and, before she took leave of the world, or in case he might perish by the hands of the infidels, he wished to know her, embrace her, and bid her a last farewell. While his captains prepared for their departure, attended only by a few gentlemen and the Archbishop of Tyre, who wished to be present at the ceremony, he repaired to the monastery, where she had been shut up from a few months after her birth, and whence she was to swear never to depart.

Brought up, for sixteen years, in the solemn shade of that convent, having never lived but with vestals pure and chaste, like herself, the thoughts of the young princess never wandered beyond her retreat, nor did her heart sigh for other joys: her days passed uniformly and unheeded by, and, in her perfect innocence, she was equally ignorant of the existence of evil, and the merit of virtue.

Little vain of her birth, still less of that beauty she knew not the value of; having but a confused idea of the world, the noise of which never reached her, and which the abbess had never described to her but as a frightful assemblage of dangers and torments; Matilda blessed the Lord every day for having called her to such a holy life; and, not supposing the existence of any other happiness than that which she enjoyed in her retirement, she looked with joy on the approach of that august ceremony which was to entomb her for ever.

Meanwhile, Richard's arrival put the whole convent in motion; the doors flew open, and the very grates fell before him. It was now, for the first time, that the looks

of a man were cast around the interior of this cloister, and that the noise of arms resounded in these peaceful vaults; but what is not permitted to supreme majesty! The Archbishop of Tyre alone dared to follow the king, and Matilda hastened to receive the embraces of a brother and the blessings of William.

The abbess and the other nuns, covered with their black veils, accompanied and surrounded the young novice; they were present at her interview with Richard, and wept at the soft effusions of fraternal love: the monarch recounted his projects, and spoke of his intended voyage; the archbishop continued also after him, and, at the name alone of Jerusalem, they saw his eyes filled with tears, as he related the loss of the holy places, the hardships the faithful had to encounter in approaching them, and the delights they were to enjoy when they had attained them; these accounts awakened in Matilda's soul new, but no less pious, thoughts; her devotion, hitherto so mild, assumed a more ardent character; and, though surprised and confused to find a desire in her heart, and to foresee a change in her life, she owned, with a blush, that she wished to take the cross with her brother, and visit the Holy Land, before she drew that veil that must for ever separate her from the world.

Matilda had no trouble to obtain her request; a voyage, like that, was looked upon, in those ancient times, as an action the most agreeable to God, and as the most salutary probation for the monastic state; all the companions of the princess hastened to applaud her projects with transports, and, delighted with the honour a pilgrimage so holy would reflect on their convent, already they prepared the mystic roses with which they were to crown the young virgin on her return; on her novicial habit, of a dazzling white, the abbess herself fastened the brilliant cross which gave the seal to her projects, and placed her under the immediate protection of God; then, committing her to the care of the king, she said, "Your majesty knows not yet all the value of the pledge I entrust you with, nor what treasures of innocence and piety are contained in this young virgin's heart: may your valour defend her life, sire!—and you, my father," added she, turning to the archbishop, "may your zeal watch over her soul! It is not the Princess of England that I recommend you, but the future bride of the Lord: it is, without a doubt, the noblest of all titles; meanwhile, O Matilda, let it not swell your heart with too much presumption, but may a humble diffidence attend you always. Think that there is no title so august, no disposition so holy, that can shelter us from temptations. Beware of listening to those seducing voices that flatter your senses to your ruin, and may the chaste husband, to whom you are destined, render your ears so attentive to the breathings of his divine spirit, that you may not hear the vain noise the world will make around you."

While Matilda listened with profound attention to the discourse of the pious abbess, Richard waited with marks of impatience for the end of it; and scarcely was he at liberty to speak, when he swore that his sister had nothing to fear near him. "With the help of God and my sword," exclaimed he, full of chivalric enthusiasm, "rest assured, madam, that Matilda will be no less safe in the middle of my camp than behind the walls of this cloister." The energetic tone with which he pronounced these words, tinged the faces of the young virgins with a blush; but, stricken with the martial air which breathed in the countenance of the hero, and the noble ardour which sparkled in his eyes, none cast theirs to the ground.

Meanwhile the time of departure approached: Matilda advanced towards the outer door of the convent; and, on the point of passing the threshold for the first time in her life, she stopped, turned round, and her timid looks seemed to enquire if her courage was not rather temerity. The abbess, seeing her terror, and the dangers of the world open before her, conceived a new alarm at all the perils which were going to surround her favourite pupil; and, in the hope of preserving her life and her innocence, she made her last sacrifice; and giving her a small relic that she always wore about her: "This, my child," said she "will shelter you from all dangers; if the storm surprise you; if, more terrible than the storm, the passions threaten you, press on your breast this fragment of the true cross, and it will deliver you! O, Matilda, you fancy you prepare for a heavenly festival; but, believe me, that while on earth you must suffer."

Matilda, grateful for so precious a gift, fastened it on her bosom with an ardent faith, kissed the revered hand of her from whom she received it, and, pronouncing a last farewell to her timid sisters, she left the monastery, the gates of which she could not see closed on her without shuddering; then raising her eyes, suffused with tears, towards the holy asylum which she was leaving, she could not remove them until the thickness of the woods and the distance had entirely hidden it from her sight. She then felt her heart disturbed; which emotion increased still more on discovering the extensive horizon before her: frightened, the timid virgin drew nearer to her brother and the archbishop, asking, with anxiety, whether they had to cross so many countries before they could reach Palestine. Richard smiled at the simplicity of her enquiry. "Many days and months will elapse, perhaps, before we can reach the land you are going to seek; but what do you fear, my sister?" added he, putting his hand on the sword that shone on his side, "have I not told you that this defender would never forsake you?"—"And do you forget," continued the archbishop, pointing to Heaven, "that more powerful Defender, whose mercy is without bounds, and whose presence is every where?"

I shall not describe the various emotions of Matilda during so long a voyage: the effect may be imagined which the view of the sea, the warlike songs of the soldiers, and the tumultuous cries of the sailors, must produce on the soul of a timid maid, who, till then, had only seen the arches of a temple, the peaceful gardens of a cloister, and whose ears had never been struck but by the soft accents and holy hymns of the daughters of the Lord.

It was not only at Messina that she met Berengere; from the first moment a tender sympathy attached them to each other; Matilda admired in her those chaste and modest graces which reminded her of the companions she regretted, and could the daughter of Sanchez, whose heart was all love, not have cherished the amiable sister of the monarch with whom she was going to be united?

CHAPTER II.

The differences, which soon arose between Richard and Philip Augustus, caused, in the first instance, by the perfidies of Tancred, King of Sicily, brought obstacles to the design the English monarch had formed of celebrating, at Messina, his union with Berengere; and it was only after he had conquered Cyprus, that, master of that important island, and crowned by victory, he was able to prepare for the august festival.

Never were nuptials formed under happier auspices, nor surrounded with more magnificence and more splendour. Conqueror of Isaac, King of Cyprus, Richard reigned over the kingdom which he had just deprived him of, and consoled himself for having so long delayed sharing his throne with Berengere, with the pleasure of placing on her head an additional crown.

On the report of his triumph came Guy of Lusignan, King of Jerusalem. This young and proud sovereign, whose unconquerable valour had not proved a sufficient prop to his throne, and who, driven from his states, saw Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, striving to rob him even of the hope to recover them some day, was coming to implore the protection of Richard against the unjust claims of his rival; which had become still more necessary, as Philip Augustus had already declared himself against him on his arrival in Syria, and maintained, with all his power, the rights of Conrad, who, master of Tyre, the only place the Christians possessed yet in Syria, had caused the gates to be closed against Lusignan, and raised against him the standard of rebellion. Since his stay in Sicily, Richard fancied grounds of complaint against Philip Augustus; stung with a secret envy towards a glory that balanced his own, he joyfully caught the opportunity of placing himself at the head of a party inimical to the King of France; moved, besides, with Lusignan's confidence, flattered by his application, interested by his misfortunes, he solemnly engaged himself to protect him against all his rivals; and, from that moment, bound to each other, the one by gratitude, the other by the pleasure of protecting, they became friends, and swore faith and fraternity of arms to their latest breath.

Raymond, Prince of Antioch; Bohemond, Prince of Tripoli; Rinaldo of Sidon; Humphrey of Thoron; and Leon, Prince of Armenia; had followed Lusignan to the island of Cyprus. In coming to support their king's claims before Richard, they came also to request his protection for themselves. The English monarch promised to support them all in their various claims, and not to quit Syria till he had put them again in possession of their states. In return for so eminent a service, these princes, and Lusignan himself, consented to look upon him as their paramount lord, and to pay him the duties of vassalage; but the noble Richard refused an honour which would almost have equaled the good he meant to do them; and all that he required from their gratitude was, that they should prolong their stay with him, in order that they should assist at the ceremony of his marriage, to heighten its brilliancy and pomp by their presence.

That day, for ever memorable in the annals of Cyprus, was announced, from its dawn, by the harmony of a thousand musical instruments; the sumptuous church of St. James, situated between the ports of Limisso and the ancient Amathontus, was decorated with royal magnificence; the streets were strewed with flowers and carpeted with rich stuffs; Lusignan, at the head of his tributary princes, began the march; on the thick folds of their cloaks, dyed in Tyrian purple, shone a sparkling embroidery of oriental sapphires. A little farther on, gold and steel glittered, on all sides, on the coats of arms of the English nobility; Richard followed them, with the crown on his head and the sceptre in his hand; and the daughter of Sanchez, whose heart had so long palpitated at the expectation of this happy day; the daughter of Sanchez, who was going to vow with fervour never to love any other than Richard, and to receive with transports the oath of being always loved by him; the daughter of Sanchez, in fine, almost handsome this day with her modesty and happiness, walked by the side of her illustrious lord; but, that nothing should be wanting to her satisfaction, she had begged her dear Matilda to witness it, and Richard had also required it of his sister; hence the young novice appeared at the august ceremony. Covered with her long veil, she entered the church in the train of Berengere, and, for the first time, saw a nuptial pomp, and the joys of the world under their most seducing aspect: this oath of an eternal love, addressed to another than God, astonished her innocence; and the passionate expressions of Richard, together with the voluptuous looks of his bride, disturbed the heart of the young virgin.

Guy of Lusignan, placed by the side of the king, was the only one, of all the princes, who could approach Matilda near enough to discover a part of those charms which were hidden beneath her chaste veil: they lighted up in his soul a flame as sudden as it was violent, but the remembrance of Sybilla, his wife, and the sacred habit of Matilda, were obstacles that precluded his expressing his wishes: thus, confining in his bosom his love and grief, he hid from all eyes that deep and sweet wound that was to prove incurable.

Richard, more of a warrior than a lover, had scarcely passed a few days with his young bride, when, tormented with the thirst of glory, he prepared to embark for Palestine: but, warned by Lusignan that the seas were covered with Saracen ships, all fitted out against him; that the coasts of Syria, and even those of Egypt, were infested with them; that Malek Adhel, Saladin's brother, and the most formidable warrior of Asia, often commanded them, and had sworn endless war to all the kings of Europe; Richard would not permit Berengere and Matilda to share his dangers; all the efforts of the enemy were to unite and turn against him; during the passage his great heart sprang to meet them, and he felt well, that, to be entirely devoted to glory, he ought not to suffer the objects of his affection to be near him; certain, besides, that as soon as he should arrive at Ptolemais, the infidels, exasperated at having missed their prey, would bring all their forces against the camp, and, taken up with the land attack, leave the seas clear, he thought the passage would then be no longer perilous, and ordered that the vessel which was to bring his wife and sister should not set sail till his own had entered the port of Ptolemais.

Matilda, accustomed to obey, submitted without reluctance to her brother's will: but the tender Berengere, distracted at parting with the husband she cherished, threw herself at his feet, bathed in tears, asking, as the greatest proof of love she could receive from him, the

favour of sharing with him the dangers he was going to encounter: moved with her sorrow, still Richard remained inexorable in his objections; he represented to her that her presence, and that of Matilda, in softening his heart, would weaken his courage, and, perhaps, make him shun an action which it was his duty to seek; besides, added he, these same enemies, who are going to pursue me inveterately, will let you pass quietly, and the voyage will be dangerous for me alone. The young queen still offered to remonstrate, but Richard, surprised at her resistance, having told her in a tone somewhat stern that he would be obeyed, she remained silent, struck with the fear of having displeased her husband, and hiding her grief in her tears.

The King of Jerusalem and the other princes of his suite embarked with Richard; there only remained with the queen, Humphrey of Thoron, the Dukes of Northumberland and Gloucester, Simon of Mountfort, the Earl of Leicester, and some French lords, among whom were the brave Adam of Turenne, great chamberlain, Enguerrand of Fienne, and Josselin of Montmorency, handsome like Rinaldo, intrepid like him, lately entered into manhood, though long a hero; by his exploits he promised his country new glory and fresh lustre to his name, which, born with the monarchy, was already more ancient than that of its kings.

Richard wished also that the Archbishop of Tyre should not quit the princesses: "They will have need, my father," said he, looking at the queen, "that you should teach them that women should serve God by their patience and submission, as we by our valour in combat." Berengere understood but too well the meaning of these words; she looked at her husband with so much love and resignation, that the proud monarch was moved, and would perhaps have yielded to the wishes of so affectionate a wife, if, in becoming dearer to him by her mildness, she had not given him another motive for not exposing her to the numerous perils he was seeking.

Content with having obtained the approbation of her husband, she kept to herself the wishes that assailed, and the fears that tormented her; and, while pale, with downcast eyes, not daring to shed a tear, she accompanied him to the port. Matilda, shut up in the interior of the palace, stifled her murmurs, submitted to the will of her brother and king, and addressed her prayers to the divine Son of Mary for his safety.

Sailing with a favourable gale, the king's ship soon reached the shores of Asia; but, on approaching, she was surrounded by two galleys of the enemy, carrying eight hundred men each; far from fearing and avoiding them, he provoked the boarding himself. Their swords glittered, the blood flowed, the carnage became general. Turks and Christians, all seemed to attack, and not to defend themselves. However, after a long and severe conflict, during which Richard was valiantly assisted by Lusignan, he succeeded in sinking one of the galleys, and taking possession of the other. The next day, the 8th of June, he cast anchor at Ptolemais, preceded by victory, and loaded with the enemy's spoils: all the Crusaders received him with enthusiastic acclamations, and celebrated his arrival and triumph by lighting up fires throughout the camp.

Meanwhile, Lusignan heard that, during his absence, death had snatched away Sybilla, his wife; this loss, which favoured the secret passion he had conceived at Cyprus, threatened to prove fatal to his power. Sybilla, daughter of Baldwyn, heiress of the kingdom of Jerusalem, had given him that crown with her hand; but, on her death, her rights devolved to Isabella, her youngest sister, wife of the Marquis of Montferrat, and thus gave an additional weight to the claims of this last. Lusignan, supported by Richard, maintained that the title and character of a king were indelible, and that no one had a right to deprive him of them: he saw the Pisans, the Flemish, and the knights of St. John, come over to his side; but the Templars, the Genoese, and the Germans, at whose head Philip Augustus placed himself, supported the Marquis of Montferrat's rights; the marquis, shut up in Tyre, proud yet to command a city where Lusignan no longer possessed any thing, insulted from the height of his proud ramparts his distressed rival; and, while they both fomented in the camps of the Crusaders discord and hatred, in disputing the possession of a crown which they had suffered the infidels to rob them of, Saladin was fixing it on his head in strengthening daily the fortifications of Jerusalem against the future attacks of the Christians.

Richard had established his quarters near the sea shore, in order to watch the least movements of the besieged, and to create obstacles to their receiving any assistance either by sea or land. To the east of the city, opposite the strongest of the towers, called the Accursed Tower, the banners of Philip Augustus were waving; and, in the middle of the camp, the proud eagles of the German empire were displayed. The three nations were distinguished by the colour of the cross that shone on their standards: red in the empire of the Lilies, white among the Germans, and green in the camp of the English. Amidst these different courts, that of England strove to eclipse all the others by its splendour and magnificence; and, whilst Richard was surrounding himself with pomp and sumptuousness, Philip Augustus, more plain and more modest, wished to derive his splendour only from the high and valiant noblemen who attended him; they were the Counts of Dreux and of Chartres, Everard and Andrew of Brienne, the Joinvilles, the Chatillon, the Coucy; names for ever dear in France, and of which no circumstances can ever obliterate the remembrance or glory.

Meanwhile, Richard loudly demanded that they should press the siege of Ptolemais, the surrender of which was to open the road to the holy city; but the proud Conrad would not stir out of his walls, nor lend his assistance to the Crusaders, unless he was acknowledged King of Jerusalem; and Philip Augustus, true to the alliance he had contracted with him, displeased besides with the influence Richard wished to obtain in the camp, and envious, perhaps, of the laurels he had gathered in the Isle of Cyprus, remained inactive, or sought only partial actions with the infidels, carefully avoiding a general assault. Richard, too faithful and too honourable to abandon his brother in arms, and at the same time too imperious and haughty to enter into an arrangement with his rival, far from seeking to bring back Philip Augustus by arguments, aggravated him by invectives, and thus increased more and more the division that reigned in the camp. Twenty times the opposite parties were on the point of coming to blows, and twenty times they shuddered at lifting up against Christians the sword that they had just girt on for their defence. While confusion was creeping among the councils, and the chiefs were giving way to intemperance of language, and loading each other with insults, the soldiers, who had come into Palestine only to deliver the Holy Land, and not to set up a king of Jerusalem, broke out into loud murmurs at these intestine dissensions, which chained the ardour of their courage; and more than once they were seen uniting to ravage the lands of the Mussulmans, and to carry the sword and the flame to the very tents of Saladin.

But these fatal disturbances, so hurtful to the success of the Christian arms, were not the only sorrows which Richard had to encounter. His first care, on his arrival in Palestine, had been to send the queen an order to come and join him with his sister: he was well convinced of the eagerness with which she would obey him, but still she did not arrive; every day he went to the shore to try if he could not perceive the vessel he was expecting, but still he went in vain. Lusignan never quitted him; Lusignan heard from his friend his fears and anxieties, and partook of them the more sensibly, as, since the death of Sybilla, his passion had assumed a new empire by the hopes he had ventured to encourage. He had just recovered his liberty, Matilda had not yet lost her own, and already he depended enough on Richard's friendship to flatter himself he should obtain his interest with his sister. It was, therefore, from that friendship alone he could expect to recover his kingdom and indulge his love, and of course neglected no means to improve it. Richard was not insensible to the pleasure of being loved, and Lusignan showed him an attachment without bounds; but the proud Richard wanted to be loved for himself alone, and Lusignan, on discovering to him the wishes of his heart, had had the artifice of persuading him that, in this alliance, he courted less the charms of his sister than the means of drawing closer the friendship that united him to the brother. Richard, open-hearted, sincere, easy to deceive because he was incapable himself of deceiving others, Richard believed him, and felt his regard increase, from that which Lusignan showed him, so much, that he now could no longer act without him. They slept under the same tent, had but one table; together they went to fight the infidels, and the booty they brought back was always faithfully divided between them. In the tournaments they wore the same colours, on their shields the same device; and, when they had exerted themselves in the day, either in handling the lance in the lists, or in drawing the sword against the infidels, they returned in the evening, by common accord, to walk on the sea side; there they contemplated the immense extent of the water and of the horizon with bitter sighs; they hung their heads; and, filled with their sorrowful thoughts, they preserved a deep silence. If a storm raised foaming billows, they fancied they saw them open their abysses to swallow up for ever that vessel which carried all they held dear in the world. But, if the sea were calm, and the wind favourable, then the nature of their fears changed, though their anxiety was not allayed; and, if it were no longer from the vast ocean, it was from the infidels, that the king demanded his wife and his sister.

CHAPTER III.

Ever since the king's departure, the sorrowful Berengere had never ceased praying and shedding tears. She incessantly pictured to herself this husband, so dear, a prey to the fury of the Mussulmans; in her dreams she saw him at times loaded with chains, at times covered with wounds; and during the day her alarmed fancy confirmed to her all those doleful presages; for, when the heart is filled with love, it is also filled with apprehension. In vain did the Archbishop of Tyre strive to calm this lively sorrow, in representing it as offensive to the Divinity; the young queen wept then her fault, without being able to withhold her tears for a husband's absence. But, what neither the archbishop's exhortations nor the example of Matilda had been able to accomplish, was in an instant produced by the arrival of a vessel that Richard had sent to her. She scarcely heard the account of his victory, she only rejoiced that he was in safety, and that she should see him again ere long; and, her tears drying up suddenly, she passed from an excess of sorrow to the height of joy.

Matilda, on hearing she was at last on the point of attaining the purpose of her voyage, returned thanks to God, with a heart as submissive as when she had resigned herself to the delay prescribed by her brother: too pious to give up her soul to any extremes of joy or sorrow, she looked on the violent despair Berengere had indulged in, on parting with the king, as a sin; and, when this disconsolate bride gave vent, in her presence, to the lamentations of her tenderness and her regrets, the chaste virgin, who, till then, was ignorant there were passions, astonished at a language so new, grew alarmed on hearing it, and thought herself guilty in lending an ear to the accents of a pure and legitimate love; with a blush she entrusted her scruples to the Archbishop of Tyre; and the venerable William, who, in the secrets of confession, had never yet received so modest an avowal, thought he saw, in the beauty who thus humbled herself before him, celestial Eve at the first dawning of the world, and he resolved never to abandon the guidance of a conscience, the extreme delicacy of which announced to the world one saint more.

Though gallantry was looked upon then as a duty and as a kind of glory, though Berengere had in her suite many of the most distinguished and most noble knights of the courts of France and England, none, however, were bold enough to offer their homage to young Matilda; notwithstanding the brightness of her charms, her seducing graces, and the languor of her large blue eyes, there was throughout the whole of her person a sort of purity which awed desire and checked it in its birth; and the religious habit that hid a frame formed by love, sheltered her from tender attempts still less than the respect her modesty inspired. She showed herself seldom to the eyes of men, but, at the sight of the virgin, with downcast eyes, her hands crossed on her bosom, half concealed by a long linen veil, and all beauteous in her primitive innocence, every one, struck with a religious admiration, retired a few paces, as unworthy to approach her. The queen loved Matilda too dearly not to grieve at the vows she was going to pronounce; it was neither the solitude nor the obscurity of the retreat in which she was to be buried, that seemed a misfortune to her, but it was to live there without love; if she could easily understand how any one could disdain a crown, she could not

comprehend how it was possible to renounce a husband, and, more than once, she could not forbear telling her young sister her thoughts; but, when she was endeavouring to tempt her ambition, and dazzle her with the splendour of a throne, recounting to her the number of sceptres that so many kings would esteem themselves happy to surrender to her beauty; when she, yet oftener, tried to move her heart by describing the sweets of a conjugal union; Matilda turned aside blushing at the view of such pictures, not from a fear that they would tempt her, but from the shame of beholding them; then Berengere, careful not to alarm such exquisite delicacy, spoke only of those pure and chaste sentiments which alone have a right to move a virgin's heart—the regrets of the best of brothers—the grief of a mother disconsolate at living separate from her dearest child—the friendship that united them both, the privation of which would leave a void in her heart, which even the love of Richard could not entirely fill up. To these pathetic pictures the queen added the description of fêtes, where magnificence and gallantry were combined together, and at which it was difficult that the Princess Matilda should not sometimes assist; but in vain did the age display its splendid allurements, in vain did nature urge her sentiments: modest and courageous, the young virgin disdained all earthly joys, and traversed the world, thinking on heaven alone.

After some days of a fortunate, though slow navigation, the ship came in sight of the Asiatic coasts; and already they perceived the port of Ptolemais as a point in the horizon, when the wind, rising suddenly with violence, rendered all the mariners' efforts useless; the pilot himself abandoned his rudder to the fury of the waves; and, in less than six-and-thirty hours, the violence of the storm had driven the vessel on the sand banks that extend near Damietta; there she was perceived by an enemy's ship, which, seeing the distress of the Christians, fancied she would prove an easy conquest; but subjects who had their queen to defend, and knights who fought for religion and beauty, were not to surrender without the loss of their lives. At the head of the warriors, the youngest and most valiant of all, Josselin of Montmorency, sword in hand, resisted with such intrepidity, that already the infidels were giving way, when a vessel, coming out of the port of Damietta, made the fortune of the fight change. At the sight of the yellow and black flag she carried, the Saracens exclaimed with one common voice, Malek Adhel! Malek Adhel! and this name restoring their almost broken courage, they renewed the fight with fresh ardour. While Josselin, fired with heroic valour, sprang among the enemy, pressed, drove, threatened, and hurled them into the sea; struck down others, heaped up the victims, made rivers of blood flow, and formed around himself a rampart of the broken arms and dead bodies of the infidels, the Archbishop of Tyre, who was near the princesses, having caught the dreadful sound of Malek Adhel's name, fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Humble yourselves with me, for our hour is come! nothing can resist Malek Adhel!" The princess obeyed, and prostrated herself; but the queen, with a rending voice, and melting into tears, cried out: "O, my father! who is then this formidable and horrible Saracen, whose valour is to snatch me from my husband?"—"Malek Adhel is the brother of Saladin; of all the enemies of the Christians he is the most terrible; I have seen him, fire and sword in his hand, reducing our villages and our fields to ashes; but for him, Jerusalem had never fallen, Saladin had never displayed his colours on the Temple of Christ." Scarcely had the archbishop pronounced these words, when a confused noise of arms and clinking of chains told them their unhappy fate was accomplished; he then instantly hurried to join his brethren in misfortune, hoping to allay their griefs by his prayers. For a long time he had known Malek Adhel, and was not ignorant of the ascendency his high wisdom gave him over the soul of this warrior. While he implored him, the two unhappy princesses retired into the darkest place in the ship, tremblingly waiting for the chains they were to be loaded with. The queen, in despair at an event that was to part her from her husband, exhaled her sorrow in tears and sobs, calling on the brave Richard to fly to her assistance. Matilda, more resigned, though shuddering on seeing herself in the power of the enemies of her faith, pressed to her bosom the relic the abbess gave her, and, kneeling before God, implored that deliverance she expected from him alone. Suddenly now the door of the place where they were enclosed burst with a crash; several men rushed in. At the sight of the Turkish habit, Matilda turned aside with horror, again invoking her holy relic. The chief of the victors approached the queen, with a proud but respectful air, and said to her, "Calm your terror, madam, you are no slave; you will be treated, in my palace, with all the regard and honours due to your high birth; I pledge myself, in the name of the holy prophet, that none of your people shall wear chains; I only demand their word that they will not quit Damietta, nor try to join the Christian camp, before Saladin, my brother, acquainted with your arrival in his states, shall have treated with the King of England for the price he sets on your ransom."

Berengere joyfully accepted such generous conditions, which afforded her the hope of being soon restored to her husband; moved, besides, with the noble and polite manners of the Arabian prince, she answered with gratitude, promised what he had required, and prepared to quit the vessel, to repair to the palace of her new master; but first she said, pointing to Matilda—"My lord, this young virgin is Richard's sister; do not part us; the comfort of weeping together is the only one we have left, and so generous a victor will not deprive us of it." Malek Adhel then perceived the princess, and approached to offer her his hand; but Matilda, whose terror the abhorred name of Saladin had just doubly augmented, shrank back with fear, to avoid the brother of the great enemy of the Lord; and, wrapping herself up in her veil that she might not see him, she answered, tremulously and without raising her eyes from the ground, that she would follow the queen.

On coming on the deck, Malek Adhel cast an inquisitive glance at his two illustrious prisoners, whose features had, till then, been concealed by the obscurity; an idolising admirer of beauty, the Queen of England's person did not long fix his looks; he turned them aside on the princess, who had just raised her veil to step down into the boat. The mixture of softness and majesty scattered all over her person, the whiteness of her fine ingenuous forehead, the modest blush of her cheeks, her timid looks cast towards the ground, her habit, the emblem of chastity; in fine, this kind of beauty, unknown in the climate which Malek Adhel inhabited, astonished and struck him; he remained confounded, unable to define his feelings; hitherto the despotic lover of the most celebrated beauties of Asia, who had all equally subdued his senses, his heart had never been moved; this was the first time the proud Arab trembled before a woman; and, without raising her eyes, a Christian virgin had just laid in chains the brother of the sovereign of Syria, Egypt, and the three Arabias!

It was much for a Turkish conqueror to be polite towards a sex that Mahomed had destined for slavery. Malek Adhel, a stranger to the faith of Europe, could not partake of the religious veneration that Matilda's habit inspired Christians with; and, since he had dared to love her, he dared to tell her so; therefore, entrusting one of his officers with the care of conducting the queen, he ran to the princess, took her up in his arms, carried her into the boat, sat down by her, and offered to press one of her hands; but the young virgin, frightened at the Mussulman's boldness, threw herself back with as much terror as if an abyss had gaped before her; at this moment her eyes perceived those of Malek Adhel, and surprise fixed her motionless.

Until this day she had figured to herself a Saracen as the most hideous of all creatures, and similar in every respect to the terrific picture drawn of Satan in the Scriptures; instead of a demon, she beheld the most majestic countenance, a proud and martial look, an eye where magnanimity of soul shone conspicuous. Astonished, confounded, ignorant if some infernal delusion had not taken possession of her senses, she ran and threw herself at the feet of the Archbishop of Tyre, who just approached, and hiding her head in his robes, she exclaimed—"O my father, my father!" . . . . . The archbishop knew the extreme devotion of Matilda, and attributed what she experienced to the humiliation of having been made the prize of an infidel, and the grief of finding herself his dependent; he raised and encouraged her, and while with one hand he supported her, he raised the other to his forehead, which he bent before Malek Adhel, saying to him—"My lord, this young person, whom you see before you, pale and trembling, belongs no longer to the world; placed from her birth at the side of Richard's throne, she has descended from it, to consecrate herself to God by a vow of eternal chastity; the approach of a man she holds a stain to her, and, till this day, no Christian knight has ever ventured to behold the virgin of the Lord with the eye of profaneness; permit, then, O noble Malek Adhel, that, confined in the interior of your palace, out of the reach of all eyes, faithful to *her* law, she may remain alone and concealed till the instant marked out for her deliverance by Heaven, the great Richard, and the illustrious Saladin." In finishing these words, he bowed with increased respect, and waited for Malek Adhel's answer. The Turk gazed a long time on the princess, whose confusion but heightened her beauty; such were his glances, that she was forced to hide her embarrassment and shame in the queen's bosom; still he remained in silence, hesitated, nor knew on what to resolve; at last, turning towards the archbishop, he said: "Pontiff of Christ, your words seem to me so strange, that, to believe them, I must needs have them confirmed by the princess herself." Then advancing some paces towards her, he added: "Can it be true, madam, that your engagements be such as they have just been described, and that you have doomed yourself voluntarily to bury in eternal obscurity those charms that astonish and intoxicate the soul?" She interrupted the prince, and without looking at him, raising her eyes to heaven, she said: "O that I were yet in my cloister, and had never seen the features, nor heard the voice of a Saracen! Almighty God, you best know if all the wishes of my heart are not for ever to live far from the enemies of your name!"—"You see, illustrious Malek Adhel, that I do not impose on you," said the archbishop. "Yes, my father," replied the prince, proudly, "I perceive the effects of that fanatic religion which you name the *most holy*, while you accuse our own of being impious and cruel; yet, cruel as it is, it never commanded our warriors to go and ravage your country, nor young and heavenly beauties to quit the world and its joys, to go and bury themselves alive in a tomb; meanwhile, the princess is free; she shall live in my palace conformably to her will, and I will learn to respect even her absurd engagements."

In saying these words, Malek Adhel left them, and having divided the crew of the Christian vessel on board several sloops, he returned into the ship which had brought him, and preceded his *prisoners to Damietta*.

The princesses, on landing at the port, found two palanquins waiting for them; a horse was offered to the archbishop; the rest of the prisoners followed on foot, except the brave Montmorency, who, having yielded to numbers only during the action, was covered with glorious wounds, and, pale and inanimate, was put on a litter, and carried almost lifeless to the palace.

During the way, Matilda, left to herself, was reviewing in her mind all the fatal events that day had produced; she shuddered at the recollection of the infidel's temerity; but, at the same time, she wondered at not feeling a more invincible horror against him. "How is it," said she to herself, "that I did not perceive in him any signs of the evil spirit to whom he is abandoned? Without doubt the disturbance, into which his impious discourse has thrown my mind, must have been the cause." In musing thus, the beauteous princess experienced a kind of secret curiosity to see the young Arab again, in order to discover that distinguishing sign which the Lord must have stamped on the reprobate.

Malek Adhel inhabited at Damietta the ancient palace of the Fatimite Caliphs; there every thing breathed the splendour and magnificence of its former possessors, there the foot stepped on marble, there the eye saw nothing but columns of granite and jasper; and still the elegance of the outside was short of that of the interior. Apartments without number, and immense gardens, were occupied by the seraglio; eunuchs watched at the secret doors, and guards, in costly dresses, at the outer gates; but the prince had destined another palace for the residence of the queen and the Christians: though a stranger to the manners of Europe, he still knew enough of their delicacy, to judge that a queen would blush to live with slaves, and that the abode of voluptuousness must prove detestable to the archbishop; it was therefore to a separate palace that he caused the queen and her attendants to be conducted. He ordered that none but Christians should wait on her; he allowed the prelate to celebrate the mysteries of his worship, and even consented that the lords and knights, who formed Berengere's court, should be introduced into her apartments at certain hours of the

day. Solitary and extensive gardens surrounded this palace: though contiguous to those of the seraglio, they were separated from them by high walls, and had no sort of communication with them.

The Eastern luxury that pervaded this abode astonished the queen, and offended the humble novice: rich Persia carpets were spread under their feet, odoriferous incense and myrrh burnt on all sides, and, in a large jasper hall, piles of cushions, richly embroidered, surrounded a basin, wherein four cupids of porphyry poured out of rich vases streams of clear and lucid water. Gauze curtains and blinds, admitting but a faint light, permitted the eye to distinguish through them, in the gardens, orange and rose trees twining their flexible branches with the jasmin and the vine before the windows.

The richest of these apartments was intended for the queen; Matilda selected the plainest, and within these walls, covered with marble and gilding, she regretted her obscure and narrow cell. The archbishop, deeply grieved at the detention of the queen and the Christians, detested the more the luxury that surrounded him, in proportion as his heart was filled with bitterness; he shut himself up in the most retired chamber of the palace; a coarse bed was the only piece of furniture, a cross the only ornament he condescended to accept; there he prayed night and day for the deliverance of his brethren, and quitted his retirement only to go and impart to them assistance and consolation.

As soon as the princesses had arrived in their apartments, Malek Adhel sent them baskets filled with the most exquisite kinds of fruit, and sherbets of every sort: but, joining respect with generosity, he did not appear before them. He even sent to acquaint them that no Mussulman should enter their palace without their consent, and that himself would not venture to appear before them until he had some satisfactory news to impart to them.

During the sad night that followed this mournful day, the princesses sought in vain that sleep, which the remembrance of their misfortunes interrupted incessantly. Berengere, thinking only of her husband, bathed with tears her lonesome couch, and could address God only in the passionate accents of her distracted love: Matilda, *kneeling* before the Sovereign Judge, offered up to him her tears and prayers; and endeavouring to resign her soul to the severe affliction he had sent her, she said: "O, Infinite Greatness, I will break my heart rather than murmur against thy decrees; nor shall the cup of clay rise against the hand that formed it. Happy yet that thou hast given me thy law for my support, in order that it may soften the bitterness of evil days, and prevent my being overcome with anguish in my trials."

The next day the princesses met in a solitary closet, which they resolved to make their oratory; the pale visage of Matilda exhibited the signs of a calm and resigned grief, such as piety approves of and allows; while the queen carried in her distracted countenance the image of the profound desolation that reigned in her soul. At that moment the archbishop entered; he had interrupted his prayers for the sake of performing a more important duty still, that of consoling the afflicted—a worthy and noble prerogative of his office that his charity never suffered him to neglect; but the queen, overcome by her sorrow, was unable yet to hear him; and, though she durst not own it, she felt in her heart that her wound would not stop bleeding until the day when she should be restored to her lord: meanwhile, in order to be able to see a term to her troubles, she interrogated the prelate, and requested he would make her acquainted with the disposition of Saladin, and the hopes she might build on Malek Adhel's protection. "My *father*," said she, "you were born in Asia; Patriarch of Tyre for these last thirty years, the counsellor, the friend, of the kings of Jerusalem, who have many times been entrusted by them with embassies to the soldan, you must know, better than any person, the court, the customs, the characters, of our enemies, and be better able to point out by what means the favour, on which my life depends, may be obtained."

"Alas!" replied the archbishop, "it is but too true that I have seen the birth and the progress of this power of Saladin, which has overturned the throne of Jerusalem, and threatens now all Asia; I may, without a doubt, be able to inform you by what road he has attained this height of glory where he now sits. I know his court, his power, and his intrigues; I know what virtues distinguish him and what vices he is charged with; I know well, too, the great ascendency of Malek Adhel over his mind, and all the advantages I might have derived therefrom, in behalf of the Christians, if they had suffered me alone to treat with this prince, the most noble and generous of all princes. Alas! instead of destroying one another by intestine wars, if our chiefs, our Christians of the East, would have listened to my counsels, and Amaury and Lusignan had entrusted themselves to my experience; believe me, the Holy Land would not now be reduced to the deplorable condition we are doomed to witness."

Having said these words, the archbishop sighed bitterly and remained silent. After a long pause, he resumed, and began his recital, while the queen and Matilda, their eyes fixed on him, were listening with the most profound attention.

CHAPTER IV.

"It was at Damascus, in the court of the Atabeck Noureddin, that Saladin and Malek Adhel were brought up, under the eyes of their father Ayoub. Ayoub was far from foreseeing or wishing the future greatness of his house: faithful to his sovereign, who loved and honoured him, at times his sword was employed in gaining him new states, or, retired in his government of Damascus, he was bringing up for him, in the person of his two sons, two servants as faithful, as devoted to his interests, as he had always been himself.

"Saladin did not announce in his infancy what he was one day to be: an indolent temper and peaceful virtues were the only marks observed in his character, while Malek Adhel, full of warlike ardour, seemed as he grew up to thirst after combats. Saladin, grave, cold, austere, reflected much, spoke little, shunned all pleasures, disdained love, and saw with pain the moment arrive when his age must oblige him to take arms. Malek Adhel, impetuous, intrepid, open-hearted, even to indiscretion, giving himself up immoderately to all the voluptuous pleasures of youth, obtained by his entreaties leave to shed his blood for his country, before the age when the law of Mussulmans allows it.

"It was thus that the genius of Saladin, which was formed only to command, remained inactive as long as he was obliged to obey, while Malek Adhel evinced early proofs of what he was to be all his life—an intrepid warrior, sincere friend, and devoted servant. But, much as the dispositions of these two brothers were opposite, as much also were their hearts united: they never parted without regret, nor met again without joy. This friendship, cemented by the same respect for the laws of Mahomed, by an irreconcilable hatred of the Christians, by mutual services, and above all by time, this deep and lively friendship, which would be the object of our admiration, had it not been so fatal to us in its effects, has never belied itself to this day, and even seems with time to acquire new strength.

"In Egypt they made their first campaigns, under the command of their uncle Shirkouh, who had been sent, by the Atabeck Noureddin, to drive away the Fatimite Caliph, who reigned at Cairo, and substitute in his authority that of the Caliph of Bagdad. Shirkouh penetrated with ease into an ill-protected and ill-defended country, the indolent sovereign of which had abandoned the government to subordinate tyrants. Meanwhile, at the approach of the general of Noureddin, Ledin Allah awoke from his lethargy; but, having no means to repel so formidable an enemy, he lavished his treasures to bribe him, and offered him, together with half of his riches, the place of grand vizier, which, by the extent of its authority, was above that of the caliph himself.

"Shirkouh was dazzled by the magnificence of these promises, and, his ambition prevailing over his fidelity, he engaged to maintain the rights of Ledin Allah, and to abandon his former masters. At this intelligence, the soul of Malek Adhel grew indignant; he ventured to reproach his uncle with the treacherous action he was going to commit: offended at such audacity, Shirkouh would have punished him, without doubt, had not Saladin interceded in behalf of his brother, and prevailed on him to accompany their uncle the next day to the audience of the caliph.

"The brilliant pomp of that court astonished the sons of Ayoub, accustomed to the simplicity of that of Noureddin; but they saw it with very different eyes; while Shirkouh's perfidy fired the proud and generous heart of Malek Adhel with indignation, Saladin felt rising in his own certain movements of ambition until then unknown to him; not that he envied Shirkouh his greatness; the second place of an empire was not enough to draw him from his indifference; but he felt, at the same time, that the hope of seeing none above him in power might make of him another man.*

"These sentiments soon began to display themselves; it only required opportunity to determine Saladin; it offered itself; Shirkouh died, and Ledin Allah, finding himself without any defender, and hoping to acquire one in the eldest of Ayoub's sons, lost no time in offering him the place of his uncle. The ambitious Saladin, who was aspiring at another, feigned to content himself with that, and excused himself with Malek Adhel for having accepted it, in assuring him that his intention was to make use of it only to further the views and conform himself to the orders of the atabeck, their master. Malek Adhel believed him; but on his leaving Cairo, to fight the Christians, he heard that Ledin Allah was no more, that Saladin had ascended his throne, and ruled with power supreme: he could not think that his brother would thus have betrayed the allegiance he owed to Noureddin; and particularly that he would have deceived him thus. He quitted the army amidst his victories, ran to Cairo, and appeared before Saladin: with tears in his eyes, he painted to him in strong colours, the shame such a usurpation would cast on their family, the despair of their old father, Ayoub; he reminded him, that it was to the master he was betraying that he owed the very greatness he had attained. Saladin had not forgotten the atabeck's favours; he revered his father's gray hairs, and loved Malek Adhel more than brother ever loved brother; yet, immovable on his throne, conscious that was the place fate had assigned to him, his brother's entreaties could not make him give it up, and Malek Adhel, unwilling either to fight against him, to defend him against Noureddin, or remain an idle spectator of the war, turned his arms against the Christians, and made them tremble in the very walls of Jerusalem.

"Thus," continued the archbishop, "Malek Adhel, by refusing to take part in the great quarrel between Saladin and the atabeck, made us the victims of his friendship for his brother, and his fidelity to his sovereign. I shall not describe to you the horrid ravages his arms have committed in the Holy Land. None of our cities, none of our armies, have been able to withstand this warrior, too aptly surnamed the *Lion of Combats* and the *Thunder of War*. But, Ramah and Tiberiad leveled with the ground, Tripoli and Bethlehem changed into a heap of stones, Ptolemais conquered, and Jerusalem at last lost to Christendom, speak louder than my words, and more forcibly than the tears I cannot help shedding at the recollection of such misfortunes."

The archbishop, interrupted, stopped himself for the second time, at this period, to give free course to his tears. Matilda mixed her own with them and would undoubtedly have hated the dire author of so many calamites, if Heaven had given her a heart capable to feel such a sentiment. "My father," said she, with a timid voice, "there are, in this account, things that confound my understanding: how do you allow noble and generous sentiments to that prince who has overturned the holy city? Can it be, that the infidels possess any virtues?" "For the misfortune of the world, and the faith, they do, my daughter," replied the prelate; "you will meet, in many Saracens, and particularly in Malek Adhel, sincerity, disinterestedness, and nobleness of soul; but all these virtues are like a smooth bark hiding within a source of corruption, similar to those fruits we read of in the Scriptures, that charm the eye by their beauty, and leave in the mouth a bitter and poisonous substance." Matilda, at these words, raised her eyes to Heaven as if to recommend these wretched Mussulmans to divine mercy: and the queen exclaimed—"But, my father, tell us how Malek Adhel, who left Egypt not to favour the usurpation of his brother, happens to be now governor of Damietta?" "This is what remains for me to tell you," replied the archbishop; "but your majesty will allow me to delay this information until another day: for at this moment the recollection of my brethren's sufferings has made my wounds bleed afresh. Alas! who will heal them? The

* All these particulars respecting the character of Saladin are true, and faithfully transcribed from the history of his life.

crown is fallen from our head; our days are accomplished; our end is come; and all the splendour of the daughter of Sion is tarnished. O Almighty Judge! cast a look on our affliction, see if ever grief equaled our grief, and do not close thine ear to our cries, that we may not expire in distress."

During the following days, the archbishop could only meet the princesses at the hour of prayers; much of his time was taken up by Malek Adhel, who enquired about the state of Europe, and the respective characters of its kings: he consecrated the remainder of his day to visit the wounded, and console the dying; he stopped most by Montmorency's bedside; but it was less to strengthen than to admire his courage; for this hero was resigned to his God with such fervour, that he would have beheld the approach of death without even regretting glory; meanwhile he was restored to that glory for which he was born. His wounds closed, and Malek Adhel, hearing he was out of danger in consequence of the care he had caused to be bestowed upon him, Malek Adhel, noble and generous, did not think he had preserved the life of an enemy, but that he had saved a hero.

When at last the archbishop was free to return to the queen she entreated him to resume the history of Saladin's conquests. They met with Matilda in the oratory, and the prelate continued thus:

"While Malek Adhel was destroying our cities and our fields, Noureddin was preparing to chastise his faithless emir; he had just collected a numerous army, and was advancing by forced marches towards Egypt, when death struck him, and thus destroyed the only power that could set bounds to Saladin's ambition: the last, as a wise politician, hastened to marry the widow of the atabeck, and, this marriage making his usurpation partly legitimate, Malek Adhel hesitated no longer to range himself on his brother's side, and thenceforth, supported by that invincible arm, the new sultan's throne bade defiance to all the united powers of the East.

"The two brothers celebrated their reconciliation by new conquests. Mouhoul, Damascus, Aleppo, fell under their blows: Jerusalem alone resisted still; but the intestine wars, that raged there, made the Christians tremble for the fate that awaited her.

"Amaury was no more; the unfortunate Baldwyn V. had not survived him long, and Sybilla, his eldest sister, heiress of the kingdom of Jerusalem, had caused Lusignan, her husband, to be crowned king; but the rights of this last were not universally acknowledged. Several princes, his tributaries, refused to swear allegiance to him; and Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, disputed his claims to the throne; this rival, supported by Raymond, Count of Tripoli, was a formidable enemy, and perhaps he would have prevailed, had he not indisposed all men's minds by his harsh, haughty, and inflexible disposition; while that of Lusignan, hiding as boundless an ambition under a popular and affable carriage, acquired many more partisans: besides, deep in his projects and constant in his undertakings, impetuous in his wishes, but still master of his sentiments; artful, perfidious perhaps, never stopping to consider if a determination was unjust, but only if it was practicable; and, withal, having had the artifice to persuade that his own interests were held of no importance by him, compared with those of the state; he had obtained great advantages over a rival, who had dared to threaten the Christians he would abandon their cause to join that of Saladin, if they did not oblige Lusignan to resign him the crown.

"It was in these circumstances that the King of Jerusalem summoned me one day to his council, and said to me: 'My father, if we were still in the times of the first Crusade, in those happy times when the Christians, obeying only one chief, sacrificing with joy their private advantage to the public good, were worthy of the heavenly cause they were called upon to defend, notwithstanding the valour and numbers of our enemies, I should not fear them, nor should I see myself reduced to the humiliating necessity of suing for peace; but, my father, since the wealth of the East has corrupted the Christians, since they have preferred gold, perfumes, and the pleasures of this climate, to that poverty, that austerity of manners, which formerly distinguished the avengers of the Son of Mary; since, in short, Palestine has successively given birth to Princes of Sidon, Marquises of Tyre, Counts of Joppa, Barons of Ramla, and so many other lords, who have endeavoured to become independent of the King of Jerusalem, the empire, in dividing thus its forces, has lost them irrecoverably; and, unless we obtain from Saladin a truce, which will afford us time to send for and receive assistance from Europe, I see with terror the throne of Godfrey of Bouillon ready to crumble into dust, and the tomb of Christ, purchased with so much blood and so many toils, falling for ever under the power of our impious oppressors: in this distressing situation, it is to your experience, knowledge, and wisdom, O my father, that I have recourse. Revered by the Christians, esteemed even by our enemies, you are the only man who can support our cause with success: go, then, my father, repair to the court of Saladin; speak to him; speak also to Malek Adhel, he possesses great ascendency over the mind of his brother; and, though he has done us more harm than any body, if I am to believe what fame publishes to his praise, he will sympathise with our misfortunes better than others: with respect to the conditions of the truce, my father, I rest upon you entirely; for I know too well how dear the glory of the Christians is to you to fear seeing it tarnished in your hands.'

"In consenting to take upon myself the care of this honourable and difficult mission, I adopted the cause of Lusignan in the eyes of Christendom; but, though I did not esteem his character, it appeared to me more likely than that of Conrad to bring back peace and harmony into the empire; besides, his claims were very fair; they were sacred, since he had received the oath of all his subjects; honour, religion, made it a duty for me to acknowledge him as my sovereign; consequently, I did not hesitate to repair, according to his orders, to the court of Damascus, where Saladin then resided.

"I may venture to say, that no ambassador ever experienced a more distinguished reception than I did at the court of Damascus: the very day of my arrival, I was admitted to an audience by the Sultan; he received me in his tent whence pomp and luxury were severely banished, and where he was distinguished from his subjects only by a greater simplicity of dress. When he perceived me, he honoured me with a gracious smile; and the prince his brother, advancing to meet me, with that air of dignity and open-heartedness that wins all hearts to him, took hold of my hand, and said—'Venerable pontiff, in sending you to us, the Christians announce, at last, that they are willing to deal with us honestly, and that we may confide in their promises: my brother is ready to listen to your proposals, and I to support them before him. Although we know well that, by your example and your eloquence, you draw to your faith almost all the Saracen prisoners, yet we know, also, that those who remain faithful to Mahomed are no less protected by you, and that your charity extends to all the unfortunate; therefore you will receive in this court the same attentions, the same homages, as are paid to you, without doubt, at Jerusalem: whoever scatters benefits all around, ought also to reap gratitude; such a man as you only can have friends, and I swear, in spite of the faith that divides us, that you will find none more sincere and more ardent than Malek Adhel.'

"The warmth with which this prince pronounced these words moved all present, and affected me to tears. —Perhaps," continued the archbishop, addressing the queen, "your majesty will think that modesty ought to have closed my lips on such praises, but it is less from vanity than from a desire to make you know Malek Adhel that I am induced to repeat them."—"But, my father," interrupted Matilda, eagerly, "why did you not avail yourself of your residence near that prince to open his eyes to the light?"—"I have attempted it more than once, my daughter," replied the prelate, "but, without doubt, the instant marked by the Lord has not arrived yet: I am willing to believe that it will come, and that so magnanimous a soul is not destined to remain in eternal darkness." "My father," continued the princess, "do not you pray sometimes for his conversion?"—"Every day, my daughter; for such a conversion would do more good to Christianity than the gain of many battles; and, if the queen permit, we will every morning and evening implore the God of mercy for the prince in our joint prayers." Berengere assured him that she consented to it very willingly, and the princess added, rather eagerly—"My father, you will resume to-morrow your interesting account; but now I think the hour of prayers has struck." The archbishop arose at these words to begin the holy ceremonies; all the captive Christians, who, by their rank, were entitled to be admitted before the queen, were assembled. Near the altar stood the old Duke of Norfolk: bent with the weight of years, he only asked of God life enough to go and die in the camp of the Christians: farther on, some women, in tears, raised up their hands and hearts towards him who alone could bring their captivity to a period: at some little distance the young Josselin of Montmorency, pale and weak, was casting timid glances on the daughter of kings, and wondering that Heaven, who had reserved her to his service, had permitted that she should fall under the yoke of the infidels. The queen, prostrate before her crucifix, on velvet cushions, taken up with one thought alone, could speak and pray for one object only; while, kneeling down on the marble, Matilda, with a tranquil conscience, sent up to Heaven, for the prince's conversion, innocent and pure prayers, that might have intermixed themselves with those of angels.

CHAPTER V.

A few days after, the archbishop was proceeding to give the princesses the continuation of Saladin's victories, when a black eunuch, charged with a message from Malek Adhel, was introduced to the queen, and told her that the prince, having news of importance to communicate, was coming shortly to see her majesty.

At this intelligence the young virgin blushed, and arose, looking at the archbishop, as if to read in his eyes whether she was to retire or wait for the prince. The prelate reflected for some minutes, then, taking Matilda by the hand, he made her sit down between the queen and himself. "You must remain, my daughter," said he; "the least sign of mistrust might offend the prince, and the safest way to deal with great and generous souls is to seem to trust to them; besides, Malek Adhel has, by his moderation, deserved our confidence, since this is the first time he ventures to appear before you after your arrival at Damietta." At these words, the obedient Matilda sat down, dropping her veil over her virginal brow. Berengere, always thinking of her husband, did not imagine, from the moment news of importance had been announced, that it could relate to any other than him: she was going to interrogate the archbishop, when she was interrupted by Malek Adhel, who, following his message closely, appeared suddenly before them.

After he had advanced towards the queen, and bowed with an air both mild and respectful, he turned to the princess, looked at her a long time, and not without emotion. At last, addressing the archbishop, he said: "Venerable father of the Christians, our acquaintance does not date from this day: if our faith is different, our souls, I venture to think, are not; and, in speaking of me to my illustrious captives, I may hope you have not represented me as an implacable master and a merciless enemy."—"The princesses can tell you," replied the prelate, "in what terms I have expressed myself on your account." "My lord," interrupted Berengere eagerly, "the archbishop has confirmed only what fame had already told us; we know that Malek Adhel is a hero as brave as he is magnanimous, always a victor in the field of battle, always clement after his victory; if, sword in hand, he subdues the fiercest foes, when he lays by the sword, he does not scorn the tears of misfortune. My lord, you see before you a queen in despair; it is not the loss of her throne that she weeps and bewails, it is her husband that she begs of you to restore—her husband, whom you alone can give her back, since you are the master of her fate." "No, madam, I am not," replied Malek Adhel, with emotion; "if I were, rest assured your chains would be broken already; but I was desirous of telling you myself, that to-morrow I send to demand your liberty from my brother, the great Saladin, the first of mankind after Mahomed; he will not prolong your pains; confide in his goodness, madam, in my intercessions, and in his friendship for me. But could I not learn," continued he, addressing the princess with a sort of fear and embarrassment which he could not account for himself, "could I not learn if Richard's sister participates in the flattering opinion the queen is pleased to entertain of me, and if she deigns to look upon me as favourably?" The virgin, who had kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground since the prince's entrance, raised them on him with timidity at this question, and replied: "How could I hold an opinion in that respect, when my thought cannot comprehend that there should be any virtue among the infidels? But, if it be true that they have any, what monsters of ingratitude are they, since they

refuse to know the God from whom they received them!" The prince shuddered at these words; the boldness of the expression, and the timidity of the princess's manner, afforded such a strange contrast, that he looked at her in silence, unable either to answer or understand her. Berengere, fearful lest he should be offended, hastened to excuse her sister: "Forgive, my lord, the rashness of a young person, who, brought up away from the world, knows only the law of God, and is ignorant of the respect that is due to the great ones of the earth; but her intention is so laudable, that the manner in which she has expressed herself ought not to give you offence."—"To give me offence!" interrupted the prince, eagerly; "ah! madam, rest assured, that it is not in the power of the Princess of England to give me offence." "In speaking her mind openly, the Princess Matilda has only followed her duty," replied the pious prelate; "for, the God who inspires her, that God to whose service she is consecrated, does not permit that her zeal should be stopped by frivolous considerations. What is birth? What are rank and worldly honours to her who has sacrificed them to her salvation? Prince," added he, turning to Malek Adhel, "this language ought not to surprise you, for, if you remember the frequent endeavours that I have made to draw you over to the true God during my residence at Damascus, the wishes of my heart are well known to you, and you may imagine with what ardour I join my prayers to those that the queen and the princess daily address to Heaven for your conversion."—"Can it be true?" exclaimed Malek Adhel, in casting looks of ardour on Matilda, "can it be true, that so divine a mouth should pronounce my name without anger? Can it be true, madam, that, notwithstanding my faith, you should take some interest in my welfare?" The princess, with eyes cast down, and a blush on her cheeks, replied in a calm voice: "Your faith inspires me with horror, your blindness with pity. The empire of the demon, that extends itself with the help of your arm, would make room for that of Christ, if your eyes could be opened to the proper light: can I too much ask this grace of God?"—"Ah! madam," answered the prince, in laying hold of her hand, "that God cannot be the true God; for, if he heard you, and was all-powerful, would he resist your voice, would he not lend a favourable ear to your prayers?" The young Arab's vivacity disturbed the virgin; she withdrew her hand, stepped back a few paces, and raising on the archbishop eyes filled with confusion and innocence, she said to him, "May I not be allowed to retire now, my father?" The prelate nodded assent; Malek Adhel durst not detain her, but scarcely was she gone out, when he exclaimed: "From what heaven is this maid descended? She most assuredly is no human creature, and the *houris* that the prophet promises us cannot boast her intoxicating beauty."—"The beauty of the daughter of kings is no profane beauty," replied the archbishop, gravely; "it proceeds from within, and her features shine with the purity of her soul: if she had lost her innocence, she would be no more than a common beauty."—"No, no," interrupted the prince, "love would lend her new charms, if possible. Happy, a thousand times happy, he who shall see her embellished by love!" At this exclamation, the heart of the archbishop was seized with terror; for, from that moment he foresaw both the passion of the prince and the dangers of Matilda; but his long experience made him perceive the necessity of opposing cunning to force; he feigned then not to have understood the meaning of these words, and the queen, who had scarcely heard them, broke the silence, and still following the only thought that employed her, she said, "My lord, you are not ignorant, without doubt, of what passes in the Christian camp: has any battle taken place? has my husband been engaged? is not the valiant, the noble Richard, wounded?"—"If I am to believe the news which I receive from the army," replied Malek Adhel, "the discord that reigns among the Christians will soon have put an end to this fatal war, without our having scarcely occasion to fight them. Since the King of England's arrival in Syria, there has not been any general action, but only some partial skirmishes, where your lord has displayed his valour, and acquired new glory, without its being purchased at the expense of your rest: perhaps, madam, I shall be able to tell you more at my return."—"What, then, my lord," interrupted Berengere, alarmed, "are you going to Ptolemais, and is your invincible sword to be pointed against the heart of my husband?"—"No, madam," answered the prince; "my brother's commands detain me yet in Egypt; his orders are that I should go to Cairo to collect new troops, and I shall return hither to wait the moment when he will desire me to bring them to him. During my absence, you alone will command in this palace; your least wishes will be respected: I only beg, that out of regard for our customs, which prescribe to women a strict retirement, the gentlemen of your court may appear but seldom in your apartments, and that you allow none the permission to enter your gardens.—This injunction does not concern you, my father," continued he, addressing the archbishop; "the respect due to your sacred character, the profound veneration with which your virtues have inspired me, would incline me rather to obey all your orders than to venture to give you any. I feel that you are here the only consolation and support of the princesses; do not quit them, and let the liberty which I give you, never to lose sight of them, be at least a pledge of the purity of my intentions." He then renewed to Berengère the promise of speaking to Saladin in her favour, and left the apartment.

They were scarcely alone, when the prelate said to the queen, "Does not your majesty shudder at the dangers to which the princess is going to be exposed? Her beauty has inflamed the infidel, and I know Malek Adhel but too well; his soul is noble, but his passions are violent, and, accustomed as he is to give way to them, unless the Almighty come to the assistance of the virgin, her virtue will not save her."—"My father," replied the queen, "are not your fears exaggerated? is a day, an instant, sufficient to kindle a passion? The prince does not know my sister, he has seen her beauty only; and, although beauty is much, still it is not enough to inspire a durable attachment."—"Madam," answered the archbishop, "we are not here as in Europe, where women, free in their choice, require time to love and to be loved; there they can only form indissoluble bonds, because the happiness of these bonds has virtue for its basis, and virtue is discovered only by the help of time; but, in the East, where women are subjected to a master who disposes of them according to his will, the qualities of the mind are thought nothing of; external charms are every thing, and, to behold them and be inflamed, it requires but a moment."—"Thus, my father, you imagine that the prince has conceived love for Matilda?"—"I am surprised that such a misfortune should have escaped the penetration of your majesty."—"But, my father, why call this love a misfortune?—Don't you know that it is impossible to resist the object we love? and, if it be true that Matilda is dear to the prince, she need only say one word to break our chains, and obtain from him a conveyance back to the Christian camp." "My character," replied the archbishop, gravely, "has always preserved me from that frenzy that you name love; but, as much as I have been able to observe it in others, it has appeared to me, that, to the man affected by it, there is no duty, oaths, nor any thing sacred on the earth, which he will not consent to brave; and that, in short, he is capable of doing any thing for the object of his love, except sacrificing to it that love and those desires; thus, I can well believe that Malek Adhel would grant all to the prayers of the princess but what would affect the interest of his passion. Provided she remain with him, perhaps he would break our chains; but, madam, would that be enough? and, if your sister did not follow you, would you have the courage to depart?" "My father," resumed the queen, without hesitation, "of what service could my presence be to Matilda?—What do I say, should I not even be more useful to her, by going to ask Richard to come sword in hand to her deliverance, than by remaining here to bewail with her? Without doubt, my father, you have no apprehensions for her virtue, and you cannot believe that a prince, such as you have described Malek Adhel to us, would be capable of a criminal violence?" "I see," replied the archbishop, with surprise, "that it is not possible to carry conjugal tenderness farther than your majesty does, since it can give you the resolution of abandoning the princess. No, madam, I do not mistrust the virtue of that modest child; but, near Malek Adhel, the temptation will be dangerous indeed, and innocence will never have had a harder struggle to maintain. Your majesty knows too well the ardent love that attaches me to the faith of Christ to suppose that a Mahomedan prince could inspire me with an ill-grounded enthusiasm; but I dare affirm, madam, that neither Philip Augustus, nor the illustrious Richard, the two greatest monarchs in Christendom, possesses that union of striking virtues, that elegance of mind, that seductive charm, that may be remarked in Malek Adhel; but, in the error to which he is abandoned, so many brilliant advantages are only sources of corruption, and serve only to the misfortune of the world. Shall I tell you, madam, they have seduced a Christian maid, one who was by birth nearly allied to the throne, in that Jerusalem where her father had reigned, where her God had died, the daughter of Amaury and Mary, the niece of the Emperor of Constantinople, that Agnes so celebrated throughout the East for her beauty and valour, who, sword in hand, braved death a thousand times, and, soaring thus above her sex, whose glory she wished to be, soon became the disgrace of it, by neglecting its duties, as she had forgotten its modesty. Proud heroine! thou who didst despise the gentle virtues of thy companions, and their peaceful pleasures in retirement and obscurity, who didst pride thyself on thy superiority, because thou couldst shed blood, though thou hadst a merciless heart, it was not free from weakness; and hadst thou not, amidst the din of arms and the sports of warriors, learned to blush at nothing, thou wouldst, without doubt, have been ashamed of thy love for a Saracen!" "What do you say! O heavens!" exclaimed the queen, with terror.—"A cruel and dreadful truth, at the remembrance of which my heart bleeds every day! but I will enter into the particulars of that deplorable adventure when I resume the history of Saladin, and perhaps you will then be better able to judge of what we may have room to apprehend and to hope from the disposition of Malek Adhel."

A few days after this conversation, the queen sent word to the archbishop that she was going with Matilda to the orange arbour nearest to the palace, and begged him to come and meet them, in order to finish the narration that she was so impatient to hear.

Berengere and her sister, arm in arm, covered with their veils, descended into the gardens: in waiting for the archbishop, they were walking quietly around the orange grove, when suddenly, from the middle of a thick clump, the branches of which extended along the wall that closed the garden, an unexpected noise made them shudder. Berengere advanced towards the spot: she saw with surprise a little secret door, made in the wall, and hidden from the eye by the foliage which covered it, fly open, and a female slave, trembling and dismayed, come running towards her, and throw herself at her feet; at the sight of a suppliant, Matilda, whose terror had kept her back, came to raise her up; but the slave, pressing to her lips the princess's robe, exclaimed, "O dear and sacred habit! O bright and revered cross! O virgin, worthy to carry it, be thou blessed a thousand times! Ah! madam," added she, in struggling against Matilda, who was still endeavouring to raise her from the ground, "let not your chaste hands touch me: I am a wretch stained with the blackest of crimes; I have forsworn my God and my country, to follow my royal and guilty mistress into this impious abode. Seduced by the greatest of all heroes, she sacrificed all her duties to her mad passion, not doubting to reign always in the heart of Malek Adhel, and to share with him Saladin's power; but, instead of that glory and happiness she expected, Malek Adhel loads her with mortifications; he treats the daughter of Amaury, who has given herself to him, like the slaves which he purchases; she is dying with grief and shame. More than once has she tried to take up her arms again, and quit this abominable residence; but love detains her, and still more the fear of appearing again in her indignant country; sometimes snatching up her formidable lance, she would challenge her ungrateful lover; but he answered that he would not fight against a woman, nor love a woman who could fight; in fine, madam, when we heard that you were a prisoner in Damietta, but treated like a queen by Malek Adhel, I entreated my mistress to permit me to seek the means of gaining admittance to you, in order to implore your assistance: her pride could not brook the idea of it; but this morning a fresh insult has determined her to break, if possible, the chains that hold her, and place her destiny in your hands. Would you believe it, madam, it was not enough for the prince to confound the daughter of Amaury with the crowd of women that fill his seraglio; it was not enough to treat her with an insulting coldness; it was not enough, in short, to leave her; but he wishes to resign her to another husband before he departs for Cairo. In leaving your palace,

madam, the prince has declared to all his women, that he was going to choose husbands for them amongst the emirs of his court, and this humiliating order, which slaves might obey, would you believe, he has also dared to give to the Princess of Jerusalem? She, justly indignant, has answered him, that she would leave instantly the palace of the tyrant who threatened her with such a disgrace: Malek Adhel has opposed this; 'In giving yourself to me,' said he, 'in adopting the faith of Mahomed, you are become a slave, and the laws of the seraglio forbid my restoring you to liberty; choose, then, either the husband that I propose for you, or eternal captivity; and let me, on my return from Cairo, find you resolved!' With these words he went away, and the princess in despair was snatching up her poniard to put an end to her deplorable existence, when I arrested her hand; then, by dint of tears and prayers, I prevailed on her to let me come in her name to implore your protection. 'Go, then,' said she to me, 'go, and entreat that queen of Europe to cast a look of pity on my misfortunes: tell her with what affront the Princess of Jerusalem is threatened; that will be enough, without doubt, to engage her to save me.' I should then, madam, have flown instantly to your palace, if I had had the liberty of leaving that of the prince; but not being able, I sought by what means I could reach you. In walking along the walls of the seraglio, I have discovered a secret passage, concealed on this side by thick foliage, and unknown to Malek Adhel himself: it is through this door, and under a dress like mine, that my mistress will come and embrace your sacred knees; and I conjure you, in the name of the divine Saviour of the world, who never slighted the prayers of a broken heart, I conjure you to snatch away this wretched victim from the hands of the cruel Saracen who insults her, and benevolently to protect her escape and mine."

In speaking thus, the prostrate slave bent her face down to the ground, and waited for the queen's answer. Berengere did not keep her in suspense; her tender and compassionate heart was always ready to alleviate the sorrows of misfortune and repentance; she answered, then, with a dignity blended with indulgence, that, though a slave herself, she would promise the daughter of Amaury to employ her best cares in assisting her escape, in case she should not be able to prevail on Malek Adhel to let her depart freely. "But," added she, "I require a promise from the Princess of Jerusalem: after a fault like hers, she must feel that the world is for ever shut against her, and that there can be no other retreat for her among the Christians than the asylum of penitence." "Yes, madam, exclaimed the slave, "it is there we both wish to retire for ever, and it is there that eternal tears will never wipe off sufficiently our irreparable fault." "If such be your intention," replied the queen, "accept my royal word never to abandon you: but tell me, is the motive of the prince's strange conduct known, and is it discovered why his women are suddenly become so odious to him?" "It is reported, madam," replied the slave, "that a new passion, sprung from a look, and raised in an instant, is the cause of it; that this love, pure, chaste, generous, similar to that our Christian knights experience, and worthy, in a word, of the object that inspires it, has closed the heart of Malek Adhel to any other desires." "And do they name," demanded the queen, "her who has produced such a marvelous effect?" "Yes, without a doubt, madam, she is named; but your majesty will pardon me, if the respect that such a noble and revered name inspires forbids my pronouncing it before you."

Berengere easily guessed at what the slave wanted to conceal, but Matilda guessed nothing: she had listened to the story of Amaury's daughter with a sort of fear; her innocent thoughts did but reluctantly comprehend such new crimes; and, meanwhile, she could not help being disturbed with the images offered to her. Had she not just heard that a Christian daughter had denied her country and her God; that she had chosen a Mussulman for her master: that she worshiped the altars of Satan; and could one wonder at the secret horror that pervaded her soul, and the universal tremour that forced her to lean against a tree to support herself? "Heavens, madam!" exclaimed the slave, rising suddenly, "is not this the Archbishop of Tyre advancing towards you? Ah! I fly; I cannot bear his presence; alas! the idea of appearing before him is the worst of all the fears that torment my mistress." "The words of the good prelate are meanwhile so sweet and consolatory," answered the princess. "They are so for you, madam, who are pure and irreproachable," replied the slave; "but oh! how terrible are the looks of the virtuous man to a criminal conscience!"

In speaking thus, she again closed abruptly the little door, and the queen, advancing towards the archbishop, told him what she had just heard. The bishop was surprised, but returned thanks to Heaven that the heart of the faithless Princess of Jerusalem was moved at last. "She is wrong to fear me," said he; "if her repentance be profound and sincere, I will support her against the terrors that the enormity of her crime must have inflicted on her: and you, my daughter," added he, drawing near Matilda; "you, who appear frightened yet at the dreadful story that has just wounded your ears, believe that Providence had not permitted that you should hear such things, were not the knowledge of them to be of use to you some day: you are, without doubt, destined to undergo trials, through which your innocence alone would not carry you; and it is because the Divine Wisdom has foreseen that you would stand in need of the light of virtue, that it has just opened your eyes to the image of evil deeds, that you might measure the abyss into which the passions hurry us headlong. But come, my child, follow the queen with me; we are going to resume and finish the history of Saladin; you will hear the calamities of your brethren; you will weep at their chastisements, and particularly at their errors, and you will learn, by their example, that we must not expect to repose softly on this earth, but to suffer many hardships."

At the view of that futurity, thus laid before her, Matilda sighed deeply, and, agitated by a thousand confused fears that she could neither comprehend nor define, she went in silence to the orange grove, where the archbishop resumed in these terms the sad account of the Mussulman's victories.

CHAPTER VI.

"I had not yet passed a month at the court of Damascus, before, thanks to Malek Adhel's protection, I had already obtained a truce for three years, but on such advantageous conditions, that Lusignan himself would not have dared to ask. Malek Adhel, full of generous confidence, had engaged his brother to rely on my word alone, and not to exact from me either hostages, towns, citadels, or fortresses; and friendship obtained it from Saladin, in spite of the remonstrances of prudence; already the treaty had just been signed, already the sultan had given orders to stop, until the expiration of the truce, the raising of the fortifications which he was building at Ramah, when the Marquis of Tyre, learning news so favourable to his rival, forgot, without doubt, that they were still more so for the Christians, and resolved to destroy, by a perfidy, all the advantages I had obtained, and all the good I had just done: it was the moment when hostilities were suspended, when the truce was on the point of being sworn, and the peace firmly established, that he chose to arm his soldiers to attack, pillage, ravage, and plunder a caravan loaded with treasures, that Saladin was sending to Mecca and Caabah (which is the temple of Mecca).

"At the news of this breach of faith, the court of Damascus, where I yet was, resounded with cries of rage; the sultan would not understand that, the interests of Lusignan being opposite to those of Conrad, the crime of the latter ought not to be imputed to the former; he only saw the insult he had received; he thought that all the Christians were accomplices in it, and equally deserved his vengeance; therefore, in the first movement of his indignation, he ordered me to be loaded with chains, and plunged into a dungeon. Malek Adhel opposed it, although he partook of all his brother's resentment against the Christians, although he must have been the more exasperated against them, as he had answered on his head for their good faith: he ventured to represent to his brother that the perfidy of their enemies did not authorise their own; that the person of an ambassador ought to be held sacred, and that, while he hated those whose interests I was maintaining, he would defend my liberty and my life to the last drop of his blood. Saladin answered, 'I set much less value on the empire I possess, than on the friend who has just hindered my committing a great fault! Do what thou wilt; I place the archbishop's person under thy keeping.' 'Your subjects,' replied Malek Adhel, 'are so justly indignant against the rash people who have laid their sacrilegious hands on the treasure you were sending to the tomb of the prophet, that I do not think the Archbishop of Tyre could traverse your states with safety; permit, therefore, that I attend him as far as the gates of Jerusalem; and, that duty fulfilled, permit me to acquit myself of another no less sacred; namely, to revenge my brother, our prophet, and the faith of treaties shamefully violated.' 'Let it be so!' exclaimed Saladin; 'let us also, before many days are departed, lay siege to Jerusalem, and let this sabre, that I now give thee, be the first to shine on its ramparts.' 'You will see it there,' replied Malek Adhel, pressing the soldan against his breast; 'you know that your brother has never promised any thing in vain.' 'I know it,' replied the sultan, 'and I read the ruin of the Christians in thine eye.' 'Their ruin is come!' exclaimed the prince, vehemently, and they parted.

"Malek Adhel performed but too well the promise which he had just made to his brother. After having escorted me as far as the limits of the Christians, with such generous care that gratitude makes it my duty never to forget it, he set off in pursuit of Conrad's army, who was returning to Tyre, loaded with the spoils of the caravan; he attacked and beat the plunderers, and made a considerable number of prisoners, among whom were Raymond of Tripoli, and Rinaldo of Chatillon; but he had scarcely gained this victory, when he heard of the battle on the point of being fought at Tiberiad. For our misfortune he ran there, and for our greater misfortune yet, Lusignan refused to listen to my advice; and, far from shutting himself up in the walls of Jerusalem, as prudence required, he caused the gates of the city to be opened, went out at the head of his army, and accepted the proffered battle. You have heard but too well the account of that famous and ever-deplorable day, which almost entirely crushed the Christian power in Asia. The body of the Templars destroyed, the most illustrious captains slain, the king himself taken prisoner—these were but the forerunners of a far more terrible disaster. Jerusalem still held out; but what could women, old men, children who wept their chiefs and their supports, do against a triumphant and numerous army? In vain did Sybilla strive to encourage the soldiers who yet remained; in vain did I repeat to these dismayed people that it were better to die on the sepulchre of our God than thus abandon it to the hands of the infidels: they answered me with a mournful silence only. Hunger broke down their courage, the holy temple was deserted; none were seen in the streets but pale and livid figures, moving like ghosts, and disputing for their food with the vilest animals; nothing was heard but the hollow groans of hunger, and the last sighs of life. Thus were the sad predictions of the prophet verified under our eyes—

"'The ancients of the city of Sion sit in the dust in silence. They have put ashes on their heads, and clad themselves in sackcloth; the virgins of Jerusalem cast their eyes on the ground, and weep.'

"Alas! madam, how shall I describe to you that day of desolation, when they were forced to capitulate—that day, when the sad Jerusalem opened her gates to a proud conqueror, and saw with horror the hand of Malek Adhel plant on her walls the hateful colours of the crescent! Meanwhile I must own, that it is to the protection of that prince that we are indebted for a more honourable capitulation, and the permission of retiring to Antioch with our families and our treasures; he set free all the prisoners he had taken at Tiberiad, and paid out of his own purse the ransom of the captives he did not dispose of; he made rich presents to those women whose husbands had perished in the fight; he caused the wounded to be taken care of at his own expense, and obtained from Saladin that the brethren of the various monastic orders should attend them till their complete recovery: in short, madam, I own that in this circumstance the prince displayed virtues unknown to this age. The East, astonished, admired them; the Mussulmans were proud of them; the Christians deeply affected; but all praised and blessed his name; and it was at that focus of universal admiration that the first sparks of the fatal passion that ruined the daughter of Amaury were kindled. That princess was with Lusignan at the head of the army which was defeated at Tiberiad, carrying her valour

wherever the carnage was most dreadful; she was always found near Malek Adhel; many times they fought together; she resisted long; at last, forced to yield, she acquainted her astonished victor that the enemy, whom he had overcome with so much difficulty, was a woman, and she followed him into his tent. Ever since that day she abandoned the cause of the Christians, renounced her religion, and became the first slave of that prince whose enemy her birth had made her. It was thus that Agnes, in scorning the prejudices of her sex, had departed from its virtues, and it proved more difficult to triumph over her valour than over her modesty.

"Therefore the sentiment that Malek Adhel inspired her with, was not that tenderness virtue allows women to feel; it was one of those unruly passions, such as arise in the breast of warriors, and that, similar to a burning torrent, scatter their flaming waves, fearless of noise and destruction. Ah! what are we not to expect from a maid who has once broken asunder the chains of austere virtue! she falls with the more weight as her chains are drawn closer; thus Agnes, accustomed to obey but the impetuous dictates of her soul, loved the prince with the same ardour as she had loved combats; she wished to become his wife, and Malek Adhel, who could not entertain any real esteem for her, still consented to give her that title." "My father," interrupted Berengere, "to a woman he could not esteem?" "That name of wife," replied the archbishop, "is very far from being as holy among the Turks as it is among the Christians; many women share it, and their master's fancy is the only law necessary to repudiate them." "Can it be," interrupted the queen a second time, joining her hands, "that a Christian woman could have submitted to such a humiliation!" "Ah! madam, that shameful *folly*, named *love*," resumed the archbishop, "had persuaded Agnes that there was glory in that humiliation; that there was glory in loving to such excess as to reckon for nothing the esteem of men and the judgment of God. Thus, deceiving herself still, and fancying she saw glory in celebrity, she has left the distaff for the sword, and the shade of retreat for the bustle of arms; and thus will those wander, who, scorning the place God has marked for them, and the qualities that are their appendage, substitute for their humble virtues the bold ones of *men, and*, confounding what Heaven has divided, belong to the sex they have forsaken, and the one they adopt, *only to* unite and combine the vices of both." "But what became of Agnes, my father?" exclaimed the queen; "she has not known any happy days, most probably." "*No, madam*," replied the prelate, "that passion, acting as a force to part us with violence from our line of duty, being the road of vice, it is always that of misfortune, too. Agnes has suffered all the pains she merited, although a Mussulman knows little of that delicacy that counts external charms for nothing, when the qualities of the soul do not accompany them; meanwhile she has experienced the shame of being despised by her ravisher: a Christian, without doubt, in Malek Adhel's place, would have done more; he would have shunned with indignation a young person who gave herself up to him without shame. Malek Adhel balanced *one moment*; to hesitate was much for him; for such is the superiority of our holy religion over all others, that the same action, which among the infidels is a rare virtue, is with us but a simple duty; so that in this circumstance, when the allurements of pleasure and the voice of honour were in opposition, by resisting the first but for a short time even, Malek Adhel was generous, while, by resisting the call of the other for one moment, a Christian had been guilty. I will not describe to you *Agnes* leaving her country and her God to follow an infidel, *quitting* the steps of the throne where she sat, to be *confined* in a seraglio, and her superb armour for the habit of a slave. Let us cast a veil on the errors of that unfortunate princess; let us not retrace her fault to ourselves. Since she begins to repent, let us begin to compassionate her, and not show ourselves less merciful than the Almighty, who never shuts the treasures of his grace to the repentant sinner.

"At last arose that fatal day when we were to abandon Jerusalem: the very inhabitants, who had begged to surrender, and to have the liberty of quitting the city, then wept that they had obtained it: they could not console themselves for leaving the holy ground, and it was a very moving spectacle to see them embracing each other, begging pardon mutually for their past animosities and divisions, raising their hands to heaven, kissing respectfully the walls of the churches they were no more to behold, bending prostrate in the holy sepulchre their faces to the earth, and bathing with tears of blood the place where their Saviour died. Queen Sybilla, her head shaved, and clad in a mourning habit, opened the march, and led her weeping subjects. Saladin, on seeing her, appeared moved with her profound sorrow: he approached her respectfully, and said to her that, having just been dubbed a knight by Hugh of Tiberia, he wished that very day to begin following the laws of chivalry, in granting her a gift according to the custom of our ancient knights-errant. The queen did not hesitate to ask her husband's freedom, and the artful sultan, who well expected that request, feigned meanwhile some surprise, and seemed to assent merely from a holy respect for his promise; but, in the bottom of his heart, he was very happy to have so noble a pretence to restore Lusignan his liberty, for he was not ignorant that his release would soon prove a source of new divisions among the Christians; in fact, had that prince remained in the chains of the Saracens, all the parties would have united round Conrad, powerful then with harmony and good intentions: guided by one leader, they might have withstood Saladin's army; whereas Lusignan, on his being set at liberty, revived anew his claims to the kingdom which he had lost. Conrad, indignant at his obstinacy, caused the gates of Tyre to be cruelly closed against him, the only city that remained in the power of the Christians. The parties then grew more and more inveterate, and their animosities increased to such a degree, that Lusignan and Conrad were greater enemies against each other than they were against Saladin himself; and, while scorning my remonstrances, forgetting the interests of their brethren, they were shamefully quarreling about the possession of a throne which they had not known how to defend, all the East, dazzled with the pretended generosity of the sultan, applauded his conduct in raising up to the clouds the greatness of an action, which, in truth, was but the fruit of the deepest policy.

"It was about that time that I embarked for Europe: you know, madam, what powerful succours I obtained from all the Christian princes; not satisfied with opening the field of honour to bravery, glory, and piety, they have wished to march there themselves, and set the example to their subjects; and now they are arriving in crowds on our desolate shores: no, a greater ardour did not animate their ancestors at the first Crusade; none were then fired with a more noble and holy zeal, and better disposed to shed their blood for the recovery of the sepulchre of their God. Ah! without doubt, we shall see the dissensions of Conrad and Lusignan expire before the magnanimous example they behold in Richard and Philip Augustus, and so many other European princes, who, for the interest of religion, abandon their vast and flourishing states, and, through the perils of a stormy sea, come to meet their death in a foreign clime. O my God!" continued the archbishop, raising his venerable hands to Heaven, "thou wilt not surely permit that such fair hopes be destroyed, and that such noble resolutions be without effect; thou wilt make shine that glorious day, when the Christians, after having earned repose by their toils, and victory by their combats, shall again enter Jerusalem consoled, and there celebrate the effusions of their gratitude and love; and, purified by their misfortunes, adopt new manners, new sentiments, and set such an example of wisdom and virtue to the neighbouring nations, that these last, moved, edified, converted by the change, will run into thy temple, and form with thy old servants but one people, one faith, and one heart." In speaking thus, the good archbishop was so thoroughly touched with what he said, he fancied he could read so well in futurity the confirmation of his hopes, that the image of such happiness filled his breast with too much emotion to permit him to go on: he stopped, but his lively looks, his head raised towards Heaven, and his silence, big with impressive fervour, told enough that his heart was yet in prayer, although his lips articulated no longer.

Already did the first shades of night begin to throw their veil on the orange grove, and gave to nature that tint of melancholy which seems so favourable to religious meditations and tender reveries, when the light rustling of a dress, creeping through the leaves, struck upon the ears of the archbishop and the two princesses, and disturbed their reflections. Soon they saw appear, at the entrance of the grove, a female slave, who seemed to wish, and yet to dread, to approach. "Who are you?" demanded the prelate, advancing some paces towards her. At this question, the unknown threw herself on the ground with such sobs and cries, that it would have been thought her heart was ready to break. "Wretched Agnes! is it you?" exclaimed the archbishop, retiring a few paces involuntarily. "My father," replied the princess, "do not retire; do not make me desperate, for death is in my heart, and my last moment approaches." "O, my father," interrupted Matilda, eagerly, and drawing near Amaury's daughter, "hasten to give her your spiritual assistance, for she says she is at the point of death, and her soul may yet be saved!" "Is it the Princess of England that I see?" exclaimed Agnes; "is it she who speaks in my favour? Yes, I know her by her habit, and more so by her marvelous and fatal beauty. Heavens! must I be doomed to this excess of humiliation, to owe something to the prayers of her who has injured me so deeply?" "What do I hear!" replied Matilda, astonished; "a stranger in this place, a captive in this palace, ignorant of your name and existence till within these few hours, what am I charged with, and what harm have I done you?" "She asks what harm," exclaimed Agnes, distracted with grief; "she who has banished me from the heart where I reigned; who has robbed me of a love to which I had sacrificed every thing; she, in fine, the only cause of my shame and despair!" "Hold, hold, Agnes!" interrupted the archbishop, sternly; "your shame is in your regrets. Ah! unfortunate woman, if you were moved with a true repentance, would you hold such language? would you not rather bless the instant, that, in banishing from you the object of your criminal ardour, has likewise forced you to have recourse to Heaven's mercy?" "Why do you talk of Heaven!" exclaimed Agnes, raving; "what is Heaven without Malek Adhel, and what God can I implore, when he whom I had chosen scorns and leaves me?" "If such are your sentiments," replied the archbishop, in a severe tone; "if your soul still lies under the weight of reprobation, why do you come hither? why bring your licentious cries to the ears of this noble queen and this chaste virgin; and what are you seeking with me?" At these words, the daughter of Amaury, recovering all her pride, answered in a proud and firm voice—"I am come to seek a shelter against the ungrateful man who repudiates me; I come to ask for arms to defend and revenge myself. Give me back my lance and sword, and my arm shall know how to secure the daughter of Jerusalem from the shame of being treated like the last of slaves!" "And by what right should the daughter of Jerusalem expect to be treated otherwise," replied the archbishop, with indignation, "when, by her conduct, she has placed herself below the most despicable creatures of her sex? Go, go, wretched Agnes! return into that palace—bow down under the feet of your proud Arab—implore deaf Mahomed. The day of condemnation is not far; it approaches fast, it will soon swallow you up; already Heaven warns you by me of your eternal doom." "O my father! do not pronounce it!" interrupted Matilda, melting into tears; "could your lips open to utter such terrible words! take pity on the unfortunate, who is going to die without succour, and has no longer the strength to apply to you for relief." The queen also drew near the archbishop, and said to him in a low voice, "My father, will you not speak to her more kindly, and try to bring her back to God?" "Will I not!" replied the prelate, wiping the tears that fell on his venerable cheeks; "madam, can you believe it? O! you know not the injury her obstinacy does me, nor with what joy I would give my own blood to redeem her sin; but what can I do if she do not repent? what can I do but implore for her the grace of the Almighty!" Scarcely had he uttered these words, when the slave, who had addressed the queen some hours before, appeared; and, speaking to the Princess of Jerusalem, exclaimed, "They have just discovered your absence, madam, and are seeking for you every where in the seraglio: I have taken advantage of the confusion that prevails there, to escape and follow you: and now we are both safe; for, the way that has conducted us hither is known to nobody, and the Queen of England's palace is an inviolable asylum, where no Mussulman's eye can penetrate." "Madam," then said Agnes, "you see my fate is in your hands; will you not grant me a shelter in your

palace! will you not restore me my liberty, my arms, my vengeance?"

The tone in which she pronounced these words made Matilda shudder: it was not that which was likely to persuade the queen. Agnes, seeing that she was hesitating, hastened to add:—"I but ill understand suing, madam; but remember, that, accustomed to command since my infancy, prayer is for me a strange language, to which I have had recourse only to avoid slavery, and which I should not have employed to save my life."—"I shall not resist your wishes," replied the queen; "I shall not deny myself the hope of contributing to your salvation, in breaking the chain that detains you here. Come, madam, come among Christians again! Come, and weep with them the fatal day when you ceased to name them your brethren, and, by long and frequent acts of repentance, obtain, from God's infinite mercy, a pardon that the clemency of men would not, perhaps, grant you. I shall see Prince Malek Adhel at his return from Cairo, and will apply to him for permission for you to leave this place."—"No, madam, no," interrupted Agnes, impetuously, "do not ask him for any thing, I entreat you: I wish to fly from him without his knowledge, without his consent: leave me the care of my own destiny; it is through deserts that, alone, on foot, under the armour of a warrior, I will go and seek for a retreat, which I shall owe to your goodness and my courage only." The archbishop said then, that this was not the moment to ascertain whether such a request could be granted to her, and that she ought to rest herself contented with waiting in silence for her fate, near the generous benefactress who consented to afford her a shelter. Agnes durst not reply any thing to the prelate's commands: she put down her veil over her face, leaned on her slave, and followed the queen into her palace. As none entered the princesses' apartments but persons of their own choice, they easily secured their silence on the temporary concealment they offered the daughter of Amaury. Matilda gave up with pleasure the room she occupied to that princess. Agnes took up her residence there the same evening; and Matilda, pleased to see her there at her ease, removed into a little closet contiguous to that room, where she found no other furniture but two stools and a small couch. Scarcely was she left alone in that plain habitation, when the remembrance of what she had just heard, of what she had understood, and still more of what she had not been able to comprehend, recurred to give birth to new thoughts, and to reveal to her that the world and the heart of man were full of mysteries entirely unknown to her. She blamed herself for thus giving admittance to ideas, which she was not allowed to fathom; but the very efforts she made to drive them away, brought them back incessantly; and the curiosity of a young girl, who seeks into what is concealed from her, could scarcely yield to the modesty of a virgin, who grows alarmed at what she perceives. Meanwhile, sixteen years' innocence soon prevailed over a few hours' disturbance. As she offered up her accustomed prayers to God, she insensibly forgot the discourses, the wrongs, and the accusations, of Amaury's daughter; and, of all the sentiments that had disturbed her, there only remained a profound compassion for sorrows, the more dangerous in her eyes, as she less understood the cause; but compassion, which, for tender souls, is rather a pleasure than a pain, did not hinder her from finding, on her narrow couch, that sweet and peaceful sleep which a pure conscience can always procure.

CHAPTER VII.

The Princess of Jerusalem was too much a stranger to that peace which reigned in the soul of Matilda to be able to enjoy the same rest. The tortures of pride and of a frighted conscience closed her heart against those sentiments of contrition which alone ease and strengthen the broken sinner: more vexed at the humiliations which her fault had brought upon her, than repentant for having committed it, she only felt a kind of dry and tearless remorse, and of universal aversion, that extended equally over the lover who scorned her, and the benefactress who consented to save her, over the God to whom she had given herself up, and that whom she had abjured, as well as over the innocence of that virgin who was preferred to her; but still more (and that was the worst of her torments) over herself, whom she could not but accuse alone as the cause of the vile condition to which she was reduced. In vain she sought to fly from herself; she could not escape: the poignancy of her shame, increased by the recollection of its celebrity, and that irrevocable necessity which bound her with her own thoughts, and forced her, as it were, to live with herself, threw her into fits of despair, compared to which insanity or death would have seemed comforts. If, sometimes, the image of Malek Adhel came to turn her aside from her own contemplation, it was only to present her with fresh cause of sorrow! for, she not only saw herself slighted by the man to whom she had sacrificed the world and her eternal salvation, but she was on the point of being parted from him, and with his own consent too! At this thought, the most bitter of all thoughts for a soul fired yet with all her passion, the unfortunate Agnes, who, during the whole night, had not been able to taste a moment's rest, suffered so piercing and so doleful a cry to escape her, that it resounded in the ears of Matilda, and awoke her in a fright. She arose, looked around; the day was just beginning to enlighten the east with its first fires; she could perceive nothing, but she listened, in order to discover whence the noise that broke upon her could come, and she heard deep groans proceeding from Agnes' room: she ran there, and found her up, pacing the room, pale, dismayed, crying out with grief, but not weeping. "What wouldst thou with me?" exclaimed she, on her perceiving the virgin; "why does thy angelic form come to offer before me the view of all that is sinful in me, and to increase the transport that tortures my soul?" "Your groans have reached my ears," answered Matilda; "I thought you were ill, and came to offer you my cares." "Ill!" replied Agnes, looking at her earnestly; "indeed I am ill, very ill too; but what avail thy cares? thinkest thou they will cure me? Ah, if thou wouldst ease the dreadful torments thou causest me to suffer, restore me the heart thou hast taken from me, restore me the love of Malek Adhel; restore me my lover!" "Heaven be praised," replied the princess, blushing, "the heart of the infidel is not mine, and I do not dispose of it." "Would thou hadst spoken true!" interrupted Agnes, laying hold of her hand with eager vivacity: "I would give my life to be able to believe it for one instant: but hear me! if ever he offered to thee that heart, the possession of which is the first blessing on earth or in heaven, accept it not, or thou wilt soon fall into the condition in which thou seest me plunged." "But can you not extricate yourself from that dreadful state, at which my soul is frightened?" replied Matilda softly; "can you not avoid the prince by flight?" "Avoid him! sayest thou? avoid Malek Adhel! no, I cannot: no, I cannot tear myself away from the intoxicating charm of his love. If thou couldst know what felicity I tasted in forgetting, near him, my country, my family, my crime, nay, my God himself! .... thou shudderest, Matilda! thy ear is a stranger to such crimes: well, thou knowest not all yet; no, thou knowest not what excess of impiety love has drawn me into. I have wished for the destruction of the empire of Christ, because it may rise against that of my lover; I have wished to see that lover reigning alone over kings and worlds in chains: I wished to follow him to the army, to fight against the cause which I supported formerly, and, to defend a head adored, I wished to raise the sword against my own blood and the God of my fathers! .... In short, this very moment, when William opens before me the road of repentance, when my ungrateful husband abandons and hates me, the idea of avoiding him, of being parted from him for ever, is more terrible, in my eyes, than that of my eternal perdition! And thou, cruel maid, thou, the author of all my woes, leave me, and go, tell thy archbishop that I will not hear of a heaven that has not Malek Adhel's love to offer me!"

During all this speech, Matilda had remained trembling and motionless; the vehemence of such an unruly passion inspired her with horror. Incapable of returning a single word in answer to speeches so new to her, impatient to steal away from the shame of listening to them, she still could not make up her mind to leave Agnes alone, a prey to her dreadful transports; meanwhile, she went out to call her women, and sent them to Agnes, until she could acquaint the pious archbishop with the state of Amaury's daughter. As soon as he was informed of it, he came. Matilda, when she heard he was in the palace, went to meet him, and said—"My father, the Princess of Jerusalem is very ill. I know not what fever works in her brain, but her head is totally deranged; for, she talks of nothing but the charms of crime, the delights of impiety; and Malek Adhel seems in her eyes preferable to God himself." "Hold, my daughter!" replied the prelate; "let not a mouth so pure open to utter such expressions: strive even to obliterate them from your mind, and beware ever to attempt to understand them: and now, go to the queen, begin your holy lectures with her, and do not return into your apartment until you have seen me." At these words, Matilda quitted him, walked away slowly, musing, and still endeavoured to obey the prelate's injunction, by not seeking to comprehend what strange happiness Agnes could taste of in the road of crime: on arriving at the oratory she found the Queen was not there: she went into her chamber, but without success. At last she entered the great jasper hall, where Berengere sat on a pile of cushions, before a table elegantly set out, and surrounded by a crowd of young slaves, loaded with baskets of flowers. "Sister," exclaimed the queen, on seeing her, "the prince is just arrived at Damietta; he is coming hither presently to bring us news of the army; and, until then, he has sent us his women to amuse us with their games; come, and sit by me to partake of this recreation." At these words the princess blushed; she felt her heart palpitate, sat down, and remained silent. The young slaves began to dance at the sound of the castanets, the cithern, and the tabor; but there was in their dances a sort of luxuriant vuluptuousness that disturbed the queen and alarmed the virgin: she turned her looks aside from a sight that hurt her delicacy; and, to see it no longer, she arose, went to a window, threw up the blind; and there, delighted with the serenity of the sky, the beauty of the verdure, and the charm that the freshness of the morning spread in the air, she yielded to a strong desire of taking a solitary walk, and descended into the gardens of the palace.

She followed the course of a rivulet that meandered in a fine sand, edged on both sides with rose and citron trees: insensibly, the trees grew larger and closer together, and she found herself in the middle of a wood, where a thousand paths that crossed each other made her lose the first she had taken: following at hazard that which offered itself, she lost her way still more and more; and meanwhile the place was so beautiful, so many birds were singing, so many flowers exhaling their perfume, such clear waters flowing around, that the virgin was moved, but not alarmed. Soon, fatigued with her long walk, she sat down under an arbour of jessamine and plantain trees; soon the profound silence of this solitude brought back calm into her heart: the remembrance of Agnes grew weaker, as well as the terror of her impious speeches; sweet and tranquil thoughts, such as the place she was in, succeeded her agitation; and, overcome insensibly by the charms of that nature, which it would seem that no one could approach without becoming better, Matilda abandoned herself to that sort of vague reverie, during which the imagination, wandering on many objects, quits and returns to them again, without being ever fixed, because each attracts it in turn, and it pleases itself with all without having to blush at any.

In that beautiful bower, in that state of forgetfulness so new and sweet for the youthful mind of a maid, who, for the first time in her life, finds herself alone in flowery and blooming retreats, the hours passed rapidly away. The morning was almost entirely gone, and the prince had been with the queen. Surprised and grieved at not finding Matilda with her, he wished to know where she was, and whether he might be allowed to see her. Berengere sent after her; she was not in her apartment. The prelate, who had all the time remained there with Agnes, left his penitent, and came to tell the queen that Matilda had not appeared in the room; hence he too wondered what had become of her. Berengere could not satisfy him; for she had not observed her sister descend into the garden. Her absence alarmed the archbishop; he looked at the prince with an eye of suspicion; but Malek Adhel was too anxious about the princess to observe his mistrust; he kept enquiring incessantly from all around him, with an eagerness that betrayed enough how deeply his heart felt interested in that object. Berengere remembered well that her sister had seated herself by her, but only for some moments; where she had gone since she knew not. Meanwhile, after many fruitless efforts, she thought she recollected

having seen her open one of the doors into the garden, and immediately went herself in quest of her. But soon she was left behind by the prince; happy with the hope of finding the princess alone, he sprang forward with rapidity; desire, emotion, lent him wings. He knew all the turns of that intricate labyrinth, and traversed it in a moment: at last he flew towards the jessamine bower, caught a glimpse of the vestal's garment, and the sight alone of that dress caused him a greater pleasure than any he had ever experienced. Matilda heard the rustle of the leaves he was treading upon, arose, knew him again; at once the archbishop's narrative and the condition of Amaury's daughter came back into her mind. With a heart full of terror and trouble, she flew hastily away, exclaiming—"O my God! preserve me from that son of the demon, that formidable infidel, whose arm crushes the Christians, and whose tongue has perverted the wretched Agnes!" And at that thought she flew still faster; but what availed to fly with such rapidity, except to show her terror and her zeal; for the swiftness of a timid virgin, who has passed all her life in the confinement of a cloister, would not save her long from the pursuit of a warrior like Malek Adhel. Sure to overtake her when he chose, he stopped to see her run. It was truly to avoid him that she hurried: thus he saw it, and such a resistance, which he had never yet met with, inflamed him still more; and now he sat off in his turn. The arrow flying through the air could scarcely follow him: he came near the princess—touched her—took hold of her garment: he would fain have pressed her in his arms, and yet he dared not. If the divine beauty of the princess attracted him, the dignity of her countenance kept him in awe. Led away by imperious desires which he had never attempted to oppose, sovereign of his palace, of courage to dare any thing, having only to overcome the weakness of a young girl to attain the height of his wishes—yet, an indescribable sentiment, a sort of respect, which, until this day he had never experienced, but at the sight of his father, or in the temple of Mahomed, made him fall at the knees of Matilda. For the first time the proud Arab prostrated himself at the feet of a woman, and was not ashamed of it, for he fancied he was in the presence of a divinity. *"O you," said he to* her, "who have given me a new being, daughter of heaven, angelic beauty!—you who surpass all that I have seen most beautiful in my life, who consume me with an ardent fire which I dare not indulge, and which I almost dread to mention—you who already dispose of my will and my life, whence have you taken your power?" At these passionate words, Matilda pressed on her bosom the relic of the abbess, raised her eyes to heaven, and made new efforts to escape; but the prince would not suffer her. "Whither would you go?" exclaimed he, pressing eagerly the delicate hand of the princess; "why do you shun me with so much obstinacy—what are you afraid of—do you behold me with horror?" In speaking thus, he looked at her so tenderly, love gave his handsome features so much expression, that the ingenuous Matilda, who, since her birth, had never once disguised her thoughts, could not answer that she saw him with horror: she only replied, turning her eyes aside—"God commands me to shun his enemies." "And does that cruel God also command you to hate those who adore you?" "I ought to hate those who know him not." "O! no, no, no, a thousand times!" interrupted he, pressing the hand of Matilda to his lips—"you will not follow a law both unjust and cruel: you will compassionate the torture you cause me; you will yield to the lover who to you abandons his fate and his life! I swear it, England shall never behold you again!—better to die than to part from you!" At this terrible vow, Matilda fancied at once she was torn away from her country, her family, her convent, and that eternal salvation her engagements secured to her. Frightened at the Saracen's projects, she snatched her hand away, wrapped it up in the long sleeves of her dress, pulled down her veil over her face, and, both confused and terrified at the prince's speeches, she replied in the sternest tone: "I am destined to the honour of being one of the brides of Jesus Christ; it is in order better to deserve so glorious a title, that I came to Palestine to pay my adorations at his tomb; but it is in England that my cloister expects me, and that my vows call me; retract, therefore, an impious and sacrilegious oath; restore me the liberty which you have deprived me of, and, for your reward, God will perhaps consent to open your eyes to his eternal light." On hearing this language, Malek Adhel knew that strong faith, that ardent piety which distinguish the children of Christ: he felt well that time and his cares alone could work a change in the heart of the princess; and, as already he had resolved to abide by her will, and detest a happiness that she could not share, far from insisting, he submitted, and said—"Daughter of innocence, what do you command and require of me? the slave of your will, there is nothing that I would not suffer to please and obey you." Matilda was too pure to understand the extent and value of such a sacrifice; but the air, the expression, of Malek Adhel, made her suspect it must have cost him dear; her heart was moved, her looks grew kinder, her voice was softened, and she answered, with embarrassment: "I pray you, conduct me to the queen." Matilda's change had not escaped the prince's penetration: he saw that there were means left to move the fair Christian, but only with the help of much reserve and perfect submission; he therefore did not hesitate one moment to obey. "Come this way," said he, showing her another path; "this will take us sooner to the palace." She adopted it immediately, and followed the prince in silence. Sometimes he turned round to look at her—he stopped—he sighed: the fearful Matilda then kept back, cast her eyes to the ground, raised her hand to hide her face from the prince; but could not conceal from him that modesty spread all over her person and countenance; that modesty the most captivating of all the graces, the most powerful of the weapons that heaven has endowed the sex with, and which inspires respect at the same time that it increases love. In seeing her so beautiful, Malek Adhel could scarcely contain the flame burning in his breast: meanwhile he prevailed; for, at that moment, the beauty of Matilda was almost like that of an angel: he hurried on to escape sooner the danger of giving a loose to transports that might alienate the heart he was resolved to obtain: the struggle of his present desires with his future projects agitated him violently; he walked with emotion, but he knew well the cause of it; he knew what he wished, what he expected, what he had to hope, while Matilda was destitute, without knowing the reason of it, or even what she really experienced; and, if any thing was passing in her heart, she only saw it through that thick veil which innocence draws always before the thoughts of a virgin, to prevent her distinguishing what modesty does not allow her to know.

CHAPTER VIII.

Matilda and the prince had soon reached the edge of the wood; they then perceived the queen coming that way, and, near the door of the palace, the archbishop waiting for them. His look was grave and stern, and, as she embraced the queen, Matilda could not help blushing. As she could not, without much confusion, own all that had passed between her and the prince, she grew uneasy, inwardly, at having any thing to conceal; it seemed to her, that any thought we dare not own must be a reprehensible one; and, taking the bashfulness of modesty for the remorse of a fault, she fancied she had already found her punishment in the unusual embarrassment that the presence of the archbishop caused her. Berengere asked her sister some questions, but the interest she displayed soon gave way to a more powerful one. She had not had time in the morning to speak of her husband to the prince; all taken up with Matilda, he would not then have listened to her, but now she was in hopes to obtain more attention, and drawing near him, with eyes full of tears, she said, "Can you not give me some news from the army at Ptolemais? O noble Malek Adhel! have you nothing to tell me about Richard? alas! my life is in your answer." The prince was going to satisfy her anxiety, but he was prevented by the appearance of a knight, who seemed running precipitately towards them. Malek Adhel wondered, and said to the queen, "Who is the rash man who presumes to enter your gardens at this hour without your orders?" The archbishop had recognised Josselin of Montmorency, and mentioned his name to the prince. Malek Adhel then replied: "That illustrious name has often reached my ear, coupled together with that of all the kings of Europe, and surrounded with a reputation of valour and glory which but few sovereigns can pretend to; but that name, great as it may be, and the valour of him who bears it, do not excuse his intrusion." He then advanced towards Josselin, who was only at a few paces distance, and said to him, proudly, "Presumptuous knight, art not thou forbidden to enter these gardens without the Queen of England's permission? Has she given it thee, and if she has not, what comest thou here for? Knowest thou not that such rashness deserves a high punishment?"—"Prince," replied Josselin, with a cold dignity, "when King Richard entrusted his wife and his sister to the care of all the knights who are now at Damietta, we swore to him to defend them to the last drop of our blood. Just now, on coming to the queen's, I found all the Christians in confusion; I learned that the Princess Matilda was lost in these extensive gardens, and exposed to dangers."—"And what dangers could she fear in this place?" interrupted the prince, with impatience. "That I cared but little to know," replied Josselin; "it was enough there were dangers threatening the princess to make me fly to her assistance, in spite of all obstacles, and without calculating what perils I might expose myself to." At these words Malek Adhel's great soul was moved; squeezing the knight's hand affectionately, he said to him, "Fear nothing, brave Montmorency, the queen, without doubt, will not punish the action she admires; but learn that I too am a knight as well as thou. Hugh of Tiberiad has fastened the spurs on me, and I have sworn, in his hands, to protect beauty, innocence, and misfortune, at the peril of my life; be not, therefore, any longer uneasy for the fate of the Princess of England, I too will now watch over her, I alone, hearest thou? and while I do justice to thy valour, I think that mine will be as useful to her; and it is at the feet of this divine maid, in the presence of her sister, of this holy prelate, and thyself, that I beg her henceforth to look upon me as her most devoted knight and only defender"—"I doubt," replied Montmorency, sharply, "that a captive, as the daughter of kings is in this palace, she would accept the master of it for her servant."—"She cannot do it as a Christian," added the archbishop.—"And still less as a sister," replied the queen. "O magnanimous prince! consider yourself, whether Matilda can accept the protection of him who may, some day, shed the blood of her brother and my husband!"—"And if I swore to you, madam," replied Malek Adhel, "never to turn my arms against that beloved husband, myself to watch over his life, and, in short, to respect the brother of Matilda, even as I do my own brother, would you not at that price consent to see the Princess Matilda assent to my request?" Berengere could not believe what she heard; she could not believe that that formidable arm, not satisfied with sparing her husband, was going to be raised in his defence. Malek Adhel renewed his promise, and then, in the effusion of her gratitude, she blessed her chains, and loved that captivity which had supplied her with the means of interesting Malek Adhel in favour of Richard. "I know not," interrupted Montmorency, bitterly, "whether our great king might not be offended if he saw your majesty imploring, in his behalf, Malek Adhel's generosity. Whatever be the valour of this warrior, I am much deceived, or the illustrious Richard would fear his arms much less than his compassion; and all our knights would wonder much, madam, to see a Christian queen placing less confidence in their zeal than in the protection of their greatest enemy."

Matilda inclined her head softly on the queen's shoulder, and told her that Montmorency's answer seemed to her just, noble, and such as must affect her. Malek Adhel heard her, and grew uneasy; as he looked at her, she seemed moved. Meanwhile, Montmorency, on his knees before the princess, gazed on her enthusiastically, and thanked her with transport for the approbation she had just given him. On seeing this, Malek Adhel could hardly contain the terrible suspicions that began to work upon him; every thing seemed to tell him that Montmorency was dear to Matilda; a thousand violent projects crowded at once into his mind, all advising him to get rid of his rival. He must punish him assuredly, but only in such a way as his great soul could punish. "Montmorency," said he to him, "a soul like yours, wherein honour reigns, must grow indignant at being away from the field of war. Return! I break your chains! Go, and tell your masters that I am not much afraid of them, since I venture to restore them such a man as you. At this speech Josselin remained confounded; unable to accept a favour from an infidel, or to leave Matilda, he refused the proffered gift of freedom;

he had sworn to his king not to quit the princesses, and, unless they should think proper to release him from his oath, he vowed to keep it at the price of his blood. Malek Adhel, with great vivacity, asked the queen whether she had any objections to Montmorency's going to speak of her to Richard. Berengere assured him that she would consider herself blamable if she deprived Richard and the Christians of such a valiant knight. Josselin had then but one hope left; he addressed Matilda, entreating her not to dismiss him too. "Was that to be the price with which she would reward the pure zeal that animated him—a zeal which would make him sacrifice his life, without even asking for a look as a recompense?" The impetuous Arab would not let him go on; he threw himself at the knees of the princess, exclaiming, "Matilda! I vow to you a zeal as pure, and a boundless gratitude. Think what extensive claims the title of *your knight* will give you over me; think of all the good my obedience will enable you to do your subjects, your friends, your brethren." He ceased then, and waited in silence for the princess's answer. Montmorency was waiting also, and both were fixing on her their supplicating looks, that seemed to implore some favourable words. Matilda cast her eyes to the ground; embarrassment, emotion, uncertainty, were seen on her ingenuous countenance; she knew not what to decide; and, full of diffidence of herself, she applied to the archbishop for advice from his wisdom. "O my father!" said she, "tell me what I am to do!"—"My daughter," replied the archbishop, "the arm of Montmorency is of too much service in the army for you to allow yourself to detain him here; but if a sense of duty prescribe you to release him from his engagement, that same sense of duty commands you still more to refuse the services of a prince, who, great and magnanimous as he is, still is no less the most formidable enemy of your brother and your God. My child," continued he, with a holy enthusiasm, "what need you the assistance of men? Ah! preserve only that piety that reigns in your soul, and, in spite of the weakness of your age and sex, you will be armed with a force that will place you above all perils, and prove of more service to you than all human assistance."—"My father," replied Matilda, "your words come from heaven; I believe them, I adore them! they shall be my law." Then turning round to Josselin, with an interesting look of dignity, she said, "Baron of Montmorency, the road of glory lies open before you, I will detain you no longer; go to the army, go, and shed your blood in that holy and sacred cause, the cause of God himself, which he invites you to support. You will relate to my brother our misfortunes; you will ask of the Christians prayers for our deliverance; but," added she, with a blush, "you must, to allay their fears, tell them of all the virtues of our present master,—it will be easy to describe them; to speak of honour and loyalty will only be a Montmorency's native tongue." On hearing this kind language, the proud Josselin was affected; to hide his emotion, he bowed low to the princess, and took the train of her robe, which he kissed respectfully; but feeling his disturbance increasing, he pulled down the visor of his helmet, and inclining himself very low before the queen, the prince, and the archbishop, he hastened to withdraw. After his departure, Malek Adhel remained thoughtful and absent; still in his place, he seemed to see nothing of what surrounded him. The queen, fatigued with his silence, sat down upon a turfy seat, and Matilda placed herself by her. Meanwhile, the prelate meditated within himself the means of obtaining, also, from the prince, the liberty of Amaury's daughter; without doubt, he was fearful of breaking upon Malek Adhel's reflections, but he was still more afraid of putting off to the next day a good action which might then be performed; led away by his benevolence, he determined to speak to the prince.

He described to him the remorse of Agnes, the wish she felt of going to expiate her crime in one of those profound retreats where austere penitence weeps till death; he hoped the noble Malek Adhel would not oppose the only means of salvation remaining for a sinner, who had been guilty for his sake only. The prince, astonished, enquired if he knew what had become of Agnes? Berengere then spoke; she related the means by which Amaury's daughter had left the seraglio, and concluded by asking for her liberty. Malek Adhel answered; "Since that princess has selected so respectable a protectress, madam, I confide her freedom into your hands, and leave you the arbitress of her fate. Father of the Christians," added he, turning to the archbishop, "you know I did not seduce Agnes. Without doubt she was too fair for me to refuse her proffered love, but to give her mine I esteemed her character too little, and the sort of glory she had acquired rendered her still less amiable in my eyes. No, a woman I had seen covered all over with blood in battle, and unmoved, could not engage my heart; this heart, that had never loved yet, wanted a timid and modest beauty—an object both pure and virtuous, who could command its respect; in short, my love wanted an object that stands alone in the world, that has appeared but once to the eyes of men—an object that a single word conveys and expresses—I wanted"—The archbishop hastened to interrupt him; "My lord," said he, "what do you decide about the daughter of Amaury?" "Madam," replied the prince, addressing himself to Berengere, "I surrender into your hands all my rights over her; watch her conduct; you will henceforward be her support and her only relation, for she has just lost her remaining sister; Sybilla is no more!"—"What do I hear!" exclaimed the archbishop, "Sybilla is no more! what will become of Lusignan? what determination will he adopt on losing a wife who strips him of all his claims to the crown of Jerusalem?" "I think," replied Malek Adhel, with a smile, "that my brother has already stripped him still more." He then farther entered into some particulars of the situation of the Christians; he said that the loss of Sybilla had not made Lusignan any wiser, that he still persisted in looking on himself as King of Jerusalem; but that his claims, although supported by Richard, would not meet with more success. He spoke, likewise, of the division which had taken place between the King of England and Philip Augustus, and of the various factions that prevailed in the camp of the Crusaders.

At this account, the archbishop sighed bitterly over the misfortunes, and still more over the faults of his brethren; and ventured to ask the prince to permit him to charge Montmorency with some counsels in writing, proper to bring peace back among the Christians. The prince had not a heart to deny a man for whom he entertained such a profound veneration, and even excused himself for not doing more. "I might," said he, "let you depart with Montmorency, but I know so well the superiority of your talents, and the ascendency of your prudence, that I can entertain no doubt of their efficacy over the minds of the Christians. To supply you with the means of allaying their dissensions, which are so advantageous to our empire, would it not be a perfidy against my brother?" The prelate felt too well the justice of this objection to try to do it away; besides, Matilda appeared to him surrounded with such dangers, that had he been at liberty to leave her that very day, he would have hesitated to do it; since the instant when she had returned with Malek Adhel, he had looked at her several times with attention, and had not found on her countenance that peaceable calm and sweet serenity which were habitual to her. He was impatient to speak with her, and enquire from her what the prince might have been saying. Having made a sign, she arose that instant, and the queen, who was desirous of unburdening her heart in sending her husband long particulars about her love and sufferings, begged likewise of the prince leave to retire. He bowed to her, attended her to the door of her palace, still looking at Matilda, and retired into his own.

Berengere hastened to shut herself up in her closet, and the princess went to the oratory, not unmoved on seeing the archbishop was following her. She wished, she intended, but she feared to own to him the faults she was reproaching herself with. Meanwhile, they were scarcely left alone, when, her soul pregnant with profound humility, she fell at the feet of the archbishop, and said to him, "My father, what blind ardour has led me out of my cloister to make me acquainted with what it was so hurtful to know! why came I to learn, in this ill-fated country, that there are crimes among the Christians, and virtues among the infidels!"—"Daughter," replied the prelate, "Providence takes pleasure sometimes in adorning a pagan with the most brilliant qualities, in order to show that, having all in the eyes of the world, he has nothing in the eyes of God, being bereft of the true faith, and if, at other times, this same Providence allows the Christians to fall into great errors, it is in order to manifest the power of that religion, full of mercy, which has the blood of Christ ready to redeem the sins of her children. But why all these enquiries, my daughter? what is it that passes in your soul? you seem to labour under a painful agitation—the blush of shame tinges your cheek; what thought can make Matilda colour thus?" At these words the princess hid her face in the archbishop's robe; she shed some tears, and replied, in a faltering voice, "My father, the Saracen has surprised me in his gardens, he has told me that he loved, he has imprinted his impure lips on my hand. In the first disturbances of my spirits, I did not think of withdrawing it, and when I did so afterwards, I did it without horror." In hearing this confession, the archbishop took care not to show any severity, but he artfully questioned his young penitent, sounded the bottom of her heart, penetrated into every recess, pursued and caught there the fugitive trace of a recent emotion, and could not help seeing that Malek Adhel was the only cause of it. Yet if it were true that this sentiment existed, it was so feeble then, that the prelate was but little alarmed; and as he saw means of stopping its progress with ease, far from thinking it necessary to acquaint Matilda with his suspicions, he wished to conceal from her the nature of what she felt, and that the idea she could love an infidel should for ever remain unknown to her, because he thought there were sentiments which ought always to be looked upon as impossible for innocence to harbour. Therefore, without speaking to the princess of the dangers to which the weakness of her heart might expose her, he only described those that surround a young girl who does not live in absolute retirement. "When we are only accountable to ourselves for our actions," said he to her, "and do not live under the strict discipline of the cloister, we grow remiss in the practice of our duties; we allow ourselves certain satisfactions which we deem innocent, and which, by the consequences they lead us into, prove that they are not so. Instead of going with the queen yesterday," said he, "to visit the orange grove, if you had not left the oratory, the slave of Agnes could not have met you, and you would still have been ignorant of a shameful story which I never would have wished to mention; and this morning, when you were tempted to go and walk alone in the vast gardens of the palace, had you possessed the courage to *resist that desire*, and to come and shut yourself up here, the prince would not have found you. Matilda, you are young, you are handsome; deplore these advantages, which a vain world praises and admires, and which the faithful fear and despise; for they expose us to such dangers, and surround us with so many opportunities of failing, that human frailty cannot save herself, except in the secrecy of a profound retreat." The princess, at these words, prostrated herself, and promised entire obedience. After a moment's rest, the archbishop went on thus: "And, above all, daughter, never regret a world whose joys are but illusions, grandeur but a dream, and pleasures impostures only; a world, where the liveliest happiness changes on a sudden to bitter sorrow, and where the pleasure of the evening brings us affliction in the morning; regret still less those passionate sentiments, the delights of which you often hear boasted of, and that plunge almost invariably into irretrievable ruin those who experience them; such is the effect of all earthly love, my daughter; it enters the soul softly, but once admitted, it wounds and gives death."

Exalted by all that the prelate had just said to her, Matilda might, after that conversation, have been exposed to the most dangerous temptations, and even have met the prince without running any risk of being moved; she returned into her chamber in a much more peaceable situation of mind than when she had left it in the morning. Agnes was not there; Malek Adhel had caused a private apartment to be prepared for her near that of Berengere, under an express condition not to leave it but with the queen. Matilda was happy not to find her there, for she was in want of solitude, in order to review in thought the various events of that day; she paced her room in silence, musing on all she had heard; she stopped near the seat where Agnes had given loose to so many lamentations some hours before; she shuddered at the recollection of the wanderings of that unhappy soul, and applying to that sad story part of the archbishop's words, she raised to heaven her beautiful eyes, and finished her day with repeating many times, in a tender and doleful accent, "Such is the effect of all

earthly love! it enters the soul softly, but once admitted, it wounds and gives death."

CHAPTER IX.

The tyranny which the image of Matilda exercised over the soul of Malek Adhel became daily more impetious. Incessantly occupied with that thought alone, it disgusted him with all other pleasures, followed him in all his pursuits, made him absent in all his affairs, and, during the night, deprived him of rest: for, such love never sleeps; it is ever on the watch. The prince often, either in conversing with his friends or reviewing his troops, stopped on a sudden, remained plunged in profound reverie, heaving deep sighs, and seeing or hearing nothing more of what was passing around him. Often he went and sat in the grove where he had surprised the princess: there, retracing to himself the beauty, the expressions, the looks, of that young maiden, his imagination grew warm at the remembrance, his heart palpitated violently, impetuous desires inflamed his blood, and he then formed the resolution to go and surprise Matilda, and force her to become his. But, suddenly, he fancied he saw her tears, he heard her cries, he pictured her to himself calling down Heaven's vengeance on him, and loading him with her indignation and hatred; then his resolution changed, he could not persist in wishing to afflict Matilda: to die had seemed to him more easy. But the less he dared, the more he loved, and he could not help owning to himself that this severity of the princess, which set obstacles to his desires and deprived him of all hope, was precisely that which made her appear so beautiful in his eyes, and endeared her so much to his heart. In fact, how could he have harboured such an extraordinary sentiment, if she had been like the woman he had known? Deep rooted and terrible as that sentiment was, however, he cherished it, and would not have exchanged it for any of the enjoyments of his past life; his smarting wound yielded him fancied pleasure, and he hugged his grief with transport. Meanwhile, days elapsed without bringing him any consolation; he no more perceived Matilda. In vain he went daily to see the Queen of England, the princess never appeared; he many times asked the cause, and *received for answer* only, that being engaged by her religious vows to live in deep retirement, she was not allowed to appear before the eye of man. Such answers did but irritate his passion; and, one day, when he happened to be alone with the queen, he suffered all his grief to burst forth; he declared to her that he could not exist any longer without seeing Matilda; that, if he were denied that satisfaction, he could no longer answer for himself; and that, from being a kind and indulgent master, he might perhaps become a furious and lawless tyrant. "That divine girl," exclaimed he, in his extreme agitation, "overturns all the powers of my soul; there is no dominion so absolute as that which she holds over me; there are none of her wishes, but what are commands in my eyes. What, then, is that European pride that disdains to ask any thing from a master who longs to grant her all? Are you ignorant, madam," continued he, carried away by that instinct that makes it easy to guess the very words that must succeed, "are you ignorant of all that you can obtain by the intercession of the princess? In breaking your chains, without having received Saladin's commands, I venture my life without a doubt, but how happy should I think myself, did Matilda ask of me the sacrifice!"

On hearing these words, Berengere started; she had just perceived that she might be restored to her husband, and that idea gave her indescribable emotion: too pious, however, to give the prince any hopes, she only allowed herself to commiserate him, and deplore a difference of religion, which placed an insurmountable barrier between Matilda and him. The Queen of England's heart was more likely than any other to pity the sufferings of unfortunate love: while she commiserated those of the prince, she thought of her own, described them, expressed them with energy, spoke of Richard like an impassioned wife, and did not attempt to deny, that if her return to her beloved lord depended on the prayers of Matilda, it would not rest with her, but with Matilda, to address the prince on the occasion. Malek Adhel asked for no more, and withdrew. The queen went immediately into the apartment of the princess; she found the archbishop there, and told them all she had just heard, that they might be free, that the generous Malek Adhel consented to break their chains, to restore them to Richard, and that, in return for such a favour, he only implored a word from Matilda; "for he loves Matilda," added she—"he loves her with an ardour, a respect, of which I have seen but few examples among the noblest knights." These words disturbed the virgin: a crimson flush tinged the lilies of her face. She cast her humble looks to the ground, and accused herself for having inspired with love one of Mahomed's children. Berengere blamed that excess of severity; she spoke in justification of the prince, and maintained, that far from making him any reproaches, she could not enough admire his conduct, since, possessing the power to take every advantage, he denied himself what he might have a right to attempt, and that there was no Mahomedan prince nor Christian king who, being the absolute master over his beloved object, would have used the same moderation. At these words, the prelate interrupted her, and asked, in a tone rather stern, what happy hopes she could build on such a guilty love? "My father," replied she, "if my sister could overcome the reluctance the prince inspires her with, and resolve to see him again, to ask him to break our chains—once only, to obtain our liberty, Malek Adhel has sworn to deny Matilda nothing!" The archbishop made a short pause, and then he answered rather more gravely: "I declare to your majesty, that, the princess having accepted of my cares, as long as she condescends to grant me the same confidence, and remains free in her actions, I will not allow her to be one moment with the impious man who has dared to throw a profane glance upon her; and I would tell you more, madam, if I did not respect the pure and holy ignorance of the maid whose days are devoted to the Lord." The queen, accustomed blindly to adopt all the archbishop's decisions, took good care not to contradict him, nor to press Matilda any longer to appear before the prince; but in her inmost soul she could not approve the prelate's conduct, and ventured to find therein more obstinacy than reason and true piety.

The next day Malek Adhel failed not to come early to her apartments, for he flattered himself, after the obliging manner in which she had received his complaints the day before, that she would have prevailed on Matilda to leave her place of retirement; but, on seeing his hopes deceived, he inveighed in bitter and almost threatening reproaches; he declared that henceforth he would use towards his captives the same rigour as they used towards him. "And, since they refuse not only to see me," exclaimed he in his grief, "but even to listen to the news I may have to communicate, and the propositions I may offer, I will preserve a profound silence, and others than I will also suffer the torture of being denied the sight of the object they love." "Alas!" replied Berengere, in tears, "where is your goodness? where is your justice? will you punish me for the fault of another? and is my fate to lie at the mercy of my sister's decisions?" "I have already told you, madam," replied the prince, "your fate depends entirely on Matilda; I may do much for you, but she must deign both to hear and speak to me." "Ah!" replied the queen, eagerly, "as long as the Archbishop of Tyre remains with her, we shall not gain any influence over her mind." "Is it then that priest who sets her against me?" inquired Malek Adhel, struck with the sudden intelligence. "Prince," answered the queen, "the prelate has wisdom, experience, and much piety; he knows that my sister has forsaken the world; and that, in order that such a sacrifice may please the Lord, it requires that she who performs it should do it without regret: perhaps he fears lest, in exposing herself often to the danger of hearing you, the innocent Matilda should carry back into her cloister too lively a remembrance of one of the enemies of her God."

That was enough for Malek Adhel; he went out precipitately, with a determination of removing the archbishop away from Damietta; but where was he to send him? a slave into some other city? He could not consent to that. Love, while it made him violent, had not the power to make him unjust. Was he then to despatch him to the Christian camp? Prudence would oppose it, but generosity approved this resolution; and, in Malek Adhel's soul, generosity always prevailed over prudence; besides, if he should hurt the interests of his brother, by sending back to the Christians that zealous apostle, would it not be a reason to defend him with fresh ardour? and was he not certain to do him more good than all the archbishop's speeches could do him harm! It was thus he justified to himself a resolution which appeared to him so guilty some days before, that he had declared to the prelate that the interest of his country would never allow him to adopt it; but the interest of his love spoke now, and that alone was listened to. Malek Adhel did not allow himself to reflect much longer; he seemed fearful lest a long meditation should show him all the imprudence of the determination he had taken, and he gave orders instantly that the archbishop should be introduced before him. "Pontiff of Christ," said he, "in consequence of the news received from Saladin, I have reason to believe that he will not restore the Queen of England to her husband unless the Christians consent to raise the siege of Ptolemais. I know not whether Richard's love will induce him to make such a sacrifice; your wisdom ought, perhaps, to bring him to it; and, in order to furnish you with all the means of success, I break your chains, and send you back to the camp of the Crusaders with Montmorency. Acquaint Richard with Saladin's dispositions: if he approve of them, I do not doubt but his example will be a sufficient authority for all the other sovereigns, and consequently it will rest with him alone to terminate this cruel war; but, if he should persist in his designs, and prefer Ptolemais to his wife, let him know that I am ready to fight him, and that the same sword which crushed your armies at Tiberiad, will know how to drive them away from Ptolemais."

The pious archbishop was surprised at this discourse; the prince's resolution appeared to him so sudden, so singular, that he conceived suspicions from it; he crossed his hands on his breast, inclined his head in the attitude of reflection, and meditated in silence what could be the prince's real motives in sending him to the Christian camp. It cannot be, as he says, to induce Richard to retire from before Ptolemais; it would be such a cowardly action, that to propose it is almost an affront, and Malek Adhel cannot doubt, that, rather than consent, Richard would suffer death a thousand times. The archbishop saw well that it was but a pretence to banish him from Damietta, and guessed but too well the prince's motives; but why should he give him the liberty to join the Christians? could he not have sent him a prisoner elsewhere? must there, even in Malek Adhel's faults, enter a share of magnanimity! Ah! that passion, which might induce him to commit an imprudence and not a cruelty, frightened the archbishop much less by its violence than by that sort of greatness of soul that seemed combined with it; and which was, in his eyes, the blackest artifice of the demon of darkness, because it was the most dangerous of seductions. . . . . No, he will not abandon his timid child in such imminent peril, he will sustain the feeble reed, and show her the road of perdition laid open before her.

While he reflected thus, Malek Adhel waited impatiently for his answer, and, seeing that he remained still silent, he pressed him to explain himself. The archbishop then said: "You were in the wrong to believe that Richard's tenderness for his wife could ever engage him to do the cowardly and shameful action which you propose: to deliver her, he would shed all his blood; but, for the good of his country and his religion, he would give the life of this very wife so dear: such is Richard, such are all the Christian princes; and I declare to you, that, if it were possible that they could accept the proposals which you have just given me to understand, I should employ all my ascendency over them to make them blush. No, prince, no; such a mission is not fit for a minister of peace, since it can only serve to rekindle a more cruel war. Montmorency is the man whom it becomes to deliver your proposals; he alone can take upon him the office!" "It is you alone, however, that I entrust them to," interrupted the prince, imperiously, "and this very evening you shall depart with the little caravan which is to accompany Montmorency to the camp of the Crusaders. I will give my orders that the same regard as I have ever shown you be paid to your age and character; but I will not allow that you pass another day at Damietta, and I expect to be obeyed." The prince's absolute tone leaving the prelate no hope, he insisted no longer; he heaved a deep sigh, and having bowed slowly, he withdrew, and passed immediately into the Princess of England's apartment. "O my daughter!" said he to her, as he entered, "I have but

an instant longer to see you! Let God watch over you; place in him all your confidence, for you are lost if he abandons you: the prince dreads my vigilance, and removes me hence." "Why, my father, are you going to quit me?" exclaimed Matilda, with terror. "The time of trials is come, my daughter," replied the prelate, in a tone full of vehemence: "We must support them in a becoming way: the trials which God is preparing for you are a sign of his love; he sends them to the elect only. O you, future bride of Christ! never forget that here he died for you—that the ground you now tread upon is impregnated with the blood of martyrs—that all these deserts are inhabited by the children of faith—and that so many illustrious examples ought never to let you hesitate to make, if requisite, the sacrifice of your life to save your honour." "Alas! my father," replied Matilda, all in tears, "I do not understand you; explain yourself. What have I to fear, what am I to do, and what do you command?" "My child," answered the prelate, "it is no longer time to conceal things from you; hitherto you were going to our God by the easy road of innocence; now he calls you to him by the harder, but more glorious, road of virtue, and he commands me to enlighten the darkness of your ignorance: the Saracen, my daughter, has conceived a criminal affection for you. The impious man, harbouring an adulterous flame, wants to count you among his wives; you, a Christian virgin, the daughter of kings, the bride of the Lord! .... You shudder, my daughter, and fancy yourself already degraded by the bare idea of such an abominable design .... No, thou noble maid, take courage, for thy courage can save thee; raise thy soul up to the height of thy destiny, shun with horror the Saracen who dares love thee; and, I repeat it, learn to die, if requisite; for the Almighty sees thee, the heavens open, and the palm of martyrdom awaits thee." The words of the pontiff scattered terror into the soul of Matilda: she fancied herself surrounded with abysses and devouring fires: fright took possession of her: distracted, beside herself, kneeling on the floor, she hid her face, drowned in tears, in the archbishop's robe, and could only repeat, with a voice broken with sobs—"My father, O my father! do not abandon me." "My child," replied the prelate, in a tone of softness and compassion, "I have already said that the impious Mahomedan dreads my vigilance; but, in struggling alone against the demon's snares, your glory will be greater .... Meanwhile, if you feel your strength failing and your virtue dismayed, demand, obtain from the prince the permission of making a pilgrimage towards the Great Desert: there, amidst the broken fragments of a ruined monastery, which was raised by St. John Climaque, resides a son of Bazil, a pious anchorite. The world saw him formerly adorned with the highest dignities, renowned for his vast knowledge, diving into the mysteries of the heaven and the earth; but the more he fed on human glory, the more he felt the emptiness of it. He saw that man, gifted with the most rare understanding, unless he be supported by the divine power, raises himself above other men only to fall from a greater height; he saw that all which God does not fill is but a bottomless abyss: then he rejected all the vain knowledge that only served to show him man's miserable condition, and attached himself only to that light which helped to show him his glory. He therefore retired into the desert, and for these thirty years has lived there alone, spending his time in fasting, praying, and practising deeds of hospitality. Apply to him to support your weakness; he knows the way to resist: ask for his prayers—his prayers have found their way to heaven."

The prelate had not time to say more. Berengere interrupted him: she had just heard of his journey, and wanted to know the cause of it. The archbishop told her what pretence the prince had employed to remove him from Damietta. "Almighty God!" exclaimed the queen, "can it be possible that Saladin should ask the disgrace of Richard for the price of my ransom? he dares to propose raising the siege of Ptolemais; on such a condition only am I to be set at liberty! Well, if such be his pleasure, I can die, for I shall never behold my loved lord again." She said, and fell on a seat, a prey to the most dreadful despair. The archbishop, moved with compassion, drew near, and endeavoured to comfort her, in saying, that Malek Adhel had not absolutely entrusted him with that proposal as coming directly from Saladin. But the queen hardly listened to him; in her despair she exclaimed, that she consented freely to give her life for her husband, and die far away from him, rather than obtain her deliverance at the expense of his fame; "but let him know, at least," added she, with heart-rending screams, "let him know that I shall not die alone! I bear a pledge of his love, a successor to his name—must then that dear child perish with his mother too? will they feel no compassion for that tender victim?" At this confession of the queen, the archbishop bowed respectfully to her. "Illustrious and unfortunate queen," said he, "do not despair; Providence watches over you; Providence puts you to trial, but never will abandon you. Trust me, you will one day return to the coast of England, and offer to her enraptured looks the august scion of the great Henry II. Until the time be accomplished raise your broken spirits; remember that you are no longer allowed to give yourself up to despair without offending both your God and your husband. And you, Matilda, I recommend the queen to your cares: let her meet with all due regard and obliging attentions; deny her nothing but what might commit your salvation; sacrifice all earthly good to her. That forgetfulness of yourself, which religion prescribes, will be repaid to you some day, with usury ..... but I cannot say more at present; time flies—the moment of my departure is approaching, and I wish to prevail on Agnes to set off with me; for, I shall not think her saved until she be far away from this place. Farewell, unfortunate princesses. Let all heaven's blessings be showered down among you—and never forget, in your trials, that what is transient is short and of little avail; that resignation in earthly troubles ought to be easy to those who know that they do not hope in vain; and, in fine, that in whatever situation we may be placed, though all human assistance should seem to have forsaken us, still we ought not to lose courage; for God can do more than man can comprehend."

As he finished these words, the archbishop raised his hands on the two princesses, blessed them, and left them, his heart filled with compassion and sorrow.

CHAPTER X.

The prelate entered into the daughter of Amaury's chamber, to propose her departure that very day, in order to hasten the time of her penitence.—"If you are fearful," said he, "of appearing again in the Christian camp, we will stop at the monastery founded by St. Helena on the summit of Carmel; there you will be received by holy maidens, who, submitting to the severest discipline, and free from all mental or bodily stains, live, nevertheless, in such profound humility, that they will never think they can raise themselves above you, nor remember your errors, except to ask forgiveness of them from the throne of heavenly mercy; it is in that retreat, Agnes, that, laid in sackcloth and ashes, you will perform penance for your past life, and be able to say, with the prophet, "O Lord! feed me with the bread of my contrition, and let me drink plentifully the water of my tears."

At the prelate's first words, the Princess of Jerusalem had started, and her face had covered itself with a crimson blush; when he had done, she turned her eyes aside with disdainful pride, and made no answer; he then added, "Take care, Agnes, do not harden your heart; for besides the misfortune of being guilty, there is likewise the misfortune of tardy repentance."—"My father," replied she, with an agitation which she was unable to contain, "I pray you leave me, for I declare to you that I cannot, no, cannot yet repent; there is no room in my heart but for one sentiment alone—vengeance!"—"Well, Agnes," answered the prelate, "if you must have blood, if your violent and desperate soul thirsts after vengeance, I do not oppose it. Come, follow me to the Christian camp, come, and place your courage at the head of your armies; take up again the lance and the sword, and cover yourself with the blood of the infidels."—"Yes! I will," interrupted she, in a terrible voice; then, stopping suddenly, she resumed, with more moderation, "but the moment is not come yet, I must wait for it, my father; I cannot depart with you."—"Hear me, you unhappy woman," replied the archbishop, in a compassionate tone, "your crimes have been so great, that if there were bounds to divine clemency, I could not undertake to promise your pardon; but from an infinite mercy, we can expect and hope every thing; deep as the abyss wherein we are plunged, may be that mercy, which is every where, is there too; it is near you. Agnes, it waits only for a single word of sincere repentance to take you again among its children. O Agnes is not your heart moved with so much goodness?—Agnes, do not distract mine by your silence." The daughter of Amaury remained silent still. The archbishop fell on his knees. "O my God!" exclaimed he, "deign to inspire her with pity for herself; your forgiveness is ready, but it is not enough yet; force her heart to implore it of you." Agnes persisted in her silence. The prelate arose, his face bathed in tears of charity; when his emotion allowed him to resume, he said, "Thus the fruit of your crime will remain for ever in this world and the next, and while its remembrance will yet subsist in that where you will no longer be, you will weep everlastingly in those terrible places where pardon never entered."

At these words Agnes was seized with an involuntary tremour; but, with a sign of impatience, she testified she could not bear any more. The prelate then retired, and made towards the door; on the point of shutting it, he stopped again, and his eyes fixed on Agnes; he waited till a word, a tear, should ask the favour he was longing to grant; the inflexible Agnes persisted in her silence, and waving her hand, she turned her head aside with an arrogance that extinguished all hope in the worthy prelate's mind. "O Lord, it is then all over!" exclaimed he, "thou hast left her for ever; alas! I would have given my life to save her, but she will not be saved; or, rather, O my God! thou hast decreed that the sight of such horrid indifference and profligacy shall be an example for those who, spotless yet, might grow blind on the consequences of a guilty sentiment."—"My God," exclaimed he, "if such be thy pleasure, I bend my head low, I submit, and depart."

The archbishop went and joined the little caravan that waited for him at the eastern gate of Damietta; he found there, with Montmorency, several Christian captives, who, having bought their own ransom, had availed themselves of that opportunity to engage in the service of the first baron in Christendom, and follow him into Syria. Their band was augmented by several pilgrim monks who were on their way to Tyre, to find a ship to convey them to Europe. The rest of the caravan consisted of Turkish soldiers, charged with *the protection of it*; and such was the power of the orders they had received from Malek Adhel, that during the whole way not one of them departed from the respect and attentions which their master had commanded them to pay the Christians whom they escorted. They followed along the coasts of the Mediterranean, in order that the sea breeze might enable them to bear the burning heat of the sands of Suez. All the cities through which they passed had fallen under Saladin's dominion, and there was none, particularly in Syria, that did not exhibit some monuments of the former splendour of the Christians, and where some church in ruins, some broken cross, did not reveal the name of its ancient owners. At the sight of those dear and respectable images, destroyed and lying in the mire, the archbishop sighed heavily, Josselin shuddered with indignation, and while the first asked of God to permit that all those brilliant cities might be retaken by the sons of faith, the last swore on his sword he would recover them some day. They saw all the ports in activity preparing fleets for the destruction of the Christians; at that aspect, the young French hero, led away by his valour, could not contain his rage; his whole soul sprang forward, he longed to fight, and grew desperate that he could not engage yet. More than once, unconscious of his situation and chains, forgetting that he was alone, and that thousands of enemies surrounded him, he would have drawn his sword on those destroyers of the true faith, had not the archbishop's prudence prevented him; then he dropped his sword, scarcely able to conceal his spite and indignation; frequently, also, the wisdom of the prelate had forced him to hide within his breast the ardour that fired him at the bare name of the Princess of England; it was not that he loved her yet, as vulgar affections spring; he looked upon her as a divine creature, who, combining all that could be fancied heavenly, excited adorations which a single desire durst not have intruded, and, in his opinion, it would have been praise enough for angels to say they were like Matilda.

At last, after having seen successively displayed before them, during several days' march, the cities of Gaza, Joppa, Cesarea, and Ascalon, they perceived Mount

Carmel, with its rocks and monastery; and in the vast plain that separates it from Ptolemais, their eyes distinguished with joy at last the banners of the cross flying over the tents of the Christians.

At that pleasing view, the archbishop's bosom felt oppressed with a holy transport; he extended his arms towards his brethren, blessed them from afar, and forgetting his age and weakness, hurried on to meet them. Montmorency alone could keep up with him, the rest of the caravan remained behind; meanwhile, the advanced posts of the Christians perceiving at a distance a band of Mussulman soldiers, and a little nearer a priest and a warrior, who seemed to observe the camp with attention, knew not whether they might not be two infidels in disguise, and fearful of a surprise, they sounded the alarm and called for assistance; all the Crusaders were instantly in motion, armed themselves in haste, ran out, and at the moment when they appeared outside their intrenchments, perceived the venerable Archbishop of Tyre, with his gray hairs loaded with dust, and his staff in his hand. Lusignan recognised him the first; he sprang forward, exclaiming, "Am I to believe my eyes! is it you that I see, my father! are you the angel of peace destined to bring back union and concord among us!" He had scarcely said, when Montmorency was already at the feet of Philip Augustus; that worthy monarch raised him up with goodness, pressed him in his arms, and testified the joy he felt at beholding again near him the firmest support of his throne. Richard, more affected still, took the hand of the archbishop, looked at him earnestly, not daring to ask a question. The prelate understood him, and said. "Great prince, fear nothing. Few days have elapsed since I left your royal consort and your sister; they are in excellent health; I left them at Damietta, under the noble Malek Adhel's protection." "Are they treated like slaves, my father?" interrupted Richard eagerly. "They could not, even in the royal palace of England, meet with more respect and honours. But," added the prelate, "the detail of their situation, the motives that bring me hither, and the explanations I shall venture to beg of your majesty, will be the subject of many a conference; my first care, at this moment, ought to be to solicit you on behalf of the Mussulmans who have escorted us. Allow them to repair to Ptolemais; *it is a favour* which I have promised them to obtain from you, and which will be the just reward of the generous manner in which they have attended us hither." The archbishop's request was unanimously assented to; several Christian soldiers, the red cross on their backs, helmet on their head, and sword in hand, offered even to take upon themselves the duty of accompanying the Saracens as far as the gates of Ptolemais; and, reciprocally moved at this exchange of good offices, they seemed, during their short journey, rather disposed to assist each other like brothers than to fight like enemies.

Meanwhile the report of the arrival of the archbishop and Montmorency had spread joy throughout the Christian camp; not one of the Crusaders but looked on the prelate as the pledge of harmony and concord. One would have thought that all animosities were quelled at his approach, and that the confidence that he inspired was so powerful that even before he had spoken, all hearts were disposed to hear him. He begged of the king to assent to the convocation of a general council for the next morning; all promised to attend; he then traversed the camp amidst the general acclamations, and went to taste some repose under the tent of Richard, whilst Montmorency accompanied Philip Augustus into his, and saw all the French delighted with his return, swarming about him, and making the air resound with the glorious name of their young hero.

In expectation of the council summoned for the next day, the prelate did not remain idle; he was thinking how to prepare the minds of men to hear him; he enquired into the cause of the dissensions, he spoke powerfully to Richard, reproached Lusignan with an obstinacy that might ruin the empire, and ventured to represent to Philip Augustus, that it was not to establish a king of Jerusalem, but to conquer the holy city, that he came to the East; he also conferred in private with the Duke of Bavaria, who had the command of the Germans since the death of the Emperor Frederick. He obtained the support of Esmengard d'Aps, grand master of the monastic order of Hospitality, and, after a short conversation, brought entirely over to his opinion the Genoese, the Flemish, the Templars, and the Knights of St. John. He then retired; before he allowed sleep to close his heavy eyelids, he went to the altars to return thanks to God for the hopes he ventured to entertain, and to ask for eloquent and persuasive words that might move the heart of kings, and bring about the next day the difficult and important work of the reconciliation of the Christians.

CHAPTER XI.

The dawn had scarcely begun to tinge the east when the archbishop was already on his way towards the council hall; three thrones were erected there; Richard occupied one, Philip sat on the other, the third, destined for the Emperor of Germany, remained vacant; the Duke of Bavaria placed himself a little below, lower still sat the electors of the empire and the Peers of France; the English barons took their seats according to their rank, the princes of the church followed in the same order. The fourth side of the hall was set apart for the Eastern chiefs; among them were the Prince of Antioch, and that of Galilea, the Counts of Jaffa and Tripoli, the knights of the holy sepulchre, and of the Teutonic order, in front Lusignan and Conrad; these two proud rivals, placed on a seat of the same height, seemed indignant at an equality which to them appeared an affront, and presented the assembly the strange sight of two kings of Jerusalem disputing obstinately for the possession of a kingdom where a third king reigns. Scarcely were all the sovereigns with their sceptre, their crown, and their purple robes, seated and in silence, when the Archbishop of Tyre arose, his head bare and eyes inflamed. He laid before them in strong language the fatal effects of the discord that had prevailed in the camp; he proved that it was that alone which hindered the Christians taking possession of Ptolemais and marching to Jerusalem; he thundered against those who, preferring their temporal advantage to that of religion, were the only cause of the dreadful calamities that threatened the Crusaders; he endeavoured also to alarm their pride in showing them that their vain dissensions made them the sport of the Mahomedans. "A thousand times," added he, "I have heard them repeat among themselves: What, then! have many powerful kings dragged their subjects and their treasures from the extremity of the West, only to form a camp on our lands, whence they dare not come out? This is not all," continued the archbishop; "while you waste the most valuable time and most favourable season, think you that Saladin will remain an idle spectator of your faithful debates? In all his provinces he is collecting troops, in all his ports fitting out fleets, every where I have found his people in activity, preparing themselves for war with the most indefatigable ardour; master of such forces, what then is Saladin waiting for to rush upon and destroy you! Why for the assistance of a more powerful auxiliary, more destructive than his armies, and who, carrying in its bosom thirst, famine, and pestilential exhalations, is daily advancing on you; when Cancer shines in the zodiac, when the dog-star sheds on you its devouring fires, when the mountains are dried up, when the plants and fruits fall withered on the burning ground, and incapable of resisting so many scourges, your exhausted bodies are no longer able to bear the weight of arms, Saladin then, like a destructive comet, will suddenly come upon you, the lion of war, the terrible Malek Adhel, will accompany him, they will display their bloody falchions, and all will yield before them, and in the course of a few hours, of so many noble knights who have taken the sword in defence of the son of Mary, there will remain but a little dust and a great disgrace, and this camp, where we are now, this camp, filled yet with soldiers and heroes, changed into a vast burying ground, will only remind future generations of the shame of your defeat and the triumph of your enemies." Such a bold picture astonished the assembly, all minds were in agitation, a general murmur was heard; Richard and Philip Augustus, moved with the fate that the prelate had foretold them, surprised that their courage should be called into question, arose by a spontaneous movement, and swore that if they must die, they would not die without glory. Lusignan seemed affected with a profound grief, but the countenance of the Marquis of Tyre did not change; inflexible in his projects, and proud alone to possess a city in Palestine, he fancied himself above the kings that surrounded him, out of the reach of the disasters announced to them, and his will was not shaken. Meanwhile the prelate perceived he had succeeded in moving his auditors, and that they perhaps would be frightened into discouragement, unless he revived their hopes, therefore resuming, in a voice tempered with softness, he pointed out to them the incalculable advantages of a speedy reconciliation. "While the Saracens think you the prey of your fatal broils, and repose themselves on the thought, while Saladin is yet in Jerusalem, and Malek Adhel in Egypt, concentrate your forces, and like a hurricane that carries every thing before it, rush on your enemies without further delay; to-morrow at break of day let Ptolemais be attacked by all your collected forces, and in the evening you will enter it in triumph, and plant on its dismantled walls the glorious standard of the cross."

The eloquence of the archbishop growing animated by this bold image, he drew a lively picture of the triumphs that would follow this first, he showed the infidels in dismay flying before the Christians, and these last pushing their victory with vigour, opening themselves a road to Jerusalem, and taking possession of it before Malek Adhel could have had time to advance to his brother's assistance. Similar to those divine men who, inspired by Heaven, formerly showed futurity to the eyes of other men, the prelate, imbued with the flame of enthusiasm and religion, pictured to all the listening Christians the instant, the happy instant, when the gates of Sion would open before them, when their hands would rebuild the holy temple, and when they would strew with the palms of victory those same places their Saviour impregnated with his blood, spilt for their sake. That hope which the archbishop had conceived passed into the souls of his hearers, one only cry was heard, one only wish prevailed; all burned to fight, and Conrad's partisans, mixing with those of Lusignan, forgot their former animosity, and only saw brethren in arms in those whom, a few hours before, they looked upon as enemies. Meanwhile the prudent archbishop did not rest satisfied with a reconciliation which, springing from the effervescence of a moment, might not hold any longer; he wished it to rest on a more solid foundation, and availing himself of the dispositions the assembly seemed to be in, and the ascendency he had obtained, he once more begged their attention, and said, "And I also wish that all these brave soldiers, these great captains, who are going to shed their blood to reconquer the holy city, may know to whom, next to God, they owe the homage of it. I see before me two princes, who both lay claim to it; who both, supported by illustrious protectors, evince with equal rights as invincible an obstinacy. I know that the crown of Jerusalem belonged to Sybilla, and that, having died without posterity, she could only transmit the pious inheritance to her sister Isabella, the wife of Conrad; it should seem, therefore, that the marquis ought to be looked upon as the only legitimate possessor of Baldwyn's crown; meanwhile Lusignan, who was anointed king by the unanimous voice of his subjects, is still full of life and vigour; and I will ask of you all, sovereigns who hear me now, can so august a character, so eminent a dignity, ever be forfeited otherwise than by death? and would he who could strip him of them while he yet lives, and take possession of his sceptre, deserve any other name than that of usurper? I see, illustrious monarchs, that this truth moves you, and as none among you would suffer the affront intended to be offered to Lusignan, none will permit that he should bear it. However, in order that Conrad may not forfeit the claims which his marriage with Isabella has so justly and so lawfully invested him with, decide that, during the years which heaven may yet reserve for Lusignan to see, he alone shall be looked upon by the Christians as King of Jerusalem, but that after his death, whether the favour of a second marriage shall have gifted him with posterity or not, the crown shall still, and for ever, belong to Conrad and his successors." This proposal was received with universal acclamations, for it equally gratified both the impatience every one experienced of coming to a reconciliation, and the promises by which each party had pledged themselves to maintain the respective rights of their clients. Could not Richard say to Lusignan, I have pledged myself to cause you to be elected King of Jerusalem; you are so now, my oaths are fulfilled; and what had Conrad to ask of Philip Augustus? Had not the possession of Palestine just been secured to him? It might be that in their inmost soul, these two proud rivals were far from being satisfied, but, led away by the

general impulse, and seeing that their most zealous protectors pressed them to come to a determination, they submitted, and acquiesced in the archbishop's proposition. Then all the kings and princes arose, and drawing near a table where lay the book of the gospel, covered with a rich silk stuff, they respectfully touched it with their hands, and swore on that holy object of their worship, to execute punctually the conventions which had just been entered into by the Archbishop of Tyre. That ceremony over, Richard exclaimed, "To-morrow we assault Ptolemais!" "To-morrow we take Ptolemais!" added Philip Augustus. To this exclamation of the two greatest sovereigns in the world, the whole assembly answered by such loud and joyful shouts, that they resounded throughout the whole camp, and the soldiers, moved by such warlike acclamations, felt their blood glowing with new audacity, and hoping they were again to be led to action, they gathered round the council-hall, in order to learn sooner when they should dispose of victory. They hastened to tell them that the next morning with the dawn they were to be under the walls of Ptolemais, and that before the evening they were expected to be masters of the town; all pledged themselves with that eager ardour which, knowing no obstacles, and counting labours and hardships for nothing, would undertake to do impossibilities, because it feels conscious that nothing is impossible to it.

Meanwhile, before the meeting broke up, Montmorency asked to be heard. They all sat down again; alone he stood, and said, "Sovereigns and knights, the cause of God, which we are going to defend, is most assuredly the noblest of all; but perhaps that of misfortune and beauty ought not to be less sacred in our hearts. Which of us does not weep to behold the Queen of England in chains, and Malek Adhel presuming to require a shameful retreat as the price of her ransom? But who will not be incensed, on hearing that this same Malek Adhel, inflamed with the charms of the Princess Matilda, wounds the modesty of that heavenly maid, in daily speaking to her of his guilty love? If hitherto he has not broken through the respect he owes the daughters of kings, who knows whether, soon tired of the rigours he meets with, he may not——I see you shuddering at the bare thought, sire," continued he, turning to Richard, "and already your wishes, like mine, are addressing this august assembly, and entreating its noble members to swear they will fly with us to the assistance of those illustrious princesses as soon as our valour shall have cleared the roads to Damietta. I am far from wishing, however, that the whole army should abandon its conquests in Palestine to march against Egypt, but I demand only that all the knights who have sworn to honour and serve beauty, be permitted to join with me to go and deliver the Princess Matilda, and restore her pure and spotless to that heaven that awaits her, or those thrones in the world that claim and invite her." "If such be the vow one must have made to follow you," replied Philip Augustus, eagerly, "what knight will remain here? are not honour and beauty the motto of every one? have kings themselves any other? In the name of God, I swear that Damietta shall see me at her gates." "Sire," interrupted Richard, "we cannot both leave the army at once, and I think that your majesty will not dispute with me the right of going to snatch away my wife and sister from that bondage the Turk has presumed to lay them under." "I think," exclaimed Lusignan, in his turn, "I cannot deserve to return into my Jerusalem, unless I begin by supporting the cause of misfortune; my arm, my blood, and my life, belong to the Princess Matilda: and I am not afraid to own, that if the sacrifice of my crown only were necessary to obtain her hand, I would not hesitate to make it." At this declaration, Richard pressed affectionately the hand of his brother in arms, and seemed already to give him his consent. Montmorency perceived it; deeply hurt on seeing declared and countenanced pretensions which his modesty had hindered him from expressing, he resumed, proudly, "The intention of Lusignan appears to me inconsiderate; for I do not imagine that he would wish to have it said of him, that when he lost his kingdom, he was at the head of the army, and far away when it was retaken." Lusignan grew offended at this speech, and wished instantly to have satisfaction; but the two kings interfered with their authority, and, with the assistance of the archbishop, they succeeded in allaying the resentment of the two knights. They then took again Josselin's proposal into consideration, and resolved, that after the taking of Ptolemais, a band of a thousand warriors should be formed, under the name of *Knights of the Virgin*; that Richard should command them, and Montmorency next under him; but that the names of all the other volunteers should be cast into an urn, in order that fortune might decide between them, with the exception, however, of that of Philip Augustus, who could not quit the army at the same time with Richard; that of Lusignan, who could not leave his kingdom at the time they were fighting to restore it to him; and that of Conrad, who, proud and haughty, did not deem the honour of a woman worth the danger of a battle.

All those great interests being thus settled, they drew up the plan of the next day's attack. Richard, at the head of his English, and supported by the monastic knights of hospitality and the Flemish, was to take possession of the western tower. Philip Augustus engaged to storm that of Nazareth on the south: Lusignan was to march on the weakest points of the wall that surrounded the city, to place there the vast engines that had been long since constructed; and Conrad, with a sarcastic smile, undertook to support him. Meanwhile, in order that all those preparations might not be perceived by the enemy, they enclosed the camp all around with high palisadoes; each sovereign gave his orders, prepared for action, banished repose, and breathed war only. Scarcely had the twilight of the evening come on, when Montmorency, at the head of a thousand pioneers, availed himself of the obscurity to begin to undermine in silence the outer walls of the city, called the Barbacan walls; Lusignan conveyed slowly a wooden tower, filled with deadly weapons, and placed it opposite an ill repaired breach; bodies of Tyrians carried on their shoulders rams, balistas, and other implements of war, which they applied against the walls: all those movements were performed cautiously and in silence, and never did the forerunners of death announce themselves with less noise and show: whilst all were thus preparing for the terrible attack of the next day, the inhabitants of Ptolemais, resting with blind confidence on the dissensions which, until that day, had kept the Christians in chains in their camp, slept in peace, unconscious that the angel of destruction was advancing on them, and already flying over their heads. Scarcely had the dawn appeared, when, suddenly started from their sleep by the clangour of trumpets, the clashing of arms, and the neighing of horses, they ran to their ramparts, and beheld with terror the frightful preparations that threatened on all sides: their walls, attacked in their foundations by thousands of soldiers, were soon to prove but a weak defence. Hoping to interrupt the workmen, the Turks threw on them heated stones and melted lead; but soon they were forced to retire by the arrows shot like hail among them. Meanwhile, they returned to the charge, and led by the brave Metchoub, to whom Saladin had entrusted the defence of Ptolemais, they opposed a constant and obstinate resistance to the unruly ardour of the Christians; already several towers were overturned, the ditches half filled, the breaches opened in many places, the Crusaders on the point of mounting the assault, and still the besieged made no offer of surrender. Richard, indignant, felt his valour growing with their obstinacy; he encouraged his troops; their efforts increased; their intrepidity knew no longer any obstacles: the beams armed with iron, the sharp scythes, the dreadful rams, were turned against the eastern tower. It shook, and fell to the ground with a horrid crash, dragging in its fall the warriors who defended it. Richard sprang among the fragments; took possession of the suburbs; for some time the Saracens disputed the ground with him; but, soon perceiving that the Christians were masters on all points, they flew away in terror to take shelter in the second works. Philip Augustus, having entered the town of Nazareth, united his forces with Richard's, in order to give the vanquished no respite, and both prepared in person to attempt storming the second entrenchments.

While they thus followed their victory, they learned with astonishment, that, on the sea side, Montmorency had just obtained a more brilliant one still; that he was master of the port and towers that protected it, and that, opening to himself roads inaccessible to any other warrior, with the assistance of suspended bridges which he had caused to be thrown from the outward works over the city walls, he had but a few more enemies to overthrow, to be master of the western suburb, and join again the rest of the army. He was not long waited for. Except Malek Adhel's, there was no arm capable of opposing obstacles to his valour; and now he was at the foot of the second entrenchments, which the sword of Richard and the lance of Philip Augustus had already shaken, but the young hero wished for more expeditious means; with his own hand he placed a ladder against the wall, and mounted the assault the first: at some distance Lusignan followed his example, and both, animated with the desire of surpassing each other, stood with an audacity hitherto unseen the arrows that were showered down upon them. Meanwhile, Montmorency had reached the battlements; he entered; he was already victor. Forgetting then the danger that threatened, and the enemies who surrounded him, he threw away the shield that protected his head; and catching from the hands of his followers the standard of the cross, he first planted it on the top of the walls, and thus gave the Christians the splendid sign of their triumph. In vain did the Saracens endeavour to throw it down; the young hero maintained his victory with the same valour he had obtained it; he appeared standing on the top of the ramparts, jumped into the interior, placed himself before the sacred banner, and with his sword only kept the infidels from approaching.

Meanwhile the ladder, by means of which he had opened to himself such a glorious road, was overturned with all the warriors it bore, and he found himself alone amidst a crowd of enemies: but his courage was with him, and he feared not: the Saracens, ashamed of being repulsed by one single Christian, returned in numbers upon him: while his invincible arm kept them off on one side, he received from the other a blow from a battle-axe, which split his helmet in two; his head remained bare and defenceless. At the sight of his youth and beauty, the Mussulmans stood still, astonished to behold such unconquerable valour in such a tender youth. They seemed afraid of destroying him they could not help admiring; but from the height of the citadel Metchoub had recognised the hero, had run with eagerness, encouraging his soldiers.—"Fools," cried he, "what are you waiting for? If Montmorency fall under your blows, Ptolemais may be carried, but victory will no less be ours." He said, and followed by his troops, he surrounded the knight; this last, on the point of being overcome by numbers, opposed an intrepid heart and an unconquerable arm to the torrent ready to swallow him up; he placed his back against the wall, and neglecting to defend his life, thought only of protecting the standard of the cross waving over his head: already the victim of his generous zeal, his blood began to tinge his arms, when Heaven, desirous of preserving him yet for a world of which he was the ornament and glory, sent him a defender. After being repulsed several times, Lusignan had at last succeeded in storming the rampart; thousands of Christians followed him; he was the first to perceive the peril Montmorency was in; he flew to his assistance; the Christians hurried on with him, and succeeded in disengaging the hero: scarcely was he free when he threw away his broken sword, took hold of another, covered himself with a helmet that had belonged to one of the enemies he had killed, and, wounded as he was, sought for new combats. Metchoub, however, furious on seeing his prey escaping, turned all his rage against Lusignan; he slung a dart at him so swift and well-directed, that the King of Jerusalem had not time to turn aside; he received it in his breast; the blood issued from the wound; the valiant warrior reeled, and fell on his knees; Metchoub then insulted him. "King of Jerusalem," said he, "since thou hast lost thy kingdom in this world, go and seek it in the other!" But Metchoub had not time to go on; all the works were carried; the whole army was in Ptolemais. Richard flew to the assistance of his brother in arms, saved, and revenged him. Conqueror of Metchoub, he had him put in chains. The inhabitants of Ptolemais, seeing their leader in irons, submitted to the victors, and accepted the capitulation that Philip Augustus offered them. Then were seen on all sides triumphant crosses raised high on the top of the mosques, and splendid banners unfurled in the air; the sun gilded them with its rays, and yet enlightened before its departure the triumphal entry of the army into the conquered city; the kings of France and England, holding each other by the hand, marched at the head of their troops, and went

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PART I. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 10, 1837. NO. 2.

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to return thanks for their victory to the God of armies in the great church of St. John. After having been consecrated by the infidels to their prophet, it had just been restored to its first worship. The Archbishop of Tyre, clad in his pontifical robes, had purified it; he began the holy ceremonies, and made the sacred name of Christ resound with the solemn accents of a hymn of gratitude; the voices of the heroes repeated it after him; monarchs, princes, soldiers, all prostrated themselves without distinction either of rank or title, united, mixed together, as they would have been before the Almighty. After having acquitted themselves of this sacred duty, the victors retired into the quarters respectively assigned them, and solaced themselves, after their hard and glorious labour, in tasting the repose that night and silence procure.

CHAPTER XII.

While Ptolemais was thus falling under the dominion of the Christians, Saladin, fully relying on the solidity of its ramparts, the courage of its defenders, and still more on the dissensions that prevailed in the camp of the Crusaders, not even supposing that the enemy would venture to attack such a strong place, had advanced towards Mussul with part of his army, in order to defend that place against the attempts of the Sultan Emmadin, its former possessor; a few days had been sufficient to reduce him, and he was returning in triumph along the river Orontes, when, at the foot of the Galilean mountains, he met the brave Metchoub, deputed by the prisoners taken at Ptolemais. That unfortunate warrior, his head covered with ashes, and despair in his heart, prostrated himself at the feet of his master. "Take my life," said he, "for thy foes have surprised me; they have possessed themselves of the city thou hast entrusted to my care, and have forced me to come and ask thee to put thy seal to the capitulation which I have been under the necessity of making with them."

At this unforeseen intelligence, Saladin remained struck and confounded: he could not believe nor comprehend what he was told—that the eloquence of a single man had sufficed to appease the rankling animosities of the Christians, and that a single day had seen them take possession of the most important city in Palestine, next to Jerusalem. "Who, then," demanded he, "is this extraordinary man, who has obtained over the minds of so many princes a power that neither the interests of their glory nor their religion has been able to gain, and what hand has been strong enough to shake the triple wall with which I had surrounded Ptolemais?" Metchoub replied, "Just as a single word of the great prophet would chain the tempest in the air, so has the Archbishop of Tyre, by the force alone of his words, suspended that terrible quarrel that divided the Christians, and threatened to crush them. As to the other miracle, the sudden fall of Ptolemais, the valour of Richard and Philip Augustus has had its share in it; but, had it not been for Montmorency's thundering sword, they never would have achieved it."

"If I be not under the illusion of a dream," replied Saladin, "thy words are false; for, at the moment I am speaking, the Archbishop of Tyre and Josselin of Montmorency are prisoners at Damietta." "They were, undoubtedly," answered Metchoub; "but Malek Adhel has broken their chains; he has given them a numerous escort to conduct them across the desert to the camp of the Crusaders; they, having arrived with their brethren on the 16th day of the moon of Redbeg, on the 17th the Christians were reconciled, and on the 18th became masters of Ptolemais." "Knowest thou what thou art about in telling me such things?" exclaimed the sultan, in anger; "knowest thou that thou givest rise in my mind to strange suspicions against my brother?" "God forbid," interrupted Metchoub, "that I should ever attempt to instil into thy highness's mind any suspicions against the fidelity of Malek Adhel, thy most submissive servant! but what I tell thee shall be confirmed by the brave soldiers who have accompanied thy brother's captives from Damietta to the camp, and who, as a reward for that service, are now the only free Mussulmans in Ptolemais; perhaps I could tell thee more, if I were not afraid to raise thy anger, and if we were not surrounded with so many ears, intent on listening to us." "Come, then, and speak to me alone," replied the sultan, with agitation; "and, on thy head, mind what thou sayest; for I know not whether I could forgive the sacrilegious tongue that dare to insinuate that the brother of my heart, the dearest friend of my bosom, is a traitor whom I am to guard against." This said, he caused his tent to be pitched, and shut himself up with Metchoub. Scarcely were they alone, when the last exclaimed, throwing himself at his master's feet, "No, great prince, thy brother is no traitor! but he is ruled by a passion too extraordinary not to be under the influence of some spell. A Christian virgin, of such heavenly beauty that one might think her a houri escaped from our prophet's paradise, has dazzled his eyes and broken his soul; since he saw her, the noble Malek Adhel is no longer what he was; he neglects the government thou hast entrusted him with, and equally forgets both the interests of his country and the orders of his master!" "And what is the name of this dangerous beauty?" replied Saladin; "what woman has had the power to enervate the great soul of Malek Adhel?" "The Princess Matilda of England, the sister of King Richard, a girl sixteen years of age, is the beauty who holds at her feet in chains, like a vile slave, the lion of war, the thunder of the East: it is on her account that he has dismissed contemptuously all the women of his seraglio; it is because she desired it, that he has broken the chains of the Archbishop of Tyre, and of the valiant Montmorency. Without a doubt, if she had commanded it also, he would have escorted her himself to the Christian camp; for he has sworn that whatever Princess Matilda should ask, should be granted instantly." "That is an abominable falsehood!" replied Saladin, eagerly; "and I am confident that Malek Adhel has taken no such oath. If the Princess of England thus swayed it over him, would she not have commanded him to give up to the Christians all the places he has under his government? would she not have prevailed on him to become a Christian himself, and join with my enemies? Answer me, Metchoub; has he done so?" "No, undoubtedly," replied Metchoub, "he has not done it yet; but know, then, that the proud European has not even made any trial in that respect. I am told that, hitherto inflexible and severe, she keeps obstinately away from him; that all his adorations, entreaties, submissions, have not obtained from her either a kind look or a favourable word; and, in short, that he undertakes nothing for her service, because she does not deign to express a wish. But if on a sudden, dismissing her disdainful pride, love were to take the place of coldness, and as the price of her affection she were to require of Malek Adhel the sacrifice of his religion and country—sultan, believe me, I say much for thy brother, when I say that he would hesitate." "No, he would not!" interrupted the sultan, throwing a glance of anger on Metchoub. "Malek Adhel is as incapable of betraying me, as I am of suspecting him. Perhaps he may be in love; most probably he is; for it is said that the women of Europe possess, to a supreme degree, the art of enlivening, by feigned rigours, the most unconquerable warriors; but proud, beautiful, as thou describest this English princess, tender as she may be, she never will obtain from Malek Adhel more than the sacrifice of his life—of his honour she cannot. Hear me, rash Metchoub! If thou hadst not shed thy blood for me in many battles, I would make thee pay with thy life the suspicion with which thou hast dared to pollute my brother's great name. But be not alarmed; for it is to the clemency of him thou hast accused, that I am going to entrust the charge of thy punishment. Go this instant to Damietta, appear before Malek Adhel, confess to him thy fault, implore his forgiveness, give him the orders I am going to prepare, and be a witness of his fidelity in executing them."

He said, and Metchoub retired. After two hours he sent for him, and giving him the letter he had just written to his brother, to which he had applied his royal seal, he exclaimed, "These will inform Malek Adhel of my pleasure, and I am certain he will not swerve therefrom in a single point. I command him in the first place to send the Queen of England to Cairo, and have her kept there in close confinement, in order that Richard, moved with the sorrows of a wife he loves, may accept the price I shall set on her liberty; an immense price, however, for it is Ptolemais that I intend to demand as her ransom; without a doubt, the other sovereigns, who have conquered that city with Richard, and have as many claims to it as he, not having the same interest in restoring it, will not approve my proposal, and I hope then their refusal will operate towards creating fresh dissensions, more cruel, more fatal still than the former, against which all the prelate's eloquence will prove of no service, and which I shall avail myself of to crush my fierce enemies for ever! Meanwhile, Malek Adhel shall collect without delay his scattered troops, and, joining those of Damietta with those of Cairo, shall come at their head to meet me in the mountains of Kourouthe, where I am going to wait for him. Before his departure, he shall send the Princess of England back to the king her brother; a vessel shall be ready for her in the port of Damietta; and, if Malek Adhel grant thy pardon, thou, Metchoub, shalt have the care of conducting her to the Christian camp, and shalt direct thy vessel toward the port of Ptolemais. I will take care to acquaint Richard with thy expected return, and, in consideration of the prize we give him back, I will obtain a safe conduct for thee. Hence! bear my orders to Malek Adhel, and see whether he will balance between his brother and a woman."

Having spoken thus, Saladin caused two of his best camels to be given to Metchoub, with the like number of Arab horses, whose swift feet left scarcely any mark imprinted on the sand, and many slaves to escort him. The night was not yet very far advanced, when Metchoub had already passed Sefour, and saw in the shade of night the small fortress of Ramla rising at the entrance of the desert.

But, while he is thus swiftly advancing towards a place where he was going to create so much disturbance, let us see what was passing there, and what had happened since the departure of the archbishop.

After he left Damietta, Matilda, faithful to the promise she had made him, had kept herself religiously confined in her retirement, resisting with equal firmness the reasons the queen gave that she should meet the prince, and the slight wishes her own heart ventured to form in that respect. Far from seeing in the archbishop's absence a reason to be less rigid, she found one to be more timid, and felt well, that, bereft of the experience of her guide, she could find no safety but in the silence of a deep solitude, and that her duty as well as her interest prescribed to her to deny all the entreaties that tended to draw her aside. At last, the tender Berengere, tired with employing fruitless solicitations, fearful of the anger her obstinate refusals might excite in the prince's breast, discouraged by the prolongation of her captivity and the mortal sorrow of being away from her husband, could no longer withstand so many griefs combined together: the condition she was in also increased her weakness, her health grew worse, and soon her life was in danger.

Scarcely was Matilda informed of it, ere she forgot her own dangers to think only of the queen's; she ran and shut herself up with her—left her neither day nor night—and endeavoured to recall her courage, in saying all that could revive her hopes. Malek Adhel, on his side, lavished on his royal captive the most constant attentions and delicate care: he sent to Alexandria for an Arabian physician, celebrated throughout the East, and for the most salutary plants from the extremity of Yemen; but all these cares became useless. Berengere grew weaker every day, her eyes were dim, her strength failed her, and Matilda felt in her inmost soul the presentiment of a dreadful misfortune. One night, as, all in tears, she was watching by the queen's bedside, she turned round to her, and expressed in a faint voice how much she was touched with her affectionate kindness. "Yes, that affection might have restored me my life,"

added she, "and I am going to die." The princess, in despair, took hold of her hand, and pressed it on her bosom. "Speak," said he, "speak, pray, you never can tell me soon enough how I may save you." "All that I request of you," replied the queen, reviving a little, "is that you will receive Malek Adhel only once more: speak to him in my favour, obtain from him (it depends on yourself,) that he send me back to Richard, in spite of all the contrary orders he may receive from Saladin. Restore me the hope of seeing my lord again, and you will see my strength daily returning. I shall owe to you my life, and that of the child I bear. Ah! my sister, can you be guilty when doing such a service?" "I should be very guilty if I denied you," replied Matilda, warmly. "Be easy, my sister—you shall be obeyed: I will see the prince, fall at his knees, and implore his pity." "Have only a little pity on the torments he suffers," interrupted the queen in a low voice; "without answering his love, behold him without answer, speak to him with moderation, and you will see him express his gratitude, only that you condescend to ask him any thing."

The promise of Matilda had already shed a wholesome balm in the wound of the queen; her hopes revived, and her anxiety cooled; she knew the power of love. She knew that he who loves, runs, flies, precipitates himself, harbours but one thought, and stops at no obstacle, thinking every thing both lawful and practicable. Since Matilda had taken charge of her destiny, and Malek Adhel was the disposer of it, she found she could breathe in peace, and taste some repose. In fact, sleep, which for a long time past had forsaken her, in spite of all her efforts and the remedies administered to her, came on, in consequence of her more peaceful thoughts, and restored at last a little calm to her broken frame. Seeing her asleep, Matilda drew softly the curtains to hide the light, and went into the oratory, in order to return thanks to God for the queen's improving state. Wholly occupied with that beloved sister, it was only for her that she asked from Heaven support, strength, and happiness; that interest was the first in her mind: it made her forget all others—and she did not recollect that Berengere was recovering her peace only because she was to expose her own. The day was already advanced, and the queen, feeling herself stronger, had left her bed; she had been removed near the window, where she breathed a fresher air, and her eyes, fatigued, wandered with pleasure over the verdant fields of the Delta. Kneeling before her, the princess was singing to her some hymns in a low voice, when a slave entered, and told them that the prince had come to enquire for news of the queen, and was waiting for an answer in the great jasper hall. At these words, Berengere threw on her sister one of those expressive and supplicating glances which contain more prayers than any language can express. Matilda squeezed her hand with a soft smile; "I understand you," said she, "and am going to fulfil my engagement." She then arose, and, passing into the jasper hall, appeared before the prince with that calm dignity which gives to a woman's looks something celestial, because she owes it only to what is most divine on earth—innocence and goodness.

On beholding her before him, after having so long and so uselessly requested it, the prince exclaimed with involuntary surprise, he knew not whether he was awake; so lively a joy had overpowered his heart, that it had, as it were, suspended both life and motion; fixed to the spot, oppressed, he neither could understand, believe, nor express his happiness. The virgin stopped at the entrance of the room, and, bending her head with a soft and modest look, she said, "My lord, I come hither in the name of an unfortunate queen, to implore your generosity." "Hold!" interrupted Malek Adhel, eagerly; "never say that you come to implore! Implore me!—you! Ah! angelic beauty, it is not prayers, but commands, that you must address to me. Here am I at your feet, ready to hear and execute them. Speak, command, absolute sovereign over Malek Adhel's thoughts!" "I wish, my lord," replied she, blushing, and retiring a few paces, "I wish much you would not thus humble yourself before me." He exclaimed, "No, I do not humble myself by kneeling before you: on the contrary, I honour myself, and take pride in submitting to your power. O Matilda! how can I not adore you! what more just than to adore what is most beautiful, most perfect, on earth?" "My lord," interrupted she, "the queen remains very ill; I cannot therefore leave her long. Deign to hear the motive of my visit: a deep sorrow has affected her health; it threatens her life: I tremble for her—I dread to see my brother's wife perish. You alone can prevent so great a misfortune. The promise of restoring her to her husband may recall her from the brink of the grave; and, if I have cherished the hope that the heart of Malek Adhel would grant me that favour, I have trusted much less to my prayers than to a generosity on which no one can ever presume too much." "No!" resumed the prince, "I never experienced such ecstasy. Never yet did such delightful harmony strike my ears and intoxicate my senses. Where am I? This is no longer the same palace—this air no longer the same I used to breathe—all is changed when I behold her. O Matilda! where you are, it ceases any longer to be like earth." "My lord," interrupted she once more, at a few paces farther off, "the queen, distracted with grief, is on the point of death; you are master of her life, and she awaits her sentence." "I know not," answered the prince, "what will be the consequences of what I am going to do; but this I know, that, happen what will, you shall be obeyed. You wish the queen to be free: behold, she is free. You wish her to be restored to her husband: she shall be restored to him. And now, what can you desire more? Shall I place at your feet all the kingdoms of the earth? shall I lay down my life?" "Ah! magnanimous prince," replied the virgin, much affected, "why so many favours? one alone is enough to command my eternal gratitude. My family will know happiness yet; you will be the cause: to you I shall be indebted for it!" "Heaven, who hears her," exclaimed the prince,—"heaven, who created her, and who wonders without doubt at the beauty of its own work—can it be true that Matilda blesses me! Tell me, O tell me, what have I done to deserve such supreme felicity?" There was such an exalted transport in the voice, the air, the look, of Malek Adhel, that it caused some emotion in the heart of the princess. She then thought it was time to retire; and, walking a few paces back, she said to the prince in a faltering voice, "Permit me to withdraw. While the queen is ignorant of your generous kindness, my heart does but half enjoy it." "Go, Matilda, go, I will not detain you," replied the prince with enthusiasm; "you must be impatient to see the queen happy. But know, that neither the happiness she is going to enjoy, nor that which you experience in imparting it to her, can equal what I feel at this moment. Matilda, gratitude is to me every thing, and I owe you much more than I have given you." The princess did not make any reply. She advanced towards the door, and when on the point of going out, she stopped, laid one of his hands on her heart, and said, "Gratitude is there, and to my latest breath!"

She then hurried on her steps, and entered precipitately the queen's room, crying out, with joyful emotion, that they must return thanks to the mercy of God, who had disposed the prince to hear her. "Your liberty is promised, my sister, and the return of your health will fix the moment of your departure." "O my king, my husband, my lord!" exclaimed Berengere, raising herself, and joining her hands, "I shall see you, then! My heart leaps with joy at the thought—and I feel a new life in my veins. I shall soon be able to go, and recover the strength that is to bring me into your arms! And thou, my God, forgive the feelings of a wife, that she gave thee but her second thought! Matilda, dear Matilda, thou my saviour on earth! O! it is in heaven alone, where your soul dwells already, that you can find a reward proportionate to the service you have done me. And thou, generous prince, where art thou? when shall I see thee? when will the voice of my gratitude reach thy ear?" She could not say more: her emotions had exhausted her strength. Matilda entreated her to compose herself. She reminded her that excess of joy was hurtful—and excess of any thing reprehensible before God. "Ah, my sister," interrupted the tender Berengere, "I cannot obey our God, when my husband is in my thoughts, and Richard ranks before him in my heart." "I have already perceived it," replied the princess, smiling; "and but for that fault you would have none, and no creature on earth can claim perfection." Then, seeing the approach of night, she prevailed on the queen to make truce with her pleasing thoughts, and to take rest after her joy. Berengere yielded: her women approached, and removed her into her bed. She soon went to sleep, and Matilda, less tranquil, sought in vain the same refreshment. The day had been extremely sultry; the night was the same. Oppressed by the heat, unable either to breathe or find any repose, she went into a closet contiguous to her room, the windows of which opened on the gardens of the palace, to which there was a descent by a private staircase. The princess was not ignorant of it, and would have been strongly induced to enjoy for a few moments, the freshness of the air and the serenity of the sky, if she had not been frightened at the idea of being alone in those extensive gardens, and in the dark. She sat down near the window, the better to enjoy the balmy exhalations of the night. She reached a table before her, opened the bible, and began to read; but, during her lecture, she fell into frequent fits of absence: her eyes, without being sensible of it, closed now and then. Her head reclined on her hand: and, whilst a fanning breeze shook and turned over the leaves of the sacred book, she involuntarily suffered her fancy to wander over the most minute circumstances of her interview with Malek Adhel. If some unexpected noise recalled her to herself, she abruptly tore herself away from her reverie, reproached herself with having indulged it, and resumed her lecture, determined not to quit it any more: but, insensibly, some transient ideas, that she instantly banished, and which as instantly returned, fatigued, suspended her attention, and at last took possession of it. Her eyes were reading yet, when her mind was flying elsewhere—and, as her mouth uttered words that her ear received, she did not perceive that her thoughts heard them no longer, and had returned wholly towards an image which left her no rest. The night passed thus in a constant rotation of short lectures and long reveries. At last, tired with so many fruitless efforts and importunate recollections, the princess threw herself on her bed, and scarcely had she slept a few hours, when one of her women entered to tell her that the queen was awake, and wished to speak with her.

She arose instantly, and went to meet Berengere. She found her in the oratory, seated in a large arm-chair, of scarlet velvet, fringed with gold, opposite her little crucifix: a monk was standing by her. On perceiving the princess, the queen's pale countenance became tinged with the flush of a slight emotion. She held out her hand to her, telling her that she was very well; that her rest had only been broken by pleasant dreams; that at last, seeing herself quite out of danger, she had wished to begin her day by the august ceremony which carries up the benedictions of mankind to the throne of divine mercy. "Come, sister, I would not proceed to prayers without you," added she; "for, near Matilda, one is sure to be the better heard of Heaven!"

The sad princess had too little reason to be satisfied with the thoughts of the night, not to blush at such a praise. She thanked the queen that she had sent for her, and afterwards humbled herself before the Almighty with that ardent faith, and that boundless love, which operate so powerfully on the soul that feels them. When we turn to God with a true fervour of heart, he seldom dismisses his children without shedding on them that grace which reanimates their courage, banishes sorrow, drives away fear, nourishes piety, and produces tears: therefore, the ceremony was scarcely over, when Matilda, already more calm, had recovered her accustomed peace. When the princesses were alone, the queen requested Matilda to sit near her chair. She took hold of both her hands, looked at her with solicitude, as if going to speak, and, stopping on a sudden, apparently unable to determine, she at last said to her, in a faint voice, "When yesterday you spoke to the prince in my favour, and he granted you my liberty, did you then also request your own?" "Mine!" exclaimed Matilda, with surprise; "was there any occasion for it? is it possible that he should intend to part us?" "I suspected as much," replied Berengere; "the chief difficulty subsists still, and how shall we triumph over it?" Matilda turned pale, and, in a tone of fear, asked her if she supposed the prince could entertain the guilty design of detaining her near him. "Poor, innocent soul," answered the queen, "in your judgments as well as your actions, you only consult virtue and justice: you never think of love. Meanwhile, it surrounds you, it attacks you, it speaks to you incessantly, and still remains a stranger: in vain it shows itself to you under all shapes. Violent and criminal under the features of Agnes, passionate and respectful in the prince's professions, tender and legitimate in my heart, your chaste eyes turn aside, unwilling either

to see or understand it." "How, then!" replied the princess; "have I not pledged myself never to know it? is it possible to break one's vow?" The queen smiled, apparently moved—and, after a pause, said, "You are right; that is not possible: and such an engagement ought to suffice, undoubtedly, to shut not only your heart, but your eyes also, against love. As for me, my sister, who am allowed to know it, I cannot be ignorant of its effects on the soul of Malek Adhel: the prince will not suffer you to depart." "What do I hear!" exclaimed Matilda, "what dreadful misfortunes am I then destined to undergo—and what project does the infidel form against me!" "I do not imagine he forms any that you can precisely be alarmed at yet," replied the queen, "for he loves you much; he reveres you still more. But to consent to part from you—I know not whether, in a heart possessed with love, there ever remained strength enough to obtain from it so great a sacrifice." "I see well," replied Matilda, sorrowfully, "that I shall be obliged to return once more to the prince, and solicit him again." Berengere rejected that resource, sensible that it was not by inflaming her judge that she could overcome his reluctance—and that the more sweetness and grace Matilda should display in her prayers, the less would love permit the prince to yield. "I will speak to him myself," said she; "perhaps I shall be able to prove to him, that the obstacle which parts you can never be shaken, that it is not on your shame he ought to build his happiness; and if my prayers be fruitless—if he refuse me—it is in vain that my liberty shall have been restored to me—here will I die." "Why should it be in vain, and why should you die?" exclaimed Matilda: "because God has destined me to suffer, does it follow that you should be a victim too?" The queen answered faintly, that her duty would not allow her to leave her alone at Damietta. "Your duty," replied the princess, firmly, "commands you to go and join your husband, as soon as the road shall have been opened for you; and my duty commands me not to lay on any person the weight of those troubles that fall to my lot. God will be my refuge, my support. His protection is better than all human assistance, and his strength will prove sufficient. Go then, O queen—go without any apprehension; for, though you leave me alone, you do not leave me forsaken." As she finished these words, the eyes of Matilda, raised towards heaven, expressed such divine confidence, that it seemed already as if, far from the earth, sheltered in the bosom of God, she thence dared the world and men, sure of being out of their reach.

The queen, struck with the heavenly charm with which hope and faith embellished the virgin, inclined herself before her with a sort of respect, and said, "Assuredly I will go, not without regret, but without fear, and will carry joy into the great heart of Richard, in telling him that his sister has refused to be a queen on earth, only because she feels herself destined to be a saint in heaven—and that she has not the features only, but the soul of an angel!" Matilda thanked the queen with a smile full of softness, but at the same time replete with such melancholy, that it might have been thought that she had just revived the presentiment of all the pains she was to undergo, and all the efforts she would have to make, before she could attain that glorious rank of angels, wherein she seemed placed already.

CHAPTER XIII.

That same day the prince was introduced for a short time into the apartment of Berengere, whom Matilda no longer left. On seeing him, and hearing him express the joy he felt at her recovery, the queen with emotion exclaimed: "That life which is now restored to me, I owe to you. Soon will I tell Richard so: all Europe shall know it. Some day will I tell it to that son I bear within me—and the name of his benefactor will be the first he shall learn to pronounce. O great prince! may all united blessings be the reward of your goodness—the earth has none greater to offer." "But heaven has," added the princess, blushing deeply, "and Malek Adhel might lay claim to them: will he then never be by?" The prince looked at her, but made no answer. The emotions of his heart were too powerful to leave him the strength of governing them if he spoke—and he no longer chose to allow the violence of the passion Matilda inspired him with to appear before her. He had often observed that the vivacity of his transports had alarmed the virgin's modesty: this perhaps was the cause of the deep retirement she had obstinately adopted. Perhaps, to obtain more confidence, he ought to show her more regard veneration, and deference, and carefully conceal his passion until the moment he might hope she would no longer be alarmed. When he felt he was a little more master of himself, he replied to the queen, that he wished or expected no other recompense for what he had done for her than the happiness of having preserved her life and made Matilda happy. The queen then, her eyes suffused with tears, with a timid and embarrassed air, and a faltering voice, said to him: "It is not surely to me alone that you have restored liberty! My sister"—"Your sister has not asked me for her own!" interrupted the prince, impetuously. "Could she think it requisite, my lord! have you not promised never to part us?" "Do you wish to depart, madam?" inquired Malek Adhel of Matilda, endeavouring with all his power to suppress the terrible agitation of his mind; "do you wish to quit this palace!" "Assuredly I do," replied the princess. "My sad eyes, turned towards my country, languish after it—and my heart calls for it always." At these words the prince changed colour: he made a sign of surprise and grief, and retired precipitately. Stopping on a sudden, however, he returned slowly, drew near a window that was open, and there, leaning his elbow on the marble, and his head on his hand, he remained plunged in a deep reverie. At the other extremity of the apartment the queen and the princess were looking at him, and communicated to each other in a low voice the hopes and fears the prince's long meditation caused them. At last, he returned to them with a more tranquil countenance, and said to the queen in a voice rather constrained, that, when her returning strength would allow her to name the day of her departure, it would be time enough to think of that of the princess: "and if, before then, you condescend to hear me sometimes," added he, looking at Matilda, "I will tell you what reasons induce me to combat that wish: meanwhile, if none of my reasons can move you, if you persevere in your intention, if you desire to leave me, if you say, 'Malek Adhel, thou wilt die without doubt, but it matters not; I will go!'—then, madam, you will be free, then will I detain you no longer. I will see you no more—no, never! Don't you know, that to obey you, I would sacrifice my life without reluctance?" Meanwhile, in spite of his efforts and courage, some tears stole down his manly cheeks, and betrayed the violence of his grief. Matilda saw them, and her own fell in abundance. Agitated by his own emotion, but still more by that which the princess exhibited, Malek Adhel felt that, unless he quitted her that very moment, he should be unable to contain any longer the force of a passion which never yet had reigned so impetuously: then, without saying a single word—without so much as looking at her, he went out of the apartment. Matilda continued to weep. The queen embraced her, and said: "Do not despair; your departure will meet with less obstacles than I had apprehended. I see that with tears and prayers there is nothing which cannot be obtained from the most noble and generous heart that ever existed among men." "But is it true, my sister, that my departure can cause his death?" asked Matilda, wiping her tears. "If you continue to treat him with such uncommon rigour," replied Berengere, "you may perhaps urge his despair to an excess that may give us every thing to fear; but, in seeing him sometimes, in speaking to him with serenity and kindness, you will soothe his torments, and make him partake of that peace that prevails in your soul; and if you do not succeed to fill his own with the image of your God, at least you will convince him that, to a hero like him, virtue ought never to be such a painful effort as to cost his life." Matilda adopted these reasons, and consented not to shun the prince any more. Meanwhile, in taking a resolution so contrary to what the archbishop had prescribed to her, she still thought she did not disobey him, because, her situation no longer being the same, it seemed to her that her conduct ought not to be the same. And in reasoning thus, she was not aware that Berengere's illness having opened her heart to compassion, there was but one step from that to tenderness; that the sad and passionate looks of the prince had made her take that step, and hence, consequently, it was not her situation but her heart that had changed.

Meanwhile, it frequently happened that during her prayers a thousand earthly ideas would suddenly disturb her; it seemed to her then as if God was leaving her, and giving her up to the eternal foe of mankind, who filled her soul with dangerous illusions and fantastical errors. Uneasy, terrified, she then had recourse to tears and penance, but those tears that piety alone did not cause to flow, gave her no relief, and amidst the severest penances she could inflict on herself her thoughts were always wandering elsewhere.

The young novice frequently thus passed whole nights in that state of inward anguish of which she knew neither the cause nor the remedy, and her countenance, altered by her anxiety of mind, struck the queen several times; but that impassioned wife, who perceived nothing but through her own heart, persuaded that being away from Richard was the only sorrow that could be experienced, saw in the melancholy of Matilda the fear only of not being able to depart, and the ennui of remaining at Damietta, and entertained no doubt but that, once arrived at the Christian camp, she would recover her former tranquillity. Meanwhile the grief that preyed on Matilda increased every day; broken by fastings, uneasiness, and penance, she languished and drooped towards the earth, similar to the lily of the valley, which the too ardent rays of the sun had struck; her eyes were dim, her complexion lost its colour. Alas! that interesting melancholy served but to give her new charms, and Malek Adhel, who saw her, gazed with rapture, and grew more and more inflamed. But he remained silent, for he had learned from that divine girl what he had been ignorant of till then—to respect modesty! Provided that, on his approach, the young virgin's discoloured cheeks covered themselves with a blush, he felt he could ask no more, and that to obtain what he wished he must appear to hope for nothing.

His silence made Matilda less timid; he saw her confidence growing up under the shade of that reserve he imposed on himself; sometimes she condescended to raise her eyes on him, to smile, to reply to his questions, and no more to retire when he approached; too happy of those slight favours, he spoke not of his love, but his eyes, his voice, his manners, spoke for him every moment; the fire that consumed him surrounded, pressed, moved the princess, and broke forth outwardly the more it was confined; not daring to pass through the prince's lips, it overran on all sides, and gave to his gestures and least speeches a seduction the more dangerous, as it seemed concealed, and against which virtue itself could not stand on its guard—and innocence still less. How could Matilda, who never knew any other than that divine love which carries a soft and salutary calm into the soul, suppose that love was the cause of the agitation she felt, and how could she think of stopping its progress? A heavy weight, however, oppressed her bosom; her looks were vague and absent; at times a burning heat spread itself over her face, the moment after deadly paleness succeeded, accompanied by a chilling tremour over all her person; thoughtful and melancholy, she retired into the most lonely places, to the darkest corners of the palace, and instinctively concealed herself from all eyes, though ignorant she had yet any thing to conceal.

But several days had already elapsed, and Berengere had recovered her strength: she felt herself able to depart; it was time to speak to the prince, and to ascertain whether at last Matilda should accompany her. It was not without a struggle that she was to return again to that subject, and resolve upon tearing that heart to which she owed her life; but her duty and her interest prescribed it; for in case she were not to succeed, she was determined to set off alone, and could she allow herself to leave Matilda at Damietta, without having previously tried all the means of getting her away?

The evening came; the queen caused all the blinds in the jasper hall to be pulled up, and sat down with Matilda on rich cushions near a window, whence they could perceive the blooming groves of the Delta, and at a distance the sea's restless waves. The prince entered and seated himself at the feet of the princesses. Berengere in silence was seeking in her mind for those soft and flattering expressions which women often know how to employ with such wonderful advantage, in order to lessen the bitterness of the sacrifices they impose, but she could find none satisfactory. In whatever manner she should announce to the prince that Matilda was to go, she was sure to rend his heart; she had not the

courage to begin with the dreadful subject; every time she opened her mouth the remembrance of her obligations to the prince withheld what she was on the point of uttering, and stayed the blow she was going to inflict. Torn between her duty and her want of resolution, she knew not what to do, and fell into such a profound reverie, that she no longer saw those around her, and hence Matilda felt herself as it were left in a tête-à-tête with the prince, who was then labouring under the most cruel embarrassment; her lips could not find a word to say, nor her eyes an object to rest upon; whichever way she looked she still perceived the eyes of Malek Adhel fixed upon her; if she turned towards the fields he bowed gently, and with his lips ventured to touch the bottom of her dress. Matilda was sensible she ought not to suffer it, but if she removed she was fearful he would guess the cause of her flight, and she fancied that if she let him perceive she had observed his secret temerity, she would have too much to blush at it. Meanwhile, in proportion as it lasted, her situation became more painful, and Matilda hesitated no longer; she arose with the intention of going away. That movement snatched at once the queen from her absent fit; she held Matilda back, and said in a quick and precipitate tone, "My lord, the day is come when I can fix my departure, and avail myself of your generosity; I shall die if I do not go, but I cannot go without Matilda." She stopped as if oppressed with the sight of the prince's grief. Matilda, who was then standing, saw her fate was on the point of being decided, and sunk back gently on her seat. Malek Adhel replied with an affected moderation, "If your sister require it, madam, this day shall be the last she shall see me near her; but in return for this submission I beg of her to permit me one moment's conversation without witnesses; when I have told her what I wish to say to her alone, if she then persist in her intention to go with you, I will no longer oppose her departure, and you will only have to name the day." As he finished these words, the prince sighed heavily, as if already resigned to his fate. Berengere looked at him with surprise, then turning to the princess, asked for an answer; she received none. Matilda, reclining her head on her bosom, remained silent and motionless. At last the queen arose and said to her, "You have heard the prince, your going depends on yourself alone. I leave you with our generous benefactor; hear him; you cannot dispense with it." "Cannot I, indeed?" demanded the princess, in a trembling voice. "No," replied the prince abruptly, "you cannot without unparalleled cruelty; think that on a few minutes' conversation it is my life that is at stake." These words decided Matilda; she slowly dropped the queen's hand, which she was still holding; Berengere left the apartment, and Malek Adhel sat down in her place.

A long silence prevailed; the prince seemed fearful to break it, and Matilda still more so. But though he spoke not, he kept gazing on her; his eyes wandering on so many charms, could not be satiated with looking; and now, if he persisted in silence, it was no longer from the fear of speaking, but because he had forgotten what he was going to say; he only thought of seeing and loving Matilda; the more he looked at her the more enraptured he grew; he drew nearer, he touched her; burning sighs were exhaling from his breast; a deep colour had tinged the virgin's cheeks; she felt oppressed; the veil that hid her bosom seemed animated by the heaving motion it received; Malek Adhel saw it, and hope revived in his heart; his emotion increased, his senses misled him, he ventured to press in his arms the virgin of the Lord! The unfortunate!—the fire of heaven is not quicker in consuming its prey. Modesty was alarmed, religion shuddered; she pushed away with horror the audacious Mussulman, and hid in her hands her face bathed with tears. At the sight of them Malek Adhel fell on his knees before her; he felt he had offended her, and was in despair, for in those happy climates where chivalry was held in honour, never did love light up a more sincere flame than that which consumed the heart of the young Arab. Prostrate before the princess he swore inviolable respect, and pledged himself never to speak of a passion that offended her; but he entreated her to listen to him; she would not. She raised her head with dignity, looked at him with firmness and pride, and went away without his daring to oppose her. Meanwhile, kneeling on the place she had just left, he spread his arms towards her; he entreated her in the most doleful expressions to hear him for one instant, but one short instant, promising not to approach her nor quit the place where he knelt. Matilda stopped then, and casting on him a cold and stern glance, she said, "I can hear but one single word from you, and that word ought to be the order for my departure." "Is my pardon to be obtained at that price alone?" demanded he with a humble and passionate look. "If my liberty be restored to me," replied she, "I swear to preserve only the remembrance of your generosity, and to bury that of this instant in eternal oblivion." Alas! she knew not she had just promised what she could no longer perform, and that the remembrance of that instant was going to mix with her reveries, and haunt her during the silence of the night as well as the tumult of the day.

The prince still remained in suspense; he hesitated, sighed, looked at Matilda, and could not find strength enough to promise to see her no more; but she seemed impatient; she moved as if going out; he decided for himself—futurity disappeared, the present moment was all; to prolong for some minutes the pleasure of beholding her he loved, he was going to condemn himself to eternal despair. "Remain, Matilda!" exclaimed he in a heart-rending accent, "I am going to obey." The princess stopped again; a sweet satisfaction beamed on her countenance as she raised her eyes and hands to heaven. "O my peaceful cloister! O joyful times of my youth! O my country! I shall then see you again!" "Ungrateful and cruel girl!" exclaimed the prince, precipitating himself towards her, and seizing hold of one of her hands in spite of her efforts, "must your lips bless the moment that will break my heart, and joy sparkle in your eyes when I pronounce my own fatal doom! Not a word of concern for my situation, not a tear dropped on my grief, and when I am treated with that barbarity, kept back by an imaginary respect, am I to fear giving offence to her who tears my life away without condescending to feel the least compassion! No, no, you shall not leave me, you shall hear me in spite of yourself;" and forcing the princess to sit down, he knelt before her, took both her hands in one of his, laid the other on the back of her chair, and gazing on her with eyes replete with the frenzy of love: "Yes," continued he, "thou shalt hear me; thou shalt learn what passion distracts me, what transports I have subdued, and what horrible torments I daily undergo: since neither my silence nor my respect have been able to move thee, know then my love; hear its voice; lend an ear to its cries; in spite of thyself, perhaps, thou wilt be moved; perhaps they will find admittance into thy obdurate heart." The princess at these words threw herself back, in turning her head aside with terror. "O look upon me!" added he in a supplicating voice, "out of pity look upon me; there are more joys in one of thy looks than in all the alluring pleasures of the earth. No, it is in vain that I should promise it, I cannot part from thee, I cannot cease to see thee; this alone is beyond the bounds of my obedience; permit me only to remain beside thee, and command. Wilt thou return to Europe, I am ready to conduct thee thither; wilt thou reign in this place, wilt thou accept of a throne, thou shalt ascend it. O thou absolute mistress of my heart, command thy slave; here am I speechless before thee, but my silence speaks enough for me." He stopped oppressed, he trembled, burning tears fell in abundance from his eyes, and bathed the hands of Matilda; he could detain her no longer; the excess of his emotion had deprived him of all his strength; he held her no more, and still she staid; it was no longer the prince's hand, it was her own weakness that kept her there. Malek Adhel saw it, and full of hope he enjoyed supreme felicity; but similar to all earthly joys, which, between hope and regret, hardly stop a moment, the prince's transient view of happiness vanished on a sudden, together with Matilda's weakness; she perceived she had been free for some time, and blushed at having remained but a short moment with Malek Adhel; that virtue she still loved best was bidding her to fly without more delay, and she was going to obey. The prince saw her intention; he saw that a force which he could not overcome, ruled in that chaste and religious heart; discouraged by this obstacle, he ceased to utter useless wishes, but advancing towards Matilda with despair in his soul, and eyes replete with a gloomy and frantic grief, he presented her with a dagger, and said, "Well, since thou wilt leave me, thou art free; quit for ever this abode, but, before thou goest, out of pity plunge this dagger into my breast—the wound will be less painful than thy departure!" With her weak hand the virgin raised the homicide weapon, and looking at the prince, seemingly much affected, she said, "Rather than plunge it into so generous a bosom, I would assuredly shed all my own blood. O magnanimous prince! why do you give yourself up to such violent grief, why do you harbour such guilty tenderness! what are your hopes, what do you venture to ask of me? Can there possibly exist any bond between the sister of Richard and the brother of Saladin? can there exist any but what would be a crime between a Christian maid and a Mahomedan prince? Is a sacrifice above your courage, and is it easier for you to die than to be virtuous?"

These few words appeased the prince's transport; he was struck with the mixture of dignity and softness expressed in Matilda's countenance. She perceived she had succeeded in calming him, and resumed instantly with an angelic smile—"And if, soaring above all terrestrial desires, you suffer me in peace to follow the road that heaven has traced out for me, what man shall ever obtain from me what I will grant to you? Who will have greater rights to my gratitude, my esteem, my veneration?" "And your love, Matilda," interrupted the prince, "your love will belong to another husband!" "My love will belong to God alone!" exclaimed she with a pious enthusiasm, "he alone will have my wishes and my heart; they never can be the lot of any mortal. Noble Malek Adhel, leave me; suffer me to return to the altars of that God to whose service I am destined, of that God who perhaps had not prevailed against thee, hadst thou been a Christian!" She said, and stopped, astonished at what she had uttered. Malek Adhel exclaimed, "Whoever be that God who inspires thee, I yield to his power. Wonderful and sublime creature, be free! Dispose, command thy attendants, choose the road, my slaves are thine, and all shall submit to thee here as to myself." At these words, for fear of a new weakness, she hastened to retire, but before she passed the threshold of the door, she stopped, turned round, and said, "Receive my farewell, receive my blessings! In that cloister where I am going to live secluded, I will pray for you to the end of my life; and if the Lord deign to hear me, a day will come when our *thoughts will* embrace the same end, conceive the same hopes, and if, in this world, every thing conspire to separate us, in heaven we shall be united for ever."

She said, and he saw her no more. What do I say! he saw her no more!—every where she was present before him; he saw, he heard but her. In the disordered state of his mind, he paced the room hastily, unconscious where and who he was; many slaves came forward, spoke to him; he heard nothing, looked at them stedfastly, and made no answer; they surrounded, they interrogated him, but he went away in silence; he walked towards his room, sat down, remained motionless, and for some moments forgot the earth where he lived, and fancied he inhabited a world full of Matilda's image.

In the mean time Metchoub had just arrived; this was the intelligence his slaves had brought him, and which he heard not. Already the news of the taking of Ptolemais had spread in Damietta; the people, affrighted, fancied already the Christians had become masters of Jerusalem, and were crowding about in the mosques to implore their deaf Mahomed; the soldiers were assembling round the palace; the emirs requested to see Malek Adhel, but he had shut himself up, and none durst intrude on his retirement. While all around him the rumour grew and spread itself, he remained a prey to his reverie, and alone ignorant of the taking of Ptolemais.

Meanwhile Metchoub demanded loudly to be introduced to the prince; he produced the sultan's orders; at that sacred name all the gates flew open, the guards of Malek Adhel not venturing to offer resistance. Metchoub advanced, and now he was before the prince, who wondered at his bold intrusion. Metchoub showed him in silence the letters of Saladin, bearing the royal signet; that sight recalled the claims of friendship into the mind of Malek Adhel; he kissed respectfully that paper which came from a brother he loved, and asked Metchoub where he had left Saladin. "On the mountain of Kourouthe," replied Metchoub, "where he waits impatiently for thee, having only thy warlike arm to depend upon to recover the proud city of Ptolemais, which the Christians have taken from him." "Are the Christians masters of Ptolemais?" exclaimed Malek Adhel, struck with aston-

ishment. "Thou oughtest not, perhaps, to wonder at the blow," replied Metchoub boldly, "since thou alone art the cause of it." "What darest thou say, presumptuous slave?" interrupted the prince angrily. "I say that it is the voice of the Archbishop of Tyre and the arm of Montmorency which have reduced Ptolemais; thou hast restored them their freedom, to thee, therefore, is the ill fortune of our arms to be attributed. Thee have I accused before thy brother, and now I will not retract my words; if thou thinkest them false and perfidious, punish me, my life is in thy hands." Malek Adhel was struck with the justice of the charge; he saw his faults, and feeling he had too many resources to make amends for them, to need to be afraid of an avowal, replied, "Go, faithful servant, it is not with me that thy sincerity and zeal can prove hurtful to thee. Thou hast accused me, and I accuse myself too, but if I have committed an error, I can redeem it, and restore Ptolemais to my brother." "Without doubt thou mayest: to recover it thou hast only to appear before the walls, but the blood of all those faithful Mussulmans who have perished defending it, how wilt thou redeem that?" "Metchoub," replied the prince, with a gloomy look, "say no more, thou hast wounded my heart, for I know that blood ill spilt never wants an avenger. Leave me alone now, and let me see what expiation my brother demands of me, in return for a weakness, the consequences of which have proved so fatal, but the cause of which is too noble ever to lose its empire in my heart." "What sayest thou, illustrious prince?" replied Metchoub, "ought a warrior like thee to suffer his fame to be tarnished by an ill-timed passion, and dost thou prefer a wandering Christian wench to thy country in tears?" "Hold! on thy life presume not to speak another word, thou rash slave," replied the prince sternly, "and if thy life be dear to thee, govern thy sacrilegious tongue, and beware not to let another insulting word pass thy lips respecting the Princess of England."

Metchoub retired, but did not obey the prince's orders, for his soul was deeply ulcerated against him. The shame of having been beaten by the Christians, reduced to give them himself the keys of Ptolemais, the image of all those soldiers cut off in that woful day, the recollection of his family plunged into captivity, and his sons slaughtered, had lifted up his soul to an enmity against the author of so many disasters; he therefore could not contain his resentment, and before the officers and emirs, the troops and the people, he inveighed in bitter reproaches against the prince's weakness, and expressed all the contempt and horror which the Christian who was the cause of it inspired him with; but the troops and the people, the emirs and great officers, were too sincerely attached to Malek Adhel to give countenance to such complaints, and not to reject all such as attacked the honour of a prince they adored; yet if they took up his part against Metchoub, they coincided with him in accusing the English princess; she alone, in their eyes, was the cause of the Mussulmans' disasters; they heard, therefore, with great demonstrations of joy, that the sultan's orders were to remove her from the prince, and that Metchoub himself was entrusted with the care of conducting her back to the Christian camp. But while the news, designedly propagated by Metchoub throughout the different towns, gladdened the hearts of their inhabitants, Malek Adhel opened the letters from Saladin; he saw therein the confirmation, that to the release of the archbishop and Montmorency the loss of Ptolemais was owing; he felt in that respect how many reproaches his brother had a right to make, while he had none; he saw that attempts had been made to raise in the sultan's mind suspicions against his fidelity, and that the sultan had rejected them all; instead of complaining of him, that he implored his assistance, and begged when he might command. Was he to answer such confidence and affectionate kindness by committing new faults, and to do nothing in favour of an offended brother, who, being his master, spoke only like a friend? The sacrifice, undoubtedly, was immense; to part with Matilda, to see her no more! But, then, did not Matilda herself require it? had he not promised not to oppose her departure? and when Saladin commanded it, when the interest of his country required it, was love to prove more powerful than faith, duty, and friendship? O! what a dreadful struggle they caused! how they tore and distracted the young Arab's breast! But love, however violent it may be, does not always overrule a great soul; and if no man ever felt it like Malek Adhel, no man at the same time was ever more capable than he of those great resolutions, those flights of heroism, that soar above every thing, subduing weakness, apprehensions, dangers, nay, and passions too. The struggle was over—Matilda should depart, he was resolved; he swore it; and on hearing that oath, virtue triumphed, and sounded her noblest victory.

But when the ascendency of friendship had prevailed over love, generosity struggled against that same friendship, and Malek Adhel's magnanimous soul had felt more strength to consent to Matilda's departure than to resolve on breaking the promise made to the queen. He had just sacrificed his love to his brother, but his honour was dearer yet, and his honour commanded him not to retract the word he had pledged to Berengere. Still the orders of Saladin were in that respect both precise and strict. Metchoub knew them; he must have divulged them; and Malek Adhel had no other means to disobey, than causing his soldiers to revolt against the sultan's supreme authority: he knew he had power enough to do that; but had he the right, and because his brother had left him absolute in Egypt, was he to avail himself of it to betray him? And now that it was no longer between his weakness and his duty that he had to struggle, but between two duties both equally binding, what was he to resolve, and which should he sacrifice? At last he exclaimed, "To-morrow the ship that is to convey Matilda to Ptolemais shall be got ready, and the next day's dawn shall see her sail. I will go up the great river with the queen, leave her at Cairo, free, mistress in the palace of the caliphs, and instantly proceed to meet Saladin, and obtain from him the order for her deliverance. I shall not have to ask it in vain; I shall not in vain urge the promise I gave the queen; Saladin will ratify it, for he holds perjury in abhorrence, and would not permit that his brother should disgrace himself by committing it."

Meanwhile, the night had elapsed in that long struggle of the noblest and most violent sentiments; already the sun was on the point of emerging from the deep; its beams were reflected from afar: Malek Adhel sighed; he could not see without dismay the approach of a day which he had promised to begin with so great a sacrifice; but, supported by the voice of friendship and of his country, his courage did not forsake him: he left the palace, went to the port, selected the vessel which was to carry Matilda, gave all the orders requisite for the voyage, and, to guard against a weakness which he feared and blushed at, he resolved to leave Damietta without seeing the princess, and not to return till she was gone. He met Metchoub, and said to him, "Slave, the princess shall sail with thee to-morrow! Take care of that sacred trust; else thy life shall answer for it." Afterwards he charged him to deliver a letter to the queen, wherein he explained the motives of his conduct, and said, that rather than cause a rebellion at Damietta, he had determined to delay, but only for a short time, the performance of his promise; that in two days he would come back to conduct her to Cairo; and swore that in a very few days after he would send an escort to attend her to the Christian camp.

Then, without looking at the palace, without so much as daring to think of Matilda, he left Damietta and went to Pelusium and Pharamia; he visited the different cities near the coast and the mouth of the Nile; he collected his troops, and prepared them to march, conformably to the sultan's orders, towards the mountains of Kourouthe.

CHAPTER XIV.

During that night which had so cruelly destroyed the hopes of Berengere, the most pleasing dreams had occupied her fancy; having learned the day before from Matilda that the prince permitted them at last to depart together, she was already fixing in her mind the day when she should quit Damietta, and that when she should see her husband again. In the midst of her joy, she remembered the Princess of Jerusalem, and in order to afford her conscience as much satisfaction as her heart felt, she resolved to make that unfortunate woman participate in her happiness, and went to her apartment to announce to her that at last the day was come when she was able to fulfil her promise, and bring her back to her own country.

For a long time Agnes had not seen the queen: confined to her apartment, she gave out that contrition alone detained her there; but her only reason was, to shun the presence of persons she hated, and who, she thought, had a right to despise her. Resolved not to remove far from the prince, she kept spies, who gave her an account of all that he did, and of the progress of his love for Matilda. In hearing their reports, her soul drained the bitter cup to the dregs; and to work up her revenge, she was waiting till she could be certain that the queen's departure was not to be followed by that of Matilda. "If she should not go," exclaimed she, in her fits of solitary rage, "if the perfidious man venture to detain her near him, he shall not long enjoy that adored sight: and this dagger shall remind him that Agnes is living, and has not forgotten how to strike!"

She was one of the first to learn the arrival of Metchoub; she desired to see and to speak to him. Bribed by her presents, her guards introduced him secretly into her apartment; she discovered the orders he was charged to execute; and, in describing to him the prince's passion as likely to draw him to the greatest crimes, and Matilda's character under the most odious colours, she contrived to augment that profound mistrust he had conceived against the prince, and to infuse into him a more ardent zeal to urge Matilda's departure.

He had scarcely left her and received Malek Adhel's orders, when the queen went to see Agnes. She was surprised at the unexpected visit, and knew not what to attribute it to, when Berengere, addressing her, said with a kind smile, "I come to acquit myself of my promise; I come to propose to Agnes to leave these walls, the witnesses of her shame, and follow us far away from the infidels, their chains, and their cities, into that Christian camp where she will be able to shed tears among her brethren." Agnes replied, "How, then! is your majesty ignorant that you are no longer allowed to depart?" "What do you say?" replied Berengere, disturbed; "Malek Adhel gave his word yesterday to my sister." "And it was a few hours after he had given it that Metchoub, Saladin's messenger, arrived; he came to announce the taking of Ptolemais, and without doubt, madam, that great conquest will soften your misfortunes and the hardships that will fall to your lot." "Ptolemais taken!" exclaimed the queen, with wild surprise, "and you talk of the hardships that will fall to my lot! Has that great victory been purchased by some dire calamity? Have any of our most valiant sovereigns perished?—Philip Augustus——" Her faltering tongue did not allow her to utter another name. Agnes replied, "I am told that siege has caused a horrible carnage, and that the Christians have paid dearly for their victory; but Metchoub is ignorant of the name of the victims, and does not in particular speak of Philip Augustus. The only thing he has told me is, that Saladin requires that the Princess Matilda may be sent back to the camp of the Crusaders, and that your majesty may be detained at Cairo in close captivity, until Richard shall consent to give up Ptolemais as the price of your ransom."

The unfortunate Berengere heard no more: she had no strength against so many griefs; her senses forsook her, and she fell fainting on the floor. On seeing her in this condition, Agnes exclaimed, "She now has need of my assistance. I am going to protect her in my turn; I alone am not to suffer and to die." She caused the queen's women to be sent for. At the noise of this accident, Matilda came running, and, on seeing her sister pale and inanimate, she cried aloud with grief, threw herself by her side, pressed her in her arms, bathed her in tears, bestowed attentions on her with a zeal and activity that no one could equal, and, after repeated exertions, succeeded at last in recalling to life that unfortunate for whom she would joyfully have yielded up her own. Berengere opened her languid eyes. She perceived Matilda kneeling before her; and farther on, the cruel countenance of Agnes. That sight recalled to her mind the blow she had just received, and the hand that struck it. Moving away with horror, "O, my dear Matilda," exclaimed she, "take me from this place, deliver me from the sight of that barbarous woman, who seems but too happy at being able to rend my heart." Matilda turned round with surprise; "Is what I hear possible? Agnes, is it you the queen is complaining of?" "The unhappy accuse every body," replied she, with disdainful coldness; "and because I happened to tell the queen that Saladin dooms her to eternal captivity, she is now accusing me, as if I had decreed her fate." "Eternal

captivity!" interrupted Matilda, alarmed; "ah! my sister, fear it not; such cruelty is impossible; there are none even among the infidels wicked enough to order it; repose yourself on the word of Malek Adhel; that noble prince will not break his promises." "Your power over him is very great, very well known too," replied Agnes, with bitter irony, "and no one doubts what price you will offer him for the queen's freedom; but however powerful these means may be, they may perhaps fail you; do not therefore depend on them too much; the name of Saladin will be stronger here than yours." "I depend only on the faith of oaths and the strength of virtue," replied Matilda, with a noble pride, "and such helps never fail." Agnes replied to her ironically, that her enthusiasm would not impose on all, and that the artifices she had employed to seduce the prince would easily be seen through. That reproach, far from irritating Matilda, inspired her only with a profound pity for Agnes. "Unfortunate," said she to her, "thou knowest then no longer what effects virtue can produce, and what strength it gives; wilt thou for ever remain a stranger to it? will not God and repentance bring thee back?" "I only repent," interrupted Agnes, angrily, "of having suffered you to enter here." "I shall not remain long," answered Matilda, coldly; "the queen is now able to remove into her apartment: we will leave you, and may you, Agnes, soon return to us! Our arms will always be open to receive you."

As she said these words, assisted by the queen's women, she conducted her into her room. Berengere, weak and sickly, threw herself on her bed, and, bathed in tears, called loudly for the prince to come and see her for a moment. Matilda, deeply alarmed at the condition her sister was in, sent for the Duke of Lancaster, and entreated him to relate to Malek Adhel the grief and the wishes of the queen; the duke interrupted her and said, "Madam, I fear it will be too late now. As I was coming hither, I heard that the prince was on the point of leaving Damietta, and that he had entrusted to the terrible Metchoub, during his absence, the execution of Saladin's orders. To-morrow, without fail, your highness is to embark for Ptolemais." "O, my sister," exclaimed the queen, "if Malek Adhel leave us, I am lost. Run to him, obtain my liberty, or this place will be my grave!" "I will," answered Matilda, eagerly; "compose yourself; I will throw myself at the prince's feet; he shall either see me die, or recover your liberty. Duke of Lancaster, attend me." She ran, left the queen's palace, and entered a court full of guards. That young and timid virgin felt no apprehension; she only saw the peril of her sister, before which all other disappeared; if there is no innocence without timidity, there is no virtue without courage, and Matilda had a soul that could at times rise superior to all fears. She was going to enter the prince's palace, but they stopped her; she asked to see him; alas! he was gone, he was no longer at Damietta! At this fatal intelligence, she fancied she heard the queen's last sigh; she turned pale, and trembled; she knew no longer how to save Berengere. The terrible Metchoub now appeared; and, without regard to her rank, or compassion for her grief, he told her harshly that there were no means left to change her fate; that tears and prayers could be of no avail; that the next day he would take her from the palace, and that the queen, conducted in the mean time to Cairo, should be detained there a prisoner, until Ptolemais was restored to the Mussulmans. Matilda shuddered; the image of Berengere expiring would not allow her to leave any means untried; she embraced the knees of Metchoub—yes, she embraced them, and blushed not; for what is most humble becomes most great when urged by charity. "Take pity," exclaimed she, "take pity on a wretched queen; she will not outlive her misfortune long; and would you have to answer for her death?" She said, and her voice was drowned with tears. Metchoub was surprised: he could not comprehend how, when he had spoken, any one dared to have a farther hope, and saw only a frantic woman in her who strove to oppose the sultan's will. "Christian," said he to her, "what dost thou ask of me? Dost thou not know that Saladin's commands are sacred to all his subjects; that none dare resist; that, if he had demanded thy life of me, I should instantly plunge this dagger into thy bosom, and that, if he asked for my head, I should go myself, and offer it before him? Retire, then; to-morrow, with the dawn, be thou ready to depart, and give Richard's wife this writing, that Malek Adhel has left me for her; it contains the commands of Saladin—I cannot change a letter of them." He went away. Matilda looked on the paper he had just given her, and a faint hope revived in her heart; she could not believe but that the queen must find some consolation in a letter from Malek Adhel, and she hastened to deliver it. On seeing her enter, the queen exclaimed, "What has the prince said, my sister; what has he said?" Matilda, in silence, gave her the paper she had brought. "What is it?" enquired Berengere, taking it with a trembling hand; "is it the order for my release?" She opened it, she saw the fatal command, and saw that *only*; neither the deep regret the prince expressed, nor the promises by which he pledged himself, could alleviate her despair: the prolongation of her captivity and the departure of Matilda were all that struck her. "So," exclaimed she, with a wandering look, "the prince has left Damietta, and you have not seen him! you will be gone when he returns, and he has left Metchoub the arbiter of our fate!" The princess made no answer, and pressed her in her arms, weeping. "Thou answerest not," replied the queen, in a kind of frantic fit: "I ask thee whether my doom is irrevocable, and thou answerest not; then is all over!" She stopped, pressed both her hands on her bosom, as if unable to bear the weight that oppressed it; her eyes were dry and vacant. "Why weepest thou?" said she, to Matilda; "why weepest thou? Thou art to go and see Richard again; thou art not answerable for a creature that asks life of thee. O! leave, leave her tears to the wretched wife, who is going to die far from the object of her tenderness, to the inconsolable mother who will never behold the fruit of her love." She fainted away; her pale face, her limbs cold and stiffened, rent the heart of Matilda, and inspired her with a thought, a design—a daring thought, a rash design! but she did not hesitate to adopt them, and fixed courageously upon a project which might save the queen. Impatient to communicate to her what she took to be the effect of divine inspiration, she hastened to afford her all the attention which was likely to recall her to life; and scarcely had she succeeded in reviving her, when she dismissed all present, that they might be alone. "Sister," said she to her, "hear me; for you may be consoled: hear me, for believe me you may set off to-morrow!" The queen raised her languid head, and with a look of surprise exclaimed, "What sayest thou, Matilda?" "That, dressed in my habit, covered with my veil, you shall to-morrow depart instead of me for Ptolemais, while I remain here, too happy to wear the chains destined for your royal hands!" She stopped, oppressed, for she had spoken with that precipitation which seemed to indicate a fear lest her courage should vanish before she had uttered what she intended to say. Berengere fixed on her a look replete with anxiety and joy. "O, thou miracle of goodness, thou bright saint!" exclaimed she, "what darest thou to propose? Dost thou think me capable of taking advantage of such heroic goodness, and abandon thee to the passion of a prince who adores thee, and to the vengeance of an indignant sultan?" "Were all the seductions of the earth to encircle me," interrupted the pious princess, with animation, "and a whole army ready to rush upon me, my heart should feel no terror, for the Almighty is my protector, my refuge. Sister, it is no longer time to hesitate: the moment is come when we must bid each other a long farewell; to-morrow one of us must necessarily depart. Go, go to join your husband, to save your child; God commands it as peremptorily as he commands me to remain here, and to suffer in your place."

In speaking thus, Matilda felt well that she was making a sacrifice, and it was on that account she spoke with so much assurance: had she found in her inmost soul the least doubt of the purity of her intentions, any single thought that attached her to Damietta, her noble enthusiasm must have vanished, and consequently less generous, perhaps she would have wished her to go; so true is it that great and virtuous sacrifices can be conceived by innocent hearts only. If, in that instant, Malek Adhel's love offered itself to the recollection of the princess, it was only to make her find, within herself, all the strength requisite to triumph over it. The queen, deeply moved with gratitude, gazed with a religious admiration on that young and timid beauty, who, from an excess of charity, consented to expose herself alone, without any other assistance than God's, to all the snares of love, and all the wrath of a powerful monarch. Such extraordinary resolution astonished her: she wished to believe that Providence had brought Matilda into the East, only to confound the infidels by the brightness and the example of her high perfections. She knew that the noblest, the most sublime privilege of virtue is to communicate itself by example, and she asked herself whether it would not be opposing the supreme decrees to steal away that young virgin from the trials which were to procure her immortal glory; Berengere, therefore, in yielding to her own inclination, persuaded herself that it was the voice of God that she obeyed, and replied, "No, it is not only because my interest urges me to it that I assent to your project, but because it seems to me that Heaven itself has spoken through your lips. Matilda, your mind appears so great, so superior to all human souls, that I should think myself guilty in acting otherwise than you have decided—I will go, my sister; I will go and teach the Christians that the time of miracles is returned for them, and that the Divine Spirit has descended on the earth under the angelic form of a young virgin; I will tell Richard what holy and dazzling brightness your name will reflect on the illustrious house of Plantagenet; and if, in these days of tribulation that may prove your lot, your soul should ever feel dejected, think that you have saved my life; that, but for you, the child in my womb had never seen the day! and let that thought support and console you."

Matilda sighed, squeezed the hand of Berengere, and made no reply: she was far undoubtedly from repining, and even experienced no fear; but true piety is not presuming, and her own, that saw the triumph the queen promised to her, as the most desirable of all comforts, durst not look upon it as the most secure, and contented itself with wishing for it ardently, without expecting it with full confidence. In the mean time, while the day was passing, the women who were to attend the princess were busy around her, making preparations for the journey. Soon night came on, and Matilda availed herself of its silence and obscurity, to hide, under the large folds of her chaste linen robe, the visible marks of Berengere's condition: she fastened her virginal veil on the head of that fond wife, and took care to cover with it her face, her bosom, and her shape. She regretted parting with her plain habit, and did not see herself without confusion attired in the queen's magnificent garments; but already the darkness had disappeared, the wind was blowing fair, the mariners awoke, the ship unfurled her sails, a distant and confused noise warned the princesses that men were approaching their apartments, and that the hour of departure was at hand. Berengere changed colour. Matilda, ready to faint, revived at the sight of the queen's weakness, whom she pressed to her bosom. "Courage," said she, "for God above, who sees us, supports and approves our enterprise. Raise up your soul to him, I will pray for you." In finishing these words, she broke away from her distressed sister, and ran to shut herself up in the oratory. Berengere had scarcely time to drop her veil, when the Duke of Lancaster entered, followed by Matilda's women and the prince's guards. "I come to fetch your highness," said he; "they are only waiting for you." Berengere in silence presented to the duke her hand, wrapped up in the long sleeve of her robe. "Shall I not be allowed," enquired the duke, "before I go, to offer my homage to our illustrious queen?" Berengere shook her head, and made a sign that the queen could not receive him. The duke did not insist; and supported the trembling steps of her he took for Matilda; he walked with her towards the port without wondering at her emotion, or daring to address her. No one suspected the pious fraud, and the queen entered the vessel without raising her veil. Metchoub received her; she bowed to him in silence, and passed on; the prince's guards retired; the breeze shook their flags on the mast head; they weighed anchor; the mariners, with their nimble oars, plied the waves, the ship skimmed swiftly along, and soon the coasts of Egypt disappeared. In the mean time, the queen, confined to the close and obscure cabin which was allotted to her, feigned to be sick, and showed herself only to the Duke of Lancaster and to her women, who, far from betraying her, learned, with transports of joy, that their queen was free, and that they were going to deliver her into the arms of her lord. Metchoub, indifferent both as to the fate and the grief of his captive, did not once visit her, and they had already entered the port of Ptolemais

before he conceived the smallest suspicion. But, since the queen, sheltered from all dangers, is now going peaceably to enjoy the happiness of seeing again her husband and her brothers, let us quit her, and return to the sweet victim who had thus offered herself a willing sacrifice.

CHAPTER XV.

On parting with Berengere, Matilda had retired into her oratory, and, forgetting to pray for herself, her lips appeared only to implore Heaven to watch over the queen, when Herminia, Countess of Leicester, and the most faithful friend of the princesses, uneasy at the thought her sovereign was in solitude, abandoned to all the pangs of despair, ventured to enter the oratory, where she thought the queen had retired. Matilda heard her, knew her again, made her a sign to shut the door, and discovered herself. Herminia gave a scream. "Peace!" said Matilda: "let nothing of this important secret transpire; for, if I should be recognised this day, a swift-sailing vessel might be despatched after the queen, overtake her, and bring her back. Such a misfortune would undoubtedly prove the last my wretched sister would have to bear. Countess of Leicester, you must hinder all eyes from seeing me;—say the queen is indisposed. They will easily believe it; and if to-morrow the prince should return to Damietta, and ask to see me, I hope it will then be too late to have any thing to apprehend on the queen's account; and as for me, O heavenly Father! leaning on the strength of thy invincible arm, my soul rises superior to all fear." She was in the right; the practice of virtue never seems to be more easy than at the moment when we have just made a painful sacrifice to it—so great is its haste to reward, and to inspire with new fortitude the heart that has had the strength to prefer it to every thing. Meantime, while Matilda reflected on her situation, she could not conceal from herself the violent impression that the sight of her would produce on the prince. To divert its effect, she endeavoured to trace the consequences; but this thought offered something vague, confused, and alarming, which her modesty turned aside from, and to which her prudence *incessantly* brought her back. Never had so many new ideas crowded on her mind; for now, far from rejecting them, she adopted and examined them. The time was gone by when she deemed it her duty to banish all that could enlighten her ignorance; since she was surrounded with perils, and left alone to defend herself, she must necessarily learn to know them. It was in this long meditation that she spent all the day and part of the night, blushing at times to have to fathom mysteries unknown to innocence; at others, terrified that she understood them too little to know how to guard against them. If, sometimes, she felt her soul disturbed at the contemplation of the misfortunes ready to rush upon her, oftener still she expected with resignation that futurity God had reserved for her. There are so many shades of hope and submission in a tranquil conscience, that the princess, unblemished yet with any reprehensible thought, felt herself as it were in the happy impossibility of ever losing the peace and security she enjoyed.

Two days had elapsed since the queen's departure, and the prince had not yet returned; every one in the palace thought Matilda was on her way to Ptolemais, and joy inhabited the heart of Agnes; but that joy was to prove as transient as her days of former happiness. Already the third had begun; a noise of arms and warlike instruments was heard; it was Malek Adhel entering Damietta with the troops he had brought with him: the hero would not lose a day, for he well knew that it was in those moments when he gave himself up to repose, that Matilda's image resumed in his heart an empire against which his fortitude could not struggle long: he gave orders that his largest galley should be prepared for the next day, to proceed up the river as far as Cairo, and sent to beg of the queen an audience.

Herminia hastened to acquaint the princess that Malek Adhel was following her closely. The princess started: in the disorder of her mind, she forgot what she had intended to say, and knew no longer what she ought to do: that solitude that she was in struck her with terror—so alarming is it for a young girl to look in vain all around her without being able to find a friend who can give her advice and assistance. Matilda, however, thought she might surround herself with all the images that God permits his children to have of him on earth; they would prove her support, and invigorate her strength. Revived by that hope, she went into the oratory to receive the prince's visit: she covered her head with a thick veil, and, prostrate before the crucifix, she raised her eyes on Mary's divine Son. Extended before her on the cross of martyrdom, he seemed to tell her that here was no victory without combats, and that a true Christian ought to support, with courage, sufferings which are always light compared with the severe insults and the horrible blasphemies that the world had heaped upon him who came only to save it.

While Matilda was successfully striving to allay her fears by these acts of pious inward orison, the prince arrived in the palace, crossed the jasper hall, and the queen's chamber: all these places where he had seen Matilda, and been so happy, now that she had left them for ever, seemed to him bereft of all hopes of happiness, and silent as the tomb. These monuments of a bliss lost for ever weakened the hero, and love resumed possession of a heart whence it had been so courageously banished. The Countess of Leicester conducted him in silence to the oratory; he had never been there before. "Whither do you lead me?" demanded he. Herminia, too much afflicted to be able to speak, made no reply; and the prince, too much agitated himself to perceive the countess's emotion, did not think of enquiring again. He reached the door of the oratory; Herminia opened it, and named the prince; and Matilda, prostrate before the crucifix, and her head covered, made a sign that he might enter. Malek Adhel appeared; the countess retired, drew the door after her, and they remained alone. The prince did not recognise Matilda in the queen's attire, and entirely covered by a long and thick veil. Respectfully he sat down at some distance, and said, "I see with pleasure, madam, that your piety has preserved you from despair. You may rest assured, that it was extremely painful to me to afflict you; but your sorrow, lady, will not last long; you are certain soon to behold again the object of your affection; you are not parted from him for ever; your grief will not be eternal." As he finished these words, the young Arab could not refrain from tears. Matilda saw them through the gauze of her veil; she saw likewise the profound discouragement imprinted on the prince's countenance; hence the grief he laboured under, augmenting her fears for the moment when he should know her again, intimidated her so much, that she did not feel the strength to answer him. He went on—"Let us only talk of you, madam; let us only think of those pains that will have a term. I am going to conduct you to Cairo, where you will remain in the palace of the caliphs as free as you are here. The instant after, I will assemble my troops, meet the sultan, obtain the order for your release, and send it to you. Then you will depart, you will join your husband, you will again see her I am to see no more!—Will you speak to her of me, madam? Will she condescend to hear you? Tell her that her departure has filled my soul with bitterness and disquiet; tell her that war and sorrow will soon deliver me from this wretched life—the anticipated image of hell, filled like it with heart-rending regrets, griefs without end, and, like it, bereft of hope for ever!—Alas! she knows not what adorations I should have paid her! I never yet ventured to tell her to what excess I adored her—I now tell it to all that saw her here, to those silent walls, those peaceful, happy groves, to all nature around, to you, madam—but nothing answers me; all seems deserted and forlorn, all dead, since Matilda is gone." He said; and growing weaker as his thoughts dwelt on the remembrance of her he loved, he reclined his head on his hands, and heaved deep sobs. The princess, moved to her inmost soul, arose, and, making efforts to restrain her tears, ready to flow, in a tremulous and inarticulate voice she said, "My lord, it is no longer time to dissemble." Malek Adhel knew the sound. Struck to the heart, he rose up with a dreadful scream; he doubted what he heard, durst not believe what he saw, knew not what place he was in, or even whether he still was on earth! Heaven was open before him; and, in the frenzy of his burning imagination, he paced the room with hurried steps; his soul wandered, lost in an ecstasy of happiness and delight. Matilda, with downcast eyes, resumed, in a soft and humble voice, "The queen was on the point of death, my lord; she was to be saved at any price; she passed unsuspected under my dress, and I remained in her place. Open her prison to me. Too happy to live there secluded from the world, innocent and free from reproach, unseen by men, and known to God alone, my destiny will be happy enough, nor will I complain."

Since the moment she had begun to speak, Malek Adhel had stopped suddenly; stood fixed before her, scarcely able to breathe, and gazed on her in silent transport, unable to utter a word; a joy too violent, too sudden, had overpowered his heart: lost, inflamed, a prey to a keen and intoxicating sensation, mixed with a torture capable of tearing life from the body, he feared he could not withstand what he felt. At last, he fell on his knees, and, raising his arms towards her, exclaimed: "Is it possible, O adored beauty! is it possible that you have felt yourself unable to give me my death wound? You have remained then to save my life?"—"My lord," interrupted she, "I have already told you that it was only on the queen's account that I had resolved to impose so great a sacrifice on myself." The prince looked at her with a mixture of melancholy, love, and pleasure: "It is in vain," said he, "that you would endeavour to rob me of my happiness by your words; your presence is more powerful than they; at the moment when I thought I had lost you for ever, and when I find you again, you would speak to me of your indifference, almost of your aversion; but you shall not hinder me from being happy." "My lord," resumed the princess, with as much severity as she could possibly assume on her countenance, "I flatter myself that you will not take advantage of the absence of all my friends, to speak to me incessantly of a sentiment which I cannot hear without confusion. Though apparently forlorn, God and my courage remain with me; I am not alone, therefore, and they will not abandon me." At these words, Malek Adhel arose, he drew near her, and taking one of her hands which she tried in vain to withdraw, he said: "Matilda, I may promise to respect you always, but I cannot engage to love you no more, or to cease telling you that I do; on the contrary, I will henceforth no longer set bounds to my passion, for the indispensable necessity that presides over our fate, in forcing you to remain here in spite of yourself, and, I will almost say, of me too, teaches us that it no longer will allow us to part, and that, our destiny being always to live together, our duty ought to be to love each other always."—"What do you presume to think?" exclaimed Matilda, much alarmed.—"I presume to think," continued he, pressing on his heart the hand which he held, "that, by dint of prayers, cares, attentions, and love, I shall be able to move you, some day, and that you will consent to become my wife!"—"Your wife! I your wife!" interrupted the princess, drawing back a few paces: "horrid blasphemy! O heaven! forgive him, for he knows not what he says."—"Hear me!" replied Malek Adhel; "I love thee to such an excess, that thou canst no more understand than I can express it; and now thy armies, thy family, thy God, nay, my brother himself, are no obstacles to my love, and ought not to hinder thy becoming mine. Meanwhile, remain a Christian, if thou wilt; I will revere thy faith, nor presume to change thy belief; but thou must love me, thou celestial beauty; thou must belong to me, together with thy soft expression, thy humble graces, thy modesty—that divine modesty which distracts me, and I adore! Possessed of thee, Matilda, were worlds falling in horrible confusion on my head, they should not chain my transports, nor have the power to stop them."—He said, and fell at her feet again. So much love astonished Matilda. She would have found strength to resist the violence of passion, but she had none against such a tender sentiment; her tears flowed abundantly, her eyes had lost their severity, she never experienced such emotions; their sweetness overpowered, while their novelty alarmed her, and made her wish to be alone, that she might lay them before God, and ask him if they were guilty. "My lord," said she, "to-morrow I shall be ready to depart for Cairo; but, if it be true that my prayers have some influence over you, I entreat you to leave me now." He looked at her: "You wish it, Matilda?" said he. She nodded assent. He arose, walked towards the door, and on the point of going out he stopped and said, "Hear me, Matilda; you have seen the despair which overwhelmed me when I came in, what joy seized me when I found you again, what ardent transports were misleading me, what respect kept them back; so many violent and tumultuous agitations must have proved to you that no passion ever equaled mine; and, if you are dear enough to me to make me find my happiness in preferring you to myself, think at least, when I am no longer here, that you would in vain seek

throughout the whole world a mortal who loves you as I do."

He went away, and Matilda could not help obeying him; if she considered only with terror the bonds the prince was hoping for, she thought again with emotion of the sentiment he expressed, and believed in fact that no mortal loved like him. What danger is that thought! and how difficult it is for the most humble, the most pure heart, to forbear a sort of tender pride at the idea of being the object of a deep-rooted and only passion, such as no man on earth ever knew before! The princess sighed and wept, but there was love in her tears, and they already concealed from her the perils that surrounded her, and by which she had been frightened but that same morning. Malek Adhel's submission and prompt obedience struck her with surprise; she thought she could build thereon powerful grounds of security; to send him away, she had hardly need of a prayer—a look, a mere sign, had been sufficient: what then could she apprehend from a prince so respectful and obedient? and why dread the approach of him to whom a single word was an order? Thus Matilda, contented to preserve herself chaste, was on the point to forget she was to remain pure; and, provided her virtue remained unshaken, she no longer would think that those interviews with a man, those passionate addresses she listened to, were so many attempts on her innocence; that those same things she would now look upon as harmless, she had deemed criminal on her arrival at Damietta; she no more would remember that it was thus that, in neglecting to count every step taken in the path of seduction, and resting secure on those which might be yet taken, from the certainty of going no farther, the heart is led down an insensible declivity into that abyss of human passions where no choice remains between death and shame.

But it was the first time that Matilda was attempting to justify her faults, and, when the mind is guilty for the first time, conscience is very quick in giving warning of it. Therefore, while she was endeavouring to persuade herself that she might be easy, she was not so, and that security she was trying to instil into her soul brought thither more agitation than calm; for it is not in giving way to our passions, but in resisting them, that we gain the true peace of the heart. Astonished at that secret uneasiness that tormented her, when all around wore such an aspect as to make her secure, she sought in the Holy Scriptures the cause and the remedy of her complaint. A thousand times had the archbishop recommended to her to have recourse to them, comparing them to sacred and mysterious meads, the wholesome and nourishing herbs of which feed the soul, and support it against the languors and bitter trials of life; but in vain she tried to read; for a long time she felt herself incapable; love did not allow her. Meanwhile, her eyes amidst their absent wanderings fixed themselves on this passage that struck them: "The security of the wicked arises out of their pride, but in the end they are deceived."—"O my God!" exclaimed she, "is it to me thou speakest? Is my security but vanity also, and dost thou warn me that I shall be deceived some day?" She had turned the page, and read again, "It is not opportunities that make us frail, they only show us that we are so." She stopped on a sudden: that emotion that she felt near the prince, that secret inclination that persuaded her to be secure as to such faults and such dangers—all crowded at once into her mind, and set in plain evidence before her, that there are no perils so great as those we are tempted not to see. She took up her book again, and read, "Next to the wrath of kings, the abysses of the deep, and the thunder of storms, what thou hast most to fear is thy own heart!" she did not stop here—she did not wish to descend into her heart; she feared too much to meet there the image of Adhel, and to shun that degrading apprehension she passed on quickly to the following lines: "It is much easier to subdue the enemy, when we shut the entrances of our soul against him, and repel him at the instant he appears before the door." She stopped then, dropped her book, and exclaimed, "Yes, O my God! I swear to repel, with all my might, that fatal enemy, who, under the most sweet and most seducing forms, has thrown such a disturbance in my soul; but I swear that, be my weakness what it will, he shall not discover it: always distant and stern, I will close my ears against his complaints, and my heart against his love, let me only discover a termination to my trials. Ah! would to God that my last day were arrived, and that all that is to come were already over!"

She said, and the repentant soul endeavoured to appease divine justice by the penance and mortifications she imposed on herself; but such slight wounds could not give egress to the inward fire. O chaste virgin, what will become of thee? Can the enemy have vanquished thy courage? and has that love, against which thou struggledst, increased to such a degree that thou canst no longer find in thy modesty a veil to hide it from thee?

CHAPTER XVI.

On going out of the queen's oratory, the liveliest satisfaction appeared on the countenance of Malek Adhel. Those who had seen him enter, sad and sorrowful, could not comprehend how Berengere had produced such an alteration; each formed various conjectures, but none could guess the truth; and the prince concealed it in his breast. Before declaring the happiness he had experienced of being deceived, he wished to examine his situation, and to fix upon the resolution he was to take. His first and irrevocable determination was never to give up Matilda. Either that he could not well appreciate all the young virgin's generosity, or that his penetrating eye guessed all the emotions of her soul, and dived into the deepest recesses of her heart, it appeared to him that Matilda never would have decided herself to remain at Damietta, had her heart been as averse as her religion to the love he professed for her. If the one could be moved, Malek Adhel hoped that the other would be sacrificed; before such a happy futurity he no longer hesitated. Now it was not his love alone that led him away; his will, too, determined him: and that was not a feeble will which had before been able for a moment to subdue such a passion. And now then he abandoned himself to his ardour, in the same manner as we yield ourselves to our destiny; but, if that thought was the first in his breast, it was not the only one; and while he was taken up with Matilda, he could not forget his brother—that brother who expected him, who would not fight without him; the fate of the empire perhaps depended on it; no time was to be lost. But was he to take the princess with him? was he to conduct her to a place so near the Christian camp? was he to expose so rich a prey near those fierce ravishers, who might snatch her away from him for ever? But if he left her in Egypt, he must even then part with her! And yet, what was an absence of a few days, compared to that eternal absence he had been threatened with! and if he had contemplated such a misfortune with fortitude, was he to be broken down by a less one? No, the brother of Saladin ought not to permit the lover of Matilda to show such weakness; and the hero had already fixed on the following resolution.

He determined to set off for Cairo with the princess the next day, in order that, in that city, where she was not known, it might remain some time longer unperceived that the sultan's commands had not been executed: it was for Matilda's own security, that he wished that Egypt should not know of the queen's departure until Saladin himself was acquainted with and had approved of it. He would surround his adored beauty with a sure guard; and, while she lived unknown and tranquil in the palace of the caliphs, he would march to Kouroutha, combat by the side of his brother; and thus, true to all his duties, wait with more confidence for the happiness he hoped for in futurity. Instantly all his orders were given, and his troops, assembled under the command of one of his best officers, marched towards Phuramia: there they were to wait for the hero, who promised to join them in a few days with the brave soldiers he was going to conduct from Cairo. Hope had restored to his countenance all its wonted pride; he raised his haughty brow, and the happiness love had conferred upon him animated his features with such a bright expression, that he caused no less admiration by his beauty than surprise by his joyful looks.

In the mean time, Agnes, always vigilant, always on the watch, had learned by her spies that the prince, broken down with grief on his arrival at Damietta, had only wanted a word from the queen to be consoled; she knew that he was to depart the next day for Cairo; that Berengere was to follow him thither; that, without losing an instant, he was to assemble his troops, and lead them into Syria: Agnes however heard also, that notwithstanding the abruptness of his departure, and the rapidity of his intended march, he had such important news to communicate to Saladin that he could not wait for a moment when he might mention them himself; but that, before the close of the day, one of his slaves charged with his letters was to set off for Kouroutha. This intelligence surprised her; her suspecting mind sought a mystery therein, and jealousy inspired her with the same thought as generosity had suggested to Matilda. She wished to ascertain the fact without any more delay, and going into the queen's apartment, asked to see her. Herminia would not suffer her to enter. "Her sovereign," she said, "was weak, dejected, sickly, and unable to speak to any person. Agnes replied, that she was well enough to speak to the prince, and would be able to set out the next day. To so much obstinacy the countess opposed her mistress's orders; and the daughter of Amaury, convinced they were deceiving her, looked at Herminia in a stern and threatening manner, which seemed to say that she had discovered the secret. Seeing fully that her attempts would be fruitless, she did not insist any more, and returned into her apartment with rage in her breast, for she was nearly certain that Matilda was not gone; but it imported her to know whether Malek Adhel had participated in the odious plot, and hence she employed to betray him the wealth he had lavished upon her. All her jewels and treasures were at once put into the possession of the slave who had been entrusted with the prince's letter; thus she obtained the object of her search, and read as follows:

"Brother, I wish to obey thy commands; but, doubtless, I ought not to have wished it, since I found they could no longer be executed. Heaven would not permit that I should resign the beauty I adore; nor that I should break the oath I had made to the queen, of sending her back to her husband. During my absence, Metchoub, who was charged with the execution of thy supreme will, has been deceived; he therefore is not guilty; but neither is thy brother guilty; and I hope to convince thee of it in a few days, by driving away the Christians from Ptolemais, and bringing back to thy sacred feet the keys of that bulwark of the East."

"She is then here!" exclaimed Agnes, and her trembling voice, her pale and livid cheeks, announced the presence of the furies who tortured her breast. She said nothing, but contrived her revenge. The slave, who was before her, took possession of the gold, the price of his treason, and asked her for the letter back—"I will not give it thee back, slave," replied she. "Take away thy wealth; go and seek with it a shelter in Antioch; there the arm of Malek Adhel cannot reach thee!" The guilty servant hastened to withdraw; he flew to save his head from the rage of his insulted master, while the prince, secure and easy, thought he was on his way to Saladin's quarters.

The daughter of Amaury, now left alone, was casting gloomy and furious glances around her. She demanded her arms—those arms that were to prove her avenger! and the art of seduction being familiar to her, she succeeded in prevailing on one of her guards to give her back the helmet, the buckler, the breast-plate, and her poniard too, which she longed to plunge into the heart of her victim. On seeing those arms displayed before her, a malignant joy sparkled in her eyes; for now she was sure that the next day's sun would behold her vengeance, and that Matilda would not follow the prince to Cairo.

CHAPTER XVII.

Matilda knew not yet what were the prince's projects; she was ignorant whether he intended to remain with her at Cairo, or to take her with him to Syria; she equally rejected these two plans, and adopted none but what would separate her from Malek Adhel.—A prison, however horrible, provided no man's looks were to enter it, seemed to her the first of all blessings, since it would free her from that mysterious, confused, seducing danger which surrounded, pressed, and frightened her; which threw bitterness into her soul, allowing her at the same time to taste no rest. But already the day appeared; the prince entered precipitately into the apartments where Herminia of Leicester, assisted by Berengere's women, was making preparations for the journey. He said he came to fetch the queen, and asked to see her; the countess pointed at the oratory, to which he ran, and imparted to Matilda the reasons which made him wish that she should persist in wearing her disguise: she heard

them, and approved; but yet answered, "O Prince, why should you rebel against Saladin's pleasure! He forbade that the queen should depart, and the queen is gone; but he commanded my departure; and, in sending me away, you will prove to your brother that, in what depended on you, his injunctions have not been disobeyed. O! why, more cruel than Saladin himself, would you wish to detain me here, when he had consented to my release!" —"Matilda," said he, "I never knew such cruelty, such hardness of heart, as yours; it is inaccessible to every sort of emotion, to every feeling of compassion. Unable to fly from me, you wish at least that your hatred should part us; but whatever be the fate you reserve for me, hope not ever to be restored to your brethren. As long as this heart palpitates, you shall not quit the empire I govern: console yourself, however; for, if I conduct you now to Cairo, I shall not remain there with you; my country and Saladin call me, and scarcely will you be lodged in the palace of the great caliphs, ere I shall fly to battle." —"O wretched Christians!" exclaimed she, raising her eyes to heaven, "O my brother, brave and beloved Richard, have I then bid thee an eternal farewell, and art thou destined to fall under the sword of our enemy!"—"Matilda," replied Adhel, deeply afflicted, "is it I whom you name your enemy?—is it by my hand that you dread to see your brother fall? O inhuman beauty, and still less inhuman than thou art adored, thou knowest my heart but very ill indeed, if thou thinkest that even, at the moment when I might perish the victim of thy inflexible rigours, my last wish would not be to spare thee a cause of sorrow—to save thee a tear. Live in peace, Matilda. If thy brother should attack me, it is not he who will perish. If the blood-stained sword of death should be lifted on his head, I will spring forward, and his head shall not fall; but, Matilda," added he, throwing himself on his knees, "when I have saved thy brother at the expense of my life, and nothing remains of the wretch who adores thee but a cold and inanimate body extended at length in the grave, will not your aversion be softened and will you not drop on my ashes one of those tears of compassion which my love or my despair have never been able to wring from you?"

Raising his hands towards her with a supplicating look, and his eyes filled with love and grief, his words, so sorrowful and tender, had deeply affected the feelings of Matilda. He implored her pity: ah! could he have read her soul, it was not pity, it was not love even, that he would have asked of her; he would have blessed his fate, and asked for nothing.

Matilda, standing near him, leaned her head on the back of the queen's arm-chair, and endeavoured to conceal from the prince the tears that the doleful images he had just placed before her had provoked. Kneeling close by her, he was silently waiting for an answer, when suddenly a terrible noise was heard, piercing screams resounded in the next room, and the door bursting open with a dreadful crash, a warrior, armed with a naked sword, appeared, and sprang towards the princess.—She would have died with terror had not Malek Adhel exposed his life to save her. Without arms to defend her, he had but his life to give, and gave it with transport. He threw himself before her—the sword of Agnes was going to pierce Matilda, but her arm lost part of its strength on her seeing Malek Adhel was pierced. The wound was slight, but the blood flowed. Matilda saw it—that human blood which sprinkled her, and which, in her thoughts, she had always associated with an idea of death, struck her with terror: she fancied Malek Adhel was on the point of expiring; she believed it, and fell lifeless to the ground.

In the mean time, close after Agnes, Herminia had rushed in. She saw the state her mistress was in, and flew to her assistance. The prince, having placed his beloved in the arms of that faithful friend, thought only of taking revenge on that rash warrior whom he had not as yet recognised. Wounded and defenceless, he ran violently against him, with an intent to throw him down. Agnes stepped back a few paces, presented the point of her sword to him, and said, "Beware, for thou hast not to encounter a weak or an indulgent enemy." He knew her voice, and shuddered. "Wretched Agnes!" exclaimed he. She interrupted him, with a strong and menacing voice, "Wretched, indeed, for she has missed her revengeful blow! but perhaps, ere long, others will serve her better!" She then withdrew precipitately. The prince earnestly recommended Matilda to the countess's care, and, heedless of his wound, he ran after Agnes, to oppose the furious designs she meditated.

On recovering from her long fainting fit, Matilda found herself on the queen's bed. Herminia was near her, several slaves were attending. She examined them with a vacant eye, and tried to recall her thoughts; but they crowded on her mind with so much agitation and confusion, that she could only muster unconnected images of all that had passed. She raised her head, looked around her, perceived the blood on her garments, and this view threw a vivid light on all her recollections. "Tell me," exclaimed she, with a sentiment of horror, "pray tell me if the prince is living?" Much disturbed, and with her eyes full of tears, the countess drew nearer, and answered that the prince was alive and fighting at that moment. Matilda wondered, and demanded, "What enemies can attack him in a place where he commands?" "Ah, madam" replied Herminia, "that perfidious woman whom your goodness protected—that Agnes, so passionate, so terrible, has caused the tumult that prevails here, and the sedition that has taken place in the city. Her sword in one hand, the prince's letter in the other, she has gone to tell the soldiers and the people, that Saladin's commands had been scorned; that the Queen of England was gone; that you were yet at Damietta; that, dupes of your artifices, the sultan, Egypt, and the whole empire, were the sport of a vile Christian. She added that the prince, the victim of your seductions, was himself on the point of betraying his country, if you were not snatched away from him. Her frantic cries have alarmed the populace, have brought them to the door of this palace; and now, while a furious band is asking for your life, the prince has put on his armour and flown to your defence." "Run!" interrupted the princess, "O run, and tell him to let me perish, rather than expose himself to any dangers for my sake." "None of us can go there," replied Herminia. "Before he left the palace, the prince, out of care for the preservation of your highness, placed at the door a numerous guard, who allow no one to enter or go out." "O, my dear Herminia," replied the princess, weeping, "is it certain then that the blow he has received is not mortal?" "It would have been so, undoubtedly, madam, if Agnes had wounded him by striking your heart; and, if love had not weakened her arm, the prince must have perished." "Perished to save me!" interrupted Matilda, in an exalted tone; "I owe then my life to him, do I not, Countess of Leicester? it is to him I owe my life!" She stopped, much affected and oppressed, and it was only after a pause that she found strength to resume and enquire how many hours had elapsed since that cruel scene. "Seven, at least," replied the countess, looking at the large gilt clock that adorned the room. "And are there no means to learn whether he is safe?" repeated the princess, with anguish. Herminia, with a sorrowful look, made signs that there were none. "We then must wait, and hold ourselves resigned to the Divine will," replied Matilda, with a sigh. Pale and dejected, she now arose; the sight of her dress made her shudder. "In the name of Heaven," exclaimed she, "take off these garments, where the prince's death seems written in sanguinary characters. Herminia offered to replace them by other robes of the queen's. "No!" said the princess; "return me my own; since all is discovered now, I may quit these brilliant worldly trappings, and resume my humble attire." Without doubt, she hoped to recover with them that peace of mind and innocence of thought of which they were the symbols. But, alas! the garments avail but little to the inward tranquillity; Matilda experienced this, and lamented it. This last event had just discovered to her the extent and depth of the wound love had made in her heart; and, at the moment when the prince was again exposing his life in her service, she durst not beg its cure. "Alas!" exclaimed she, "when he has just shed his blood for me; when, on my account, his life is still in danger, should I not be ungrateful, should I not be guilty, if I endeavoured to banish the recollection of it? Undoubtedly I will do it when his life is secure; but till then, O my God! can I be forbidden to pray for him?"

The striking of the clock had just informed them it was midnight, and Matilda was praying still, when the doors of her apartment were opened, and the Duke of Norfolk appeared. "I come," said he "to calm your highness's fears respecting the sedition raised against you by a frantic woman; all is tranquil now; the prince has shown himself to the people; he has spoken to his troops; and, to make them all return to their duty, he has not even had occasion to fight. Agnes, seeing her hopes destroyed, has disappeared, and they have sought for her every where in Damietta." "But the prince," interrupted Matilda, "the prince has been dangerously wounded by her; are there no apprehensions entertained for his life?" "If he never receive a more fatal wound," replied the duke, "the Christians will long yet have to deplore that the hand of Agnes has not been more sure." "O heavens, what do I hear!" exclaimed the princess, "do you wish that the hero had perished the victim of assassination?" "Had I been near him at the moment," replied the duke, "I would have exposed, to defend him, the remains of that old blood that flows in my veins; but I cannot forget, nor can your highness forget, either that it is the arm of that formidable warrior which overthrew Jerusalem, shook the empire of Christ, and is now preparing to destroy it for ever; and, in short, that the true faith having no greater enemy, the day of his death would be the dawn of its prosperity." Matilda cast her eyes downward, and made no reply; the Duke of Norfolk withdrew, and she was left alone. O! how had one single word now changed her ideas and dispositions! but a moment, scarcely, and she allowed all her thoughts to follow the inclination of her heart, gave herself up with complacency to the tender concern she felt for a hero who had preserved her from the homicide dagger, and was fighting against a whole people to save her; but suddenly they reminded her that the prince, who engaged thus her whole attention, was he who had destroyed Jerusalem, shaken the empire of Christ, and was preparing to crush it. She felt her heart filled with one only image, that of the enemy of her brethren and her God. The solemn darkness of night reigned around her; but a more gloomy darkness reigned in her mind; she could enjoy no repose; she remained standing, now walked about, then sat down, and at length exclaimed, "O my God, forgive my error, for a crowd of ideas, which afflict my soul and strike it with mortal fears, have arisen in me; how shall I escape unhurt, how shall I subdue my weakness? My heart rules and tyrannises over me; but I would rather undergo all imaginable tortures, I would rather die, than indulge the sentiment that it has given admittance to!" She then prostrated herself, and added with fervour, "O Thou who sayest to the sea, be calm! and to the unruly winds, blow no more! command me to be tranquil, and soon I shall recover my wonted serenity." But, alas! she prayed in vain; for if she invoked Heaven, she still thought on the prince; and the sight of the Redeemer, stretched on the cross before her, moved her less than the remembrance of the blood Malek Adhel had lost for her; therefore the misguided virgin arose from the feet of the gracious Consoler of all troubles without being comforted; for it is to pure hearts only that prayer becomes efficacious. The unfortunate courted sleep, and found only the image of the prince—she awoke, and found it again. There was no difference between the state she left and that she entered into; for the importunate and cherished image followed her equally through both, oppressed her with the same weight, haunted her with the same thoughts. Like a vivid and piercing flame, it parts, destroys all that is not itself, makes its way through all that resists, penetrates on every side, and succeeds in reigning alone over the pangs of conscience, and over piety in tears.

Meanwhile, Matilda was yet struggling against that empire she held in detestation. She rose abruptly, ran to her window, and asked of that heaven, sparkling with the fire of thousands of stars, a support against the seductions that encircled her; but that same heaven, in whom she trusted, seemed to betray her, like the rest of nature. All seemed then to be over, all abandoned her—men, reason, God himself! In that forlorn state, the virgin, in despair, was on the point of losing her resignation as well as her innocence; she was going to accuse the Almighty, to call him to account for denying her the strength she wanted, and to reproach him with having permitted that she should love a Saracen! But no; those pure lips stopped. They knew not how to blaspheme, and uttered no other murmurs than those of repentance. Ill-fated princess! thou art kneeling, pressing to thy breast the valuable relic the abbess had given thee, calling to thy aid the Archbishop of Tyre, asking of the Almighty to take pity on thy tears—but, when

all these succours have abandoned thee, when all are deaf to thy cries, how will thou tear from thy breast the dreadful sentiment that tortures it? Wilt thou raise a criminal hand against thy life? Thou art ready, without doubt, to yield it up to God—but will he accept the bloody sacrifice? Amidst such anxiety and remorse, perhaps she was going to adopt that criminal project, and thus precipitate herself for ever into the snares laid around her by the ancient enemy of man, when a divine thought broke upon her mind, and calmed it instantly. She recollected the holy hermit the prelate had spoken of to her. She hoped to find near him a remedy for her pain—and, in a sudden fit of zeal that did not allow her a moment for reflection, she engaged herself, by a solemn vow, to go to the hermit. And a vow taken on such an occasion, and uttered with such ardour, could not meet with any obstacle, and must necessarily be fulfilled. Matilda was so convinced of it, that she already received part of the benefit she expected to reap from the counsels of the holy man. She raised that confused and heavenly hope between her heart and the prince's image; and, under the shade of that divine shelter, her bosom, relieved, began at last to breathe, and somewhat shake off the power that tyrannised over it.

Meanwhile, the prince having prepared every thing for his departure, his wound did not detain him. But now, in going to Cairo, he no longer intended to leave Matilda there: he apprehended the superstitious frenzy of a blind multitude, and could not be easy unless he saw her always near him. What imported it that he was about to conduct her near the Christian camp? what could he have to fear? he, always invincible till then, could he cease to be so, when he would have to defend the beauty he loved? Therefore, he intended that she should follow him to Cairo, whither he was going to collect the remainder of his troops: she should go with him to Suez, where his other soldiers were waiting for him.

Meanwhile, as he would be obliged on her account to travel more slowly, as he knew that Agnes had bribed the slave, and taken possession of the letter he had been preparing for Saladin, he wrote another, and added, to all that the first contained, the particulars of Agnes' perfidy, and of the sedition at Damietta. Then, after entrusting it to the most faithful of his servants, he went to take some rest previous to daylight appearing, when he proposed to acquaint the English princess with his new intentions. He had in vain caused strict search to be made for Agnes throughout the city. She could not be found. As soon as that vindictive woman had perceived that the sight, the speeches, and the ascendency of the prince, calmed the people, and brought back tranquillity, she had escaped; and, clad in armour, and mounted on a horse she had paid a high price for, she took the road to Kouroutba, alone—seeking in her mind what means remained to destroy her rival, as well as the ungrateful prince, whom she still fancied that she hated. While she was thus musing, and deeply engaged in contemplation, a man, riding on a swift camel, was on the point of getting before her. She recognised in him Malek Adhel's most faithful servant. "Whither art thou going?" exclaimed she, in a loud voice. He made no answer, and hastened on. She plunged her spurs into the flanks of her horse, and sprang after him. "Give me that thou carriest, or defend thy life!" cried she. He raised his lance: she flung her javelin, and made the Mussulman bite the dust. He fell the victim of his zeal. The merciless Amazon snatched from him the letter he had in his care—and, certain she should now be able to revenge herself, took delight in the blood she had spilled, and smiled at the mischief she was about to do. While she was following the road to Kouroutba, Malek Adhel was explaining to Matilda the reasons which had made him change his mind, and induced him to take her with him to Saladin's camp. She listened to him in silence, her head reclining on her hand. She was moved less with what he said than with observing the paleness of his countenance, made so by the blood he had lost for her sake. Meanwhile, the more affected she felt herself, the more she persisted in her wish to fulfil her vow. "My lord," she said to him, "proceed whither your destiny calls you, but leave me at Cairo." He urged again with new vehemence the dangers to which the fanatic fury of the people might expose her, when he could no longer be her defender, and described the torturing solicitude of his love. With a stern and firm voice, she interrupted him in these words: "My lord, you see what are the effects of a guilty passion, and in what a dreadful manner the Almighty chastises the sentiments he reprobates. It is at the price of your blood he has made you expiate your faults. If you persevere one day longer, your death perhaps will be the punishment he will inflict. Ah! do not force me to weep, and, without doubt, to weep eternally, the loss of him to whose magnanimity I am indebted for life!" She stopped, as the recollection brought back all her weakness. "Well, Matilda, go on!" replied the prince, "and make me lament that I did not perish by the hand of Agnes." The princess concealed the violent agitation this reply caused her—and, in order to punish herself for what she experienced, she resumed in a still sterner voice: "Having been for a long time kept far away from the altars of my God, deprived of that celestial manna he distributes to his children, and ignorant when I shall be able to enter again his adorable sanctuary, I should wish to go and purify myself from the numberless stains I must have imbibed during my compulsive residence with the infidels. On the borders of the Red Sea stand the ruins of a monastery, where a son of Basil, conqueror of the world, which he had laid at his feet, lives, unknown to men, but well known to the Lord, who feeds him with the bread of his angels!—Thither does a sacred vow call me; thither a sad captive begs of you to let her go on a pilgrimage."

Malek Adhel looked at her, and listened with profound astonishment. "Matilda," said he, "what do you propose? Are you aware of the least part of the difficulties that oppose your enterprise? Do you know that, once arrived at Cairo, you will have to cross a barren, extensive, and burning desert, scattered over with lawless soldiers and plundering Arabs?" "God, who reads in my heart the motive that guides me," replied she, raising to heaven looks replete with piety, "will defend me against all perils. That wild and barren Thebaid that I wish to traverse is a desert for the incredulous only: for the true believers, it is inhabited by the descendants of the Anthonies, the Pacomes, and, above all, by the immensity of the God of Jacob, who never abandoned his children in the hour of need." Malek Adhel looked at the princess with new surprise. He could not believe what he heard—that a young person should for a moment have entertained the thought of such a dangerous journey! Had he known that religion was not the only cause of the fanatical delirium which possessed her, it would not have been with surprise alone that he would have beheld her: but from the severity of her deportment, God, who reads the hearts of men, could alone know what passed in Matilda's—and he alone perceived that she would have contemplated the perils of the desert with more timidity, had she felt less terror at those to which her heart exposed her.

After a short pause, the prince resumed,—"Hear, Matilda!—Did not my duty even command me to go and join my brother without delay—were I even free to follow you on your journey, I would not on any account permit you to expose yourself to the numberless dangers that must threaten you in those vast solitudes." "Ah!" interrupted she, enthusiastically, "they would not inspire you with any fears, if you knew, as I do, that God is all-powerful. Why can I not convince you that, to save me, he needs the assistance of no one; and, if he decree my fall, is not my life his? Let him take it back; I give it up with joy." The ardent faith that shone in the virgin's countenance convinced Adhel that the moment was not favourable to dissuade her from her project. Being resolved also to oppose it with open force if she persisted, he intended to wait till their arrival at Cairo before he positively refused his assent, hoping that, in that space of time, her intention would of itself grow weaker.

"Hear!" said he: "to-morrow, with the dawn, shall my galleys be ready; together we will go up the great river as far as Cairo. There, while I assemble my army, you will consult with yourself on the dangers of the enterprise you have formed, and learn whether I have exaggerated them. You will judge whether I can consent to expose you to certain destruction: and, if I have not said any thing in that respect but what you find exactly true, then, Matilda, I make no doubt but you will abandon your project, and resolve at last on accompanying me to Saladin's court." This said, he withdrew. The princess, far from being affected by the same terrors as he was, and unconscious of the nature of the peril that awaited her, renewed at the feet of the Almighty the engagement of venturing into the deserts of Thebaid, swore never to leave them rather than return near Malek Adhel, and blessed that God who causes to be felt the effects of his clemency, at the same time with those of his severity; for, it is by shedding extraordinary bitterness and intolerable disgusts on guilty allurements and unruly sentiments, that he obliges his creatures to seek after pleasures free from pain and remorse.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Scarcely the next morning had the sun's first rays began to tinge the east, and the cries of the sailors resounded in the air, when the princess, attended by the Duke of Gloucester, her faithful Herminia, and some English officers, repaired to the banks of the Nile. The sun was rising, a thick dew had cooled the earth, and the sky was serene and cloudless. Numbers of white birds were swinging on the branches of trees, their silvery plumage agreeably contrasted with the deep green of the date leaves: thousands of turtle-doves were skipping about among the orange trees; and flights of pigeons, descending among the rushes near the river, were in quest of food.

Matilda entered the galley which the prince had caused to be prepared for her; he did the same, and sat down by her on a Persian carpet, under the shade of a canopy made of golden stuff, and lined inside with the richest Indian silks. The most rare perfumes of Yemen were burning in rose-wood stoves, and mixing their fragrance with that sweeter incense of the groves of almond and jessamine, the thickets of balm, sweet basil, and rose trees, which bloomed along the banks. Through silver-gauze curtains Matilda perceived the various sites of a pleasant champaign country, and viewed that Delta already so much celebrated at the time of the Pharaohs for its abundance and rich fertilty. There were seen the sycamore, twining its branches with the tamarind, and the lofty cassia tree, adorned with bunches of yellow flowers, similar to those of the citysus; above, the heads of the fruitful date tree, loaded with its luxuriant bunches, peeped over the grove. Every where odoriferous herbs spread their fragrance, and the golden fruit of the citron covered the labourer's cottage; here, the large leaves of the banana afforded their thick umbrageous shelter from the sunbeams—there, twined in pleasant arbours, the pomegranate grew nearer the river, and reflected therein its yellow foliage and scarlet flower; while, from the midst of the waves, king of aquatic plants, the nuphar raised its proud head and azure calix. Canals of a pure and limpid water cooled these delightful groves—and all the charm of flowing waters in a hot climate, all the beauty that verdure can confer under a cerulean sky. In short, all that a soft, voluptuous, and balsamic air, can inspire, would yield but a feeble conception of the gifts nature has scattered on that favoured land which the Nile embraces with its love.

In the mean time, the sun, having reached its zenith, darted its fiery beams on all nature. The zephyr was silent, the leaves unruffled, the water still. The mariners, resting on their oars, looked overcome with sleep, and the track of the galley seemed scarcely to furrow the surface of the river. Every one sought a shelter from the heat, and found it in sleep alone. All became drowsy but Matilda and the prince; they alone were restless, when all slept around them. The princess, in the morning, had taken care to wrap herself up very close in the thick folds of her garments: her chaste veil was drawn farther over her head than usual. She wished, if possible, to have concealed herself entirely under her dress. Alas! she would have employed less care to hide herself, had she known that it only helped to embellish her the more—and that modesty, the most seducing of all virtues, is still also the most alluring of all ornaments. She sat at the greatest distance possible from Malek Adhel; her head reclined back—her hands, a little raised, were joined, and her eyes fixed on heaven. On beholding her ethereal attitude, her long linen dress, and those veils, the shades of which dimmed the lustre of an alabaster complexion, the prince fancied he had never seen her so beautiful, and felt he had never loved her so much. He gazed on her, and asked nothing. Still he looked on her, and drew nearer. He had not

yet touched her, and already his blood ran in a burning flame through his veins.

Matilda remained silent. She was thinking on the vow she had made, on the resolution she had taken, to venture every thing to quit the prince; on that eternal separation which she had sworn should take place between them; and this project, which was to make him so wretched, would, without doubt, render her just then less stern and distant. It is always when a sacrifice is on the point of being accomplished, that we feel more poignantly all the grief it is going to inflict, and see less all the reasons that demand it: they grow weak before the anguish we experience, and more so before that which we cause. Hence, at the thought of the prince's tears, Matilda scarcely recollected what could be important enough to have urged her to afflict the preserver of her life. Alas! every thing conspired against her. Gratitude and compassion spoke in favour of Adhel; love strengthened their voice with all the power of his own. The air she breathed, pregnant with voluptuousness, produced a sort of unknown emotion that disturbed her spirits, and which her innocence wondered at. She sighed, turned her eyes aside from the object who was near her, and could not comprehend how so much affability could accompany so much anguish, and so many pangs so much felicity. By degrees the prince had drawn so near her, that, even without looking at him, she lost none of his movements, none of his sensations. The knowledge of this had something contagious in it that augmented her trouble. Absent, in deep thought, her head inclined downwards, alas! it was no longer her God she was thinking on. Her imagination went neither so high nor so far. The prince undoubtedly guessed her situation, for he ventured to take her hand, and press it to his lips. Matilda tried to draw it back; but it only served to show her weakness—a weakness she felt, though unable to get the better of. Thus, equally tortured with repentance, fear, and love, her heart swelled, and her face was covered with tears. Adhel saw her tears, and fancied he beheld his victory. He pressed Matilda in his arms—she started and pushed him away. During this moment, the virginal veil that covered her forehead got loose, her fine flaxen hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders, and the relic she wore on her bosom became untied, and fell to the ground. She saw it; and instantly her duties, her errors, appeared to her at once in all their extent, and the situation in which she found herself struck her with terror. Every soft emotion vanished; repentant qualms succeeded—and now she gathered strength to withstand the seductions that surrounded her. She ran, and precipitated herself at some distance, covered with tears, and the prey of a frightful despair. In vain did the prince speak to her. She heard him no more. God alone was present to her sight—alone he was before her eyes as an inexorable judge, ready to avenge his scorned laws, and to punish her eternally. "Forgive!" cried she, in the transports of her grief, "forgive, all-powerful God, that I remained near thy enemy!—Thou hast witnessed what struggles I have undergone! thou hast seen what abhorrence I felt against my weakness. Ah! had I been able to shake off that yoke which is to me heavier and more painful than death itself, I would have done it. But in vain did I ask thee for support. Thou hast denied me: and, bereft of thy strength, what strength can avail me?"

Malek Adhel was listening to her with a mixture of fear, surprise, and happiness. If, sometimes, on seeing the emotion of the princess, he had flattered himself he should be able to obtain her love, oftener still had her silence, her severity, deprived him of hope. Never had his submissions, his respect, his earnest entreaties, been able to obtain a confession he would have purchased with his life. She seemed to have no other wish but that of shunning him, and hastening her departure. But now, did not what he heard calm his apprehensions? Had she remained indifferent, would she thus have reproached herself with weakness? Meanwhile, he could not enjoy what he had reason to hope, when he saw how much Matilda suffered; her reason seemed to have forsaken her. It was because remorse had overpowered her, that she had let the cause of that remorse be guessed—and the words only that escaped her, acknowledged she loved, because they at the same time confessed an error. Pale, disheveled, drowned in her tears, a prey to the most violent transports, she did not even recognise the object that might prevail, in a soul like hers, over her oaths and her God. And, if it be true that deep-rooted passion belongs to men of all climates and religions; if it be true there are no prejudices that it will not destroy, nor habits that it will not overcome—no one need wonder that a disciple of Mahomed should forget himself for the sake of her he loved, and that Adhel should no longer be happy when Matilda was wretched. He reproached himself with her grief: and to see her tranquil, he was ready to resign the hope of being loved. If he dared not leave her in her present condition, still less did he dare to come near her. "Matilda," said he, with a submissive voice, "deign to hear me." "Almighty Power," exclaimed she, in her still increasing delirium, "remove—remove that voice that haunts me!" "O my beloved!" said he, "if my presence afflict you, I will retire." "My God," continued she, "why didst thou show him to me! Before I had seen him, I lived peaceful and happy. My heart, pure like thy heavens, obedient like thy angels, had never formed a thought that it feared to let thee know. Why does the infidel follow me every where? why do I find him incessantly? why hast thou allowed his impious hand to profane the bride of thy Christ, and not instantly crushed him with thy thunderbolt?" "Alas! Matilda," replied the prince, sorrowfully, "do you then call down the vengeance of your God on my head!" "Have I done so?" exclaimed the unfortunate, raising her hands to heaven; "have I uttered such barbarous wishes?—O my God, reject them! Punish me, but avenge me not." On hearing these kinder words, Malek Adhel advanced some paces nearer to the princess, and said, "Matilda, deign to hear me. Matilda, if it be true, if it be possible that you love me"—At this word she exclaimed, with an expression full of indignation, "Saracen! what can give thee a presumption to suppose that I love thee?" "Matilda," replied he, "forgive my presumption: my hope arose out of thy repentance. If thou hast no love, why accuse thyself?" "O! wretch that I am!" interrupted she, "have I then confessed my shame? am I fallen so low that an infidel now can claim the right to make me blush? O my sad heart! replete only with weakness, folly, and bitterness, in suffering thyself to be moved by a Saracen's addresses, thou hast well deserved the shame of seeing him informed of it." Then, her head inclined downwards, her hair scattered about over her loose veil, in a supplicating voice, she said, "O prince! let the abject state to which you see me reduced, suffice the pride of the demon that reigns over you. Turn your eyes away from my wretchedness. Do not force me to discover it still more—and to seek in my soul for that which I could not behold without horror. Ah! if my shame is to be confessed, let not the confession be made to you! Suffer me to shed my tears far away. Leave me—restore my peace! let from this instant an eternal separation take place between us! I know not, O Malek Adhel, how dear and painful the sacrifice may prove to you. But learn, that man can make none so great in this world but God has in the next greater rewards to remunerate him."

As she uttered these words, the virgin's countenance beamed with a celestial fervour. She humbly bent her head towards the ground in sign of repentance and contrition. At the sight of the contrite innocent, Malek Adhel was struck with a holy respect; for there is a beauty, a nobleness, a grandeur—there is something of the divinity, in innocence humbling itself! After a long pause, he replied in a voice deeply affected, "Never did I hear such words, or feel such sensations! Thou hast penetrated my heart; and surely there is something superhuman about thee. O, noble maid! live in peace under the wing of that God who can bestow so much force and power on the timid weak sex. I swear never more to mention a love that offends thee. Doubtless I shall sink under my woes—but to offend thee were worse than death."

He retired, left the princess's canopy, and went to bury, in the remotest part of the vessel, the profound grief that overpowered him. O, incomprehensible fate! it was at the instant when the hope of being beloved had entered his heart, that he for ever lost that of being happy. A stranger to the precepts of that sublime and severe religion which alone has the fortitude to struggle against the passions, and the strength to triumph over them, Adhel had attributed Matilda's coldness to her indifference only, and made no doubt, that, if he succeeded in moving her heart, she no longer would reject his professions; but now that, however feeling she had shown herself, he had seen her more firmly than ever rejecting his tenderness, and, in preference to the most seducing joys of love, adopting penitence, humiliation, and death, he resigned all the hopes of happiness he had previously embraced, and turned away, shuddering, from the contemplation of a futurity that afforded nothing but the choice of an eternal misfortune either for him or her whom he loved.

On her reaching Cairo, the princess carefully hid herself from all observation. She was seen only by some few Christians, scattered about in that climate, who, having learned her arrival at Cairo, had gathered joyfully around her sacred person. She enquired of them respecting the dangers of the pilgrimage she proposed to make. They were dreadful, but not of a magnitude to intimidate her: and that heart, so feeble before the prince, now soared with matchless intrepidity above the terrors of death. "Hear, my brethren," said she to them: "I have made a vow which nothing can break! What is life, compared with it!—I wish to cross that desert, and I will execute that wish; for I fear nothing in the world but God and sin!—Who of you, my brethren, will follow me?" "All!" replied they, unanimously; for such angelic beauty, such fervent piety, such heroic resolution, admitted of no hesitation. "Preserve a profound silence on what I entrust to you," added she: "proceed secretly to make preparations for the journey, and ere long you shall be informed of the time and place of rendezvous."

Scarcely was she left alone, when the Duke of Gloucester appeared. "Madam," said he, "condescend to approach that window, and cast your eyes on the banks of the Nile. There the most active, the most enterprising of warriors has assembled his army—behold how brilliant and numerous! O ill-fated Christians! when led by such a captain, with what horrid perils does it threaten you?" Matilda came forward, and soon distinguished the three feathers that adorned the head of the hero who was riding between the ranks. She cast her eyes down, and said, in a timid voice, "is the prince preparing to set off to-day?" "No, madam; these numberless battalions he thinks are not yet sufficient. He is going to collect more troops at Memphis and Arsinoe,—and to-morrow he will come back. The day after is fixed upon for the departure of the army, and of your highness too—of which this letter, which the prince has given me in charge, will doubtlessly inform you." The princess took it, read, and a soft blush tinged the lilies of her face. Stung with remorse at having offended her, Malek Adhel durst not appear before her. That hero, who, under her eyes, was easily distinguished from all the surrounding warriors by the proud confidence of his looks; who, ready to encounter a thousand deaths, seemed born to command the world, and to know no fear, was still arrested by that of displeasing her—and a stern glance awed and made him tremble whom the whole universe would not intimidate. How could she forbear being affected by so much love, and flattered by so much power? But the more interest Malek Adhel obtained in the heart of Matilda, the more she felt the necessity of flying from him. "The day after to-morrow," said he in his letter, "we will depart together. I will conduct you to Saladin's court—to that Jerusalem so dear to your piety. If you require it, I will not see you, will not speak—but submit to every sacrifice, except that of giving you back to the Christians—and will obey all your commands, except that of permitting you to cross the desert." No; whatever might be the prince's will, Matilda resolved to be true to her vow. She had sworn it to her God—to fail were a sacrilege, and her ruin would be the punishment. Secure in the Duke of Gloucester's entire obedience, she imparted to him her situation and her project—and, moved with the greatness of soul which the august sister of his master manifested, he asked her to let him share the glory of her enterprise. She consented, and mentioned the place where the united Christians were making the preparations for the journey, and added, "Tell them that all must be ready this evening; and at the entrance of night, when Malek Adhel shall have left Cairo, you are to bring me word. We will all then meet, and, under the auspices of our God, go and seek the saint who will teach us how to pass through the world without errors, and how to reach the goal without losing the

way." The Duke of Gloucester obeyed. Matilda, remaining alone, fixed her eyes more earnestly on the hero who was on the point of crossing the Nile on his way to Memphis. She was going to lose sight of him, perhaps for ever—and her eyes filled with tears. If she found her death in the desert, she should quit life without seeing him again; without having undeceived him from his fatal errors—without having blessed him for all the kindnesses she had experienced. That magnanimous prince, whom the Christians cherished and revered, in spite of his blindness; that prince, who had no paragon on earth; that prince, to whom she owed the life she was going to offer God in expiation of a guilty love—she durst almost love him at that moment, because that moment was surely the last when her eyes might behold him in this world. "O!" exclaimed she, involuntarily, "look on me, see my tears!—Let them console thee for all the privations I am about to inflict." She wept, and could not proceed—she wept, wondered, and grieved, and then reproached herself with the various movements by which she was agitated. Alas! where were those tranquil pleasures, those peaceful joys of her youth? What had she gained in seeking other comforts—and what had she not encountered away from her peaceful retreat?—Clouds and darkness, cruel pangs, and an infinity of evils—the very names of which were unknown to her in her state of innocence.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Adhel parted from Matilda for two days, he was far from suspecting the flight she meditated; if he had been surprised at her forming the bold project of crossing the desert, still he deemed it impossible that she should carry it into execution; and the idea that she was going to avail herself of his absence, to undertake secretly that great journey, was so strange, that it had never once occurred to his mind. A single doubt in that respect would have prevented his going, and at the moment when he was marching towards Memphis, could he have guessed the misfortune that threatened him, how soon would he have turned back, and how completely would every other concern have vanished! Alas! two days after, on his return to Cairo, when he found the princess was gone, he was indifferent to what might become of him, and unable to determine what path to pursue, except to abandon every thing in pursuit of her, and to dispute his prize with the desert, death, and God himself. On her part, Matilda did not think love would suggest such a design to the prince; she so little suspected to be pursued, that on quitting Cairo she thought never again to see Malek Adhel; but this torturing idea, though it distracted her, did not suspend her designs, and, on the very day of the prince's departure, she set about accomplishing them.

At the instant when night was coming on, the Duke of Gloucester came. She went out with him, and feigned to go to the little village of Matarea, thus named from its having a spring of clear water, famous by ancient tradition; there it was that, to avoid Herod's persecution, the holy family took shelter, and the divine child was bathed in that fountain.

It was easily believed that the devotion of the princess called her to visit a place so sacred to the faith she professed, and so celebrated for the miracles which had taken place there, that the infidels themselves held it in veneration. Arrived, she found there, together with the Christian monks she had spoken to, all her faithful English who had also sworn to follow her into the desert; two camels, three guides, dried fruits, a little flour, and several skins filled with fresh water, were concealed in a neighbouring cavern,—they were all the supplies the Christians had been able to procure unsuspected by the Mussulmans. At length the band met in the cavern, where the torches could scarcely dispel its deep gloom, but in that very place Matilda, before undertaking the journey, desired one of the priests who attended her to celebrate the holy mystery; she would not as yet partake of it, because, to deem herself worthy of the heavenly victim who daily devotes himself for mortal man, she waited till the sins she accused herself of had been remitted by the saint of the desert.

During the first day the caravan crossed a fertile plain, where the Doura, with its reedy leaves, raised its proud head, crowned with large bunches, by its side the pistachio tree covered the earth with its wide branches; the deep green colour of its foliage, and the delicate purple of its blooming grapes, were contrasted agreeably with the azure of the sky; at its feet the lin plants spread their bluish hue; farther on the palm tree of Thebaid displayed its leaves in the shape of fans, and the cucumber and golden melon lay on the banks of the numberless canals with which the great river had intersected the land. But on the second day that pleasant prospect changed; they entered the sandy plain of Elbakara, the extent of which offered only a boundless and dreary waste; among the rocky precipices, and on the banks of the wintry torrents, they met with but little verdure, and saw the acacias, that produce the gum arabic, the sennas, and the scorpion wood, together with some other plants. Ostriches, camels, wild goats, and tigers, inhabited the caverns of the rocks, and leaped across the sands, where no herb or turf ever grew to gratify their wants. In vain would the traveller seek for some spring to quench his tormenting thirst. It was only at the foot of Mount Kaleil that a spring of brackish water was to be found, the only one where ferocious beasts and men could refresh themselves; two or three sycamores stand around it, and above are perceived grottos of hermits, now abandoned by their inhabitants, whom the fervour of the first ages of Christianity had led into that horrid solitude.

The princess looked at them with a sigh; "Ah!" said she to herself, "happy were those who once chose this wild residence! there, secluded from all intercourse with mankind, nothing disturbed their peaceful days. Mine still would be so, had I not passed those sacred walls which concealed me from the eyes of men. Seduced by the presumptuous hope of doing more than my companions, by going to pay my adorations to the Saviour of the world, it is to vanity my ruin may be ascribed." Whilst plunged in this deep reverie, thinking only of her errors and remorse, the camel that she rode was descending, without her perceiving it, the rapid declivity of the mountain. Soon alarming cries resounded in her ears, and on looking up she saw the partners of her pious toils frightened at the prospect which lay before them, resembling one sea of sand, all the vegetable substances of which the sun had dried up. This terrific ocean of dust the wind raised up at times in circling eddies, the immense extent of which had no other bounds towards the east but the horizon, and towards the west but a semicircular range of arid, parched rocks. The intrepid princess contemplated that dreary view, and saw it with a firm look. What could she have to fear in her situation? What were all these dangers, compared with that she was flying from? What could she tremble at, except the idea of going back? and what terrors could death present to the unfortunate wretch, who, harbouring a dreadful passion in her breast, heard the voice of heaven incessantly bidding her to resign it? Careless as to what disasters awaited her, Matilda was solicitous only about the safety of those who followed her; she comforted and encouraged them; made faith, religion, and hope, speak to them, and raising her hand to heaven, pointed at the end of their journey. "To reach that," said she, "a few hours of pain is but as nothing!" She reminded them of those words of Jeremiah: "Blush, Sidon," said the sea, "and what for?—men undertake long voyages for a small benefit, and will hardly walk a step towards everlasting life." "Ah!" continued she, "what has death so dreadful in it for him who beholds therein only the gates of eternity, and what has life worth regretting, when its temptations, trials, and miseries, are known! Alas! if with long life we do not advance in goodness, we die only the more loaded with iniquities." She said, and similar to the evening dew, which, falling on the earth, restores life to the plants dried up by the heat of day, the words of the virgin descended into every heart, and revived and reanimated all. At the soft unction of her voice, the warriors recovered their courage, the Christians their ancient fervour, and all, astonished to see a delicate and timid virgin encounter, with the assistance of her zeal only, fatigues and hardships under which they were almost overcome, thought God had imparted his strength to her. Moved at the miracle, they bent their heads reverently low, and fell on their knees, singing before her, *Hosanna in excelsis.*

The repentant Matilda blushed, for far from being proud of the praises lavished upon her, she humbled herself, convinced that she did not possess those virtues within, which they were admiring. Alas! they who surrounded her knew not that it was the remorse of a criminal love which conferred that extraordinary courage upon her. "Hold!" said she to the little band prostrate at her feet in the face of the frightful desert, "do not profane those sacred words, by uttering them before a poor sinner, for none here are stained with so many iniquities as I am." All listened to her with new admiration, and took that confession for the pious ardour of a saint, who, in avowing herself below all, did not yet think herself low enough. Meanwhile, as they saw that their admiration afflicted her, they remained silent, arose, and followed courageously the heroic virgin into the burning regions that extended before their sight.

They advanced all day amidst those sandy plains on which the fiery rays of an ardent and perpendicular sun darted, the reverberation of which reflected a blaze of light destructive to their eyes, and a heat so intense, that the most robust of the men could scarcely endure it. The night brought them but little relief, for the winds, then ceasing to blow, the calmness of the air exposed them to the suffocating exhalations of the burning sands they rested upon; but amidst so many hardships, not a complaint, not a single regret, escaped Matilda. Far from thinking she purchased too dearly the salvation she was going to seek, she wished that greater sufferings should atone better for her weakness, and would have rejoiced to find her body torn with the most acute pains, if they could, by reaching as deep as her heart, destroy that love which filled it, and which hitherto nothing had been able to weaken.

But if she hailed the evils she endured as welcome, to those of her companions she was compassionate and kind. Whilst they lay breathless on the parched earth, charity supplied her with strength to relieve them; she dressed the wounds of some, bathed the bleeding eyes of others, encouraged one by cheering words, soothed another by prayers, and, in short, combining humanity and penitence together, she deprived herself of part of the water allotted to her, and divided it herself among the feeble and the sick.

After having wandered two days and two nights in that dreadful waste, the exhausted travellers heard afar the hollow murmur of the waves of another sea than that which they had just crossed; soon their eyes discovered, at the extremity of the horizon, the extent of the liquid plain. At that distance the undulations seemed to blend themselves with those of the desert sands, but already the blessed prospect had revived their spirits, dispelled all fatigue, and their parched lungs began to draw a fresher air. They hastened, and having arrived, all rushed into those salutary waves which offered them their grateful relief, and the inexpressible benefit of which the traveller who has crossed the desert alone can appreciate. The modest princess turned aside, walked away, and sat down in the projecting shade of a rock; there, her feet bare, and wading into the sea, she discovered, on going some way along the shore, the extremity near which the chief of the Israelites passed with all his people through the hanging waves, and on the south the celebrated mountains of Oreb and Sinai, where he received the tables of the law.

Having halted there for some time, the caravan assembled again, and coasted the shores. How many beauties, compared with the barren desert, did those cool banks afford to the sight! Marine plants spread over the rocks covered with shells out of number, and from the waves arose forests of corals, the scarlet heads of which contrasted marvelously with the greenish hue of the sea. But the sorrowful Matilda remained as indifferent to the charms of nature as she had been to the horrors of the desert. One only thought engaged and absorbed her. Except the venom that killed, and the remedy she was going to seek, nothing could find room in her heart or imagination; and the only pleasure the sight of these shores excited, arose from the hope of sooner reaching the ruined monastery, where the son of Basil was to open to her the road of salvation and mercy.

The travellers spent the whole day in endeavouring to discover some traces of the habitation whither all their wishes tended; they dispersed to and fro, enquired from each other, grew discouraged, and murmured at finding in those vast solitudes no living being who could direct their wandering steps. Meanwhile the princess was advancing alone some way before them; she perceived afar a projecting rock, the foot of which was in the sea, with a sort of arrow appearing above. She drew nearer, her heart palpitating, and soon distinguished the cross that

indicated the saint's residence. At this sight she felt her faith and virtue reviving. Resting with full confidence on the wholesome instructions that awaited her, and not doubting but they would deliver her from the influence of Satan, already she thought herself saved, and in an ardent burst of gratitude she blessed the Almighty's sacred name.

Her little band joined her again; with one hand she pointed at the revered sign of redemption, while with the other she untied her sacred veil, and her hair flowing, her feet bare, her eyes cast downwards, her hands crossed on her breast, and in the attitude of contrition, she humbly advanced towards the hermit's grotto.

Before she reached it she wandered long amidst the mazes of a monastery, the ruins of which bore witness less against the injuries of time than the recent impiety of the infidels. Two wild peach trees grew among the fragments, and several trunks of Corinthian columns, with a cross in the middle of the capital, strewed a pavement of red granite, loaded with hieroglyphics. Advancing through those remains of antiquity, Matilda reached a vast portico, the height of which her eye could scarcely measure; beyond she perceived the darkness of the sanctuary; and at the moment when she was on the point of diving into it, she stopped, seized with a sudden and religious tremour, as if she durst not penetrate into that profound night, where dwelt the supreme majesty of a God! but on a sudden she heard a voice, the melodious sounds of which inspired her with heavenly thoughts; she fancied the Almighty's eternal self was calling her. Guided by the rays of the moon, which broke through the decayed dome, she explored the sides of the church, and perceived at last the pious hermit prostrate on the steps of the altar, and singing the praises of the Lord during the calm and stillness of the night.

She fell before him, reclined her face on the ground, and said, "O respectable elder! O saint of saints!" The hermit, surprised, turned round; for thirty years that he had filled the desert with his long and marvelous penitence, it was the second time that ever a human voice had saluted his ear. He approached; but what was his surprise on beholding a young and beauteous maid in the creature who had uttered those sounds! By what miracle had she had the strength of traversing so many deserts, and found zeal enough to come so far to reach him! But the virgin's uncommon beauty soon gave rise to other thoughts—he fancied it was Satan himself, who, under that enchanting form intended to put his wisdom to the trial. "Away!" exclaimed he, in his religious terror, "what comest thou to seek hither? and what wouldst thou with me!" "O my father!" replied the princess, preserving her humble attitude, "do not reject me. I came hither at the peril of my life. I have encountered great dangers to obtain from you the assistance which alone can save me. If you deny it me, who can I have recourse to, where am I to find a support against my own heart? I shall become the prey of a Saracen, and my immortal soul will be lost for ever!" These words, and her expression in particular, persuaded the old hermit, who kindly raised the distressed virgin, and said, "I will hear thee, daughter, and whatever be thy errors, the faith that brought thee hither—faith! the greatest of all Christian treasures, shall save thee. But thou, undoubtedly, didst not travel alone? where are thy companions? Let them come, let them share with thee the feeble assistance I can offer." "They remain behind," replied Matilda, "but I fancy I hear the sound of their steps in these ruins." The anchoret advanced, and easily distinguished them by the light of the moon, which, under the pure and serene sky of the tropics, sheds a greater lustre than even the sun in the nebulous climates of the north. Affected on beholding men after so many days passed in the solitude of a desert, he smiled to his brethren, and called down on them the blessings of the Most High. "O you!" said he to them, "whom Providence has conducted hither, surely the same faith unites us! But what shores do you come from? Were you born in that fertile Europe, the happy nations of which all acknowledge the law of Christ, or have you beheld the day in those sacred walls which faithless nations surround, and where the Christian is forced to dispute with them incessantly the ground stained with the blood of his Redeemer?" "It is in the name of Mary's divine Son that we visit you," replied the Duke of Gloucester. "These," pointing to the pilgrims, "are Christians, natives of Syria and Egypt; those, warriors. I have abandoned the flourishing Albion, our country, to come and fight the infidels, and that young and beautiful virgin is Matilda of England, sister of the valiant King Richard, whose high deeds in arms resound throughout the world." "Ah! my daughter," exclaimed the hermit, turning with emotion towards the princess, "under a form so delicate, what an intrepid heart dost thou bear! Born amidst the glories of a throne, thou hast had the fortitude to tread them under foot, to come and seek hither the retreat of the humblest of hermits; whoever has, like me, renounced the world and all its vanities, will undoubtedly count thy birth for nothing, did it not enhance the rare virtue which, in the bloom of life, has made thee prefer the sackcloth of penitence to the purple of kings. Many are the obscure men who have sheltered themselves in the desert from the terrible temptations of the flesh; but what sacrifice was ever greater than thine?"

Matilda heaved a sigh; for, indeed, if she believed her heart, no sacrifice was ever greater than her own. "Come, august virgin," continued the hermit, "and you, my brethren, come also, and share with me the only productions of these shores; come and quench your thirst at my fountain, and when you have tasted some rest, you will make me acquainted with the great catastrophes which have agitated the world since its last reports have reached me." He said, and entered his cell to prepare the frugal meal; he lighted a torch of the resin that flows from the turpentine tree, and instantly the vivid and odoriferous flame enlightened and scented the interior of the humble cell; he prepared a cake seasoned with sesame oil, together with wild peaches, dates dried in the sun, a honey-comb, and some cocoa nuts, filled with sweet milk; he laid these on a polished stone, the only table he had; the coarse mat that he used as a bed was the only seat he had to offer; and in presenting all that he possessed, he grieved only that he had not more to give. "For thirty years that I have inhabited this desert," said he, "I have never yet felt my poverty, for this is the first time I find myself in want of any thing." "My father," replied one of the oldest warriors, "there is more hospitality in these few words than could be found now in the palaces of the great and the courts of kings." "My son," answered the hermit, "has France then lost her monarchs? their court was formerly the asylum of religion and every virtue." "The young heir of that vast empire," replied one of the Christians of Asia, "seems to possess all the brilliant qualities which formerly distinguished his ancestors; but too great an ambition, and an insatiable thirst for conquest, induce his subjects to fear that his reign will not be that of the peaceable virtues; Philip Augustus is his name. Now in Syria, he has joined his army with that of Richard, in order to march in concert to the recovery of the holy city." "What do I hear!" replied the anchoret, "does the house of Bouillon no longer reign on the throne of Jerusalem, which she had bought with so much blood and toil!" "Two lions, rushing from the plains of Mesopotamia," replied one of the English soldiers, "have stripped that ancient race and swallowed up the empire of the Christians; all is fallen, all is overturned, under the terrific swords of Saladin and Malek Adhel." "Ha! what fatal names have you pronounced!" interrupted the old man; "I heard at the time that these two frightful meteors had suddenly appeared in Egypt, destroyed the Alidean family, and exercised great cruelties against the Christians; one of them, who had escaped from the scaffold, took shelter in the desert, and came here; he spoke to me of this terrible Saladin, whose ambition made all the East tremble; of that Malek Adhel, more terrible still, whose ardent valour already threatened all the descendants of pious Godfrey. On hearing that account, I pitied the Christians, foresaw their disasters, and wept over the crimes of the world, which must have been very great, since God, to punish it, had allowed that two new Goliahs should appear together, without a David to arise and encounter them. Soon after, the fugitive Christian became tired of my profound retreat, yet, fearing the bustle of cities, and not daring to return among the persecutors of the faith, melancholy preyed upon him, and he died in my arms. With him expired the only human voice I had heard since my arrival in the desert, and all was buried in silence. I found myself alone again, though less so than before, for I remained with a tomb near me; there it is," added he, showing a large stone at the entrance of the grotto; "I dug it myself; in it lies the only human corpse the sand of this shore covers, and the only society of men that has remained with me."

While the hermit spoke, Matilda kept her eyes on him; she could not enough admire the happy serenity that beamed in all his features; the news of the fall of Jerusalem had not even disturbed it; it should seem that worldly calamities could no longer reach him who had placed thirty years between the world and himself: that life, the blandishments, the faithless joys, and the idle friendships of which he had scornfully rejected, was now for him only a road of peace, conducting him to that heaven where all his thoughts already dwelt. Time, therefore, who stamps his course on the face of men only by the means of sorrows and agitations, never finding any uneasiness in the hermit's mind, scarcely left on him the usual marks of his passage, and multiplied years on his head without being able to give his old age the air of decrepitude.

CHAPTER XX.

The travellers, exhausted by fatigue, were soon overpowered with sleep. Matilda went to rest a few hours on the little bed of moss that had been prepared for her, and the hermit availed himself of the moment when he saw his guests sleeping, to gather on the shore some shell-fish and turtle-eggs for the consumption of the next day. When alone, he abstained from touching any creature gifted with life; but the meal of the day had exhausted his little stock of provisions, and his first duty was to think of his brethren.

He afterwards proceeded to deck out the altar, where, for the first time, the prayers of many men were to join with his, and ascend together to the Almighty's throne; the expectation of that instant, so much wished for by Matilda, hastened the time of her waking: she arose and looked around her, but the good old man appeared not; she quitted the grotto to seek after him; and at the moment when her eyes discovered on the east the Arabic Gulf, she remained dazzled with the grand spectacle it exhibited. The rich crimson, purple, and yellow tints, spreading on the horizon, and half plunged in the sea, reflected therein their softened lustre. All yet rested in silence, and the waves, agitated with a slight tremour, seemed respectfully waiting for the arrival of that sun which was on the point of emerging from them to mount up to heaven. On a sudden it appeared, at first like a luminous point, sparkling on the water; soon it changed into a globe of dazzling ruby, which reflected, like a track of transparent gold, on the whole circle of the horizon; at that magnificent aspect, the top of the white cliffs that lined the shore shone with a thousand fires; each wave rolled sheets of gold, and the brilliant author of so many wonders, scattering in torrents its fiery sheaves, inundated its vast empire with its pure light, and ascended towards the celestial vault with the splendour and majesty of the king of the universe, the father of life, and the conqueror of darkness and time.

Leaning on a rock, the foot of which was washed by the waves, Matilda contemplated in silence, and with holy veneration, the magnificent scene which the sea, the earth, and the heavens combined, presented, and exclaimed, "Immense luminary, who seemest as though thou wert immortal, one day, however, wilt thou be extinguished: one day wilt thou fall with the world! Terrible and awful day! The angel will sound the sacred trumpet; the generations, shaking off the dust of tombs, will assemble before the Almighty's throne, and, in his strict justice, God will weigh the faults of men; we shall be forced to appear before him, discover our weaknesses, and show our hearts openly. Ah! wretched Matilda! thou wilt be forced to show thy love—that guilty love which consumes thee, and which the awful idea of the last judgment cannot remove; thou wilt then be forced to own thy criminal regrets, to confess that the joy thou tastest in serving God is so weak that it cannot suffice thee; and that thy heart, which cannot exist joyless, is so untrue to its duty as to seek delight in a Saracen's love; thou wilt, in fine, be forced to acknowledge that the Saracen interests thee more than all the wonders of this world, and that thou aspirest but coldly after that heaven he is not destined to inhabit with thee."

The voice of the princess, as she uttered these words,

had a something of bitterness and heart-rending that resounded in the hermit's ears; he listened attentively whence these doleful sounds could come, and hastened to bring peace to the afflicted, who seemed in want of it. "Daughter," said he, "whence proceed thy lamentations! what shameful secrets, concealed within thy soul, thus agitate thy conscience. Can it be, that under the outside of the most heavenly innocence, thou carriest the remorse of a crime!" "I have not committed any, father," replied Matilda, with a deep sigh; "but my heart is not the purer for it, for it encourages its wanderings, and cherishes the sin which God has forbidden. This day I will speak to you, my father; I will taste neither rest nor sleep until you have heard me, and I hope that a new sun will not rise without finding me reconciled, through your holy interference, to that God I have so grievously offended." "I will hear thee, my daughter," replied the hermit; "but now, as thy companions are waking, let us proceed together, to offer a sacrifice to the Almighty. Humble thyself; shed before him that meek contrition of sins, which proves a more grateful and fragrant sacrifice than that of incense and perfumes. It is that valuable perfume which he saw with so much pleasure shed on his sacred feet by the sinner, for he never rejected a contrite and repentant heart." "Alas!" replied Matilda, following him, with her head cast down, "how sweetly I could once, in approaching the holy mystery, shed thereon, like Magdalen, the tears of a heart imbued with divine love; but where can that copious effusion of holy tears be found, when the heart is elsewhere engaged!" The hermit understood her, but made no answer; for he could apply no remedy to her complaint until he knew its cause and extent. He continued to walk in silence as far as the place where the Christians had lain down to rest, whom he found had arisen. "My brethren," said he, "let us consecrate this memorable day: the altar is ready; let us join our prayers, and let our voices, ascending to heaven, bear witness there that no desert is so barren, no retreat so solitary, but that the God of Jacob can find therein faithful children and zealous worshipers." All bowed; and he advanced amidst the ruins, the Christians following him; who could not sufficiently admire those scattered and broken columns, those heaps of pilastres, those traces of ancient magnificence, and those numberless fragments, which astonished the soul by their grandeur, as they made it sad by their state of ruin. "Alas! my father," said one of the warriors, "will that majestic nave, that yet exists in part, that double row of pillars, and that arch so lofty, that the eye grows dizzy in measuring its height—will they all decay!" Scarcely had he spoken, when, breaking on the silence that reigned throughout these extensive ruins, a loose stone detached itself, fell, and answered him. On hearing this voice of destruction, all assumed a mournful and gloomy countenance; the hermit stopped, and, raising his arms over his head, exclaimed with animation, "Formerly this was a temple inhabited by pious monks, whose sacred hymns were daily intermixed with those of angels. Here yet stands the grotto of its founder, St. John Climaque, who retired therein to deplore the crimes of the world, and disarm celestial wrath in its favour: then they approached this place with a purer heart and a more ardent faith: but the infidel at length appeared, and all was destroyed. Death seized the servants of God, the sacred hymns ceased, and silence and destruction took possession of this desolate mansion; a little time, and the only voice that now resounds in these ruins will be extinguished also, and this miserable body become dust, like these columns that lie on the ground after having towered to the sky; a little time yet, and they and I will be entirely dissolved, and nothing remain of us but a few particles, that will be blown away and mixed with the sands of the desert. Then, when faithful men come hither, seeking for the venerable remains of this monument, they will seek in vain; all will then have disappeared; and piety herself will no longer recognise the place where she used to shed her tears. But then, O my brethren," continued he, with a prophetic enthusiasm, "I shall then inhabit with you that immortal temple that was not built by the hand of man, which destruction and impiety cannot approach, where the sacred choirs of cherubim never cease, where nothing passes, changes, or ends, and where the happiness of the just has no other term than that eternity which is unlimited!"

In speaking thus, the venerable hermit, with his goat-skin calix, his bald head, his white beard, and his brow bound with evangelical palms, seemed, among the ruins, like the angelic precursor of divine mercy, standing amidst the fragments of the universe. Meanwhile he advanced, and ascended the altar; the Christians ranged themselves around him; the Duke of Gloucester, his head bare, knelt down with the English round an enormous block of granite, over which a thick moss had already spread itself; farther on, the pilgrims, veterans of Christ, were prostrate near a broken column; among all these, the virgin, the only one of her sex, was less distinguished by her dress than by her pious deportment and wondrous beauty. Dissolved in tears, she repeatedly offered up her heart to God, endeavoured to sink the past in oblivion, to leave futurity to Providence, and to give the present to heaven; but still an invincible inclination was always drawing her towards other interests than those of immortality; the name of Malek Adhel was mixed with all her prayers; if she began them for herself, she ended for him; and when she was begging of God his victorious graces, and her beautiful face covered itself with a more lively expression, it was not for herself that she prayed. But much more vehement would her prayers have been—what fervour would gratitude have infused into them, had she known what was passing in the desert, had she been informed that the Bedouins were threatening her, and that, while she was entreating of God to save Malek Adhel, Malek Adhel was advancing to save her!

The august ceremony being over, the hermit brought back his guests to his cell, called them to partake of the repast he had prepared in the morning, and repeatedly enquired concerning the propagation of the faith, and the prosperity of the kingdom of Christ. He particularly asked after the Archbishop of Tyre, that great apostle of evangelical doctrines. "When I quitted the world," said he, "William was young, but, even then, the superiority of his information, his eminent virtues, and an indefatigable zeal for the faith, had caused him to be invested with the second episcopal dignity in the East, and a unanimity of voices seemed to design him for the patriarchate of Jerusalem, as the only prelate capable of fulfilling adequately the duties of that honourable and sublime place. Has he been called up to it yet?"

"My father," replied the Duke of Gloucester, "I will not profane the holiness of this solitude, in giving you the account of all the disasters, of all the scandalous acts, of the court of Jerusalem; the vices of its kings, much more than the arms of the infidels, have brought about the ruin of that great kingdom. When it existed, if, instead of calling an Heraclius, a monster of debauchery, to the see of Jerusalem, they had elected the virtuous William, the sanctity of his morals would have edified and protected the Christians, and we might have seen then the difference of one man to another in influencing the preservation of empires; but I will not dwell any longer on this subject; but only add that the Archbishop of Tyre is still the same unaltered man. Long, by the wisdom of his counsels, he upheld the throne of Jerusalem, tottering on the brink of ruin; and, when the profligacy of the Christians, together with the sword of the infidels, had hurried it down the precipice, he alone despaired not of re-establishing the kingdom of Christ; he stripped himself of all his dignities, set off, and went to implore in Europe assistance for the holy purpose. He it is who has preached that great Crusade, the most numerous, the most brilliant the East ever yet beheld; his voice has mustered innumerable armies throughout the West, who are now ready to reconquer Judea, and humble the crescent; his voice has quelled those discords that divided our greatest generals, and the taking of Ptolemais has less been the fruit of their bravery than of his eloquence. Every day his zeal brings over new children to the gospel, and his charity supports them!"

"Such is," exclaimed the hermit, with transport, "Such is the true descendant of the first evangelists, the perfect model of saints, and the man the Christian world should pride itself most upon." "My father," replied the virgin, looking on him with admiration, "do you then think that the world has forgotten you?" "It ought, my daughter, since I have chosen to leave it," interrupted the hermit, eagerly; "ah! beware ever to compare the Christian, who avoids temptations by flight only, with him who withstands them, and remains in the world to save it! This last, urged by his holy zeal, risks daily his salvation for that of his brethren; the other, filled with fear and mistrust, by thinking of his own only, neglects that of others; the one is ever exposing himself, struggles incessantly, triumphs always, thinks he has never done enough when any thing remains to do, and, by the multiplicity of his good deeds, and the ardour of his faith, holds out a living example of edification and sanctity that must bring upon him the blessings and gratitude of the universe: the other, in his solitude, having no opportunity of failing, ought not to arrogate to himself any credit for his wisdom; he feeds on the love of God, but does not act for God; he lives in peace, because he lives alone, and far away from men to whom he is useless; and he ought to be forgotten by this world which he has neglected to serve; therefore, when the great day of judgment arrives, the pious William will be one of the first elect, and God will crown him with double, with threefold glory, with a glory equal to the number of conversions he will have worked; whilst that of the solitary man, humble and obscure like me, will rank him in the last place at the table of the just." "My father" said the princess, much affected, "you are in the right; it is undoubtedly under the features of the Archbishop of Tyre, that the Christian religion shows us the wonder of charity; but permit me to say, that it is under yours that it offers us that of humility."

Meanwhile the evening came on, and, while the Christians found among the ruins of the church a place of rest which their fatigue made them contented with, Matilda asked the hermit to consent to hear her story: "I will, my daughter," said he, and he led her to the entrance of the grotto, whence they discovered a vast prospect of the sea, at that moment still, and shining like a mirror, wherein the stars of the firmament reflected their splendid fires. The princess on her knees was preparing her mind to devotion; but all around was impressive, and spoke to her heart; she saw below her feet another heaven, joining with that which shone above her head in the bluish circle of the distant horizon; she listened to the continual motion of the wave that came, broke, fell back, returned again, and expired to rise anew the next moment; the three great attributes of the Supreme Intelligence, the immensity of a boundless sea, the eternity of its waves in incessant motion, and the infinity of the wandering luminaries recounting the glory of God, made the princess feel the effect of these great images, though her mind durst not attempt to elevate itself to them; but the hermit observed the impression they made upon her, and, addressing her, said, "Daughter, he who has done all this, is the same who said, 'Verily, verily, if men are silent, the stones would cry out.' Here is power; but he has also said, 'Come to me, all ye who are labouring under the weight of affliction, and I will give you rest.' Here is goodness. Power and goodness are God's, my daughter. Far above all in intellectual excellence, he has by love brought himself nearer to a level with us; for, in reflecting on his greatness, we see our nonentity; on his power, we see our weakness and dependence; on his justice, we perceive our faults; but, when we think of his love, my daughter, we are led to think of our own—that only point on which we may, without temerity, rise and unite ourselves with our God: for, in fine, when he judges, we cannot judge him; when he commands us, we cannot command again; but when he loves us, O Matilda! we may return him love for love! Devote thy love, therefore, to that only affection; for, as God, almighty as he is, can do nothing more for thy good than to love thee, he likewise can require nothing more worthy of him, nor more perfect than thy love; love then thy God above all, my daughter, for I tell thee that *love* is the greatest treasure of the human heart."

"Alas! my father," replied Matilda, with emotion, "I see by your words that your piercing eye has already discovered in the recesses of my soul the iniquity that weighs heavily on it!" "Yes, daughter, I know the cause already, but am ignorant of the object." "Alas!" replied the princess, weeping, "that name is my greatest crime, and what costs me most to tell you: may at least this confession serve as an expiation!" Then, in the face of heaven, prostrate near the hermit, her eyes fixed on the crucifix which she held in her hand, and encouraged by the evangelical mildness of the saint, she thus revealed the mysteries of her heart.

CHAPTER XXI.

"My habit must already have informed you, my father, of the profession I was called to embrace: thrones, human grandeurs, all those titles to which the world attaches splendour and importance, seemed to me vile compared with that glorious one of Bride of the Lord. From my earliest infancy I courted no other, and it was in order to deserve it better that I wished to join the Christians, who were taking the cross in crowds to proceed to the deliverance of the holy city, that I might pay my adorations at the sacred tomb, before my last engagements had for ever secluded me from the world. Richard's pious consort was my faithful partner, and the same ship conveyed us; Heaven, without doubt, either for trial or punishment, withdrew its protection from us, and allowed the infidels to attack, vanquish, and reduce us to servitude." "What! did they, without regard to your rank, dare to lay chains on you?" "O my father, how much less unhappy should I have been had I received chains, and lain in a damp and dismal dungeon, with no other food than bread soaked in my tears! but, alas! introduced into a magnificent palace, loaded with honours, surrounded with cares and attentions, treated as a sovereign—" "Well, my daughter, whence can these tears and sobs proceed? Continue your narration, and name that generous victor whose yoke lies so gently on the Christians." "My father, what do you demand of me! That conqueror so great, so formidable, who is deficient in no perfection, except that of faith; that proud hero, who knows equally well how to inspire his foes with fear, love, and admiration; that prince, the worthy object of the prelate's affection, whose image is always present in my thoughts, reigns a sovereign in my soul, and haunts me while at the feet of the God before us! Often obliged to appear in the presence of Malek Adhel—" "Malek Adhel! didst thou say?" interrupted the hermit, shuddering; "Malek Adhel! Saladin's brother! that tiger of the East, who devours all the Christians! Malek Adhel! who a hundred times has bathed his impious hands in the blood of thy brethren, and whose dreadful sword has protected the empire of Satan!" "Ah! my father, what shall I say to you? *I cannot* explain what I feel: it is a strange mixture of opposing sensations—a combination of all that hell has most terrific, and heaven most sweet! I am dragged away towards that which excites my horror: I see a precipice, and seek to fall in it; I suffer agonising torture, and delight in my torments. I came hither through all the perils of the desert, to entreat you for support against Malek Adhel, and now I tremble lest you should impart it." "Hold, wretched creature!" exclaimed the hermit.—Alas! the virgin heard him no longer: exhausted by the fatigues of the journey, and still more by the struggle in her bosom between religion and love, her strength forsook her; she fell senseless on the earth; a cold sweat dropped from her forehead; her hands and cheeks were pale and cold—she breathed no more. The hermit feared her last moments were approaching; and, deeply affected, he ran to the spring, took some water in the palm of his hands, and hastened to sprinkle the face of the princess. She started, revived, and, opening her eyes, exclaimed, "Where am I? have I left the earth? do I hear the awful trumpet calling me before the throne of God? am I going to be hurried down into the abode of everlasting darkness?" "Take courage, daughter of Christ," said the compassionate anchoret. "See before thee this God dying on the cross; it is for thy sin that he is stretched on it; it is to wipe off thy stains that he has shed his blood. Let that water, which recalled thee to life, restore it to thee doubly; let it be a new baptism that shall wipe off all thy sins; and do thou, O God, although that heart be a temple unworthy at present of thy high majesty, since it is filled only with the ruins of passion, deign to return into it; and, returning, repair the havoc done, restore its former magnificence and wonted perfection! Now, regenerated creature, arise! for thou art at peace with the Lord thy God, if thou banish from thy thoughts the remembrance of Malek Adhel. And thou wilt, daughter, if thou entreatest, if thou wishest it, sincerely. When we say that God refuses to assist our weakness and hear our prayers, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; for it is written, 'All that we ask of God, having faith, we shall obtain.'"

The hermit was going on, when confused and tumultuous cries struck his ear, and arrested the words on his lips. He wondered, listened, and heard the clashing of arms. "O heaven!" cried he, "after so many peaceable days, am I to see the solitude of these shores broken in upon by assassination!" "What means that terrible clashing, my father?" exclaimed the princess, alarmed. "A horde of homicide Bedouins, without doubt, who, having perceived your little caravan, are come to surprise it unawares. While I run into the combat, to offer up to God the little remains I have of life in assisting the Christians, do you, my daughter, retire into the depth of that cavern, and conceal your heavenly form from lawless banditti who respect nothing." He was going, when, already at the entrance of the grotto, they perceived several Arabs half naked, sword in hand, covered with blood, and casting anxious looks into the interior of the humble cell. There was no gold nor silver to tempt their avarice, but the young maid was a prize much above all treasures. They were preparing to lay hold of her, when the hermit rushed between. With a raging countenance and eyes darting fury, he raised a crucifix over his head, and, filled with a divine spirit, cried out in a thundering voice, "Hold, rash barbarians! for I vow, in the name of the supreme God—of that God here present, that the first of you whose sacrilegious audacity shall dare to pollute this holy virgin, shall be instantly blasted by lightning!" To that threat Matilda joined her timid supplications, implored mercy, and defended herself with her prayers and tears. The Bedouins, astonished and confounded, hesitated; their ferocity was softened, and their designs suspended. The weakest of beings, an old man and a virgin, had vanquished their courage—yea, vanquished—for their weakness was supported by two of the most powerful weapons with which heaven has armed the earth—innocence and religion.

Meanwhile, at the moment when the lawless banditti began to banish compassion and follow their horrid design, a formidable warrior, with glaring eyes, clad in shining armour, and his arm wielding a bloody scimitar, rushed among them. He attacked the Arabs, made a dreadful carnage, and alone dispersed and destroyed the whole band. Death and victory opened his way to the princess. Quicker than lightning he seized, snatched her up, bore her off among the ruins, and with such rapidity, that the hermit lost sight of him before he had time to form a thought; he perceived only the Arabs flying on all sides, struck with dismay, and making the lonely shore resound with the great name of Malek Adhel!

The hermit shuddered at the fate of the princess, and lamented that the desert and the assassins had spared her life. The expiring Arabs and Christians, however, did not stop the impetuous course of the hero; he saw but Matilda, and thought of her perils only. Placing her on a stately courser, he leaped up behind; and while with one hand he pressed her close, he seized the bridle with the other, and followed by some Mussulman soldiers, galloped off from the scene of carnage.

CHAPTER XXII.

The sun was in the midst of its course when the prince reached the foot of Mount Colzoum, and stopped to afford Matilda some rest. No mother could feel a more tender solicitude for her child; he grew uneasy on seeing her exposed to the mid-day heat, and looked around to find among the rocks of Colzoum a cool retreat, where he might shelter her. On the top of some barren rocks, he perceived a clump of sycamores and tamarinds; he then alighted from his horse, and unwilling to part with his precious load, held it still in his arms, climbed the mountain, reached the shade, put the princess down, and walked off to some distance.

It was then only that Matilda came to herself, and recollected what had passed; but she could not comprehend by what incredible miracle Malek Adhel had suddenly appeared to save her from the hands of the Arabs; and the hermit, what had become of him? what must he have thought of that circumstance? but, alas! was he yet alive? had she broken upon his solitude, only to bring him destruction? and her dear, her faithful English, of whom she saw none around her—had they all perished in the combat, and proved, like the Duke of Gloucester, the victims of their attachment to her service? While deeply engaged in such thoughts, she saw the prince returning, his head bare, his face covered with sweat and dust, and bearing in his hands his helmet, full of pure and fresh water, which he presented to her. She looked at him with a mixture of surprise, gratitude, and astonishment. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed she, "if what I see be not an illusion; if there be reality in the events of this day, how terrible are they, and how much I dread their consequence! What will be the fate of that venerable man, what will be that of my faithful Christians, and what, O heavenly Parent, will now be my destiny!"

"Matilda," replied the prince, "drink this water; it will calm your spirits, and prompt you to lend a more attentive ear to what I am going to relate." The princess put the iron cup to her lips, and refreshed her parched mouth. "Now," continued Malek Adhel, "let us wait, before we set out again, till the sea breeze has somewhat cooled the air. I will avail myself of that time to reproach you with your imprudence. Ah! Matilda, if it had exposed my own life only, I should not reproach you!" He ceased. She was struck with his profound melancholy. She hid her face with her hands, and replied, in a tremulous voice, "Alas! I hoped this journey would have proved dangerous to me alone; that you, particularly, would not have been exposed, and that, when your brother was waiting for aid, no consideration could have detained you." "If such were your hopes, Matilda," interrupted he eagerly, "I have then very ill expressed my love for you, since you think there can be any thing more powerful than you over my soul. Ah! when I returned to Cairo, and learned your departure; when I could no longer entertain any doubt but you had directed your march to the desert, did I think of my brother, of his commands, of battles, or of glory? No, Matilda, I thought of you alone. I flew after you, heedless of my people's murmurs, and of the discontents of my army. My brave soldiers tried to detain me; they mentioned Saladin's anger; but what imported his anger, what if he should demand my life, provided Matilda were saved! I hoped to have joined you sooner, and to have brought you back, in spite of yourself, before you could have reached your journey's end; but in these vast deserts, where no road is marked out, I lost my way. Ah! Matilda, had we departed together, as I wished, we should, ere this, have entered the tents of Saladin, and a whole nation would not have to reproach you with my disobedience." He ceased, unwilling to impart to Matilda all the fears that distracted him; he would not tell her that, to follow her, he had been forced to employ violence; that his indignant army, opposing his departure, wanted to oblige him to march into Syria; that menacing denunciations had broken out against Matilda, and that, having made choice of his most faithful soldiers and most devoted servants to attend him, he did not possess their full confidence, nor did they respect her whom he loved.

Matilda enquired how, as he had lost his way, he had been able to discover the hermit's grotto. "Having reached the borders of the Red Sea," said he, "at a great distance from the ruined monastery, in order to find it I coasted along its banks. At last, this morning, on the breaking out of the dawn, I heard the cry of the Bedouins—that exulting cry which is the forerunner of slaughter. I rushed that way, various terrors distracting my breast, and arrived amidst the ruins. Your Christians, surprised in their sleep, were the victims of the Bedouins. The Duke of Gloucester, pierced with a mortal blow, saw me, knew me, and, raising himself, pointed to the grotto. 'Save the princess!' said he, and he fell lifeless. I bade my soldiers assist your friends; they obeyed, and I flew to you. What a dreadful sight! Matilda, the idol of my heart, was on the point of falling into the hands of a band of barbarians! Ah! had I arrived too late, had a single one of those savages laid on you a sacrilegious hand—but, Matilda, thou art revenged. I have slain all those who presumed to look at thee." "O faithful friend of my brother, noble Duke of Gloucester!" exclaimed Matilda, weeping, "have I been the cause of thy death! For me, thou camest to expire obscurely in the desert; and have all the Christians perished with him too!—I see none here." "I left nearly the whole of my troop with them," replied the prince, "and should have remained myself as their defender, had not my first solicitude been for you."

Matilda wept the fate of the unfortunate men she had thus exposed to death, and reproached herself with

having drawn them into the desert, to abandon them in their distress. "Ah!" said the prince to her, "of what service could your presence be to them. Do not weep, Matilda, over the danger I have snatched you from, but weep at that which threatens. I hear the southern wind rising. I see on the south columns of sand and reddening clouds. I shudder, I tremble. O Matilda, until I knew you, I never trembled." In hopes of avoiding the hurricane, by proceeding towards the north, Malek Adhel left the mountain, and, with Matilda, joined his soldiers. He found them panic-struck at the sight of the terrific signs rising all around; their steeds, still more frightened, overcome with fatigue, and scarcely able to breathe, had become absolutely restive. The prince, confident that every moment's delay might prove fatal, resolved to proceed with his camels only, but the soldiers refused: they would not advance on foot; and in order not to abandon their horses, they proposed to take shelter on the summit of Colzoum. Malek Adhel, however, who had but a score of men with him, and knew that the caverns of that mountain were the dens of ferocious beasts and intrepid banditti, would not expose Matilda to their attacks, and gave the word to march; the band hesitated; at length, to encourage them, Malek Adhel declared he would walk. This generous example determined his soldiers, and not one ventured to flinch from the fatigues which his master was not afraid to endure.

The caravan began their march, preserving a profound silence. No one ventured to tell the dangers he foresaw, or the fears he experienced. Malek Adhel walked beside the camel that carried Matilda, and was preceded by three other camels, loaded with bladders filled with water, a tent, and provisions for the journey. The soldiers came after, their looks dejected, their countenance sullen and morose, as if on the point of revolting.

Meanwhile, the day passed without any accident; the night approached, and the terrors ceased; but the travellers had just entered the most dangerous part—the vast sandy desert. If, on the next day, the forerunners of a hurricane should again appear, the peril would then be extreme; hence every exertion was requisite to reach the other side of that dreadful place. The soldiers asked to march all night. The prince also wished the same; but how could he manage without allowing Matilda some moments of rest? would she have been able to undergo such fatigue? She was then lying on the camel, pale, nearly motionless, scarcely able to breathe, and ready to expire with lassitude. Notwithstanding the murmurs of his men, Malek Adhel ordered a halt, pitched his tent in the midst of the desert, spread his cloak on the sand, and entreated Matilda to sleep for a few hours. Forced to suspend their march, the soldiers abandoned themselves to sleep; the prince alone, standing outside his tent, watched for fear of a surprise, and gazed with the most painful anxiety on that canvass which contained her he adored, and those burning sands which threatened her life. At that instant all was still and calm; the moon shone on a barren and dry plain, where the cool night breeze could not find a shrub to agitate, nor a single reed which it could touch, and form a sound. Profound silence reigned in the desert, interrupted only by the distant roaring of tigers, and the doleful and shrill note of the ostrich, which seemed to portend the day of calamity was at hand, and the misfortunes that had threatened were coming on.

Meanwhile, Matilda did not sleep easy; her dreams were disturbed by the image of the surrounding perils. Without being able to dissipate her fears, it seemed to her she ought to be secure; and that the greatest of all injustice was to harbour a suspicion against Malek Adhel's honour. But, while she thus accused herself, that name involuntarily escaped her. The prince turned around, saw Matilda awake, and precipitated himself near her. "My beloved," said he, "is it anxiety disturbs your sleep?" "Yes," she replied, "but it appears to me now, that I ought no longer to feel disquietude."

Malek Adhel did not understand the meaning of these words; he only thought of the dangers of the desert; to shelter her from which, he would have freely given his life. "Alas!" said he, "I cannot share your security. To me, how truly frightful and terrible does the danger appear that threatens you! To adore you, to lose you, to feel all my courage useless to save you—this is my situation, these are the torments my love causes me! but, Matilda, you have no compassion on the pangs of my love."

The princess pressed her hands on her heart, and, raising her eyes to heaven, said, "O God! had I but deserved this reproach, I should not then appear so guilty before thee." The prince was going to answer, but she would not suffer it, and quitted the tent abruptly; the soldiers awoke, the men reloaded the camels, and the caravan proceeded in the same order as the day before.

Scarcely did the first rays of the sun break upon the horizon, when they perceived huge columns of sand, occasionally moving with prodigious rapidity, or advancing majestically slow. Soon the sun, on piercing through, gave them the appearance of real columns of fire, and the redness of the sky seemed to portend the arrival of the destructive sirocco wind. With the alarm of those awful presages, murmurs broke out aloud; several soldiers proposed to throw away the tent and part of the provisions, to fly the more swiftly. Dismayed by fanaticism and terror, the whole band soon declared that so many calamities were sent as a punishment for the extraordinary cares they were forced to bestow on a Christian; they even dared to avow that, if she remained any longer among them, Mahomed would sacrifice them on the merciless floating sands. At these insolent speeches, Malek Adhel, transported with fury, drew his sword, and looking at his soldiers with eyes sparkling with fire, "I swear," said he, "I will cut off the head of the first who shall dare to utter a single word against the Princess of England's sacred person!" The prince's action, his voice, his looks, intimidated all the soldiers; they remained silent, but not without reluctance, for it was less the fear of death than a fanatic superstition that rendered their submission so difficult. The scourges that threatened them seemed like a wholesome warning of the approaching chastisement which they could not hope to escape but with the immolation of some great victim to the wrath of Mahomed.

The next day, about noon, when the sun, surrounded with a red cloud, seemed embracing the whole earth to consume it with its fires, Matilda's camel wounded its leg against one of the rocks in the desert, and in a few moments the part swelled so prodigiously, that the animal became unable to proceed. The prince commanded that another should be prepared, upon which all their superstitious discontents again broke out, and with one voice the soldiers declared they would not obey. He shuddered at the idea of the outrages she might suffer; hence, taking his resolution instantly, he fell back a few paces, turned the point of his sword to the breast of his beloved, and exclaimed, "If this virgin must be sacrificed, I alone will strike her; but, on pulling this sword out of her heart, reeking with her blood, I will instantly plunge it into my own, and expire by her side, calling down the vengeance of the prophet on your guilty heads! and think not, despicable wretches, that he will leave your prince's death unpunished. No!—on the great day of judgment, you will all appear covered with that blood you have forced me to shed!" "No, no!" interrupted the soldiers, falling at his feet, "we will revere you to our latest breath. We only entreat you will sacrifice the infidel who makes you forget all your duties; scarcely shall her blood have stained the sands, when our swords shall be laid at your feet, that you may dispose of our lives at your pleasure." "O generous Adhel!" exclaimed Matilda, "do not expose your precious life for an unfortunate, who has but a few moments to live! I feel I am dying; your courage cannot save me! Ah! I entreat you, plunge your sword into my heart! it is my last prayer." As her pale lips closed, she sank down, unconscious, on the sand. The rebellious band drew nearer, and one among them cried, "Prince, we all swear to die for you; mount that camel, place yourself at our head, and leave the Christian to perish!" Decided by these words, they no longer hesitated on seeing the menacing looks of the prince, but left him the lame camel, the tent, three bladders full of water, some dried fruit, and departed with the three other camels, thus abandoning the prince and the virgin in the wilds of the horrid desert!

Matilda lay motionless on the sand; the prince saw her; and, while he feared a greater misfortune, with his vigorous arm he raised the tent, formed a shelter, and, placing the princess under it, employed part of the water left in recalling her to life; but it was not until the cool evening breeze that she revived and opened her languid eyes. Her first cry was for Adhel; "Where is he?" exclaimed she; "is he safe?" "He is here!" replied he; "he is near thee for ever!" Matilda raised her head, recalled her ideas, looked around her, saw only the prince, and added, with an expression of profound sorrow, "Are they gone, and without you!" "They have left me, Matilda, but I am not dismayed; do not be alarmed, my beloved; all hope is not yet flown. The other half of my soldiers are surely following us, with the few who remain of thy attendants; on these I can safely rely. Let us wait for them here till daylight; lest, during the darkness of the night, I should miss their track. If to-morrow, at dawn, they have not arrived, I will carry thee in my arms across the desert. The camel, though lame, will be able to follow us, and if, before night, we can but reach Mount Kaleil, we are safe. As our little band must pass over it in their way to Cairo, I will wait for them there; since we are sure to find a spring of pure water, dried fruits, and cool grottos, to shelter thee from the mid-day heat." Leaning against the tent, Matilda dejectedly surveyed the vast extent of the desert. Without daring to express her fears, or address aloud her prayers to heaven, she fell on her knees, melting into tears. The hero drew near, and took hold of her hand; "Matilda," said he, "hear me! We are alone in the world, together lost in these immense wilds; perhaps to-morrow's sun will bring us death, perhaps we may not behold another day; am I, O my beloved, to quit life without having been united to thee?"

Matilda heard no more; she arose, and the God she had been invoking infused into her whole countenance somewhat of his divine majesty. Standing before the prince who was prostrate at her feet, she said, "Malek Adhel, I love you! God has received in the tribunal of penitence this confession of my weakness; this confession, which assuredly should not have passed these lips, did not the near approach of death plead my excuse. Yes, Malek Adhel, I love you! and, were you a Christian, the whole world could offer me nothing in comparison! Were you a Christian, I would prefer this desert with you to all the grandeur the kings of the world could lay at my feet. Adhel, thy voice is very powerful over my heart, but that of a God who died for me speaks louder than thine! His orders, without doubt, have their full right to make me struggle against thy love; this it is that makes my glory, and which, in giving me strength, also gives me security.

As the princess spoke, her eyes raised to heaven, she seemed to have detached herself from the earth—and her deportment had acquired something so dignified and pure, that she at that moment appeared, in the eyes of Adhel, like the angel of the desert. He was affected, astonished. His soul was shaken—and he exclaimed, "Thou surely speakest true: God has revealed himself to thee. It is his inspirations thou breathest. Armed with his strength, thou defendest thyself. Thou art the living temple wherein he dwells. His truth is on thy lips—make it flow into my heart—imbue me with his light, and render me worthy of belonging to thee!"—"What do I hear!" exclaimed Matilda, joining her hands with an impassioned ardour, "will thy eyes open? Has God, in his infinite goodness, moved thy great soul! O! that it were true, that it were possible—then shouldest thou become the object of my everlasting love, and I would place my terrestrial happiness on thee!"

Thus broke out the flame the vestal had smothered in her chaste heart. The prince, at her feet, swore to live or die for her sake, and entreated her to bind herself by the same engagement. She paused awhile, then took hold of his hand, pressed it between her own, and said to him, "Art thou a Christian?" "Ah!" replied he, in a sort of passionate frenzy, "what dost thou ask of me? Art thou not the absolute mistress of my soul and will? Dost thou know what I am, and can I at present think of or wish but to adore thee, and to become thy husband? O! condescend to bestow that sweet name on me!—Name me thy husband, then, Matilda, in order that the title may give me more claims to the love of thy God!"

The princess was suddenly prevailed upon by that idea; she hoped in effect more successfully to open to Malek Adhel the way of salvation by uniting her soul with his, and flattered herself the name of husband would forward his conversion. Before she resolved, however, she invoked the Almighty, implored his assistance, laid her heart open before him—that heart so

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PART I. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 17, 1837. NO. 3.

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pure, that it durst not yield to love but when the voice of religion had joined with it, and which was going to pronounce the hymeneal vow only to acquire more means of calling the greatest hero in the world to the blessed light of salvation. "O thou Omnipotent and Omnipresent!" exclaimed she, in a supplicating voice. It was all she could articulate, for the vivacity of the sentiments that oppressed her exceeded by far the powers of human language. The prince, prostrate before her, begged of the unknown Deity he saw her imploring, to turn her heart to compassion. During their silent prayers, the moon was reflecting her glimmering light on the wide extent of the desert; no noise, no sound interrupted the stillness of the night; it seemed as if, in that calm and solitude, God ought more distinctly to hear the prayers of the soul that implored him, and that soul ought more perfectly to hear its own voice. The princess fancied she had heard it in her own heart, whispering that God himself commanded her to devote her whole life to the salvation of that hero who twice had offered to sacrifice his own. She dropped her hand into that of the prince, both raised them to heaven together; and, untying the relic that hung on her bosom, she placed it before the eyes of Malek Adhel, exclaiming, "Here, where all nature is silent, where all living creatures seem to sleep, speak to him at this solitary moment, O my Heavenly Father!"

Adhel started. There was something in the look and voice of the virgin that astonished his soul. It was more than love: and it created such emotions as he had never experienced before. Matilda guessed what he felt, and said, "And now that thou art worthy of being my husband, I swear never to have any other than thee! I swear it to that God who now fills, with his immensity and power, this desert, and thy heart." She ceased. Malek Adhel could not speak, he was so deeply oppressed with a sensation of inexpressible happiness and unknown sensibility! Matilda was his—Matilda was his *wife!* But, in calling God into the desert, in making Him the witness of their august union, in placing Him between her and Adhel, the virgin had surrounded herself with so much majesty, that, in presence of the veneration she inspired, passion became silent, every image of pleasure and voluptuousness was wholly effaced from the mind of Malek Adhel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The dawn was breaking over the east, and commencing that day, the end of which, perhaps, Malek Adhel was not to behold; but could he withhold blessing it, when it was hallowed by hearing him call Matilda his wife? That name, which he pronounced incessantly, did not alarm the virgin's modesty; for he had sworn to shut his eyes against her chaste beauties until the moment when the archbishop should consecrate their engagements; and she relied in full confidence on the faith of the husband to whom she had promised all, save the sacrifice of her innocence. Full of courage and joy, Malek Adhel prepared for the journey, flattering himself that they should reach Mount Kaleil in the evening, where he proposed to wait quietly for the caravan that followed them. But soon her languor increased, and she knew no longer where she was: she had ceased to perceive the sands that menaced, and the sun that scorched; her struggles, her remorse, her country, her marriage, all were blotted out of her remembrance. Her thoughts were lost in a void space; and at last, save the love that animated her, and the husband who pressed her in his arms, the whole world had vanished from her mind.

Meanwhile, after a few hours, she fancied the steps of him who carried her were slackening. A vague apprehension struck at her heart, and tore her away from the state of oblivion wherein she was plunged. She opened her eyes, looked at the prince, and was frightened at his extreme paleness, which soon increased on learning that the blood he was covered with proceeded from the rupture of a vessel in his chest. In vain he endeavoured to comfort her with the hope that Mount Kaleil was not far off, and that he should soon obtain relief. "No!" exclaimed Matilda, "let us die here!" Thus, in seeing the grave ready to engulf them both, Matilda took pleasure in a situation that allowed her to express, for the last time, all her passion. But the more she enlarged on this theme, the more it increased the desire of Malek Adhel to live. Supported by the princess, he stood up, and endeavoured to discover the bald and bluish top of Mount Kaleil. He called out—he implored heaven and earth—but nothing appeared: no answer was made. And his cries, lost on the wide waste, were not even regarded by the echo. Discouraged by this silence, and still more by the frightful space that secluded him from the world, he drew nearer to Matilda, sat down by her side, and resigned himself to die: while she, tenderly inclining towards him, with the most sorrowful expression, told him, that the hour when she could dare to love him without fear, would be the sweetest of her life, if he would promise to follow her into eternity. The prince looked at her, and that look conveyed an assurance that he would not quit her. "If thou wilt consent," added she, "God in a few moments will receive us both into his bosom." Malek Adhel pressed on his lips the relic he had received from Matilda, and answered, "I will follow thee every where; be lost, and perish with thee, rather than ever part with thee!" The virgin raised her eyes up to heaven with gratitude, laid one hand upon her heart, and gave her husband the other, in pronouncing these words, "For ever!" He replied the same. They looked at each other, and smiled again. By degrees their strength failed: their heavy eye-lids opened but with pain. They reclined, and leaned against each other. Darkness began to surround them. The coldness of the night began to chill their blood: another day was not to rise on them, and their last sun was setting in death!

Meanwhile, amidst the awful silence of these extensive wastes, afar, towards the east, a noise was heard. A sudden joy revived in the prince's soul, and he arose. He listened, and the noise increased: he distinguished the feet of camels, the neighing of a horse, and soon the voices of men. He clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, "Heaven's mercy has reached us! I hear the march of a caravan! We are saved!" "Ah!" replied the princess, with a feeble sigh, "but a few moments, and I shall have no more misfortunes to apprehend." "O my beloved, revive! happiness and life will be restored to us." While he advanced some paces towards the caravan, Matilda answered, "Alas! what greater happiness can I expect from the longest life, than that of dying with thee?" But the prince now attended less to what she said than the thought of her safety. In the men who were approaching, Malek Adhel recognised his soldiers. "Brave friends!" said he, pointing to the princess, save that illustrious unfortunate, who is dying! assist her—I cannot help you. My strength is exhausted. Were it not for this blessed meeting, I should not have beheld another sun." He said, and his warriors obeyed. Some removed Matilda on a camel, and others cooled the heat of the prince's lungs, by giving him milk. At last they reached Mount Kaleil, where they halted. And, in the hermit's forsaken grotto, Matilda during the whole night enjoyed a soft repose. The prince, too, on seeing her out of danger, ventured, at last, to taste the refreshment of sleep.

The next day they came in sight of the Pyramids, and soon after they distinguished the lofty towers of Cairo. On seeing Malek Adhel enter the city, the people, believing the report of the soldiers who had arrived two days before, and which stated that he had been massacred by the Bedouins, manifested their joy by loud and tumultuous acclamations. Soon they heard from the warriors who accompanied the prince, the vile perfidy of those who had betrayed him, and instantly hurried in crowds to the respective residence of these traitors, to crush them, and take revenge of the crime with which they were stained. Malek Adhel could not hinder a raging populace from giving him these sanguinary proofs of love; still less could he prevent them from breaking out into loud murmurs against the English princess. Not one Mussulman but accused her of being the cause of the disasters at Ptolemais, and the inaction wherein the prince remained. Such reproaches were just, and Malek Adhel felt them. Indeed, what could he hope from Saladin? Saladin, austere, religious, averse to love, would he be moved with his passion? would he listen to his excuses, or consent to give him a Christian bride? Thus the hero argued with himself; and, overcome by so many torments and uncertainties, his great soul was discouraged. Broken, indignant against his weakness, which he had not the courage to surmount, he was ready to hate equally his duty that reproached, his glory that summoned, and his love that fettered him!

CHAPTER XXVI.

Not many days had elapsed since the return from the desert, when, one morning, a young warrior, covered with a green armour, the viser down, alone, without any squire, and riding a jet black mare, appeared at the doors of the palace. On his arm he wore a buckler, representing a sinople field and a silver zodiac, in the middle of which was a compass, turning to the side of the Virgin, encircled with these words, "I seek her only!" On recognising him to be Montmorency, Matilda foresaw her fate was about to change, and it was less surprise than fear which forced from her a shriek, and tinged her face with a deep blush. Malek Adhel, struck with the same thought, felt his trouble augmented, on perceiving that Montmorency's shield bore a subject and a motto which told him that Matilda was the only object he came to seek at Cairo. After having considered him for some time in the silence of profound admiration, he said, "Conqueror of Ptolemais, whence thy audacity, and what ill genius has conducted thee into walls where thy name alone would be a sentence of death, from which all my authority could not save thee?" "Therefore it is to thee alone," replied Montmorency, "I entrust my name and intentions. Hear me; the moments are precious, and I cannot hasten too much to tell thee the motive of my visit.

"It was not until Metchoub's arrival at the Christian camp that he found he had brought back the Queen of England instead of the Princess. It was too late to detain her, and his fury knew no bounds. He broke out into loud complaints against you, prince: charged you with perfidy, and asserted that your conduct was less the effect of your love than of a desire to declare yourself independent of Saladin, and form an alliance with the Christians to mount the throne of Egypt. This opinion obtained credit in the camp, and the Christians rejoiced at it. Richard himself added faith to it, and entertained no doubt but that his sister's hand would be the price at which your arms were to be joined with ours. Still the advantage of such a union could not induce him to behold it with pleasure. Lusignan saw the princess in the island of Cyprus, and since that moment he has lost his heart. On the death of Sibylla, he opened his mind to Richard—and Richard, who sees in him a brother in arms, and his dearest friend, swore, that if his sister should ever renounce her profession, and consent to take a husband, he should be the prince. Philip Augustus, and the other sovereigns among the Crusaders, unanimously blamed Richard's obstinacy in favour of Lusignan. They declared that, far from refusing you the Princess Matilda, they ought to offer her to you as a wife, provided you would adopt our faith, and embrace our cause. Some knights declaimed loudly against such opinions, and maintained that no one had a right to dispose of the heart of the princess: that she was her own mistress, and that nothing could be decided respecting her fate until she had been consulted. I not only adopted the last opinion, but I also offered, at the head of several warriors, to seek the Princess Matilda wherever you might have concealed her, in order to learn her intentions, and shed our blood to execute them. A thousand warriors immediately entered under my command, and I should have had double that number, had not the general interest opposed it. Philip Augustus demanded

that I should be appointed commander of this noble troop—and Richard decorated us with the title of Knights of the Virgin. He commissioned me, my lord, to offer you any price you might require for the ransom of his sister. Moved by the prayers of the confederate princes, he added, that, were it true that you would adopt the Christian faith, and join our standard, he would obtain from the pope a dispensation from his oath, which consigned his sister to Lusignan only. And I, madam," continued he, addressing Matilda, "I have seized the joyful opportunity of coming hither only to declare to you, that my thousand warriors and myself will never suffer that any laws should be imposed upon you, under the name of political interests. Signify your will, therefore, madam, for there is not a sovereign but who is ready to offer you a throne—and not a knight," added he, with emotion, "but grieves at having none to offer!" "Montmorency," interrupted the prince, abruptly, "perhaps Matilda is no longer the mistress of her choice!"

Josselin started with surprise. The princess turned her head aside with a blush. But, during this moment of silence, a strange noise, heard in the next room, intimated that slaves were approaching. Uneasy on Montmorency's account, Malek Adhel ran eagerly to meet them. The first object he perceived was a young Arab, named Kaled—Kaled, one of his most devoted servants, and the bravest officer of Saladin's army. Astonished, he enquired why he had left the sultan. Kaled replied, "As I traveled the city in my way to the palace, I heard it reported that a Christian warrior was hidden therein: Lusignan, Richard, and Montmorency, were named. All three, thou knowest, are equally the prescribed objects of thy brother's and the people's hatred. Ere an instant, the furious populace threaten to force thy guard, and burst thy gates: nor is their fury the least of the dangers that threaten thee. The sultan," added he, in a lower voice, "thy brother, has himself prescribed thy head!" "Of all thou hast told me," replied Malek Adhel, "the last surprises me most, but alarms me least. My brother will know me some day. Come, Kaled, come," continued he; and he led him towards the apartment of the Princess Matilda, where he introduced him to Josselin. After some complimentary ceremonies had passed, Malek demanded of Kaled, what cause had so much kindled Saladin's wrath against him as to make him covet his death!

At these words, the princess screamed with terror. Without giving the prince time to calm her apprehensions, Kaled replied warmly, "What cause! Contemning thy brother's commands, hast thou not sent back the Queen of England to the Christian camp, and kept the sister of Richard near thee? And this at the very time when he sultan has just forgiven thee the fall of Ptolemais! In short, at this moment, while he is waiting for thee to renew the war, thou art here inactive!" "Has not the sultan long ago received the explanation of what thou askest?" exclaimed the prince; "has not the slave I despatched to him on my quitting Damietta, given my letters; and, after having read them, what doubt could he entertain of my fidelity?" "I know not," replied Kaled: "but I can affirm, that if he received thy apology, it did not pacify him. Some time ago the daughter of Amaury appeared before him, and related thy perfidies. Saladin refused to believe her. The regard he entertained for thy character silenced his suspicions, and he wanted evidence to change his opinion of thee. But the day when Metchoub appeared in his tent, with gloomy looks, his garments rent, and crying out, in a doleful voice, striking his forehead on the ground, that thou hadst deceived him—that thou wert a traitor! 'Metchoub,' exclaimed he, after a pause, 'away to Cairo! twelve thousand men shall follow thee. With their help thou wilt reduce the subjects whom the traitor Adhel has drawn into his rebellion. Seize the traitor himself, if it be possible! To conquer him, employ all means—all are laudable against traitors. Loaded with chains, thou wilt cause him to be led into the great market-place at Caire—and, before thou inflict death on him, abandon, under his own eyes, the Princess of England to the vilest populace.'" "Hold, Kaled, hold!" exclaimed Malek Adhel, with impetuousity: "No! so vile a design cannot have been conceived by Saladin!" "Since the sultan sees in thee a traitor," continued Kaled, "he is not the same. Gloomy, suspicious, corroded with cares, he sheds the gall of suspicion on all who surround him—and has ceased to believe in virtue, since he can no longer believe in thine. He makes a delight of thy pain, and affirms that all that thou shalt undergo will not equal the tortures he feels. In short, Metchoub's last orders are, not to appear again before him but with thy head in his hand." "O Saladin!" exclaimed the prince, "thou must be indeed unhappy, to have become so cruel! But, Kaled, tell me, knowest thou whether Metchoub's army is advancing towards Cairo?" "He leads his army with such rapidity," replied the Arab, "that I shall hardly have gained two days on him. The instant Saladin had issued his orders, I forgot all thy errors, saw thy perils only, and flew to prevent or share them with thee. On leaving the council of the emirs, I took a horse whose swiftness equals that of the winds, and in less than two days I reached the mountains of Khor—from whose summit I perceived afar, in the sandy plains which surround Ramah, the army of Metchoub making prodigious marches. I then redoubled my rapidity: my steed scarcely left the mark of his feet on the sand. But Metchoub is inflamed with such vindictive rancour against thee, that I should not wonder if he followed me close, and the next morning's sun beheld him encamped on the banks of the Nile. Take thy precautions, therefore, O Malek Adhel! for thou seest the sultan's orders are peremptory, and Metchoub will not soften them."

Sad and pensive Malek-Adhel remained silent, undetermined whether, by parting from Matilda, he could save her, or he had exposed but his own life by keeping her with him, neither Montmorency and his thousand warriors, nor Metchoub and his twelve thousand men, nor Saladin himself with all the forces of his kingdom, could have frightened him from his love: but his people and his soldiers, ready to shed all their blood in his defence, were also ready to mutiny, if he commanded them to protect Matilda. Drawing therefore near her, he took her hand—and placing it in Montmorency's, added, with profound emotion, "Conduct her to the Christian camp. It is to your loyalty, your valour, and your honour, Montmorency, that I confide the honour and the life of Malek Adhel's *wife!*" Josselin fell back with astonishment. His apprehensions had not gone so far—and he exclaimed, "The sister of Richard, a Christian princess, the future bride of the Lord—the wife of Malek Adhel!" He stopped. The virgin arose; and, turning on Montmorency her eyes bathed in tears, which so well expressed the grief of her soul, the modesty of her thoughts, and dignity of her rank, she said to him, "Montmorency, I am not the wife of Malek Adhel, for Malek Adhel is not yet a Christian, and none but a Christian can obtain my hand; but I have sworn to the prince, and I here renew the oath, never to belong to any other mortal than him!" "The brother of Saladin can never be a Christian," interrupted Kaled eagerly. "Hear me, Kaled!" replied Malek Adhel: "Thou hast more than once seen with what ardour I have defended the empire of Mahomed against that of Christ. But I was ignorant then that a virgin of sixteen could rise superior to all seductions—resist even those of her own heart, and fear death less than shame. I knew not," added he, looking at Josselin, "that a mortal filled with profound passion could chain his desires, silence his regrets, and become the defender of his rival. Such high virtues belong to Christians only! The law of Mahomed performs no such prodigies. They have moved me, I confess: and, if truth be any where, it must be in that religion which operates them. Meanwhile, though shaken, I am not yet converted, and never will adopt a faith, the first precept of which would be to make me a traitor to my brother and my country. My first engagements were to Saladin; and I will keep them to my latest breath. He may proscribe my head, but he shall not prevent me from devoting my life to his service. The torch of Mahomedanism sheds on my soul but a pale and glimmering light—that of Christ sheds none yet. But honour speaks to me like a Deity: let it therefore become my only religion and law. I admire the Christians, and will fight them. I adore Matilda, and submit to part with her. And could I only obtain her hand at the price of perfidy, I would resign it. Tell me, brave Montmorency, if thou sawest me by thy side, raising the sword on my country, and bathing my hands in my brother's blood, with what an eye wouldst thou behold me? Matilda, you look down—Montmorency, you fear to answer me. Christians as you are, you dare not tell me that your law commands and approves treason. O Matilda, were I to abandon all my duties to follow you, should I be worthy to call you mine? And, were I to break through all my oaths, should I deserve to receive yours? My beloved, in parting with thee, I part with every thing, save the hope of meeting thee again. To attain it, I will not count upon obstacles, but overcome them: for nothing on earth is impossible to Malek, except to become a traitor, or to live without thee! and now receive my parting blessing; for in one hour hence—"

He stopped. His tongue could not finish the sentence—and he turned aside for the second time. He feared, if he once more saw Matilda, he should not have the fortitude to suffer her departure. During that pause, the princess herself had been doubting whether she could resolve to quit the prince. She was not deficient in the knowledge of her duty, but the courage to submit. Hence, if the Deity did not vouchsafe her his assistance, she must remain with Malek Adhel: for, though reason may point out to us the road of virtue, religion alone can give us the strength to follow it.

In a silent prayer, the princess implored Him who governs all things, to save her from weakness of heart. The Saracen, who saw her struggles and hesitation, experienced a sort of frenzy which made him almost confident he could, by the prowess of his single arm, defend her against all the powers of the earth. Had Matilda uttered but a single word favourable to that hope, he would have embraced it, and perhaps she had not departed. That Power, however, which she had been so earnestly imploring, did not allow of her farther indecision: and now, convinced that it was time to resign the vain expectation of sublunary happiness, she shrouded her face with her veil, and in a feeble voice articulated, "I am ready to depart!" Her consent brought back Malek Adhel to the sight of truth, and of his desperate situation. "It is decided, then!" exclaimed he, and rushed out precipitately to give orders for the departure of the princess.

CHAPTER XXV.

In a few moments the prince had collected together all the Christians who were at Cairo: he supplied them with arms, spoke to them himself, recommended that they should leave the city separately, and meet at a certain place he mentioned near the ruins of Heliopolis: there they were to wait for him, and he promised to join them with the English princess and the unknown knight, whose name he feared even to tell the Christians. From the activity he displayed in all these preparations, the diligence with which his commands were executed, the impatient and anxious manner in which he pressed the departure, one would have thought he was forwarding his own happiness; ah! much more—it was Matilda's safety. Agitated, disordered, he returned to her. "All is ready," said he; "your women and your palanquins are waiting for you; you will go out secretly through one of the private doors of the palace; Kaled will conduct you." "O Malek Adhel!" replied she, rising, "I am going far away from you; but, before I leave you, will you not tell me what is to become of you, and in what manner you will escape Saladin's anger?" "I know not," replied he; "one only thought engages my attention; but that is not it. Ask me nothing more, Matilda; do not speak to me; spare my weakness; in the name of your own dear safety, depart; for I am not sure a minute hence of having the fortitude of suffering you to go.—Come Montmorency, thou art the most in danger here: I will not quit thee; follow me, we shall join the princess again at the end of the aqueduct, near the mountain of Mokathan:" he said, and led the hero away with him. At the door of the palace they found a numerous crowd, who seemed disposed to obstruct their passage. Montmorency had pulled down the visor of his helmet: Malek Adhel took off his own, and uncovered those majestic features and that high forehead which displayed the nobleness of his great soul. He waved his hand, commanded the people to disperse, and the people, astonished at his confidence, overcome by his ascendency, and too timid to resist a hero, obeyed, and dispersed instantly. The two warriors passed slowly through that multitude who trembled with rage on seeing themselves invincibly chained by the respect a great courage inspires: meanwhile, Malek Adhel was not free from alarms, for he feared for Montmorency; but Montmorency felt none,

for he had himself only to think of. Scarcely had they gone a little way when Malek Adhel said to him, "Thou hast just gone through a thousand deaths, and thy soul has not even been moved." The knight replied with a kind smile that "the Archbishop of Tyre might probably have told him there was some pride in passing so quietly." The prince answered warmly: "Montmorency, I will own, that, had I been able to perceive that thy courage was shaken by the dreadful destruction a raging people just threatened thee with, Matilda's innocence would not have seemed to me safe in thy keeping: for the man who is feeble before death, must be much more so before the passions." "Hear!" replied the Christian hero: "whatever be my secret sentiments, in confiding to me the bonds which unite thee with the princess, thou hast placed between her and me a barrier that even my desires could not pass. Were it true that I should be so unfortunate as to feed a hopeless love, I would confine it so deep within my heart, that Matilda could not discover it, and that I should die without even begging her compassion." Malek Adhel, more moved than jealous, on beholding a heroisim which he well felt he could not attain, was going to answer when he perceived Matilda's palanquin, and instantly went to meet her with Montmorency. They together followed their way along the banks of the Nile. Near the ruins of Heliopolis they found the Christians who according to the prince's orders had assembled in that place: the band halted. Then it was that Malek Adhel made Montmorency known to the Christians, and showed them their leader. All recognised him with respect and joy. After having received their promise of obedience, the Christian hero placed himself at the head of that band, having Matilda's palanquin on his left, and Malek Adhel on his right. Soon he conducted them towards the range of mountains that spread on the east. After some windings among torrents and steep precipices, he entered a wild and gloomy valley, where it was probably the first time since the creation of the world so many men had penetrated. The thousand warriors were waiting there for Montmorency. At the sight of the Christians clad in Turkish armour, they fancied that they were surprised, and prepared for action; but Josselin, advancing before, stopped them. "Fear nothing," said he to them: "I bring you, it is true, the most formidable support of the empire of the crescent; but he comes hither as a friend: he is alone, confiding to our honour in a manner as glorious for him as for us. He comes to entrust to our care the most valuable pledge that, next to the sepulchre of Christ, the Mahomedan arms ever conquered from ours: he restores us the Princess of England." At these words he was interrupted by cries of joy. All the knights surrounded the palanquin, bowing respectfully, and putting the points of their swords to the ground. Montmorency resumed: "After having paid your first homage to the sister of one of our greatest kings, will not your second be addressed to her deliverer, to that hero whose virtues and valour are equally admired and dreaded by the Christians—in short, to Malek Adhel." That great and awful name caused among the knights an emotion as lively as Matilda's had previously done, and Malek Adhel would undoubtedly have been moved with the honours that were paid him, had he been able, at such a moment, to feel any thing besides the grief of leaving Matilda. While Kaled was explaining to the Christians the road they were to follow to avoid meeting with Metchoub's army, the princess retired behind a rock, shaded by clumps of wild citron trees; the prince followed her. She endeavoured to pronounce a few words; her strength failed her, her breath grew short, and, in her disorder, she reclined her head on Malek Adhel's breast: he pressed her in his arms with passionate ardour, and said: "Swear to me, Matilda, that neither the will of the king thy brother, nor the solicitations of the Christians, nor even the orders of the head of thy church, shall prevail on thee to take another husband." "I swear it!" replied she, raising her face, drowned in tears: "thine, or God's!" Malek Adhel looked at her, shuddered, trembled; a burning sweat dropped from his forehead: a hundred times he had triumphed over death, now he could not triumph over himself; in vain did he seek for his courage in his heart—he only found his love there; and the hero, as he endeavoured to bid her a last farewell, could not suppress his sobs: he broke away, exclaiming, "Farewell, Matilda! for if I remain an instant longer, I shall depart with thee."—Quicker than lightning, he sprang on his steed: the Christians detained him. Informed by Montmorency of his quarrel with Saladin, they entreated him to join with them; they promised him honours, every happiness, the right of sitting between Richard and Philip Augustus, and the hand of Matilda; there was no kind of persuasion which they neglected. The sentiment, however, which pleaded most in their favour in Malek Adhel's mind was the following: Matilda, who saw the prince stopping, and heard the Christians, fell on her kness: she said nothing, but her tears were words, and Malek Adhel saw them. She begged; it depended on him to make her happy; he could do for her what she asked of God—he could fill her heart with boundless joy; he could yield, become a Christian, and her husband! Kaled, astonished at the silence he preserved, drew near him, and said indignantly, "Malek Adhel, dost thou hesitate!" He started, looked at his friend, and turning his horse's bridle instantly, without answering Montmorency, he flew away with rapidity: at sight of it, the prayer she had begun expired on the virgin's lips; she reclined her head, closed her eyes, and wished never to open them again.

Meanwhile, after some moments, Montmorency approached her respectfully, and asked her if she would proceed. "Let us go," said she, "now I have nothing more to leave." Sad and pensive, Josselin handed her into her palanquin: she covered her head, and reclined back. If her eyes shed no more tears, her distracted heart grieved severely; she did not, however, beg of God to take away her grief, for she did not wish to part with it. The grief that united itself thus closely to the remembrance of Malek Adhel was, at that moment, her only consolation, and the most valuable resource she had left.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When he got back to Cairo, Malek Adhel did not feed his grief by visiting those places where Matilda was no longer; it was not to weep her loss but to join her again that he was going to employ himself: the world had not obstacles enough to hinder him from catching again at the happiness he had just resigned; for events pass, but when the will remains firm and invariable, it always at last finds a favourable one. With that idea he had recovered all his strength, his heavy eyes all their fire, and the hero was himself again. Meanwhile, faithful and true as he remained to his brother, he would not suffer himself to be dragged like a slave before him: his great soul might condescend to adopt a voluntary submission, but it spurned at the idea of a forced one, and it was by other proofs that he wished to convince Saladin of his fidelity. He said but a word, and instantly his troops, scattered all around the city, concentrated into closer bodies. Ditches were made, walls constructed, intrenchments formed on all sides; for while the prince was resolved to defend himself against Metchoub, he had no intention to attack him. Never did man possess better than he all the great qualities requisite for the soldier: to an ardent valour he joined a consummate prudence; fighting like a private soldier, he remembered he was a chief, and, at the moment when he seemed the most engaged in wielding the lance or javelin, he ceased not to conduct and direct the army, which he still better protected by his knowledge and skill, than by the strength of his matchless arm.

The second day after Matilda's departure, the sentinels placed at the top of the towers informed the prince that they perceived at a distance in the plain, through clouds of dust, numerous battalions, the lances of which reflected the sun-beams; Malek Adhel assembled his troops and the people in the public place, and said to them: "Saladin thinks me a traitor, but I swear he is deceived, and will give him a proof of it; he sends Metchoub for my head—will you give it him?"—A cry of horror was heard, and Malek Adhel's eyes only met with looks that seemed to swear all around were ready to lose their lives in his service. Such lively testimonies of affection moved and surprised him, and made him know the extent of his power over them; but he could not be pleased with a power that would enable him to rule over all Egypt, and could not afford him the means of keeping Matilda near him—and, if at all times the hero would have scorned a usurped throne, how much more justly then must that ambition have appeared to him narrow, and insufficient to the vast desires of a soul that could only be filled with the boundless joys of love!

Malek Adhel was very sensible that in opposing an army to that of his brother, he was holding up the example of rebellion, and became guilty; but he was hurt at the silence which Saladin had preserved since the message he sent to him from Damietta; he was angry that a word from himself should not have had more weight over his brother's mind than all Metchoub's accusations; and, in short, he did not wish to submit until he had proved to the sultan that he might have commanded.

In the mean time, to avoid shedding Mussulmans' blood, he despatched a herald at arms to carry propositions of peace to Metchoub. Metchoub wondered to find that Malek Adhel, warned of his arrival, was already prepared to resist: he could not comprehend how the news had traveled so swiftly, but he saw too well that this circumstance would increase the difficulties of his enterprise;—Malek Adhel, surprised, would have sold his life dearly; warned of his approach, he will surely prove the victor. This obstacle did but increase Metchoub's animosity, and gave a new activity to his thirst of revenge; he could not, however, refuse to listen to the prince's proposals. Saladin might blame him one day for it.—Followed by some officers of his army, he advanced towards Cairo, and entered Malek Adhel's palace—he bowed according to the respect he owed his sovereign's brother. The prince made him a sign to sit down and after a pause began thus: "I know that Saladin has sent thee to Cairo with orders to inflict the most shameful treatment on the Princess of England, and bring back my head, neither of which shall be done; at the moment I am speaking, the Princess Matilda is very near the king, her brother, and the dispositions of my soldiers are such, that if I say but a word, this evening thy army will be no more. Believe me, then, Metchoub—return this very day back into Syria; go, and tell my brother what thou hast seen here; tell him that prudence would not allow thee to fight a battle in which thou couldst not be defeated without shame, nor triumph without regret; tell him that I am not ignorant that the Christians, masters of Ptolemais, are preparing to attack Cesarea; tell him that I am going there, and that, if he will come and meet me there, he will know his brother, and punish me if he chooses." "I know," replied Metchoub, "that if thy arm defend Cesarea, Cesarea will not fall; yet I cannot appear again before the sultan without giving him proofs of my obedience and thy submission." "And what proofs dost thou require?" asked the prince, proudly. "That thou surrender thyself my prisoner, and return a captive to Saladin's feet." "I thy prisoner!" replied Malek Adhel, with a sarcastic sneer; "with a single word thou wouldst presume to do what the Christians, with all their armies, have not been able to accomplish. No, Metchoub, that were too much glory, and thy hands are not destined to lay fetters on mine. Thou hast heard my offers, I have nothing more to add: if thou reject them, return instantly to thy camp, prepare for action, and we shall see, before the end of this day, which of us is to be prisoner."

Offended as he was with the arrogance of that threat, Metchoub was glad to find a pretence to accept the combat; he declared to the prince that, being charged by the sultan to make the rights and supreme majesty of the throne respected, he would perish in discharging his trust, and that he was going to arms. He said, and withdrew; but he had not yet reached his camp, before that Malek Adhel's dispositions were made in order to surround the enemy entirely; at one glance he had seen and arranged all. Scarcely did Metchoub's troops begin to move, when they saw themselves surrounded with enemies, and the intrepid Adhel rushed on them, his visor up, sword in hand, crying out, "Friends, companions of my labours, brave Mussulmans, with whom I conquered Jerusalem, you wish for my life, then?" On hearing that voice so dear to their hearts, and seeing that heroic countenance, that brow ever crowned by victory, all Metchoub's soldiers were in confusion; in vain he tried to rally them—they heard no more; some threw away their arms, others took to flight; the greater number went and ranged themselves under the colours of their ancient general. Metchoub remained alone, and that same evening, as Malek Adhel had foretold him, he was prisoner in Cairo and his army had vanished.

So easy a victory allowed the prince to grant some hours of rest to his troops; the next day's dawn beheld them all crowding around him in the great place at Cairo. He caused Metchoub to be brought before him,

and, in the presence of the soldiers and the people, he said: "Far from feeling any resentment at thy conduct, Metchoub, I applaud it: in obeying thy master's commands, thou hast followed thy duty. I will not deprive him any longer of the services of so good a subject; return to him: I restore thee thy liberty. Take back the soldiers who may wish to follow thee—they are free like thee: never shall Saladin's subjects be Malek Adhel's prisoners. Still, however, if I permit them to follow thee, thou must not oppose their marching with me to Cesarea, if they should prefer it; it is for them to choose between us."

He said, and Metchoub in vain looked around him for a single man that could make him amends for the desertion of all the rest; not one came forward, not one seemed to hesitate—he saw it, and trembled with rage. Thus, those numerous soldiers that he had brought to chastise a rebel had become the instruments of his triumph, and served but to raise the splendour of it; and he whom he hoped to be revenged upon forgave him. He was forced to go back alone, with shame, by those same roads which, some days before, were, as he thought, to lead him to victory. The prince saw his grief, and tried to soothe him thus: "Do not grieve, Metchoub; behold, in the conduct of thy men, the effect of their courage only! I spoke of fighting, and all have wished to follow me; hadst thou showed them the enemy, with thee they would have marched."

These generous words did not allay Metchoub's confusion: they, on the contrary, inflamed his resentment, by forcing him to gratitude: he hastened to quit the scene of his shame, and set off with some officers, who, moved with his situation, consented to escort him back. While he took the road to Kouroutba, Malek Adhel, adored by the soldiers he had just reclaimed, heard them congratulating each other on their change of leader; he read in their anxious looks the certainty of victory attached to the happiness of having him for their master, and he bestowed on such grateful confidence the only reward capable of acquitting him—he gave the order to march, and set off for Cesarea.

The inhabitants of that city did not behold, without alarm, the preparations of the Christians, who threatened their walls. Frightened by the example of Ptolemais, they saw in its fall their approaching destiny, and, in order to obtain a better capitulation, they had resolved to submit to the victors as soon as they should appear under their ramparts. But on a sudden an army appeared, disorder and confusion prevailed in the city, and the people exclaimed: "The Christians, the Christians are coming!" The people and their chiefs, struck with dismay, proposed to open their gates to the enemy. Meanwhile, at the moment when the chains were creaking under the hands of the soldiers who were lowering the drawbridges, the standard of the crescent was recognised; soon they learnt it was Malek Adhel, who was advancing with the intention of defending the city, and instantly that name made as many brave men of all those cowards who were preparing to surrender; they were determined to bury themselves under their ruins, and reckoned the honour of a noble death much above the shame of a long life; so true is it, that the sight of a hero revives all who surround him, banishes all pusillanimous fears, and inspires noble sentiments. The people of Cesarea went out in crowds through the city gates, and marched forward to meet their deliverer with acclamations of joy; all would touch his garments—kiss his victorious hands. The blessing bestowed on him mounted up to heaven; they named him the protector of Cesarea, the saviour of the empire. The intoxication his presence caused broke out in the warmest transports; he saw it and grieved; for he felt that love can only be repaid with love, and that he would not be deserving of that people's tenderness if he denied them his own. "Alas! Matilda," said he to himself, "this is the people whom thy law would force me to abandon, and whose blood perhaps it would force me to shed!" Overcome by that idea, which deprived him of all hope, in showing him the extent of his duties, he fell into a deep melancholy—still he did not receive less kindly, nor less gratefully, the lively effusions of those who came forward to meet him; he entered Cesarea amidst the noise of general acclamations; some strewed flowers, others kissed the ground where he walked: the chiefs of the city brought him the keys, and seemed much happier to give him up the government, than they had been to receive it. His first care was to make his soldiers rest; the second, to go and visit the fortifications, and enquire after the means of defence. His indefatigable activity had soon examined every detail; then only did he consent to retire under the pretence of taking a few hours' sleep, but, in fact, to think of that concern the nearest to his heart, though honour had triumphed over it.

He called Kaled—"Kaled," said he, "I am in want of a friend that would expose his life to serve me, and thee have I chosen." "All thy people would envy me this glorious preference," answered Kaled, "but none can deserve it better than I:—speak, I am ready, all my blood is thine."—"Leave Cesarea to-night, advance towards the Christian camp; endeavour to make thy way into it; enquire if the English princess is arrived. Kaled, I own it, until I know her safe, the wound her departure has made in my heart will not close. If thou couldst see her, but how can I hope it? they will not permit thee. Yet, if thou shouldst be found out, treated like a spy by the Christians—if thy life be in danger, demand to be introduced to the princess; she will soon recognise my friend, and will take good care that no harm be done to him." "I understand thee," replied Kaled, "and I promise thee that prudence shall not so much guide my steps as to prevent my being brought before the woman thou lovest; rest assured I will not return hither without having seen her." The prince, moved at these words, pressed him in his arms; Kaled bowed respectfully, and said; "Now let me die, I have received my reward;" "O friendship!" exclaimed Malek Adhel, "how sweet thy tears, how great thy sentiments!" "Thou seest that heaven above our heads," replied Kaled; "ah! the friendship of such a man as thou raises my heart even much higher. Great prince, remain always what thou art, the support of this empire, of which thou mightest be the master. Submitting to thy brother, leave him the power, and reign by love: carry the arms of Saladin to the confines of the world, and be sure that, throughout the extent of his vast dominions, if every thing is done by his commands, nothing will be done but in thy name." "Kaled," replied the prince, sorrowfully, "what sayest thou? have I ever envied my brother's power? has the splendour of a throne tempted me? was it to ascend it that I took up arms? Ah! far from being moved by these wretched advantages, I weep that I am so near to them: in a more obscure condition I might follow the weaknesses of my heart without having to fear the reproaches of my sovereign, my country, and my conscience. When love, in distress, urged me to abandon my brother, and urged me in vain, what canst thou fear from ambition?" "Pardon me," answered Kaled, "that I formed such a suspicion; others may have formed it too, for but few men can understand the great things that move thy heart, or believe that he who could do all wishes for nothing.—But enough; night is coming on, I am going; depend on my zeal. If I am destined no more to meet thee on this earth, we will meet again in a better world, and there, if thou wilt but say, 'Kaled, I am satisfied with thee,' Kaled will have nothing more to ask of Mahomed." As he finished these words, he did not wait for Malek Adhel's answer: he went away, happy in having found an opportunity of proving his attachment to his master; while the prince, seeing himself the object of such ardent and pure zeal, shed happier tears, and the mild satisfaction friendship had infused into his soul cooled for a short time the devouring flames of passion: he tasted some instants of tranquil sleep, the first since Matilda's departure, and he owed that comfort to the beneficent cares of friendship.

But while repose had thus approached him, what confusion prevailed in Saladin's court! What rage corroded the heart of Agnes! In his way back, Metchoub had met her advancing towards Cairo, at the head of a numerous band of Mussulmans: she was coming to assist in the prince's defeat, and enjoy the punishment inflicted on her rival; but on hearing Malek Adhel was the conqueror, and Matilda safe, she would have died with grief and rage, had not Metchoub given her hopes of being able, by a rapid march, to overtake and punish the Princess of England, before she could reach the Christian camp. Agnes heard no more: jealousy and revenge supplied her with wings, and, followed by the soldiers she commanded, she took the road to Ptolemais. Metchoub proceeded, arrived, told the sultan that his brother had openly raised the standard of rebellion, and was master of all Egypt; that, seduced by his lavish bounty, the twelve thousand men sent to reduce him had passed over to his side; that, not satisfied with ruling in Africa, he was marching towards Cesarea, there to conclude his alliance with the Christians, and, at the head of these united forces, challenge the whole empire of the crescent.

Pale and motionless, Saladin listened, in silence, to that distressing account; but scarcely had Metchoub ceased to speak, when he no longer repressed his rage, and dreadful screams broke out from him. Never had he experienced such anguish, or received such insults; his most faithful soldiers had betrayed him, left him for the sake of the traitor to whom he had given his heart and the half of his empire. Wretched prince! wounded in thy most sensible parts—pride and friendship, thou breathest revenge, and no longer on the Christians alone longest to make it fall. They are no longer the foes thou fearest and hatest the most: it seems to thee, thou hast no other enemy on earth but Malek Adhel: for his blood alone thou thirstest. The fall of Ptolemais is nothing to thee; thou thinkest only of the defence of Cesarea, and it imports to thee but little that the Christians should triumph over thy empire, provided the perfidious friend, who betrayed thee, perish by thy own hand.

Saladin left his tent, assembled his army, walked among the ranks, vomited dreadful imprecations against those who should refuse to curse the perfidy of Malek Adhel, and of the troops that abandoned Metchoub. "Cesarea, Cesarea!" exclaimed he, "thou shalt witness my vengeance: it shall be dreadful, like the crime. Mahomed, thou whose faith the perfidious Adhel has deserted, assist me to strike down the wretch. Let all those who have offended us share the effects of our wrath; let the sword of God tear their souls from their bodies, and abandon them in the dust; let the fields be strewed with them as with autumn leaves; let our swords drink their blood to intoxication; let the lions of war mangle them with the teeth of victory! I will stand up on my steed to pass the river of blood; and, when I see the traitor Adhel breathing his last, I will tell him—Thou who knowest so well how Saladin could love, learn also how terribly he can punish!"

He said, and the whole army, moved with his grief, fired with his wrath, shared in his indignation. Thousands of swords were brandished in the air; raving screams were heard; on all sides broke out these exclamations—"Cesarea, Cesarea, Cesarea!"—"Yes, there we will find the traitor; thither we must march instantly," exclaimed the sultan. His troops were ready in a moment. Saladin left his camp, which he first took care to fortify against all attack; he gave Metchoub the command of the van, placed himself in the centre, advanced quickly, and broke through his gloomy silence only to repeat, with a raging and formidable voice, "Cesarea! Cesarea!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

The sentiment Matilda had inspired, that which she experienced, had enlightened her innocence in the various languages of love; and, though Montmorency's only expressed itself by his silence, she could not help understanding it, but could not, at the same time, refrain from admiring the fortitude with which he confined it within the bounds of the most profound respect. Sad and pensive, he rode some distance from her palanquin; and if she spoke to him, he answered her as briefly as possible; once only, as she was talking to him about Berengere, and the joy she must have experienced on seeing her lord again, he answered, "Ah! madam, for those who know and love you, can there be any joy far from you?" After these few words, which made the princess blush, and which she left unanswered, he remained silent; and fearing he had said too much, he atoned for his fault by speaking to her still less.

In the mean time, they approached Palestine: Askelon and Ramah they had left far behind them; and soon the lofty hills that surrounded Ptolemais were on the point of appearing, when a considerable detachment of Turkish soldiers presented themselves at a distance. The advantage of numbers must have given them great confidence; but, had they known that Montmorency commanded the Christians, perhaps with twice their force, they would not have deemed themselves strong enough.

Josselin, perceiving the enemy riding full speed upon him, hesitated what resolution he should adopt. He

wished, according to his usual practice, to have sprung to meet them; but he would not leave the princess, for it was her particularly he was to defend. Thus the hero, who until that day had never seen himself attacked first, and never calculated the number of his enemies till he had vanquished them, for the first time in his life counted them, waited for their attack, and all the efforts of his courage were employed in tempering his valour. The other knights followed his example; ranged round the princess, they contented themselves with remaining on the defensive. On seeing them still, and disposed to shun the engagement, the astonished Mussulmans asked each other whether they were really Christians; if they seemed so by their arms, they contradicted their appearance by their conduct. That sort of terror the Mussulmans supposed them to be under inspired them with a rash confidence: they advanced precipitately, persuaded that it required no great efforts to conquer an enemy who seemed afraid; but, on a sudden, their first line was broken by the arm of Montmorency. He likewise rushed through the second, and the third. His blows were so well aimed that they all took effect, and so swift, that the Mussulmans fell without knowing the hand which struck them. Meanwhile, at the sight of the hero's high deportment and proud countenance, the name of Montmorency flew through the ranks, and that formidable sound inspired so much terror, that Malek Adhel's name alone could have revived their courage. Though dispersed, a single warrior resisted still: all his fury seemed directed against the palanquin that contained the princess. He approached, and darted his javelin; the javelin flew, pierced through the wood, and struck the arm of the princess. The blood flowed; at the sight of it, Montmorency, fired with rage, rushed on the sacrilegious warrior. This last, whom the numbers of the Christians had not dismayed, trembled before Montmorency, for he saw death in his looks. He spurred his courser, and flew away: led him through a thousand windings, and slackened his rapidity only when at a distance from the Christians. Josselin sprang after, and struck him with his mighty arm. The valour of his adversary astonished him, but he soon triumphed over it; victory had never waited for Montmorency; his enemy was on the ground; he raised his arm, and was going to despatch him.—"Strike, Montmorency!" exclaimed the warrior in a feeble voice; "plunge thy dagger into a woman's breast!" At the name of woman, the French hero stopped. He doubted what he heard, for she had resisted with a soldier's might; but, in cutting the ligaments that fastened the helmet, he recognised a woman's delicate features and long hair; and, although he perceived the Mussulmans rallying, honour would not allow him to go away before he had offered his assistance to his fair antagonist; but scarcely had Agnes risen from the ground, when she took up her lance and her buckler, and renewed the fight. Montmorency parried her blows, but gave none. Meanwhile the Turks approached.—"Come to me, subjects of Saladin," exclaimed Agnes, "and Montmorency is yours!" She said, and Josselin was surrounded. Disengaged then from his pursuit, the daughter of Amaury set off to join the Christians, and satiate her vengeance. Montmorency saw her design, and trembled for Matilda. He raised his mighty sword, dispersed the crowd of enemies that surrounded him, broke through the ranks of the Mussulmans, and rushed after Agnes; this last, enraged on seeing him free, turned round, and aimed dreadful blows at him. The hero hesitated; if he overcame Agnes, he would be sure to escape the Saracens, and join the Christians; but he feared death less than the shame of shedding a woman's blood. With a firm courage, he therefore devoted himself; waited for the Mussulmans, and fought at the same time against Agnes and an army. Would he not have lived enough, if he could in dying save Matilda and the Christians! and heard he not his ancestors crying from their graves, "what imported life provided honour remained?" and was not a Montmorency to count for lost all the days glory had not filled up!

This heroic resolution revived a new ardour in his breast. Agnes wondered, and began to think him matchless. Seeing him struggling with thousands, the inequality of the engagement disturbed her: she felt something like remorse, and would have ranged on his side, had she not beheld in him the champion of Matilda. Meanwhile the hero heaped up victims, the Turks were falling back before him; but the Saracens returned to the charge, surrounded him on all sides; in vain Josselin mowed down heads; his enemies seemed not to diminish, soon his body was covered with wounds, his cuirass with blood, and his sword broke in a Mussulman's breast—he tore out the stump, and, weakened by the loss of blood, fell on his knees and fought still, and the prodigies of his expiring strength eclipsed the high deeds of his glorious life.

But the Christians had missed their chief; they dispersed in quest of him; at last they discovered the enemy, and, without speaking a word to each other, flew to encounter them. The fierce Agnes tried to stop them; they threw her down, and went on: among heaps of dead bodies they beheld Montmorency on one knee on the ground, yet keeping off the Saracens with the stump of his sword, while his horse, expiring by his side, seemed to lament he could no longer assist his master.

The Saracens flew at the sight of the Christians, and led Agnes away with them; but alas! it was too late. Josselin, drowned in his blood, covered with the shades of death, reclined his head, and closed his eyes; the Christians took him up in their arms, and carried him to the field where their companions defended Matilda; there they untied his armour, and perceived with terror that the whole point of a lance yet remained in his breast. One of his attendants examined his wounds, and did not despair of his cure if he could extract the pike; he made some efforts, the pain of which recalled Montmorency to his senses, and he opened his eyes; all his friends were grieving around him: at a little distance, Matilda, pale, dismayed, was intermixing her tears with the juice of herbs, which she squeezed to prepare the first dressing. Montmorency saw her, and entreated her to approach; she came, her face bathed in tears, and all her features bearing the marks of profound sorrow. She held out her hand to the hero; he pressed it to his lips, uttered some words in a low voice, and added afterwards, "She alone shall know my secret; I will not carry it entire to the grave." Matilda's sobs increased; she wished to speak, and could only articulate in a heart-broken voice, "O magnanimous hero, are you to be taken from us!—Am I to cost *you* your life!" "Ah! my fate is better than I could hope: I die in your presence, but I must have lived far from you." His attendant interrupted him; he wished to try to extricate the piece of steel; Montmorency stopped him: "Waste but a moment," said he; "my life will probably quit me with this steel, and I have need yet of a few minutes of existence." He then lowered his voice, and said to the princess, "Before the throne of divine mercy, where I am going to appear, I shall pray for Malek Adhel's conversion; may he become a Christian! may you be happy! These are my last wishes. One day you will tell him of them, and both together shed some tears to my memory: I shall behold your happiness, and not be jealous of it, for envy is not to be found in heaven." The princess, much affected, fell on her knees, exclaiming, "O thou most generous of men! if the Christians lose you, what will become of their army! What will become of me, when the whole camp, in dismay, will call me to account for your life, reproach me with your death, and deplore daily the interrupted work of the conquest of Jerusalem, which your arm alone could achieve!" At these words, the grief of the knights broke out universally. One exclaimed, "O holy temple! remain in the dust, for Montmorency will not raise thee." Another said, "Blooming flower, thou hast fallen before thy time, and yet in thy bud thou hast left all glories much below thine." With a feeble and inarticulate voice Josselin replied, "If it be true that a little glory has illustrated my early years—if honour were my law, and religion my guide—if I die true to my engagements, and the God of my fathers—my fame will not expire in my grave; it will live in the breasts of heroes, and perhaps, madam, in yours." "Always!" said Matilda, placing Josselin's hand on her heart, and raising her eyes to heaven, to call it to witness her sincerity. "Now," continued he, "let no remorse disturb your fair destinies, for I owe you more happiness from that single word than the whole world could have offered me without you." Then turning to the Christians, "Noble and generous friends," said he, "if you do not see too much pride in the request, you will raise my tomb before Ptolemais, so that it may be trodden on to approach its ramparts; perhaps the infidels will not dare to pass it." "We swear it, illustrious knight," exclaimed the knights, unanimously; "if we should have the misfortune to lose thee, thy tomb, raised opposite the superb city thou hast conquered, will serve as a shield to protect it, and from thy grave thou wilt defend us still." Josselin smiled with gratitude; then, placing his hand on his breast, he looked at his squire, and said, "Is it not this steel that makes thee uneasy, and that thou wishest to extract?" "Yes," replied the squire, "and may my hand not tremble in the operation!" "If thou want only a firm and steady hand," replied his master, "mine will not tremble;" and, tearing out instantly the steel that lay in his bosom, he added, "when we receive it in defence of religion and innocence, it does not harm." But that sudden and violent effort, joined to those he had made to speak, made his blood flow again copiously, and exhausted his little remaining strength; his pale lips murmured a last farewell, and then closed for ever! His eyes were no more to behold the light; his cold hands lay lifeless by; his blood coagulated and stopped; the tears of gratitude and friendship bathed but an inanimate corpse, and the soul of a hero had taken its flight.

The princess enfolded her head in a mourning veil, and heaved deep sighs: so many sorrows threatened to break her heart. Still she recalled some strength, in order to pay her duties to the remains of the great man whose death she had caused; they had laid him out on a funeral bed, constructed hastily with the colours and lances his arm had taken from the infidels in this last action: his beauteous head had reclined on one side, and his jet black hair seemed to shine with an additional gloss on his pale and cold brow. All the knights, with dejected looks, tears in their eyes, and their pikes reversed, wept the irreparable loss, and a leader who left Malek Adhel matchless on the earth. Followed by all her women, the princess approached the hero's couch, shed valuable perfumes on his hair, crowned them with flowers, and threw over his cold remains a black crape bathed in her tears; then, kneeling down with all her attendants, they sang one of those sacred hymns that seem destined to attend the souls of mortals from the terrestrial to the heavenly abode, where the choir of angels receive and conduct it to the Almighty's feet.

After having employed the remainder of the day in paying the funeral honours, the knights proceeded on the next towards Ptolemais: they approached the camp sorrowfully; for, though they were bringing back the English princess, they had lost her deliverer, and though Richard was going to bless them for his sister's return, the lamentations of Philip Augustus were sure to haunt them by incessantly asking, "What is become of Montmorency? what have you done with my hero?"

Soon, from the Crusaders' camp, they recognised the brilliant motto on the shields of the Knights of the Virgin: Richard and Lusignan rushed forward to meet them. Philip Augustus followed: Berengere regretted that the dignity of her sex and rank did not allow her to attend them, and know a moment sooner whether she was to behold her sister again. The Archbishop of Tyre, at the foot of the altar, waited, in pious anxiety, for the instant when he should learn whether he was to offer up to God his humble resignation on the absence of Matilda, or thanks and blessings for her return.

Enguerrand of Fiennes was the first knight the two kings met with; his sorrowful deportment made them shudder. Richard exclaimed, "The infidels have detained my sister?" "The English princess is returning with us," replied Enguerrand; "in a few moments she will be in the arms of her brother." "How! she follows you?" exclaimed Lusignan; "you have snatched that glorious prize from the infidels, and profound sorrow seems imprinted on your countenance!" Enguerrand made no reply, and cast sorrowful looks towards the earth. The two kings, astonished at his silence, preserved it also, not daring to interrogate the warrior on a misfortune, the extent of which they could easily guess, since the joy of Matilda's return could not make him forget it: meanwhile, they sought within themselves what might be the greatest misfortune that could befall the Christians, not having any longer the taking of Jerusalem to dread, and they thought of Montmorency's death. That fear struck them both at the same moment; it made the intrepid Richard change colour. Lusignan, envious of any glory that eclipsed his own, was less affected at the loss, and preserved the strength to utter the great name of Montmorency. Enguerrand put one

knee on the ground, with one hand pointing to the advancing procession, and with the other to heaven: Richard remained motionless. In vain did he begin to distinguish his sister's palanquin; he did not draw near, feeling no longer, at such a moment, the strength of being happy; but, on perceiving Philip Augustus, he exclaimed, "O sire, was it with tears I was to announce to you my sister's return? Assuredly I hold her very dear, but I would not have paid for her release the price it costs us." Philip Augustus that instant perceived the young Matilda advancing slowly towards her brother, and a little farther off a bier covered with a pall, bearing the coat of arms of Montmorency. He shuddered—staggered; his grief was too poignant to allow him to salute the princess; without taking any notice of her, he retired into his tent, there to hide his regrets and tears. Matilda received sorrowfully the embraces of her brother: that bier, on which the greatest of heroes was lying, seemed to follow her only to damp with tears the joy of her return. She entered the camp, meeting none but dejected and sorrowful looks, which durst not even admire her beauty, when they beheld by her side the end of all that was illustrious on the earth, and the cold remains of glory.

The next day, with great pomp, they celebrated the funeral obsequies: the various nations assembled in the camp were all present at the ceremony: all had tied a funeral scarf round their colours. But one in particular resembled no other, and less by the lilies displayed on their banners were the French recognised, than by the profound grief that appeared on their countenances; they wept in Montmorency not only a hero snatched away at the flower of his age, whose valour was the firmest bulwark of the faith, but a hero whose glory reflected on them too, and gave their nation a preponderance they must lose with him. They walked slowly, their arms reversed; while at their head Philip Augustus, deeply engaged in thought, was already preparing to quit that ill-fated land which had swallowed up the object of his fondest hopes, and whose rising exploits had already reflected so much of splendour on his reign.

Matilda appeared at the ceremony; she had quitted her religious habit to put on a long mourning robe; a black gauze veil covered her head, and her golden hair appeared through the transparent tissue. Pale, sad, and timid, but handsomer from this cause, men wondered to see so young a beauty shedding so many tears; hence she might have been taken for the morning flower on which, in a fine spring dawn, the dew had dropped its tears.

The old knights admired in the melancholy of her looks a sort of purity which commanded their respect; and the young ones felt their hearts disturbed by the mixture of sensibility they perceived in them.

At the distance of half a league from Ptolemais, at the foot of a little eminence, and the entrance of a grove of sycamores, the remains of Montmorency were deposited. They covered his tomb with the numberless spoils of his last victory, and, at the sight of so many banners, shields, and armours, taken from the infidels by one hand only, and in a single engagement, those who best knew that nothing was impossible for the valour of Montmorency, yet wondered, and asked each other, "How did he perish, he who could thus overturn whole armies?" Philip Augustus drew near the grave, placed the point of his sword in it, and said, "Brave and dear Montmorency, I would give the half of my kingdom to redeem thy life—I would give the other half to revenge thy fall! Perish the infidels who have murdered thee by opposing the whole of their united forces to the single might of thy arm! let them to the last die to appease thy shade! O ye, who surround me, Christians of all nations, swear with me to spare no Mussulman; and you, madam," continued he, addressing Matilda, who was prostrate near the grave, "you who can send up wishes only, but whose wishes must be received by the Almighty like those of angels, entreat that his thunder may immolate, to your deliverer, the greatest and most illustrious among the empire of the crescent!" "Sire," replied the virgin, raising on him her eyes drowned in tears, "there never was a more noble and generous soul than Montmorency's; allow me, therefore, not to form other wishes than his, and to ask of God only to fulfil those the hero is addressing to him at this moment." She said, and the recollection of Montmorency's last words in behalf of Malek Adhel increased her emotion, and gave her prayers such a look of fervour, that Philip Augustus, and almost every one present, entertained no doubt that in weeping Montmorency she wept more than the hero.

The day had elapsed, the kings retired, the crowd returned to the camp and to Ptolemais; but the priests remained near the grave. The night put no stop to their prayers. Religion yet consoles the cold remains the world has forgotten; religion will never cease to weep over those the world is going to forget. Constant, invariable, religion remains when all passes, outlives time, transient sentiments, and vain friendships, and by that august character distinguishes herself from all that is human, shows us its source, and teaches us that, amidst terrestrial things, she alone is not of this earth.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Berengere was impatient to talk of her benefactor, and hear whether Matilda had always remained indifferent to his professions: she was not long before she began to enquire. Scarcely had she pronounced the name of Malek Adhel, when the emotion of the princess became visible, but she made no answer: the queen insisted, and in order to obtain her sister's confidence, s. owed her a heart where too much indulgence prevailed; she went so far as to say, that were she in her place, her choice would soon be made. Matilda blushed at being so fully discovered, and perhaps she would have confessed all her secret wishes to the queen, had she not been afraid they would reach the ear of Richard; but, although she loved and honoured her brother, she feared him too much to endure the thought of his ever becoming the confidant of her weakness.

After a long pause, with eyes downcast and a blush, she said to the queen, "Since your departure from Damietta, I have experienced from Malek Adhel proofs of such pure, delicate, and ardent affection, that I must have had a very ungrateful heart, had I not been moved by them; I have been affected, therefore, deeply too; perhaps too much so, the prelate will tell me; and it is only after I have been with him, sister, that I shall be sure my gratitude has not gone too far, and that I may speak of it to you without a blush."

O candour of early years! then thou art altered, and already has the fatal influence of passion tarnished thy pure lustre! Alas! the princess knew well that her gratitude had gone too far; she had not forgotten her promise to Malek Adhel never to belong to any but him; her choice was then fixed, and the queen was not wrong in her conjecture—but how could she venture to tell her so? and to own that the object of her affection knew also that her choice was made?

In considering all she had to own, the virgin began to grow alarmed at what she had done. How could she compose her mind to show herself to the Archbishop of Tyre so different from what she was on her arrival in Egypt—he who had then seen her seized, at the sight of a Mussulman, with that holy terror which a Christian soul experiences at the idea of a demon! What would he say, on finding she was united with that same Mussulman by the most tender bonds heaven and earth ever established among mankind! Alas! when Malek Adhel was entreating at her feet that she would become his, she thought then she did very little in giving him a mere promise only; but now she had to reveal it, she began to feel its importance and temerity. Without doubt, on recollection of the past, and of the dreadful scenes in the desert, she did not find herself very guilty; but the prelate could neither see those particulars nor those scenes, or at least he would see them very differently. Yet she was so humble, she feared so little to accuse herself, she would hear his reproaches with so much meekness, that surely it was not pride that kept her back. Ah! could she but be certain that the archbishop's first order would not be to banish from her so dear an idea, if she could hope he would permit her still to love—free from that fear, no other should hinder her: the archbishop would already have read in her heart, he would know what Malek Adhel was to her, and, were he to blame her, she would shun him no more, since talking of her repentance was but talking of her love. But she knew the prelate's prudence and severity; accustomed to submit to his commands, she knew not how she could resist them: but, if he ordered her to banish her tenderness, she knew still less how to obey. Tormented by this uncertainty, she shunned the opportunities of being alone with him, and, spite of the voice of her conscience, she delayed still a conversation which he seemed desirous of; the better to succeed, she lived less retired, appeared abroad more, and scarcely ever left the queen.

Since Berengere's return to the camp, she had kept a brilliant and numerous court, where all who were most illustrious among the sovereigns and knights deemed it an honour to be introduced: there Matilda appeared, and from that moment all the beauties who adorned the court became but beauties of the second rank. Matilda eclipsed them all, and obtained universal homage.

She was no longer that severe virgin who shunned the eyes of men. I mentioned the secret motive that made her avoid solitude, and that difference of conduct gave rise to an idea that she would give up the project of religious engagements; besides, the sentiment she harboured in her heart giving her deportment something more interesting, the respect she used to inspire formerly gave way to more lively sentiments. No longer did men see in her a saint destined for heaven, but a woman created for the happiness and ornament of the world, and they began to love her because they suspected she might be loved.

The King of Naples, Bohemond of Antioch, Raymond of Tripoli, the Duke of Athens, and above all the King of Jerusalem, exhausted all their cares to attract her attention. When the bustle of war allowed them to breathe, the camp exhibited the sight of tournaments and other festivals, of which the English princess was the object, and all those noble rivals wished for victory only to receive the rewards of valour and skill from so fair a hand. But amidst so many homages, Matilda distinguished none: she carried every where a settled sorrow that was only dispelled in the company of the old Count Hugh of Tiberiad. Hugh had been for many years a prisoner in Saladin's court; he knew Malek Adhel, and had fastened the spurs and bestowed the arms of knights on the prince. Hugh loved him for his valour, his generosity, and all those virtues that made him an accomplished prince. He owed him his liberty, that of his numerous family, and his treasures, which Adhel had caused to be restored to him; therefore, he never spoke of his benefactor but with a fire and an enthusiasm which accounted for the pleasure Matilda found in hearing him. The same cause which made her prefer Count Hugh's company, led her to assist at the tournaments. There Malek Adhel's name was often repeated, for the Saracens approached without fear during the time of truce, and often entered the lists with the Christians under the walls of Ptolemais: the two champions proceeded to blows after having harangued each other, and the vanquished was made a prisoner of war or redeemed. Familiarity thus crept in among them, and became such at last, that the Christians often danced to the sound of Arabian instruments, and sang in their turns to the dance of the Arabs. This extreme liberty supplied the princess with opportunities of talking of Malek Adhel, and enquiring for news of him; but her hopes were always deceived: all the Saracens she spoke to, less anxious than her about the prince's fate, were no better informed of it.

One day, however, at one of the most brilliant fêtes that had yet been given since her return, on a sudden, at the entrance of the camp, an Arab appeared mounted on a superb courser; his deportment was noble and lofty, and the visor of his helmet down. He proposed to break a lance with the two first champions who would do him that honour, and asked, as the price of his victory, the privilege of paying his respects to the English princess, and retire afterwards without being known. The challenge was accepted, and Matilda requested to make choice among the Christians of those who should fight the infidel: a secret instinct made her select the weakest warriors, and at her voice the Prince of Galilea and the Count of Jaffa came to enter the lists. The Arab ran round the course, came back upon them, broke the lance of the first, threw down the other, and approached on his prancing steed the balcony where Matilda sat, scarcely able to contain the emotion of her heart at the sight of the unknown, as if she had a presentiment whom he had come from. Lusignan, who was standing by her, grew indignant at the facility of the Arab's victory, and disposed himself to go and fight him in his turn; but Matilda prevented it. "Sire,"

said she, "the conditions of the combat are fulfilled; a new race would be an infringement, and honour will not allow it." Lusignan stopped, impatient of being detained, and particularly by the princess; meanwhile, all the witnesses came into Matilda's opinion, and agreed the victor ought to obtain the price of his triumph. The Arab then gave his steed into the care of the camp equerries, and, ascending the steps that led up to Matilda's balcony, he bent one knee on the ground, bowed very low, kissed the border of her robe, and rising again said in a low voice, "Malek Adhel has conquered Saladin's army at Cairo; he is now in Cesarea: he sends me to you, for he could not live in the uncertainty of your fate—I am Kaled." On hearing these words, the virgin blushed—was disturbed; she tried to speak, but her voice failed her, and the Arab was already far off when she recovered herself. The joy at what she had just heard, the regret at having given no answer, agitated her so violently, that all eyes were fixed upon her. The queen smiled, and took hold of her hand: the archbishop looked at her sternly; Richard came, and asked her, "Sister, has that infidel told you his name?" "If he had done so, sire," replied she, with inexpressible confusion, "and had requested of me to preserve it secret, should I be free to tell it you?" "As your brother and your king, I might perhaps demand it," replied Richard. "But as the most gallant knight in the world, you will not ask it," interrupted Philip Augustus, eagerly; "and who here can wonder that the most beautiful person in the world should receive the homage of all the nations in the universe?" Richard smiled, and turning round to his sister, whose embarrassment augmented more and more, he said, "Why do you colour thus, Matilda? Such timidity might be suitable when, on leaving your convent, the world and men appeared before you for the first time; but now that you have crossed the ocean and the deserts; that the greatest heroes have laid down their lives at your feet; that our enemies themselves, vanquished by your charms, bring their homage even into our camp, and that the King of France, on seeing you so handsome, finds their temerity excusable; you must assume a little more confidence, and better endure the looks you know so well how to attract."

This discourse was not likely to diminish Matilda's emotion. Unable to answer her brother, she was casting on the queen a supplicating glance, seemingly entreating her to come to her assistance. Berengere understood her, and rising instantly, said she was going to retire; the princess took hold of her hand, and followed her. Lusignan begged of Richard permission to attend them to the cars that were to take them back to Ptolemais; he obtained this with ease, and, offering the princess his arm, said in a low voice, "Now, madam, that the conditions of the combat are fulfilled, may I not, without infringing on the laws of honour, and risking your displeasure, attack the happy unknown, whose victory I envy much less than the interest he seemed to inspire you with?" "Sire," replied the princess, with some pride, "my brother himself has not dared to say I showed any interest; he only spoke of my embarrassment. As to the unknown knight, if you can overtake him, I have no right to hinder you from trying his prowess." "I will overtake him, madam, and triumph over him, were he Malek Adhel himself!" Matilda looked at him with an air of doubt, and he added angrily, "Does your highness think him invincible, then?" "It seems to me," replied she, smiling, "that, till this day, it is the only reproach the Christians ever had to make him."

As she finished these words, she entered into the queen's car. Lusignan, now alone, reflected on the tone in which she had pronounced the name of Malek Adhel, and from that moment he began to think that Montmorency's death had not freed him of the most formidable of his rivals. Love and ambition made him wish to obtain the hand of Matilda; Richard loved him well, and had promised to support his rights: but that was not enough; it required that Richard should love him well enough to force his sister to give him her hand; because, once personally interested in his cause, he would encounter all obstacles to restore the throne of Jerusalem to him he had named his brother. Lusignan felt that this alliance gave him the only chance of reconquering his kingdom, and he shuddered at the idea of the offers which had been made to Malek Adhel; not but that his friendship would prove of invaluable advantage to the Christians, while it would be death to all his hopes, and therefore he only looked upon it as the greatest of all calamities. Thus tormented by his uneasiness, he walked alone and pensive on the shore, seeking by what means he could prevail on Richard. He did not speak to him of his grief; he left to his looks that care, and avoided with affectation the world and its pleasures, to conceal himself in gloomy and solitary places. Richard grew alarmed at the change; he went to meet his brother in arms, and enquired the cause of his silence. "My friend is unhappy," said he to him, "and my friend leaves me!" Lusignan sighed, and gave him to understand that delicacy forbade his imparting his grief to him alone who had a right to dispel it. The brave Richard demanded a sincere confession; and Lusignan, as if overcome by the power of friendship, named Matilda, and fell at the king's feet. "Come to my arms, my brother!" exclaimed Richard; "long ago has my heart given thee that title; my sister's hand shall confirm it." "August monarch," replied Lusignan, "you whose great heart is incapable of weakness, will you understand the weakness of mine? I owe you every thing; you have made me triumph over a proud rival; you are to restore me my crown; but, unless to so many favours you join the hand of Matilda, leave me to my fate, for glory and my kingdom would not console me for her loss!" On hearing these words, Richard interrupted him abruptly, reproaching him with the doubt he seemed to entertain of his sincerity, and pledged himself, before the year had revolved, to place both Jerusalem and Matilda in his possession. Lusignan's heart leaped with joy: he received the king's engagement, and still said, "You who can do every thing, illustrious monarch, can you dispose of Matilda's heart?" "If it be yet free," replied Richard, "she will let me direct her choice, and I am pretty certain no one has engaged her affections already." "In the soul of a virgin, secrets of such a nature are hidden so deep," resumed Lusignan, "that it is very difficult to penetrate into them." Richard engaged he should succeed; nor did he think he promised too much; for, accustomed as he was to see all bend before him, he fancied, as soon as he should desire it, Matilda would unveil to him her inmost thoughts.

On the same day, Richard, being alone in the princess's apartment, with the queen and the Archbishop of Tyre, spoke to her in these words.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Sister, when on the day of great Montmorency's obsequies, I saw you put on a mourning habit, I applauded your conduct, and approved that mark of public regard to the memory of your deliverer; but if you prolong these signs of sorrow, the world might be led to think there was something more than gratitude in your regrets." "Should it be thought so, sire," replied she, "I will quit them this very day, and resume my humble habit." "No, it is not this you are to adopt now," interrupted he warmly; "but the time is come to have an explanation with you on that point.

"Since your arrival in the camp, I have observed you appear abroad without reluctance, and even that you seem to neglect a little those pious exercises which formerly engaged the whole of your time; this change, I own, has given me the hope of seeing you renounce your intended profession; not but I respect the vocation you are going to embrace, but the virtues of a young person of your rank ought to shine in a higher sphere, and your destinies call you rather to mount a throne than to live in retirement. I see here a crowd of princes, striving to approach you; your hand is the object of all their wishes; among them the King of Jerusalem ranks the first; but neither his merit, nor the friendship I bear him, seems to move you, and your indifference is the same to all. I know that at Damietta your pride did not satisfy itself; the archbishop and the queen have both told me, that the rare and brilliant qualities of Prince Adhel did not hinder your rejecting his addresses with the coldest disdain. Is, then, your heart inaccessible, sister, and can you love no one?" "What, then," replied Matilda, blushing, "does your majesty reproach me with my indifference? Would you have approved my not rejecting a Mussulman's proffered love?" "Had the merit of Saladin's brother made some impression on you," replied Richard, gravely, "I should have been but little surprised, and not much afflicted; certain that your reason and piety would easily have triumphed over such an inclination. I might have hoped that, if an infidel had succeeded to move your heart, a Christian prince, honoured with my friendship, introduced and recommended by me, would have been still more successful." "And, perhaps, your hopes might have been deceived," replied Matilda, with some emotion; "I know not what fate heaven has reserved for my lot; but, if it were possible I should ever make a choice, it would be in vain to attempt to make me forget it. I have not a heart that can love twice." "If you are endowed with so much constancy," replied the king, smiling, "I ought to thank heaven for your indifference to Malek Adhel; for, most assuredly, whatever be my tenderness for you, I would rather see you deprived of life, than partial to that Mussulman. But speak to me sincerely, my sister; is it true that, among the princes and knights who surround you, none have appeared to you amiable enough to induce you to give up the cloister?" "No," replied Matilda, "Not one has produced that effect." "Thus you still persist in the design of consecrating yourself to God?" At that question the princess's countenance was tinged with a deep blush; she cast her eyes to the ground, and remained silent. "You make no answer, Matilda, and seem at a loss: if it is not your partiality to a religious life that makes you averse to marriage, what can be your motive?" Instead of answering, Matilda wiped, in silence, two or three tears that were stealing down her cheeks, in spite of herself. The king then added: "I see that a strange secret oppresses your heart; I do not ask the confession of it from your mouth, for I respect a virgin's modesty; but, accustomed to open your mind freely to the holy prelate who is listening to us, and I imagine already acquainted with the sentiment that affects you, I beg you will allow him to inform me." "Since her highness's return, sire," replied the prelate, gravely, "she has not once condescended to send for me; and her inward dispositions are no better known to me than to your majesty!" "What do I hear!" exclaimed Richard with surprise; "after her long exile among the infidels, the pious Matilda had nothing to tell you—that her first care, on arriving hither, has not been to prepare herself to receive the bread of life? She, who formerly thought herself guilty when she passed a single week without asking absolution for faults that an angel would not have had to blush at?" "The princess, since her return," answered the prelate, "has regularly attended all our ceremonies, but she has not participated of any." "Can I believe what you tell me?" interrupted the king; "what, then, can be the cause of such a change? You are silent still, Matilda, and your looks, full of confusion, dare not raise themselves on me; but that same confusion, and those tears stealing down your cheeks, inform me that the time of repentance is come, and that you will no longer preserve a silence, which, if it lasted, might give rise to strange suspicions. I leave you with the good prelate; speak to him, my sister; and may he learn nothing that should alter the tenderness I have always shown for you, and make me repent the consent I gave to your journey to Palestine!" These last words were pronounced in so stern a voice, that Matilda was frightened: Berengere offered to draw near to console her, but Richard would not suffer it; and taking the queen with him, he left the Archbishop of Tyre tête-à-tête with Matilda.

Scarcely were they alone, when, with downcast eyes and a faltering voice, she said to him: "I know not, my father, what suspicions the king has conceived, nor whether you share in them too——" "Daughter," interrupted the prelate," what do you mean by this? Is it not enough to remain silent thus? would you wish to deceive me? But do not flatter yourself to succeed; I know you; I have read in that heart full of weakness, in that heart which you would not close against me were I not to find guilt there, in that heart that has forgotten its God to give itself up to an infidel!" "My father," said Matilda, much disturbed, "that infidel is he who has restored the queen to her husband, who has broken my chains and yours, and whose virtues, admired throughout the East, have often been admired by the Christians and yourself too." "Yes, my daughter, I know all that," answered the archbishop: "I know Malek Adhel, and I know what trials I left you exposed to; it required, undoubtedly, a great share of virtue to withstand them; I thought you capable of it. I daily addressed prayers to the Almighty in your favour, and I hoped to see you

again only to hail your glorious triumph. God has not deemed it proper to give me so great a joy: you see, daughter, the tears my error cost me; they can never dry up." "O my father," exclaimed the princess, moved to the last degree on seeing tears flowing in abundance down the venerable face of the prelate, "your words pierce my soul; without doubt I have been guilty, but, if you knew what strange trials I have endured, if you knew the dangers Malek Adhel has saved me from, and the sacrifices he has made, perhaps compassion would succeed contempt." "I do not despise you, my daughter, for I know the Almighty does not call all his creatures to victory, but he opens to all the way of repentance: if you have been like those who only believe for a time, and withdraw as soon as the hour of temptation is at hand, detest your weakness, grieve, and return to your God; your heart, swollen by the storms of passion, will grow calm in his bosom, and there alone will find that peace it would seek in vain in the love of a creature." Matilda knelt down before the archbishop, and, hiding in her hands her face bathed in tears and flushed with confusion, said, "My father, deign to hear me—it is time the terrible secret that consumes me should unburthen itself in your breast; but what terms shall I employ for such a confession! how can I tell you that a promise solemnly sworn, secret bonds, nay duty even, bind me to Malek Adhel!" She said, and bent her humble brow on the prelate's knees. "My God!" exclaimed he, "what bitterness didst thou reserve for my old age! That proud and chaste Matilda—that virgin, the model of virgins, has been a Mussulman's prey!" "What do you say, my father?" interrupted the princess eagerly. "I am not so guilty but that your suspicions may offend me yet; in the dreary waste of the desert, where I was abandoned with Malek Adhel, where he had just made a sacrifice of his life for me, where I remained alone with him, I have loved, I have promised! —these are all my crimes. My father, I thought no more to see the land of the living, death was hovering round our heads, Malek Adhel was expiring by my side; in giving him the name of *husband*, he consented to take that of *Christian*, to follow me before the Almighty's throne!" "Merciful God, confirm my hope!" exclaimed the prelate in a loud voice: "my daughter, you can still look on heaven without blushing!" "My father, I think I can," replied the princess modestly. "Fall on your knees, my daughter," interrupted the archbishop for the second time, "and adore the goodness that has saved you." Matilda prostrated herself, blessing God, but blessing Malek Adhel also; for it was as much to his respect, she thought, she owed her salvation, as to the strength the Almighty had given her. Still there was in that sentiment something too tender to venture to let it appear before the archbishop, and escape the lips of a virgin; it remained, therefore, whole within her heart, without her modesty even allowing her to see too near all the love it contained.

After a pause, the prelate said to her: "My daughter, repeat those extraordinary words; and say, when did Malek become a Christian?" "At the moment when he thought he was dying, my father." "And, on recovering, has he abjured the light?" "Had you been near him, my father, had your eloquence opened to him the source of divine grace, had he been told that the faith of Christ did not oblige him to betray his country —but I, a timid, ignorant creature, what could I say to him? Meanwhile, the Almighty knows it, how much the hope of making a Christian of him has influenced me, and given strength to my tenderness." "If, through my cares, I could ever see the word of life descend and thrive in the soul of that prince," exclaimed the prelate, "I would ask of God no other glory and comfort than to bless your nuptials and to die." "My father," said she then, with an interesting confusion, "if Malek Adhel were a Christian, would you permit me to love him?" "I would, undoubtedly," replied he vehemently, "and employ all my zeal to induce Richard to permit you, also." "And why should it require all your zeal to induce him? My brother is the enemy of error only, and not of Malek Adhel's person." "That prince has often been the object of the king's admiration; but, were he a Christian, perhaps he would hesitate about giving him your hand, for he has almost engaged it already." "Engaged it!" interrupted the princess eagerly; then she went on with that calmness security gives: "My father, that rash promise does not alarm me much, for my heart belongs to me alone; none have the right to dispose of it, and I swear it shall never belong to any one but God or Malek Adhel! If God speak, I will obey; but obey him only! he alone can take me from the hero to whom I owe every thing; man never shall!" The archbishop looked at her with surprise, for her manner had a stamp of resolution and firmness he did not think her capable of; meanwhile, on recollection of the situations she must have been in with Malek Adhel, he thought there must be great sources of resistance in her soul, and that, having to oppose against men and circumstances the same courage she had displayed against love, they must expect to find her immovable. After a long pause, the prelate said to her, "Daughter, with the heart you bear, and the temper of Richard, if Malek Adhel do not embrace our faith, great misfortunes must ultimately assail you." "Great, indeed," replied she, "if he do not change his faith! Except that, which would destroy him for ever, I can bear all others." "My child," said the archbishop, with that ardent charity that made his distinctive character, and towards which he had turned all his passions, "if in the sincerity of your soul you think you can form some hopes of the prince's conversion, do not delay to inform me; I will go, and through all obstacles bring this great work to perfection." "My father, it is true that Malek Adhel has refused to follow me hither; but, when I parted from him at Cairo, Saladin threatened, and he was going to fight him." "Malek Adhel fight Saladin!" exclaimed the archbishop: "O unexpected miracle! O Providence, these are thy works!" "My father, he was resolved upon fighting," continued the princess, "I know he has fought, conquered, and that now he is in Cesarea." "Daughter," replied the archbishop, "you will tell me some day what invincible power acquaints you with his actions, and how long since this strange intelligence has reached you: now I must hasten to reveal it to our chiefs! it may turn to advantage for our arms!" "Are you going to discover all to the king?" enquired Matilda with emotion. "Shall I be forced to blush at a sentiment he will probably disapprove? Yet, my father, if you think I have deserved that shame, I am ready to encounter it." "No, my daughter, you deserve none," replied the prelate, looking at her with kindness: "if you have evinced some weakness, you have also obtained great victories. I will show you to Richard such as you are, such as you will be always; he shall learn that, moved with the virtues of a great prince, thankful for the dangers he saved you from, seduced particularly by the hope of bringing him over to the true faith, you have given way to a sentiment of preference, but such a sentiment as virtue does not blush at, as your sex's dignity is not offended at, and as religion can always triumph over."

He said, and quitting the princess, went into the king's apartment.

CHAPTER XXX.

On his entrance, the archbishop found Richard with the King of Jerusalem and the Duke of Burgundy, to whom he was speaking with much vehemence. As soon as he perceived the prelate, he turned to him, observing that the French army had lost its chief, and that Philip Augustus had sailed for Europe, leaving the Duke of Burgundy to fill his place. The archbishop knew it already, the King of France had entrusted him with the secret; for such was the influence of his high virtues that the most powerful monarchs consulted him in all their undertakings, and sought his approbation before they thought them just. Meanwhile, Richard was uneasy at the departure of his young and brilliant rival; he feared his ambition, and suspected him of intending to carry his arms over to England during his absence. The prelate rejected a doubt so injurious in the following terms: "With his courage and power he might indeed do much; but he will never undertake that which is not great and magnanimous. Let us, therefore, allow him to go and quell the disturbances which prevail in his vast kingdom, and, instead of accusing, let us rather pity him, that he will not behold Jerusalem. A new favour of Providence seems to open the way before us. The two lions who defended it are at war; Saladin and Malek Adhel are no longer united; their armies have fought at Cairo; that of the sultan has been defeated. His brother, after having conquered, has shut himself up in Cesarea; and, if we trust to appearances, it is not with a view to defend that city against us, but to assist us in defending it against his brother." These words caused a vast surprise in the minds of the two kings and the duke, and this last exclaimed, "that the time was come to send an embassy to Malek Adhel, and offer him any terms he might prescribe." Lusignan spoke loudly against this opinion. "Was it not clear that the hand of the Princess Matilda would be the first price he would demand; and was an infidel's alliance of so much importance that, to obtain it, they should sacrifice what they held most valuable?" "If you recollect that infidel is Malek Adhel," replied the Duke of Burgundy, "I defy you to imagine any thing more fortunate for our cause than to see him embrace it; and as to the sacrifice, if I venture to speak my mind, I do not think the princess would think it one." "Do you suspect my sister of having had the weakness of loving a Mussulman?" exclaimed Richard, angrily. "Would it be one, sire," said the prelate, "to have acknowledged Malek Adhel's great virtues? to have wished to bring him over to your cause, in opening his eyes to the light of Christianity? and if, in return for so noble a conquest, your sister had promised her hand"—"My sister cannot have promised her hand," interrupted Richard with anger; "she knows too well her duties and my rights, to have engaged herself thus. I alone dispose of her, and have done it already. Had she persisted in her religious engagements, I should not have interfered between heaven and her; but, since she has given them up, Lusignan shall be her husband, and she shall have no other!" At these words the Duke of Burgundy ventured to represent to the king, how fatal that resolution might prove to the Christian interest. "It would be so much so, sire," exclaimed he, "that if Malek Adhel embrace our faith and demand your sister, you will see the whole council of princes, the whole camp, all Christendom, entreating you to consent to the most advantageous alliance the princess can possibly form for the interest of the faith; and you will not resist it." "And why should not the king resist?" exclaimed Lusignan loudly. "Has he not around him warriors whose valour equals that of Malek Adhel, and can we not conquer without that Mussulman? Ah! could but my own ardour animate the whole camp, with what scorn should we not reject the assistance of an infidel, and show him how little occasion we have for it!" "Lusignan," said the archbishop sternly, "is it not enough to have lost a kingdom, to temper your swelling pride, and keep you within the bounds of humility? Is it not enough for interests merely terrestrial to have fostered in the camp that bloody quarrel which threatened the cause of heaven with ruin? Is it not enough to have been confirmed in a title and a dignity that you perhaps did not deserve, since you had suffered yourself to be stripped of it? Must you force the King of England to keep a promise so contrary to the interests of the faith, and which you would be very guilty not to disengage him from this very instant?" "My father," exclaimed Richard with impetuosity, "are you not going beyond what your functions allow—and does it become you to establish yourself a judge between Lusignan and me?" "It becomes me," resumed the archbishop, in a grave and commanding tone, "to defend religion against whoever would hurt her cause; it becomes me to support innocence and weakness against whoever would oppress them; and if in public I never deviated yet from the respect due to crowned heads, who are like the images of God on earth, it becomes me in private to speak to them as men—men unfortunately replete with weakness and errors, and who too often refuse to know and hear the voice of that God whom they represent. To you, Richard, I venture to declare, that if abusing your title of monarch and brother, you should tyrannise over the heart of the Princess Matilda, I will take up her defence against you! and you, Lusignan, if the interest of a blind passion should close your eyes against greater ones; if, forcing Richard to keep the promise his imprudent friendship made you, you should induce him to reject an alliance that might be the means of restoring the whole city to us one day sooner; know that my duty will force me to declare you unworthy to rule over it, and that I never yet betrayed my duty!" As he finished these words the prelate bowed to the two kings and withdrew.

"What signify the rashness of his zeal and his obstinate prejudices!" exclaimed Lusignan; "what avail his vain menaces and those of the united council! All

that would not appal me in the least, were I secure of your resolutions." Richard replied, with a sort of indignation, "Do you mistrust my word, then?" Seeing him offended, Lusignan threw himself into his arms, and said, "Pardon thy brother; pity him! judge of his love by his fault, and do not punish him for having doubted thy faith." "No more of that," replied Richard; "other concerns call us. Malek Adhel is at Cesarea; let us ascertain his intentions; if they be such as we are told, if it be true that he has rebelled against Saladin, in marching part of our troops, they will be able to surround the enemy, take advantage of their guard, and open the road of victory to our whole army."

The Duke of Burgundy approved the resolution, and Lusignan not daring to oppose it, in less than an hour the council was summoned. Richard spoke the first; he laid before the princes the events which had taken place at Cairo, and did not conceal the hope they had of bringing over Malek Adhel to the Christian cause; he wanted to add his own opinion in that respect, but that now was not possible. The hope he had just infused spread a joy through the council that wanted to display itself, and with a unanimous voice they exclaimed, that no price was too great to purchase the advantage of such an auxiliary! The bishops, supported by the pope's legate, maintained, that Malek Adhel's conversion being of infinitely more importance to the Christians than the conquest of several kingdoms, whoever should oppose the granting of any conditions that prince might demand, ought to be looked upon as criminal before God and man. On hearing this, Lusignan arose angrily, and replied, that it was a shame that Christians should seem to attach to an infidel's conversion the gain of the sacred cause they had taken up. "What, then," exclaimed he, "do we rely so little on God and our own courage, that we dare not hope for victory, unless Malek Adhel be with us? And are we so degenerate as not to find in our army heroes equal to him? Montmorency is no more, it is true; but Richard is living yet. If Philip Augustus has left us, the Duke of Burgundy remains; and you, illustrious Count de St. Paul, you, Esmengard of Aass, you, noble chief of the Knights of Hospitality, you who never retired before an enemy, do you not blush to see Christians raising the valour of an infidel above yours, and granting to his protection what they would perhaps deny to your zeal? In short, I will demand of you all, young and brave heroes, who have sworn to defend beauty in distress at the expense of your lives, to be commanded at last by a Mussulman, will you suffer that the Princess of England should be sacrificed to him?" He could not proceed: from all parts of the assembly, the princes who were aspiring to Matilda's hand, arose indignantly, exclaiming, "that they never would permit her to become the prey of an infidel!" The Archbishop of Tyre then made a sign that he was going to speak, and respect sealed every tongue. "It seems to me," said he, "that the King of Jerusalem has ill understood, and still worse interpreted, the intentions of the party who, in this meeting, have pronounced in favour of Malek Adhel. God forbid that we should wish to see Christians commanded by an infidel, or wish to offer the august Princess of Britain such a husband: but Malek Adhel is no longer an infidel. From a foe as he was, he becomes the strongest champion of our sacred enterprise; and, raised by the glory of baptism far above the splendour of his birth, he becomes deserving of all the rewards we can possibly bestow upon him. Meanwhile, if the hand of the princess should be what he demands, I hear it exclaimed on all sides that she ought not to be sacrificed; no, surely she ought not; but is not the advantage of Christianity the first wish of that virtuous and chaste princess? All that religion can require of her, religion will obtain; and I am the first to specify that, if Malek Adhel were to demand her hand, it should be granted only with her own free consent."

The council assented unanimously. And on that occasion, as well as every other, the moment the prelate had done speaking, all seemed of the same opinion.

"Now," said the Duke of Burgundy, "our first care ought to be, to send part of our troops to Cesarea to ascertain Malek Adhel's real intentions; the second, to elect the chief who shall lead them—and such an honour would undoubtedly be warmly disputed, if it were possible, in the absence of Philip Augustus, to bestow it on any other than Richard."

He said, and suddenly the acclamations of the assembly announced the joy such an illustrious choice inspired. Lusignan demanded to follow the King of England to Cesarea; but his wishes met with the strongest opposition. It was said that, the camp being likely to be attacked by Saladin's army, during the absence of Richard, Lusignan ought to remain to defend it. The prelate supported that opinion, and the Christians never adopted one contrary to his advice.

Proud, and rejoiced at the mark of esteem and confidence he had just received from all the Christian princes, Richard would not delay his departure for a single day. He announced that in a few hours he should be far away from Ptolemais, and then proceeded to the camp to select the soldiers he wished to take. He talked to them, communicated his projects, exalted the glory they would reap from the conquest of Cesarea, and hinted to them the hope of being assisted in the enterprise by Malek Adhel himself. The whole army exclaimed, that there was no longer any enemy to combat, any city capable of making resistance, if Malek Adhel left the Mussulmans. Richard wondered at the impression the news had produced: it raised Malek Adhel's glory so high that his own pride was wounded. His chief hope was to be looked upon as the greatest captain of the age. In disputing with him that title, Philip Augustus had incurred his aversion, and was he to yield to a Saracen that pre-eminence he would not grant the monarch of the first Christian empire? The troops he was going to lead had testified less joy and confidence at having him for their chief, than at having no longer Malek Adhel for their enemy. That thought filled his heart with bitterness; and from that day the engagements his friendship had contracted with Lusignan were sealed with his aversion against Malek Adhel. His heart oppressed, he returned to his tent to put on his armour. While the tender Berengere was helping him on with it, and bathing it with her tears, he broke out into menaces against Malek Adhel. The queen supposed they proceeded from an apprehension of being vanquished by the prince; and, in endeavouring to soothe him, she irritated him the more. She recounted the hero's kind cares, and described all the advantages attached to the hope of seeing him embrace the Christian cause. She said, in fine, that, were he to remain true to Saladin, and to prove the victor, she should feel no uneasiness, as he had promised to spare her husband's life. At this word, the king expressed his anger and scorn. To be spared by Malek Adhel, seemed to him a mortal insult. And, unable to contain his anger, he replied to the queen, that, if he heard another word in the prince's favour, he should be led to suppose she had not been with him blamelessly! Shocked at what she heard, Berengere found no expression to justify herself from such an aspersion; and Richard, ashamed at having cast it, but too angry to repent, passed into Matilda's apartment, bearing with him the regret of a fault which was to him a new ground of hatred against Malek Adhel.

He found his sister kneeling before her crucifix, plunged in deep meditations. She raised her head, and started on beholding the armed warrior, whom she did not immediately recognise. The king stopped at some distance, and said gloomily, "Sister, I am setting off for Cesarea. I am going to surprise the city—perhaps to take possession of it. I am told the prince who commands there is disposed to assist us. I am farther told, and from you probably the archbishop has received the intelligence, that he has already raised the standard of rebellion at Cairo. I will not decide whether that conduct be dictated by a sense of honour—and whether religion ought to pride herself on a conquest she obtains from love, and from a traitor. I will not consider how you might receive the addresses of a prince who could only unite himself to you by breaking through the ties of blood and of his country: all this imports me but little. The only objects deserving of my attention are the triumph of the cross, and fidelity to my engagements. I have promised to restore Jerusalem to the Christians: I will keep my word. I have promised Lusignan to make you ascend his throne: you shall ascend it! In this I will neither know nor consult your inclinations. The daughters of kings have none. The will of their parents and the interests of their country alone rule their destinies." "Sire," interrupted the virgin in a trembling voice, "my engagements, my cloister"—"There can be no cloister in the case now," exclaimed he, sharply; "so celebrated a beauty has lost the right of devoting herself to obscurity; and the splendour of a throne will scarcely be able to equal that of your name. That of Jerusalem awaits you—to which the conquest of Cesarea will open the way. If Prince Adhel consent to smooth it, I will accept his assistance; but, should your hand be the price he sets upon it, remember well, that, were the whole council of Crusaders to engage you to accept it, your brother forbids you. Such a conversion can only be respectable, as far as it is pure and disinterested. If the prince be truly a Christian, he has no need of reward. If he be not, will you be his? Let therefore his assistance be unconditional. If not, let him remain in his errors; we will do without him. With arms in my hand, I will combat his blindness: happy by his death, if I deliver the Christians of their most formidable enemy—and, if I can esteem my sister enough to be certain that, attached as she is to her faith, she will renounce an infidel without reluctance."

As he finished these words, he looked at Matilda more kindly, and went out without waiting for an answer. The unfortunate, left alone, wept, and turned aside from the contemplation of a futurity that might offer her the dreadful image of her brother plunging the homicide steel into Malek Adhel's breast—Malek Adhel's! who, on her account, would not perhaps defend himself. Soon the noise of the trumpets and drums, which announced the march of the army, caused her tears to flow plentifully. The pious archbishop, whose charity could at a distance guess the grief of the unhappy girl, came to console her. On seeing him, she raised her hands to heaven, and exclaimed, "My father! O my father!" She now stopped, ashamed of a passion the excess of which made her blush—and which, instead of growing weaker from obstacles, seemed but to increase with them. The prelate beheld her despair, and although he blamed it, he thought still more of soothing it; and said to her, that if Malek Adhel perished in his errors, she must give him up: but he oftener repeated, that if he changed his faith, she might love him. Too pious not to address some reproaches to her on the imprudence of her affection, he could only pity her when she accused herself, repented, and asked of God to fill up her whole soul. But in vain did religion resume her empire; she could not destroy that of love, and the struggle became more terrible. In a timid voice the sad victim revealed all her griefs—and the archbishop, moved at the sight of the bleeding wounds of her distracted heart, forgot she was guilty; nay, to afford her consolation, he was the first to speak of Malek Adhel's conversion. Matilda told him her brother's orders—those cruel orders which left her no hope, were even heaven to move the prince's heart. The archbishop threw a veil over all these complaints of love: he listened to those only that concerned religion, and which religion purified. Richard's resolutions now became the subject of several conversations with Matilda, and he promised to neglect nothing to change them. Thus the prelate revived the hopes of the princess, who, seeing him daily raising his venerable hands to heaven, to implore the hero's conversion, ventured to expect all from his prayers; and, filled with gratitude, reproached herself for having so long concealed her pains from him who had become her only comforter. She renounced the world, appeared no more at court, and preferred to her solitude those moments when the prelate consented to hear her. His severity naturally rejected confessions of that tender sort, but his religion induced him joyfully to hear all that could make him hope a great miracle was approaching, and his charity was fired at the idea of acquiring a new son to the church. Matilda sometimes said to him, "My father, Malek Adhel never resembled other Mahomedans, who scorn and insult the Christians. You have yourself observed with what kindness he treats them. If he does not believe in the sacred name of Christ, he reveres it at least; and his mouth has never uttered a word that could give offence to Christianity. Ah! surely it is much more out of attachment for his brother than for Mahomed, that he has hitherto rejected baptism. If he thought my baptism false or dangerous, would he not have endeavoured to eradicate it from my mind? How often, on the contrary, and at times when my religion most rejected his love, has he not seemed astonished at its sanctity and power: in short, had we died in the desert, he would have died a Christian. O my father! he is ready to hear you, ready to believe you, and per-

haps only a few of your instructions are wanting to make the light of truth shine on him at once."

Meanwhile, days elapsed, and no news came from Richard. The same silence prevailed with respect to Malek Adhel. In vain did Matilda, forgetting her natural timidity, multiply questions which might have endangered her secret; she remained still in ignorance. Often was she observed kneeling on the marble steps of the altar, plunged in deep meditation—seeing nothing, hearing nothing of all that passed around her. None durst interrupt her then, except the archbishop, who, knowing her well, approached, and said, "Daughter, daughter, what thought engages you so long and so deeply? Think on it well. If, like the successors of Aaron, you carry foreign fire into the tabernacle; if human love alone leads and keeps you there; if, far from governing your recollections, you give them free license—daughter, you are still a victim, no longer for the mercy, but for the wrath and vengeance, of God."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Two great armies were marching to Cesarea. The hero who commanded in the city, and the battles that were on the point of taking place there, rendered it at that moment the most important object in the East. While on the sea side Richard had reached a woody hill, whence he could easily distinguish the high towers of Cesarea, Saladin on the opposite side had arrived under the city walls; and Malek Adhel, informed of his brother's approach, was preparing to meet him. In the mean time the Christians, observing the sultan's numerous army spreading over the plain, availed themselves of their concealment to watch in silence the resolution Malek Adhel was going to adopt, and seize upon some favourable opportunity of rushing on their enemies; but the distance allowed them only to observe the general movements of the troops—the partial ones escaped them. They could not distinguish Saladin advancing angrily towards the city gates, nor Malek Adhel opening them with submission. That mark of obedience did not appease the sultan. The rebellion at Cairo was yet too present to his mind. He wondered, however, at Malek Adhel's timidity. He was ashamed of it for his sake. "In losing his virtue, he has lost his courage too," said he to himself; and, without condescending to cast his eyes on a brother he no longer esteemed, exclaimed, "Soldiers, seize upon the rebel, and let your swords crush him with the weight of my wrath!" On hearing that cruel order, his troops remained motionless and dismayed—but those of Malek Adhel, who had heard it, flew to the assistance of their leader, and snatched him away before the eyes of the sultan. Saladin, in a rage, drew his scimitar, and commanded his soldiers to follow him. Those of the prince, without waiting for his orders, nor considering the inferiority of numbers, sprang forward with such impetuosity that the enemy were soon repulsed, and the proud sultan himself obliged to fall back. From the summit of their hill, the Christians had perceived the engagement. They no longer doubted but Malek Adhel was in a state of open rebellion; fancied the time was come to join him, and, all rushing at once on the rear of the sultan's army, surprised, dispersed, and cut it to pieces. Saladin, attacked on all sides, could not stop the terror that prevailed among the soldiers; their ranks gave way, and yielded without fighting. In a few moments the Christians made so many prisoners, that they almost grew uneasy at their numbers. Richard said to the Prince of Tarentum, "Take fifteen hundred men with you, and conduct our prisoners to the camp. Announce my victory. Let our brethren rejoice, for Malek Adhel is ours; and this evening the name of Christ will be adored in Cesarea." The Prince of Tarentum obeyed. He loaded the Saracens with chains, and took the road to Ptolemais: while he was going away, Malek Adhel had seen from the top of the walls the standard of the cross displayed afar, the defeat of Saladin, and the flight of his army. Suddenly the voice of blood and of his country resounded in his heart. He did not hesitate. He traversed with rapidity the thickest squadrons, sought his brother, found him and said, "Now Saladin, let us be friends, for the enemy is at hand. Let us fight them, and after the victory thou wilt have time enough to see me die." Without waiting for his brother's reply, he dashed through the thinned ranks, rallied the soldiers, placed himself at their head, and, wherever he showed himself, changed the fortune of the day. Moved, astonished, Saladin followed him with his eye. Disturbed with a thousand thoughts, he kept asking himself what he should believe, and whether he was to behold a traitor in Malek Adhel, or the firmest prop of his throne. While plunged in this uncertainty, he thought neither of attacking, nor defending himself. The right wing of the Christians had just been broken through by Malek Adhel. During his pursuit, the left availed itself of that moment to rush all at once on the sultan. By the yellow and black feather that rose on his helmet, Richard recognised him, and sprang forward, exclaiming, "Come to me, Christians! Saladin is taken!" At the sight of such imminent danger, the sultan recovered from his stupor. His formidable sword cleft Richard's shield in two—but the intrepid monarch was not to be dismayed. He threw away the fragments of his shield, with one hand seized Saladin's horse by the bridle, and with the other held the point of his sword to his breast, exclaiming, "Surrender, Saladin!" "I would not even surrender my corpse," replied the sultan, "while my brother could save it from thy hand!" "What talkest thou of thy brother?" said Richard; "thy brother is with us." "My brother is with me!" interrupted he. Then suddenly, in a thundering voice, he cried out, "Fly to me, Malek Adhel! the Christians are victors!" In the thickest of the fray, Malek Adhel heard him. He ran, flew, treading on broken crests and bruised breast-plates. Saladin saw him near, and, strong with his invincible support, he no longer defended himself—he attacked. The bold Richard was nearly exposed to the same danger the sultan had incurred just before. But that thought did not make him fall back—for he well knew that, brilliant as his crown was, it was not an empty title, but only a pledge of glory; and glory was so dear to him, that, even purchased with death, he loved it still. At that instant the shock of the two armies parted the two brothers again; but Malek Adhel was following obstinately the rash warrior who had threatened Saladin's life. Richard, who saw him, broke loose from the men who were dragging him away with them, and returned alone back on the prince. A dreadful combat began. Already their blood had tinged their armour. Astonished at the resistance they opposed to one another, they increased their efforts. Richard's horse fell under him; but he recovered himself so quickly that his fall did not interrupt the fight. Malek Adhel raised his sword, and discharged such furious blows on the head of his adversary, that the king's helmet broke, and left him for a moment in dismay. But, far from pursuing his victory, Malek Adhel stopped on a sudden. He looked at Richard—and finding a resemblance that made his heart palpitate, said to him, "What is thy name, invincible knight? Thy features, thy valour, tell me thou must be very dear to me!" "I am thy foe!" replied Richard ferociously; "thy eternal foe! I had triumphed over thy brother; victory was mine! Thou hast snatched it from me! Thou hast conquered, and spared me! There are no favours which can make me forget such affronts." "Well! proud Richard," exclaimed the prince, deeply affected, "for thou alone canst hold such language, if thou thinkest to hate me because I have been faithful to my country, I shall bear with regret the weight of thy hatred; but it will not hinder me from revering in thee the greatest king in the universe, and loving thee as the august brother of her to whom I have consecrated my life." He would have said more, had he not perceived the Mahomedan troops rushing towards them. Instantly he gave Richard his horse, and said hastily, "Away, noble monarch! In the name of thy wife, thy sister, do not delay. Against so many enemies, all the efforts of thy valour would not prevent thy losing thy life without utility for thy cause." The king saw it well, and that determined him. The interest of the Christians commanded him not to abandon them. To him belonged to collect and save their scattered remains. His duty of chief prevailed over his courage, and honour over pride. But as he flew, he shed tears of rage—and his hatred against Malek Adhel increased much more from the shame of having been put to flight before him, than from the injury that prince had done the Christians by remaining true to Saladin.

While the English hero joined his troops again, rallied, and flew away with them, Saladin pursued and slaughtered, without mercy, all the Christians he could overtake. Malek Adhel spared them, and made prisoners only. The image of Matilda, which haunted him during the carnage, seemed to protect all the Christians. Now that he had done all for friendship, he began to regret he had not done more for love. Discouraged by the struggles that the most imperious of passions and the most sacred of duties caused in his heart—seeing no hope of futurity—not feeling the strength to sacrifice either of them, he stopped sorrowfully among the dead that strewed the ground; and those dim eyes, those pallid lips, those hearts that had ceased to palpitate, did not raise his compassion. Their fate appeared to him sweet, compared with the cruel torments that distracted him. "They are at rest!" said he to himself, casting his eyes around on the heap of bodies; and he thought less of pitying them for having lost life, than of envying their happiness in having to suffer no more.

Meanwhile, the enemy had disappeared, tranquillity was restored, and Saladin giving up the pursuit, returned, followed by numerous stands of colours and flags, tattered and covered with blood. The sad and victorious Adhel advanced towards his brother. He summoned round him all the soldiers who had supported him in his rebellion at Cairo, and those who had left Metchoub to follow him, and said to them, "Do you swear by the prophet and his divine alkoran, to obey all my commands?" "We swear it!" exclaimed they. "Follow my example, then!" replied he; "fall at your sovereign's feet, and whatever be the punishment he may inflict on us, let us submit, for we have deserved it. Brother," continued he, bending one knee to the ground before Saladin, and presenting him with his scimitar, "I offer thee my head! Take thy victim—thy vengeance is just. But pardon all those brave warriors, the supports of thy empire and power. My example alone misled them; my death will bring them back to their duty." At those words the fierce sultan was affected. He wiped the tears that started from his eyes, and could not comprehend what was that unknown emotion which, weighing on his heart, made his voice falter. Unable to speak, he opened his arms to his brother—Malek Adhel rushed into them. "Ah, Saladin!" said he, "couldst thou believe that the friend of thy infancy ever had the will or the thought of betraying thee?" "I now see it myself, yet I could not believe it!" exclaimed the sultan; "and, Malek Adhel, if thou hadst errors, I forget them—mayst thou also forget the vengeance I wanted to take!" He now pressed to his breast a brother whom he loved. Moved at the sight of their sacred friendship, the army celebrated their reconciliation by joyful acclamations. And, by Saladin's orders, his own and Malek Adhel's soldiers were intermixed together, in order that he might forever remain ignorant who were those Saracens who had dared to bear arms against him.

The two brothers were equally impatient to meet alone; they interrogated each other, and came to explanations. Saladin heard the account of all that had passed at Damietta; he saw that Malek Adhel had wished to obey; that it was contrary to his orders that the queen had gone, and the princess remained; but when he was told that a slave, charged to inform him of that great event, had been despatched, he exclaimed, "I have not seen him! No message from thee ever reached me; and I own that strange silence, which confirmed all Metchoub's accusations, was the only circumstance that could induce me to believe them." Then Malek Adhel understood the cause of his brother's anger: all appearances had shown him so guilty, that, in pardoning without having heard him, he thought Saladin had evinced much indulgence. At the request of the sultan, he related the scenes in the desert, and his noble sincerity did not deny that, at the moment of death, Matilda's tears had made him untrue to Mahomed. "But," added he, "if the seductions of that heavenly maid have been able to shake my faith, I can swear to thee, that they shall not alter my zeal for my country, or fidelity towards thee!" "Hear!" replied the sultan; "I have heard thee, and found thee innocent. If the Queen of England have been sent back to the Christian camp, I can only accuse the artifice of the Princess Matilda. In sending this last back, thou hast spared me a cruelty that would have stained my name. In fine, in defending thyself against Metchoub, thou hast more than preserved my empire,—thou hast preserved my friend! It would have been sweet to me to have something to forgive thee, but I can find nothing to pardon. What do I say!

was it not at the very moment I had commanded thy death, that thou hast saved my army and my life! I know but one way to requite thee—it is to give thee the beauty thou lovest. Accept the throne of Jerusalem; place the Princess of England by thy side; let her bring thee Ptolemais for her dowry; and let the Crusaders, contented with seeing a princess of their blood reigning in Judea, return at last to Europe. Thou wilt still remain the servant of Mahomed, the friend of thy brother. United in minds, in opinion, and glory, the sanctity of our bonds will serve as an example to all nations, and Saladin will then be able to die in peace!" "I know thee so great and generous," replied Malek Adhel, in the effusion of his gratitude, "that what thou sayest to me now affects but does not surprise me. Saladin, I accept thy gifts, in order that they may bind me closer, if possible, to my interest and my duties. I accept the throne thou offerest me, in order to be the first of thy tributaries, and give thee a new pledge of my fidelity by naming thee my benefactor!"

The prince wanted to be the bearer of Saladin's proposal to the Christian camp, but the sultan opposed it; he would not permit his brother to debase Mahomedan pride and the splendour of the throne, by taking the title of an ambassador to Christian kings; he commanded him to select one among his servants whom he invested with that high dignity, and who was to appear at the camp of Ptolemais, surrounded with that oriental pomp which might perhaps delay his journey, but would better convey an idea of the importance of his mission and the greatness of the sovereign he represented.

CHAPTER XXXII.

While the sultan ordered the preparations of that solemn embassy, so slow according to Malek Adhel's wishes, though he hurried them with all the activity the most violent love could inspire, news of the sudden conquest of Cesarea arrived at the Christian camp.

When the Prince of Tarentum entered it with the warlike sound of trumpets, and surrounded by the crowds of captives he was bringing back, Matilda was alone in her oratory. She heard the noise of the returning army, and her soul was struck with dismay. She was going to hear what cause Malek Adhel had embraced—all her destiny was there, and the hopes she had entertained till then gave way to apprehensions. She forgot the prince's love, the engagements of the desert—all in short that could tend to make her easy, and only remembered the fortitude with which he twice had parted with her. She accused herself, grew uneasy, knelt down, arose again: at the slightest noise all her blood rushed to her heart, choked and burnt her; soon she felt it freeze again, and she was ready to faint. Meanwhile, a well-known hand had rapped at the door; it was the Archbishop of Tyre. She knew not whether she should open it: twice she advanced, twice she fell back in her chair. At last growing more confident, with a trembling hand and downcast eye, she opened the door to the archbishop.

"Rejoice, my daughter," said he, "the Christians are victors!" She looked at him; his bald forehead beamed satisfaction, and she began to hope again; but, before she rejoiced, she waited for the prelate to tell her something more. "Your brother has defeated the infidels," added he, "and by this time Cesarea is ours!" The virgin made no reply. The archbishop had not told her under what colours Malek Adhel had fought; she feared to show too much love in pronouncing the name that filled her heart; but spite of the modesty of her silence, her eyes had spoken. The uncertainty, the anguish they expressed, had revealed to the archbishop that the victory of the Christians was nothing to her without they owed it to Malek Adhel. The prelate blamed her weakness, and took no compassion on it; still, as her happiness depended on one word, he did not make her wait for it; but, wishing to purify Matilda's joy in bringing it back to the idea of God, he added, "Yes, daughter, Richard is master of Cesarea, and the Almighty has moved the heart of Adhel; these two great conquests show us his power and his mercy!" Matilda pulled down her veil; she felt that the transports of felicity which filled her heart would break out on her countenance, and her modesty blushed to let them be seen. The archbishop proceeded: "When the Prince of Tarentum left Cesarea, Saladin's army was yet between Malek Adhel and Richard: but this last, victor on all points, was preparing to pierce through the sultan's troops, and did not doubt but, as soon as he could reach Malek Adhel, they should fight in concert, ultimately put the sultan to flight, and hoist up that very day the triumphant standard of the cross on the walls of Cesarea!" "My God!" exclaimed the princess, "can I believe what I hear? can Malek Adhel have fought against his brother, and could love have so much power over him?" "Daughter," replied the prelate, "if he has done so, beware not to attribute it to love; human passions work no such miracles; the cause is above; and, if I wished to announce to you myself that miraculous conversion, it was to prevent your heart wandering in transports of an improper joy, and to warn it not to attach itself so strongly to promised happiness, that it may not be ready to resign it, if it please God to have it so. And now, my daughter," said he, "you may go and see the queen; she is waiting for you. You will find the Prince of Tarentum with her, who will acquaint you with farther particulars, and prevent the enquiries your timid modesty would not venture to make."

Matilda fastened her veil again, adjusted her dress, wiped her tears, and appeared before the queen, her eyes cast downwards, and her cheeks burning with confusion. At the instant she entered, the Prince of Tarentum advanced respectfully towards her, and Berengere, taking hold of her hand, said to her, "Sister, to you we owe our thanks for a victory ever memorable in the annals of Christendom. Subservient to your charms, the noble Malek Adhel embraces our faith and our cause. The report is already spread through the camp; already they attribute to you alone the glory of his conversion, and your two names are so closely joined together, that they seem as if they were never to part again." "Yes, madam," exclaimed the prince, "assisted by Malek Adhel, the Christians will fly to new conquests; that of the whole Eastern empire will scarcely satisfy their ambition; but they only wish this to offer it you, the only throne worthy your acceptance; thereon they will place you, with the hero you have given them. The sovereign of those extensive provinces, where now the empire of Satan prevails, you will diffuse on them, from your exalted situation, torrents of that divine light with which the Almighty has filled your heart." "Such high destinies," replied the princess, extremely affected, "are too much above my hopes." "And what destinies, what hopes, can be above what your marvelous beauty gives you the right to expect?" interrupted the Prince of Tarentum enthusiastically: "what hearts can it not inflame? what empires can it not conquer? where was ever a more invincible weapon?"

Such praises wounded Matilda's modesty. By her grave and modest deportment, she gave the prince to understand she wished him to change his language. Fearful he had given her offence, he said no more, and only, at the queen's request, resumed, to inform Matilda that the dispositions of Malek Adhel before Cesarea, and his engagement with the sultan's troops, had made the Christians presume that he favoured their projects. In listening to him, the innocent Matilda entertained hopes dear indeed to her; but which, alas! were to make her happy but for a short time!

The next day the whole court met in the Queen of England's apartments. There the kings of Jerusalem and Antioch, the counts of Tripoli and Jaffa, and all the valiant knights who had remained in the camp, deliberated among themselves whether they should join Richard at Cesarea, and divide with him their share of laurels. Those, especially, whom Matilda's charms had fired, burnt with the desire of combating; for they could not endure the thought that Malek Adhel, reaping all the credit of the victory, should also gain the reward. Corroded with jealousy, pride, and hatred, Lusignan exclaimed, that, whatever might be the conduct of Malek Adhel, he was equally unworthy of the prize he claimed: "And I do not think, madam," added he, looking at Matilda, "that the nobleness of your blood and the purity of your soul will ever allow you to accept for a husband, a man whose belief is hateful to God, and whose conversion were a perfidy!" Matilda was moved with surprise and indignation; Berengere was going to answer, but the prelate did not give her time: "What do you venture to say, sire? What impious words have you uttered! What! will you call him a traitor whom God may deign to instruct, and who, abjuring his false prophet, in order to receive the sacred baptism———"

"I beg your pardon, father," interrupted Lusignan abruptly; "we are talking of honour here, not of religion; and, on this point, allow me to say, I am a better judge than you. The laws of chivalry are not always the same as those of the church." "The hero who best knew the sacred laws of chivalry," replied the princess with some emotion, "the great Montmorency, thought differently from your majesty. Had Malek Adhel been a Christian, he would have esteemed him above all the kings in the world. As he died he prayed for his conversion, and had that conversion been criminal, his noble soul would not have asked it of God." "I take no one's opinion for the rule of mine," replied Lusignan with arrogance, "and least of all the last thoughts of a dying man. When all is growing dim and changing its aspect, our sentiments also may change; but rest assured, madam, that if Montmorency were still living, he would bear no other judgment than mine; and that, on beholding Malek Adhel fighting on the side of Christians, he would see in him a traitor who has disgraced his former glory by turning his arms against his country and legitimate sovereign; his voice, like mine, would call him cowardly and perfidious before the world; and my sword, like his, can well make my words good." Berengere, hurt at the manner in which he had spoken of her benefactor, infused a little bitterness in her reply, and said that, however formidable were his sword, she did not think that the hero, so justly surnamed The Thunderer of War, would be much alarmed at it. At these words Lusignan could scarcely contain the violence of his anger, and, without answering the queen, he turned to Matilda, and said, "I wonder, I own, to see the Queen of England profess sentiments so opposite to those of her husband, but I should wonder still more, if they were approved by your highness." "Sire," replied she with conscious dignity, "if I always prided myself on thinking like the queen, my sister, I will not cease to join with her, when she openly owns her esteem for the hero who stripped you of your kingdom, and perhaps will restore it you." She had scarcely finished these words, when tumultuous cries were heard in the camp, and broke off the discussion; at the same instant the doors were thrown open, and Richard appeared all in arms, covered with dirt. His countenance was gloomy, wild; and he did not even condescend to speak to the queen, who had rushed forward to meet him. "O my brother, my brother!" exclaimed Matilda, in a tremulous voice; and she cast an anxious look behind, to see if Malek Adhel was not following him. All the princes and chiefs, struck with astonishment, enquired the cause of his return, and why he had returned to Ptolemais when they thought him master of Cesarea.

"I have been defeated!" replied Richard, with an air of consternation, and inwardly swearing deadly hatred against him who forced him to that confession. "What, then," replied the Prince of Tarentum, "has your majesty been repulsed, before you could join Malek Adhel?" "What do you talk of Malek Adhel!" answered Richard abruptly; "he alone has deceived us, caused our defeat, and ruined our enterprise. I had broken through the whole of Saladin's army: his squadrons scattered about the plain could not avoid the Christians; they were in open flight, and would have met with slavery or death; and, had I had only the sultan to encounter, he would now have been a captive in Ptolemais, and in a few days we should have taken Jerusalem; but Malek Adhel has snatched victory from me; he appeared suddenly, like an ill-fated star, and the disorder among the enemy ceased; the troops were rallied, the Christians beaten, and, for the first time in his life, Richard took to flight! O intolerable shame!" continued the proud monarch, striking his forehead with his fists, armed with gauntlets; "O insolent Malek Adhel! Thy name will ever be my disgrace; and, what fills up the measure of my shame, I have lost the power of depriving thee of life!" "Brother," exclaimed Lusignan, taking hold of his hand, which he held forcibly, "why have you lost it? Has misfortune broken your great soul, and do you mistrust your valour?" "Led away by my courage," replied Richard, with his usual frankness, "I was on the point of falling into the hands of all the Mussulmans; Malek Adhel saw it, and saved me! I owe to him my liberty—probably my life. This is the fatal obligation which increases the shame of the affront, in forbidding me to revenge it." "And hast thou not a brother here," replied Lusignan, his eyes sparkling with joyful ardour,

"who will perish to save thee! Am I the only one who can feel thy insults, and pay with all his blood the honour of avenging them? Art thou not surrounded by friends who cherish thee, and are now going to swear with me not to lay down their arms till the death of Malek Adhel shall have freed thy glory from the only man who can boast of having seen thee fly?" These words, spoken designedly, fired Richard with such a rage, that his wonted generosity was silenced; and pressing his brother in arms to his heart, he exclaimed, "Brave Lusignan, I understand thee, and I promise my sister's hand to the conqueror of Malek Adhel! That instant all the knights and princes, who aspired to the hand of the princess, crowded round the king, and raising their swords by common accord, they swore the death of Malek Adhel! But, at the sight of their sparkling swords, destined to pierce the breast of him the wretched Matilda adored, she turned pale, her eyes closed, and she fell senseless on the floor.

On seeing her condition, Berengere screamed, and ran to her assistance. Richard started, but did not draw near his sister, and, making a sign to the queen, said, "Send for your women, madam; let them take her away. I will excuse the terrors of a timid virgin, and shall be happy to find there is no other cause for her emotion." "My father," continued he, addressing the archbishop, "be kind enough to follow her; when she is able to hear you, you will tell her that you have assured me that her duty was dearer to her than life, and that her first duty is to obey me. Let her remember that, if ever heedless of her glory she hold another language, mine will not allow me to suffer it!" Before he followed the women who were taking Matilda away, the prelate bowed respectfully to the king, and answered, "I know the Princess of England, sire; I have often perused that pious, submissive, incomparable heart. There is no sacrifice she will not make to religion; there is none but what she has made, and in vain perhaps would you look round for one who could say as much; I therefore hold myself answerable to your majesty, that the Princess Matilda's conduct will always do credit to the blood she springs from." "Let her then not forget," resumed the king angrily, "that, to become worthy of it, the weakness she has evinced to-day must be the last of her life; for, whoever is weak, is not of the same blood as Richard!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

When a great misfortune falls unexpectedly upon us, we at first remain as if stupified; we see, hear, and feel nothing; life seems as if suspended; but, scarcely has it resumed its course, when all the pangs of grief rush in at once, and tear us to pieces; we wish to die, and yet fear in dying that our misery should accompany us.

Such was the situation of poor Matilda. "O my sister," said she to the queen, "let me go hence. I will go to Richard; before all those ferocious warriors, I will fall at his feet; perhaps he will yet be moved, perhaps my prayers will raise his compassion, and they will all retract that dire, that impious oath which threatens the life of him who restored you to your husband!" "Yes, my child," said the archbishop, taking both the virgin's hands in his, "pray for him who restored you your liberty, who spared the life of your brother—that is allowed to you, for God has made gratitude our first duty: but, O my daughter, let that sentiment be henceforth the only one that attaches you to Malek Adhel!" The princess replied only by a torrent of tears; her heart was far from the prelate's words; for the moment when we fear most for the sake of a beloved object, is that when we love him best; and, on seeing Malek Adhel's life in danger, he had become so dear to her, that she even doubted whether God had the power to eradicate her love. At last, in a heart-rending voice, she said, "O my father, when I pour out before Heaven my prayers and my tears, it is not that he may change my heart, but that he may change that of Malek Adhel's enemies, in order that, no longer alarmed for his life, I may die in peace!" "You wish to die, Matilda!" interrupted Berengere, much alarmed. "My sister," replied she, throwing herself into her arms, "I have lost all hope; can you, therefore, doubt it!" "Thus," replied the archbishop, sternly, "instead of deploring your ill-timed passion in the bosom of penitence, you wish to crown your errors by a crime!" "No, my father, I will not raise on myself the hand of homicide; I will wait till grief has broken all the strings of life; it will not be long, for I have suffered much. I shall die very young, but not so young that I have not waited a time for death!" "My daughter," replied the prelate, "shudder lest God should hear you, for death with sin is the most terrible among the stores of his wrath." "It is that which strikes me with horror," exclaimed Matilda: "the barbarians! they would take away his life while he yet remains in error, and ruin him to eternity! Pardon the dreadful thought, my father, but my mind grows giddy; I feel that, if Malek Adhel must be rejected by the Almighty, I too wish to be rejected!" "Hold, wretched child!" exclaimed the archbishop: "hasten to banish a passion that has taught thee to blaspheme. Do thou, O Heaven, forgive her, for this is her first error! Matilda, recall thy virtue, and deplore for ever the acknowledgment that thou couldst prefer a man to thy God!" "Did I say so, my father! has my transport gone so far?" exclaimed she, struck with holy terror: "Alas, I am no longer good; I have no honour; religion and duty have lost their empire over this wretched heart, that forsakes all, save the love that fills it, and the remorse by which it is torn." "Daughter," resumed the prelate, in a softer tone, "do not abandon yourself to despair, for God can easier forgive than man can offend; he hears our prayers, and reads the disposition of our inmost heart." "Ah," replied the princess, much affected, "let him then hear the engagement I make in renouncing Malek Adhel; it shall only be in this perishable life, for God will surely allow me to meet him in the next." "He will even allow you to ask it of him," replied the archbishop, "and perhaps not without effect; but you must live, Matilda, and permit yourself to indulge neither in complaints nor murmurs; you must bear up with your trials; love them even, and beware not to call death to terminate them; for death is the wish of weakness, and virtue alone can live in misfortune." "Since my prayers can be efficacious," replied the princess, "I was very guilty to wish to die. Ah! let the Almighty, on the contrary, deign to prolong the days which he allows me to employ in begging grace for Malek Adhel." "Yes, my child, he permits it; but take care, however, that your heart do not make a wrong use of prayer, to bring before God the interest of your passions." "Alas!" replied the virgin, "there are no passions in which I wish to shut myself up; and these, the prayers free from all human interests, are worthy surely to reach heaven. My father, I wish to quit the world, and return to my first engagements. O my revered guide! cover me with the wings of your protection, lead me into that sacred retreat where you wished to conduct the unfortunate Agnes. Since I have been guilty also, why keep me in the world? why bring obstacles to my repentance? O, let me but see my brother abjure his unjust hatred, and his blood-thirsty friends cease to pursue Malek Adhel, then shall you see me joyfully quitting this world, where I have known nothing but calamities and weakness." "Sister," said the queen, "you never will obtain Richard's permission; his heart and will are bent on your marriage with Lusignan, and he will force you to obey him." "He will force me!" replied the princess proudly; "what right has he, what power?" "His commands will suffice, without doubt," replied Berengere; "for surely it is impossible to resist those of Richard!" "On this occasion it is still more impossible to obey!" replied Matilda eagerly. "Daughter," said the archbishop, "great fortitude is requisite to resist the commands of kings." "Ah," replied she, with anguish, and as if driven by an invincible force, "much less is requisite than to give up him whom we love."

She then reclined her head on her hands, and remained plunged in a deep meditation, during which Berengere and the prelate preserved a profound silence. It lasted till the queen was informed that Richard wished to see her: torn from her reverie, Matilda raised her head; her countenance was more firm and placid: she took hold of the queen's hand, and said, "I pray you, wait yet a little while. My father," exclaimed she, "I wish to accompany the queen, to embrace Richard's knees, to entreat him to act for this once as if I did not exist, as if I never had existed. He has promised my hand to any one who should deprive Malek Adhel of life; but, from the instant when I shut myself up in the shades of death, my hand will belong to no one; then the king, having no longer any reward to give, will have no oath to maintain." "Sister," replied Berengere, "wait a few days; now you would only inflame the king's wrath." "Will you assist me to soothe him?" answered Matilda; "You, who are indebted to Malek Adhel's generosity for your husband's life, will you not speak for him?" "I will, undoubtedly," said the queen; "but I dread the effects of my attempt, for Richard's anger is terrible; it increases and inflames itself the more you attempt to allay it; and the design of changing his will is a temerity he never forgives." "Hear, Matilda," added the archbishop; "do not thus hurry your resolutions. Remain in peace; the moment is not come to see your brother. Remain in peace, I say, for Malek Adhel's life is not in danger. Shut up in the walls of Cesarea, he is out of our warriors' reach, and it can only be when the Christians lay siege to that city that the engagement entered into against him can be fulfilled: that siege, however, is not likely to take place yet. Before then I will speak to the king; I will do more; I will speak to Malek Adhel." "You, my father?" exclaimed Matilda, in a transport of surprise. "Yes, daughter; and such is my duty. If it be true that some shades of light have fallen on the soul of that prince, God calls me to spread them. His conduct at Cesarea afflicts, but does not discourage me. My daughter, I will hence to Cesarea, present myself before the infidels, and speak to Malek Adhel." "My father," said the queen, "your charity misleads you; the infidels will load you with chains, perhaps do more——" "They dare not!" replied the prelate, filled with divine confidence: "whoever acts for Heaven is protected by Heaven! God sees my intentions; he will bless them; and, if he should allow my blood to be spilled, it would be to serve as an expiation, and to redeem from sin the soul I am going to restore to him. Happy destiny! which, making me participate in the sufferings of my Redeemer, would also make me partake of his merits, and extol my glory above all the glories of the earth!" In speaking thus, no sentiment of vanity inflated the archbishop's heart; for religion alone can raise man above humanity, without giving him pride. Matilda fell at his feet, exclaiming, "Holy man, direct my will. God inspires you, and I am ready to obey!" "Daughter," replied he, with kindness, "promise me not to make any important resolution before my return!" "I swear it!" answered she, solemnly. "Farewell!" said he: "my child, submit to Providence!" Then, followed by the queen, he left Matilda's apartment, and repaired to Richard's tent. "Well!" exclaimed the king, on seeing him, "have you disposed my sister to obedience, and will she meet my wishes?" "Sire," replied the archbishop, "I have commanded her to suspend her determination until my return." "And whither are you going?" asked Richard, with surprise. "To where Heaven directs my duty," replied the prelate. "I shall say no more at present; the queen, however, being acquainted with my secret, I beg your majesty not to insist on your rights, but to suffer her to preserve silence on the subject."

As the archbishop said these words, he withdrew, leaving Richard in a state of surprise, which for a time stifled his resentment; and, when evening came, the worthy apostle of Christ, filled with evangelical zeal, left the city, and took the road to Cesarea. Clad in the simplest garments, stripped of the insignia of his dignity, great in the consciousness of his pure intentions, with complacent looks and cheering hopes, he proceeded to fulfil them.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Oft in the cool of the evening did Matilda, attended by her women, visit the shore to inhale the refreshing breeze; oftener still did she direct her steps towards Montmorency's tomb; where she dwelt with pleasing recollection on his last wishes towards Malek Adhel, and with confident hope invoked his intercession with the Almighty. How often, amidst her reveries, did the virgin exclaim, in a plaintive voice, "Holy cloister, where my sisters expect me—obscure retreat, where, in a happy ignorance of the world, I should have been for ever sheltered from its storms, and have remained insensible to the dangerous influence of love, which now, alas! I feel too deeply." Thus saying, she leaned over Montmorency's cold ashes, as if to reveal to them alone

the errors for which she hoped his interceding spirit would obtain divine forgiveness.

Since the archbishop's departure, Matilda had avoided all opportunities of meeting her brother, nor had Richard sought them. His warlike ardour prevailed over every other concern; and, till the siege of Cesarea should call on him to display his valour, he daily went to attack the Saracen posts, and always returned loaded with spoils. Lusignan constantly attended, and shared the laurel that crowned his victories. Their valour, their exhortations, encouraged the soldiers. Before such heroes, the terror of Malek Adhel's name began to subside, and the Crusaders, fired with hopeful courage, without farther hesitation fixed the time when their united forces should proceed to the attack of Cesarea.

On the eve of that eventful day, Matilda waited on the queen to learn tidings of the archbishop's journey. Both wept together in mournful silence, and in contemplation of the next day's battle. The image of Richard, armed to encounter Malek Adhel, alarmed them equally. The queen, trembling for her husband, and dreading Malek Adhel's valour, entreated God to save Richard; and Matilda, kneeling by her side, exclaimed, "O sister, let us pray for Richard, but let us also pray for those who stand in greater need of Heaven's mercy!"

While they thus raised their innocent hands to heaven, the clangour of warlike instruments was heard in the camp, and soon Richard appeared before them, his head uncovered, and eyes sparkling with joy. "Women!" said he to them, "why do you weep, when we defend your faith, and are crowned with victory? My arm has this day destroyed thousands of Saracens, and Lusignan has displayed more than his wonted valour. Followed by a handful of soldiers, we were exploring the woods at the foot of Mount Carmel, hoping that fortune would supply us with some opportunity of showing our courage. We have been successful beyond expectation. A convoy of arms and provision, coming from Jerusalem, supported by three thousand Saracens, was advancing towards Cesarea. 'A rich prize!' exclaimed I, looking at Lusignan. 'Wilt thou have it?' said he; 'I will give it thee. It is less than I have received from thee, for thou hast promised me thy sister!' He said, and rushed forward—I followed. Astonished at our audacity, the infidels scarcely made any resistance; they abandoned their treasures: I pursued, and cut them all to pieces. Lusignan took their wealth, which we distributed among the soldiers, and now they ask for more, and demand to attack Cesarea. To-morrow, to-morrow, will we march there!—Victory is ours, and the blood of the infidel shall wipe off my shame!" "O my noble brother!" interrupted Matilda, falling at his feet, "among all the virtues your soul is replete with, is there no room for gratitude?" "Young virgin," replied he, rather sternly, "do not forget that, since the day when Malek Adhel shed so much Christian blood before Cesarea, all hopes of conversion must have vanished, and that you are not allowed to love him!" "Ah, sire!" exclaimed she, "since that day I owe him my brother's life! Were it not for his generosity, I should not now embrace your sacred knees. Can your revered commands hinder me from preserving an eternal gratitude for that favour?" Moved with the soft manner she had displayed, Richard was about to speak more kindly, when Lusignan, attended by some chosen knights, appeared, and begged the queen would excuse him, if he presented himself without leave, alleging the anxiety of the knights to pay their homage to the *Lion of England*. He, in his turn, related the king's victory, spoke of Cesarea, Jerusalem, and the image of so many conquests, the report of which would reach Europe; thus he fired Richard's soul with such ardour that he could scarcely contain it; and, at such a time, fancying there was nothing above glory, nor any interest more powerful, he did not think to afflict Matilda by saying, "Sister, the splendour of our triumphs shall reflect on you; I swear that the conqueror of Cesarea shall receive your hand on the ruins of that smoking city!" Matilda shuddered; she was on the point of confessing to the king the oath which bound her with Malek Adhel, and her irrevocable determination of quitting the world, and entering the monastery of Mount Carmel; but, remembering she had promised the archbishop not to adopt any resolution of importance before his return, she preserved silence; though it grieved her, lest the king should construe it as an omen favourable to his projects.

Matilda's silence, which induced a belief that she would accept the conqueror of Cesarea for her husband, surprised the queen, pleased Richard, and fired the hopes of all those who aspired to obtain her hand. Lusignan, however, exclaimed, that the conqueror of Cesarea was too vague a title; since, in rushing altogether on the devoted city, a thousand warriors might deserve it. "Sire," continued he, "the greatest glory in the world is not inferior to the prize you have proclaimed. We must have a striking, matchless, splendid victory!" "Well," interrupted the Duke of Athens, "he whose arm shall first plant the standard of the cross on the walls of Cesarea will surely deserve it!" Haugist of Coucy, the bravest of the French knights since the death of Montmorency, answered the duke, that whoever could bring Saladin in chains to Ptolemais would do more. "Saladin is not the most formidable enemy of the Christians," replied the proud Lusignan; "it is not from him they have most insults to punish; he has not given the first blow to the city of Jerusalem; he has not dishonoured a princess of my blood; he has not by false appearances deceived the Christians; he has not, in short, made my brother blush, and it is not him that the victor will reap most glory in destroying!" "Hear!" interrupted Richard, taking hold of Matilda's hand; "it is then to the conqueror of Malek Adhel that I, for the second time, promise her hand!" "Say rather to the conqueror of that hero who spared your life!" exclaimed the princess, indignantly. But confusion and terror now rushed on her at once; her secret, having escaped thus incautiously before so many witnesses, caused her an inexpressible confusion; she threw herself into the queen's arms, and Berengere, who perceived the effect her words had produced on Richard's mind, hastened to appease him, saying, "Forgive, my liege, the excess of her sisterly affection; that alone has hurried Matilda beyond her accustomed reserve; by her tenderness for you, she regulates her gratitude towards Malek Adhel."

Richard gave the queen credit for having supplied Matilda's imprudence with that interpretation, and feigned to believe it, that he might deprive any other person of the right to speak of it otherwise. "Sister," said he, "your affection for your brother ought not to misguide your judgment. Follow my example, and remember, that when I place the interests of religion and my country above gratitude, you should do so likewise!" Soon after the queen dismissed her court, and Matilda retired to her apartment.

Overcome with grief, she threw herself on the bed; but scarcely had sleep taken possession of her senses, when the most horrible phantoms crowded round her couch. She fancied she saw Malek Adhel dragged in the dust, showing her his blood gushing out of deep wounds, and charging her with having suffered a price to be set on his death! Thrice she awoke, and endeavoured to banish these terrific images; thrice she went to sleep again, and found them! Lusignan, too, the cruel Lusignan, was treading Malek Adhel under foot! She could count his wounds; she heard him cry out, in a deep sepulchral voice, "Why didst thou not speak, and confess to thy brother the tie that binds us? He would have respected it, have stopped the murderers, and I should not have been plunged into everlasting perdition!" On hearing these words, struck with terror, she broke from her sleep, darted from her couch, screamed aloud, and her terrors increased; for, though awake, still the same terrific images haunted her. The deep gloom of night seemed like that of a grave; the silence that reigned around her, like that of death; a cold dew overspread her chilled limbs. No, no! she would not become the accomplice in a murder; she would not let it be thought her hand was to be the price of Malek Adhel's blood! No—no power should detain her; she would fly to her brother, extend her supplicating hands, and reveal the secrets of her heart! If it were a shame to own them, to conceal them was a crime, and better to blush before men than before God! The virgin no longer hesitated; daylight appeared; her terror prevailed. She forgot her promise to the archbishop, or rather thought a superior duty commanded her to forget it; and, certain that her dreams were a warning from Heaven, Matilda fancied she should be guilty of Malek Adhel's death if she did not obey it.

She left her apartment, presented herself before the guards who watched round Richard's tent, and demanded to speak to her brother. Surprised to see her at such an hour, they hesitated; not daring, however, to stop their monarch's sister, they only warned her that the principal chiefs were already summoned before the king. She scarcely heard them, but passed on, and threw herself at Richard's feet. With him were the Dukes of Bavaria and Burgundy, and the King of Jerusalem. Surprised on beholding the princess pale, trembling, her hair loose, and bearing in her eye the terror that had haunted her all night, they ran to raise her up; she pushed them away, pressed the king's knees against her breast, and, dismissing all apprehensions, said, "Sire, condescend to hear me, take compassion on my terrors! A dreadful dream has thrice returned to frighten me with its fatal warnings. I thought I saw Malek Adhel lying in the dust, expiring, covered with wounds, hurled into eternal perdition, and reproaching me with his death, with his irrevocable condemnation! His voice sounded in my ear, and methinks I hear him still utter, 'Matilda, why hast thou hastened my death? Some days yet, and God perhaps had saved me!' My liege, you have promised my hand to the knight who shall conquer him, and I—I swear immortal hatred against whoever shall give that sacred head the first blow!"—"What do you say, Matilda?" interrupted Richard, fired with rage. She did not allow him time to proceed, but, with her hands extended to heaven in a loud voice, "O my brother, it is no longer time for concealment!—Malek Adhel, to save my life in the desert, offered the sacrifice of his own! We were both on the point of death: at that awful moment, God alone was my support and my guide; Malek Adhel promised to become a Christian! he received my oaths, and I swore never to have another *husband!*" The efforts she had just made to utter these words had exhausted her strength, and she fell again speechless at the king's feet. Lusignan and the Duke of Burgundy hastened to give her assistance; she pushed away the first; then, leaning on the second, trembling, and with eyes on the ground, waited for the king's answer.

Motionless with astonishment and rage, he looked at his sister, as if unable to believe what she had said. At last he exclaimed, "Execrable engagements! wretch to have taken them! Is it the sister of Richard, the daughter of Henry II., I have heard? What! seduced by a vile Tartar, she chooses him for her husband, and presumes to ask my consent!" "No, sire," replied she, with a becoming dignity, "I do not ask it; and to refuse to unite herself with an infidel, your sister has no need of your command; no—Malek Adhel, a Mahomedan shall not be my husband! Such is my duty, and I will follow it; but, after such oaths as have bound me to him, my duty commands me still more to renounce any other husband, and devote my whole life to save him, if I can, from everlasting reprobation!—O sire, I invoke your justice, your equity. After such a confession, can I suffer you to promise my hand to the conqueror of Malek Adhel?"

The king made no answer; he threw himself into an arm-chair, and hid his face with his hands. Lusignan drew near Matilda, and, in a broken voice, said, "You have pierced my heart, but if my despair cannot affect you, behold that into which you have plunged your brother! Are vanished then all those sweet hopes that cheered our friendship, and fired our valour? And for what? for a vain engagement, from which the head of the church can easily release you." "Yes, he can!" exclaimed Richard, starting up on a sudden; "for it was entered into by weakness;—but he could not disengage me from mine, O Lusignan, for that was cemented by honour; hence, since my sister's imprudence has made her no less dear to thee, since thou consentest to forget it." "Ah! what do you say, sire?" interrupted Lusignan, falling at the feet of Matilda. "If ever I become possessor of this valuable treasure, I shall then be able to remember nothing, save to bless the Almighty for the inestimable gift I possess from his munificence and goodness!" Richard now took hold of his sister's hand to place it in that of Lusignan, but Matilda drew it back with terror. The king then said, sternly, "Sister, obey! for your pardon is there only!" Dismayed with her brother's anger, the timid virgin was raising her beauteous eyes on the Duke of Burgundy, as if to ask his protection, when the Duke of Norfolk, captain of the king's guard, appeared at the entrance of the tent, and said, "Your majesty will surely excuse my bold-

ness in interrupting an important conference, when I inform you of a circumstance that astonishes the whole camp. Already had the van of the army begun to file off, when they perceived afar in the plain a standard waving in the air;—soon they knew the arms of the crescent: a herald is advancing alone; he precedes, as he says, a brilliant embassy, charged with proposals for peace from Saladin; it is to you principally, my liege, the embassy is addressed, and I come to receive your commands."

On hearing these words, Richard, astonished, looked at his sister, who blushed, and could not conceal her emotion. He then turned round to the Duke of Burgundy and the King of Jerusalem, and observed, that he could not dispense with hearing Saladin's proposals. Lusignan, enraged at the disappointment, replied, that, whatever those proposals might be, he should reject them without giving them a hearing, if the hand of Matilda were to be the condition. "But your majesty will remember, I hope," replied the Duke of Burgundy, "that your will can be no law to us; that the interest of the faith ought to go before that of your love, and, in a word, that the council of princes has alone the right to decide thereon, and send Saladin an answer." The impatient King of Jerusalem was on the point of answering in an offensive tone, and Richard, no less impatient than he, was exclaiming, "He alone would dispose of his own sister"—when the Duke of Bavaria interrupted them in these terms: "What! we are yet ignorant of the sultan's proposals, and already does animosity break out among us! Let us wait at least till they are known, and esteem each other enough to believe that the interest of religion alone will dictate our answer." The Duke of Bavaria prevailed. Lusignan, who perceived Richard himself was adopting that opinion, did not hesitate also to conform to it. Moved with his deference and feigned disinterestedness, Richard grasped his hand affectionately, saying, "You have nothing to fear." Then he bid Matilda retire, and, turning to the Duke of Norfolk, commanded him to acquaint the princes and chiefs of the army that the general council was to assemble in an hour, to hear Saladin's proposals.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Who can relate all the hopes which revived in the heart of Matilda! She asked herself what could be the meaning of that solemn embassy from Saladin, and at once guessed Malek Adhel. Amidst her agitations, she wished for the prelate's return, and grieved at having broken her engagement with him. While she wept, feared, and hoped, her good and faithful Herminia of Leicester came in, and said, that, among the persons who formed the ambassador's train, she had recognised one of Malek Adhel's most confidential servants. Matilda interrupted her, and enquired if she had spoken to him. "No," replied Herminia; "the king, your brother, has forbidden all intercourse between the ambassador's train and the Christians, until the council shall have decided on Saladin's terms."

Herminia said no more. Matilda feared to ask about what she was most anxious to know; but the attention with which she had listened, and the solicitude expressed in her looks, sufficiently declared her wishes. The countess fancied she understood them, but, still concealing it, said, "However secret the sultan's proposals may be, a report prevails in the camp that his ambassador, Mahomed, is charged to demand your highness's hand for Malek Adhel. During two hours has he been before the council, and nothing has yet transpired." Matilda turned her head aside, and concealed her face and emotion with her hands; the countess remained in silence.

Suddenly a noise of drums and trumpets was heard, and Herminia exclaimed, "The council is over, and the ambassador is returning to his tent." She then withdrew, and left Matilda alone. The princess fell on her knees: "O Heaven!" said she, "is Malek Adhel thine, and shall Matilda be his?" She had not the strength to say more, for her whole destiny was in those few words. She fell back in her chair. To love Malek Adhel was supreme felicity: to love him was the only eternity she asked for! Never had she indulged her sentiments so far. They became a true passion, and her chaste veil was drenched with the tears of love! A sudden noise snatched her from her reverie. She screamed, and hid herself, lest some one should discover her condition, and the secret agitations of her heart. It was the queen, who, on entering, exclaimed, "In what a state do I find you! you weep when all smile!" Matilda started, raised her head, and looked at her with astonishment. Berengere drew near, and her countenance beaming with joy, said to her, "Queen of Jerusalem, let me salute you!" "Horrid title!" interrupted Matilda. "Never shall they see me seated on Lusignan's throne!" "How say you, sister? It is not Lusignan, but Malek Adhel who calls you there!" The princess turned pale—trembled. She could not believe what she heard. The queen, pressing her hand, added affectionately, "This seems, without doubt, a prodigy. But, sister, learn there are no prodigies which love cannot accomplish." She said, looked at her, and smiled. Matilda could not smile. Too many emotions had rushed on her at once. Astonished at her silence, the queen said, "What, Matilda, when Providence changes the minds of kings on your account, and reverses the usual course of things, in order to unite you with the hero of your choice, do you remain confounded, and not return thanks?" These words recalled gratitude into Matilda's soul, but with it likewise the only idea which could make it lively and boundless. "O my sister!" said she, "you have not yet told me that Malek Adhel is become a Christian!" "That point remains yet in obscurity," answered the queen. "Ah!" replied she, "do not talk of happiness then, until it be cleared up." The queen resumed then: "Matilda, is not your disposition, which banishes hope, and mistrusts celestial goodness, a mark of ingratitude?" "Perhaps so," replied Matilda, wiping away her tears. "Read this," added Berengere, giving her a paper; "it will tell you that it now depends perhaps on yourself only to change the fate of this empire." Matilda took it. It contained Saladin's proposals, in these terms.

"In the name of the only God, whose reign is without end, and of his Prophet Mahomed, whom he sent to establish the only true law, we, the most illustrious sultan, defender and ornament of the faith, King of the Mussulmans, servant of the two holy cities, Mecca and Medina, Saladin, son of Ayoub, make it known to the princes, united under the law of Christ, that we have given to the most high and most noble Malek Adhel, our brother, the column of our empire, the kingdom of Jerusalem, all Judea, and many other important cities in Syria. But, that all these extensive states not proving satisfactory, unless the Princess of England reign over them with him, we propose this alliance as the pledge of everlasting peace and amity between the East and West. We consent that a Christian queen be seated on the throne of Jerusalem, and that by her presence and protection she console the comfortless people, and maintain union between the Mussulmans and the Christians: we only demand that she bring us Ptolemais for her dowry. At this price, we permit her to consecrate the temple of Resurrection (the holy sepulchre) to her own worship. We make restitution of its monasteries—we allow all your pilgrims to visit the holy city, and will preserve inviolable peace and friendship with you. But if you dismiss our embassy with a denial, far from fearing, we will meet you; and God, by his power supreme, will give us victory. Decide, then, whether you will have peace or war. And, if God have resolved on your ruin, come! We will march at the head of the different nations who compose our empire, and whom no sea, desert, nor obstacle, can impede."

Matilda read the despatch twice, with the most profound attention. When she had done, she reclined her head on the queen's shoulder, and said, sorrowfully, "Do you know what answer the council have sent to these proposals?" "They at first produced the greatest altercations," replied Berengere; "the majority of the council declared in their favour; but the King of Jerusalem rejected them with the most audacious scorn, and Richard supported him. The animosity then increased: cries, threats, insults, were heard; and the Archbishop of Tyre's absence was lamented. The most numerous party were for the sultan—the most violent against him. Meanwhile, amidst that dreadful agitation, Lusignan suddenly remained silent—all wondered. He drew near to Richard, spoke to him in a low voice, and, demanding to be heard, silence was restored. 'Princes,' said he, 'I am asked to yield up a kingdom. Nay, much more: the beauty the King of England had promised to my wishes. Great and painful as those sacrifices may be—yet if religion command, I am ready to obey. But, to determine on this, I must be certain that religion really does require it. And how can I do so, unless God proclaim it by the voice of his ministers? I therefore request that the answer to Saladin's proposals may be suspended until the bishops' council, presided by the pope's legate, have pronounced on this question, viz: whether it be an advantage for Christianity to abandon Jerusalem to a Saracen prince—and whether a daughter of the royal blood of England may be allowed to swear submission and obedience to an infidel?'

"There was in this an appearance of moderation, which reconciled the minds of the council to Lusignan; and his opinion appeared so prudent and disinterested, that it was adopted unanimously. They therefore concluded that the bishops alone had the right to decide, and, until that was done, that a truce should be requested of Saladin. And you may well imagine, my sister, that, since the point is left at their option, they will not hesitate to accept an alliance which will restore to the true faith a part of its former lustre and power." "Ah! may Malek Adhel be enlightened!" interrupted the princess: "I can form no other wish, nor desire any more. But tell me, sister, do you know whether this embassy is the effect of the archbishop's presence at Cesarea?" "I hear nothing of the prelate," replied the queen: "it even appears he was not at Cesarea when Mahomed set off." The princess raised her hands to heaven with profound melancholy, and asked herself how God could so long delay calling Malek Adhel to himself!

"On returning from the council," resumed Berengere, "my husband was pensive and silent. He gave me the paper, saying, he would soon come and speak to you himself." "Sacred powers!" exclaimed Matilda, "this kindness of Richard surely conceals some mystery. But, sister, can the bishops' council be summoned when the archbishop is away? Lusignan entreats that he may not be waited for. He dreads that partiality in favour of Malek Adhel, which, in spite of all his piety, the prelate has not been able to subdue." "Almighty Ruler!" said the princess, "when the glory, the light of thy church, has not been able to forbear being interested in favour of that prince, am I then so guilty in having loved him!" As she uttered these words, the doors were opened, and Richard appeared before them. His looks were uneasy and stern. He paced the room in silence, as if meditating on what he was going to say. At last, stopping before his sister, he said, "Matilda, when I left Europe, it was to come hither, and, in driving the infidels from the sepulchre of Christ, to restore it to the Christians. I found Lusignan at Cyprus—was moved with his misfortunes—swore to give him back his crown—and that engagement was sealed by friendship and brotherhood in arms. What do they propose to me now? To break through that holy and sacred bond—to abandon my friend and brother in his misfortunes—to see him stripped of his rights, and to invest a Saracen prince with them! This is not all. We are required to restore to the infidels that Ptolemais, purchased with so many toils and so much blood, and to unite our royal sister, the noble offspring of the Plantagenets, to a wandering Arab! Does honour, proud honour, allow me to endure such affronts? What! throughout Europe it will be said, 'Richard, who went into Palestine a formidable conqueror, whose sword was the consolation of Jerusalem and the terror of the East, has shamefully retired at Saladin's first proposition!'—and shall I suffer it!" He stopped, as if oppressed with rage. The queen and the princess preserved silence. After a pause, he added, "What the prayers of the whole camp could not have wrung from me, that has Lusignan obtained. His generosity has not allowed him to mind his own interest, nor suffer it to be defended. And, if I did yield, I confess it has been to display such heroic generosity in its proper lustre. He has referred to the council of bishops a question which my sword would have better decided, and I have given my assent. So great an example, Matilda, will surely not be lost upon you. It will teach you all the deference such a sacrifice on my part demands on yours. It will teach you how far one may bend, when public interest requires it. It will teach you, that, if oaths taken in the name of honour and friendship have yielded to more exalted duties, those wrung from weakness, by love, ought yet more to give way. It will, in short, teach you the only resolution you can adopt, in case the council of bishops should reject the proposed alliance. You will remember, that,

having the power to enforce obedience, I have [illegible]used it; and that, after so great an effort over my feelings, if you do not follow my example—if, far from showing yourself worthy of it, you even hesitate to acknowledge my authority, and the choice I have made for you, there would be no temerity, no ingratitude, which might not be compared with yours!"

He ceased. Matilda cast her eyes downwards, and made no reply. Though affected at some of her brother's expressions, and surprised at Lusignan's apparent generosity, she felt that no circumstance could ever give her the fortitude, or even the will, of accepting any other than Malek Adhel for her husband. But, though she had courage enough to abide invariably by that resolution, she had not sufficient to tell the king so. Berengere, to spare her the trouble of a silence that became irksome to Richard, asked him, in a timid voice, whether the council of bishops was to meet soon, or wait for the archbishop's return? "You, who know," replied he, sarcastically, "where he is gone to preach the word of Christ, may tell us, surely, whether the importance of his mission will detain him long. But the secrecy you have promised to observe, not allowing you to give us the requisite information, we have been forced to leave it to chance. Should, however, the prelate not be back at the expiration of a week, the council must assemble without him." He stopped again, looking steadfastly at Matilda, as if waiting for an answer. She was silent, and he continued: "Your hopes are very mute, sister. Perhaps it had been better for your fame, had your fears been as much so this morning. You have committed a great imprudence in pledging your faith to Malek Adhel, and a still greater one in owning it publicly. Meanwhile, considering your extreme youth, and the love I bear you, I may yet pardon you. But, in the rank you hold, remember all eyes are fixed upon you. That one imprudence more can have no excuse—and that the world and I would never forgive you." He retired then, saying he expected to see her with the queen in the evening. As this was an order she could obey, she, therefore, although reluctantly, went. With a mind disturbed with anxiety and fears, she was forced to hear all the speeches the news of the day gave rise to, and endeavour to answer. Some, filled with admiration of her and Malek Adhel, applauded the proposed alliance, and the triumph of beauty. Others, inquisitive and malicious, sought to guess her secret. The women looked at her with envy, Richard with coldness, and Berengere with compassion. All the knights, who had aspired to obtain her hand, broke out into menaces and complaints. The bishops, grave and silent, refused to answer any questions relative to the judgment they were to give, and imposed the same reserve on their features, as on their discourse. Lusignan, leaning over the back of the princess's chair, seemed plunged into a deep sorrow, and saw with pleasure that his grief and resignation produced on the spectators the effect he had hoped from them. No man had less native magnanimity than Lusignan; but none better knew how useful it might prove in certain cases. In the morning he had well observed how contrary to his wishes the majority of the council seemed to be, and that, in persisting to reject every arrangement with Saladin, he would alienate men's minds still more. That Richard alone could not be able to support him against the whole army, and that the safest way was to consent to yield up all his claims. In making this sacrifice spontaneously, he should improve in the esteem of the Crusaders, become dearer to Richard, and perhaps might move the heart of Matilda. Besides, in the sacred council, he would have the advantage of time and intrigue—two engines which he knew so well how to work, that, when he had the opportunity of employing them, he felt himself almost certain of success.

But of all things in the world, nothing is more out of the reach of artifice than a plain honest heart. In such there is a sort of instinctive righteousness, that repels fraud, and cannot be won by it. Matilda might well believe in Lusignan's generosity, but she could not be moved by it. And, even during the profound affliction he exhibited, he inspired her with a reluctance she reproached herself for, perhaps, but which she could not overcome. Leaning over Matilda's seat, he was saying to her, "Ah, madam, had Malek Adhel only demanded of me the resignation of my crown, and could I but hope such love as mine would suffice to your ambition, one word from you would make me abdicate all my claims." "Sire," replied she, coldly, and without looking at him, "how could Malek Adhel ask you to resign Jerusalem and my hand, since the first is his, and the other my own?" This said, to shun a lover she hated, she arose, and drew near the queen, who was conversing with the pope's legate. Lusignan still followed her, and, apprehensive lest she might address some requests to that venerable representative of the head of the church, he spoke to him in the following terms: "Let your eminence beware of that dangerous beauty, for irresistible eloquence distils from her lips. Nay, to indulge in listening to the Princess Matilda, is to be exposed to obey her alone." "You offend us both, sire," replied the legate, gravely: "the princess is as far from addressing me a request I ought not to listen to, as I am from granting it, if she did." "And I will add," interrupted Matilda, rather sharply, "that your majesty has but too well taken care to guard against that submission you are talking of. For, in fact, if it were enough to hear me to obey, you would long ago have ceased to address your professions to me." Lusignan was going to reply, but she would not suffer it. Impatient to be left to her own thoughts and hopes, she requested and obtained the queen's leave to withdraw. And availing herself of it immediately, she retired without condescending to look at Lusignan, who continued entreating her to hear him but a moment longer.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Matilda retired into her oratory, the windows of which overlooked the ramparts, freely indulging in the new hopes and sentiments she was perhaps on the point of being allowed to entertain without disgrace. She recollected with a blush, but still she recollected, that nuptial pomp which had crowned Berengere's marriage, that oath of eternal love pronounced with so much joy by the queen, a joy that now began less to astonish Matilda's innocence. Her imagination, diving then beyond the abysses of death, met again with love and Malek Adhel, and lost itself in transports of felicity, the reality of which belongs to heaven alone. Of this, however, God has allowed man to conceive, in order that he should not doubt the existence of heaven: but it would be great impiety to think that man's fancy can conceive more than God has done.

For upwards of an hour, she had been indulging in her extatic reveries, when the Countess of Leicester entered, seemingly agitated, and told her that an Arab was at the door, charged with letters from Prince Adhel to her highness. Matilda having desired her to receive them, the countess added, that he refused to entrust them to her, and would deliver them to the princess only." "Show him in, then," replied Matilda, eagerly, "for it is late. The hour when they shut the city gates is almost at hand, and the Arab would be lost if they found him in Ptolemais after that time." Herminia went out, and returned instantly with the Saracen soldier, whose visor was down, and deportment mysterious. The princess spoke to him with some emotion. He made her no answer. Astonished at his silence, which she attributed to the presence of Herminia, she made her a sign to withdraw. Scarcely was the Mussulman left alone with her, when he fell at her feet, exclaiming in a voice that reached Matilda's heart, "At last I see her! Matilda is restored to me!" "Almighty Powers!" interrupted the princess, alarmed, "if an illusion deceive me—if it be not him that I hear—if my wandering fancy bring before me but a shade—deprive me of life, but not of my error!"

Malek Adhel did not answer; he was too much moved to speak; he threw away his helmet, and showed himself to Matilda; she recognised that face which love had stamped with his image; surprise, joy, struck her to the heart, and, in the transport she experienced, it seemed to her as if she was ceasing to exist. On beholding such emotion, Malek Adhel felt his own increasing to madness; he pressed to his breast the beauty he adored, but Matilda, starting, resisted; for modesty remained, though reason was gone. At that instant, the tolling of a bell, that summoned the Christians to prayers in a neighbouring temple, filled the virgin with holy terror. "Malek Adhel, dost thou hear that voice!" exclaimed she, "it is the voice of God himself!"—"O Matilda!" replied he passionately, "wilt thou, by eternally opposing thy God to my felicity, make me hate him?"—"What didst thou say? I make thee hate him! O my heavenly Father, thou knowest if I ever entreated any other favour than thy being revealed to him!—But speak, Malek Adhel; tell me by what prodigy you happen to be here? Has the Archbishop of Tyre sent you—has he found you in Cesarea—have his words reached your heart?"—"I know not what you mean, Matilda," replied the prince; I have not seen the archbishop; he is not at Cesarea; and not he, but love, has brought me to your feet. No mortal on earth knows of my being here; my brother himself is ignorant of it; the generous, but proud Saladin would not have permitted that I should experience in this place the disgrace of a delay—but I could not wait far from you for an answer upon which my life depends; I could not deny myself the happy opportunity of beholding you but for a moment, under the disguise of a private soldier. Unknown even to Mahomed, I came among his train, while the sultan thinks me engaged in visiting Ascalon and Jaffa."

"You know," said the virgin, colouring, "the answer the princes have returned to Saladin's proposals?"—"I know," replied he impatiently, "that Lusignan, whose audacity presumes to aspire to your hand, has obtained that the council of your bishops should alone decide on that point; I know too, that your brother has declared against me, and that he supports Lusignan's presumptuous claims. Perhaps his influence over the minds of your bishops will dictate their answer; perhaps they will reject Saladin's terms; perhaps they will command you, Matilda, to betray the faith you have sworn to me." He stopped, as if to suppress the anguish the bare idea of it caused him, and then added in a softer tone, "if they should command it, Matilda, tell me, what resolution would you adopt?" On hearing these words she knelt down before the image of Christ, and, having obliged the prince to do the same, answered, "in the name of this object of my eternal veneration, I renew the oath of never belonging to any but you!"—"Matilda!" interrupted he with warmth, "this is not enough—swear that you will be mine!" "I swear it!" exclaimed she; "Malek, give me thy hand!" Surprised and delighted, Malek Adhel gave it; she took it, and placing it with her own on the book of the Gospels, she added with a sort of enthusiasm, "now am I ready to unite myself with thee, Malek Adhel, for life—for eternity; I wait but for one word—wilt thou worship the God I serve?" Confused, at a loss, the prince exclaimed, "what dost thou ask Matilda?" "My eternal felicity and thine!" replied the virgin, beaming with enthusiastic raptures; "wouldst thou refuse it me?" Perhaps he was going to yield, perhaps religion, twice prevailing in the course of a few instants, was going to employ that flame of love she had just triumphed over, to enlighten an infidel; but the noise of some persons walking precipitately frightened the princess; and Malek Adhel had scarcely put on his helmet, when Herminia appeared. "Madam," said she, "the gates of the city have just been closed; the King of Jerusalem, going his round over the ramparts, fancies he has heard the sound of a strange voice proceeding from your apartment; the soldiers on the watch have assured him that a Mussulman had been introduced into your retirement, and had not left it. He then came to your door, and now insists on being admitted; nay, demands to know who is the presumptuous man who dares hold converse with you at such an hour, and thus transgress the rule that forbids any Mahomedan remaining in Ptolemais after dark." "Well," exclaimed Malek Adhel, unable to contain himself any longer, "let him appear, let him come, and gratify my impatience to shed his blood!" Herminia screamed with surprise on recognising the prince!—"What wouldst thou, Malek Adhel!" said Matilda, in unspeakable distress; "wilt thou ruin me by such a scene! ah! if my fame be dear to thee, take care not to be known. Follow Herminia, she will conduct thee hence. Shouldst thou meet Lusignan, tell him thou wert ignorant of the law which forbids Mussulmans to remain in Ptolemais after dark; tell him thou beggest pardon in my name; if he should grow angry and threaten thee, I shall estimate thy love by the silence thou wilt preserve!" The prince pressed her hand with passionate eagerness, and replied, "thou requirest that I should prefer thy honour to my own; I promise to obey, Matilda, and leave thee with that recollection; it will tell thee some day what I have a right to expect."

As he uttered these words he withdrew; Herminia

followed him; at the outer door he found the King of Jerusalem at the head of his soldiers, who said to him, "presumptuous Arab, whence thy audacity to remain in Ptolemais, and with the Princess of England at such an hour? Knowest thou it is a crime that deserves death?" The prince replied with an emotion which all attributed to his apprehension of being punished—"I am a Saracen; I came a few hours ago to Mahomed's tents, and am ignorant of the rule established at Ptolemais. I am charged with letters from Malek Adhel to the Princess Matilda, and came in obedience to my master."—"Were it only on account of that abhorred master of thine," replied Lusignan, enraged, "I will punish thee in such a way as to teach him what fate I reserve for him too!"—"I would not advise this," replied Malek Adhel proudly; "for heaven, which has lighted up the fire of courage in his breast, and given him a heart incapable of fear, might speedily bring him here to teach you, even among your friends and soldiers, how he treats those who give him offence by their insolent speeches and proud pretensions!"—"Vile Saracen," interrupted the King of Jerusalem, "thinkest thou I will tamely bear the insults of such a wretch as thou?—Soldiers, load him with chains instantly and throw him into a deep dungeon's gloom, till his master come to claim him. We shall then see how he will receive the answer I prepare for him, and whether the sword I drew for the son of Mary will not obtain satisfaction from this hated Mussulman." "If fighting me please you as well as him," resumed Malek Adhel, "and if death do not frighten you, I offer you both battle and death! Come on, this very moment!—The darkness of night shall not protect you; spite of it, my sword shall find your heart."—"Dost thou think, then," replied Lusignan, disdainfully "that I would degrade regal majesty so low as to fight with such an abject enemy! To-morrow, in the face of the whole camp, and in the sight of Mahomed himself, shall an infamous punishment atone for thy temerity, and revenge me for thy insolence!"—He said, and ordered him to be loaded with chains; Malek Adhel drew his sword with that fire that revealed the hero. Lusignan looked at him, wondered, and said, "Who art thou, thus to think of defending thyself?" Had Malek Adhel exposed his own life only, he would have answered by attacking Lusignan; but he wished not to commit Matilda, and yet, in suffering himself to be put in chains, he must unavoidably be recognised, and this again would be disobeying her. In such an alternative, he ventured to discover himself to his rival. "Hear!" said he to him, in a low voice; "I am Malek Adhel! If my sword does not tell thee so, it is to avoid a scandal that might offend her, to whose service we both have devoted our lives. And, according to the use thou wilt make of the secret I confide to thy honour, I shall see whether thou art worthy of the name of knight, and the esteem of a rival who hates thee!" "I hate thee a thousand times more!" replied Lusignan, whose voice was altered with rage, "and the respect alone which I bear the illustrious Matilda can force me to silence, quell my anger, and suspend my vengeance!" "If thou art anxious to gratify it," answered Malek Adhel, "thou shalt not wait. Meet me to-morrow at sunset, in the sycamore wood that spreads near the gate of Nazareth, and the life of one of us shall decide." All the answer the King of Jerusalem gave was to squeeze his hand. Then, raising his voice, he said to his soldiers, that he was satisfied with that slave's apology; that they might conduct him without the city gates, and take care to preserve silence on the adventure.

Herminia, without being perceived, watched all that had passed, and came back to give her mistress the account, as soon as she saw the prince in safety. Matilda easily guessed what Malek Adhel had whispered to Lusignan. She knew too well that the arrogance of the last would not have forgiven a soldier who had just insulted him, had he not in discovering himself forced Lusignan by that mark of esteem to show himself worthy of having received it. But she was equally certain, that the one could not have yielded, nor the other have remained silent, except with the hope of early revenge. She therefore could entertain no doubt but that they had provoked each other to fight, and though she thought Malek Adhel invincible, Lusignan's valour alarmed her. All night her mind was employed in finding out the means of avoiding the danger that threatened the prince, and fear and love suggested a project which she hastily put in execution. Scarcely did daylight appear, when she sent to the king's quarters, to request permission to celebrate that same day, by a solemn festival, the fortunate truce which had just taken place between two empires, hoping that he would do her the favour to assist in it, as well as the principal chiefs of the army.

Richard, surprised at the message, was on the point of sending a refusal. He could not bear that his sister should wish to celebrate an event that afflicted him so deeply. Yet, as he was happy that, by making a public display, she would seem openly to abjure her first engagements, he thought that his consent would bind her more closely to the obligations of remaining in the world, and submitting to what he should some day prescribe. He therefore answered, that, not only he agreed to her request, but that he also wished her to bestow a sumptuous pomp and regal magnificence on her banquet, and would take upon himself the care of inviting the ladies and knights who should have the honour of being present there.

All those whom the King of England was pleased to name deemed themselves happy in the honour of his preference, and eagerly repaired under the costly and magnificent tents the princess had caused to be pitched on the shore. The King of Jerusalem appeared among the first, hoping that he should be able to escape about the middle of the day to meet and encounter Malek Adhel in the sycamore wood; and likewise filled with the project of taking revenge on Matilda, in letting her know that he was master of her fate, since he had discovered her secret. But, before he could find time to make her understand it, the conduct of the princess disconcerted all his projects, and proved to him that the fear of seeing the secret of the preceding day discovered, was not what most engaged her attention.

All the most illustrious sovereigns, brave knights, and lovely beauties, that Europe and Asia could bring together, assembled round an immense table, at which the princess of England presided with admirable grace. At the end of the banquet, she arose on a sudden, and, her countenance suffused with a modest blush, said, "With the king my brother's gracious leave, I require of all the knights here present, that they will grant me a boon." So beautiful and interesting was she while speaking, that there was no need of her royal birth, nor of Richard's commands, to be obeyed. All the knights rose spontaneously, and promised that whatever the princess Matilda's will might be, they would unconditionally submit to it. She still hesitated to speak before she had obtained Richard's approbation, who, on his part, was afraid to give it, lest he should be engaged in spite of himself. Meanwhile, the laws of chivalry not allowing him to deny his sister any thing on so solemn an occasion, he answered with some confusion, that, far from opposing the boon being granted, he sufficiently knew her reserve and prudence to pledge himself to give her satisfaction, as far as might be in his power. "Since your majesty allows me to express my wish," replied she, with dignity, "I demand from you, sire, as well as from all the knights who have just sworn obedience to me, a promise that, during the truce which has just been concluded with Saladin, every offensive weapon be hung up. That none be used during the tilts and tournaments but blunted ones. And, in fine, that none among you, under any pretence, spill blood in our games, by provoking or accepting deadly strife, either with the Christians, or even the Mussulmans." At these words, all the knights turned down the point of their swords at Matilda's feet, declaring it treason and felony to break their oath before she had released them. The King of Jerusalem came forward one of the last, and, kneeling reluctantly, said in a low voice to Matilda, with a reproachful look, "Ah, madam, how painful are your laws, and how hard is it for me to obey them to-day!" Matilda, happy in the success of her stratagem, looked at Lusignan more kindly than usual, and answered him in a low and mysterious voice, at the same time holding out her hand to him, "I know what I owe you, and the right your silence has to my gratitude!" Lusignan, transported with a favour which his anxious cares and ardent solicitations had never yet been able to obtain, did not imagine that he owed it to the happiness Matilda then enjoyed, in having secured the prince's life during the truce; a happiness that filled her soul so completely, that she could not contain it, whence her looks became softer and her expressions kinder, as if every one had been a Malek Adhel around her. Lusignan ventured to believe he could succeed in interesting her, if he continued to appear great and noble in her eyes. His conduct in the council, his moderation with the prince, must have acquired him the virgin's esteem, and these were the only means to reach her heart. He thus confirmed himself in the resolution of employing all his artifice to appear generous, and to feign virtues which he had not. Why did he not employ the same efforts to obtain them! With less trouble he would have reaped more success: for, though intrigue, in mustering all its devices, may sometimes resemble magnanimity, yet the weak foundation of virtue sooner or later gives way, and with it falls the deceitful phantom it has raised.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The sun was already on its decline, when Malek Adhel, exploring for the third time the skirts of the wood, and not seeing Lusignan, wondered what obstacles could detain him. For, next to the pleasure of being preferred by her we love, there is none sweeter than that of taking revenge on a rival. Meanwhile, a cloud of dust arose. Lusignan appeared coming on full speed, but he was unarmed. His arm held no shield. Instead of his sword, he carried a lance, the point of which was blunted; a hat, ornamented with a plume of feathers, had taken the place of his helmet—and, in the room of his breast-plate, a purple mantle, with golden flowers, hung on his shoulders. Struck with surprise, Malek Adhel demanded an explanation. Lusignan gave it, but not fully. He said that Matilda had drawn him aside, and made him promise not to accept any challenge during the whole truce. But he did not say that she had laid the same injunction on all the knights. Hence, by the colouring he gave his account, it might have been supposed to be out of concern for him, that Matilda had required such an engagement. Malek Adhel looked at him disdainfully, and said, "Lusignan, I can hate, but not fear thee! Go! return to the Princess of England. Employ to seduce her all the artifices thy mind can suggest to thee. I know her too well not to be in perfect security." He said, and rode off full gallop—but was far from enjoying that peace and confidence he talked of. His heart was filled with anxiety and confusion. He could not forgive Matilda for having incurred an obligation to Lusignan, by receiving a promise from him: nor could he comprehend the cause of that strange conduct; for he did not in the least imagine she wished to preserve him from danger.

Accustomed as he was to meet with no invincible adversary—looking at Lusignan's defeat as a mere sport, and not being able to imagine that, in such a combat, Matilda could fear for any other than his detested rival, he was on the point of believing that, if she had not felt herself interested for him, she would not have hindered him from exposing himself. And yet, when he recollected the candour, the innocence of the virgin, and particularly the tender emotion she had shown the day before, he blushed at his suspicions, and longed to go, and implore forgiveness. How, in his impatience, did he count the hours that were to elapse until he could see Matilda! To take away from his existence all the hours that were to intervene previous to that happy day, how willingly would he have resigned all those that were to follow it! Thus, for passionate souls there is but one point in existence: except this, all is nothing. And, to snatch it a moment sooner, they consent to sink into that everlasting ruin they perceive beyond it. O Supreme Wisdom! what would be our fate, if, ceasing to watch over our destinies, thou allowedst us freely to gratify all our vain wishes! Impatient to realise the various seducing dreams of our imagination, instead of hoping long, we would enjoy at once. And, as there are no true and durable enjoyments but those which long hope has purchased, passing thus in a moment from desire to happiness, we should likewise pass from happiness to disgust, and from disgust to death itself. Thus, a day would suffice to devour our rapid existence, which even then we might have found too long.

Malek Adhel did not return straight to Cesarea. When he left Saladin, he told him he was going to visit Ascalon and Jaffa: nor did he wish to deceive his brother. Meanwhile, time passed. The days he had spent, in going to Ptolemais, and waiting for Lusignan, allowed him only to see Ascalon; Jaffa, besides, was not so

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PART I. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 24, 1837. NO. 4.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

important. He therefore returned to Cesarea. Saladin eagerly told him that Mahomed had come back—that the Christians accepted the truce, and seemed inclined towards the proposed alliance—but had left the decision to the council of bishops. "I do not think," added he, "that we ought to take offence at that vain honour they want to pay their priests. The King of England announces he is going to celebrate that truce, by splendid games and festivals. They will but serve as a prelude to those that shall crown the most brilliant marriage the world ever beheld. I will go there, brother. I wish to see so many European kings assemble in ancient Asia. I wish to be present at their fêtes. Unaccustomed to their tournaments, I will not fight there. But thou, Malek Adhel, to whom such sports are familiar—thou, who canst conquer alike in every place, wilt thou miss the opportunity of displaying, before so many kings, the valour, address, and magnificence, which have raised thee to such exalted rank in the East?" "I will attend thee, most assuredly," replied Malek Adhel. "Yes, brother, come," continued the sultan; "let us not part. My heart is thine—and there is no sacrifice that I am not ready to make thee, save what would affect my religion and my country." The prince pressed the generous sultan in his arms. But, amidst these embraces, he fancied still he heard Matilda's voice crying out: "Art thou a Christian? My hand is at that price alone!" And love, that tyrannised over him, and the divine flame that began to enlighten him, strove together to take possession of his soul: but friendship and honour, both insulted, and his country threatening him, would not permit it. Distracted by these perplexities, made unhappy by love, religion, his country, and glory—unhappy, in short, by the combination of all those gifts that form human felicity, Malek Adhel, corroded with sorrow, fear, and anguish, felt that the obstacles that opposed his happiness could only be done away by a miracle, and he knew not of what power to ask that miracle.

Followed by a numerous train, the sultan set out for Ptolemais. A hundred troopers rode before him. The breeze sported in their lofty plumes—and gold and azure shone on their brilliant armour. Fifty foot guards marched before, with magnificent turbans, and robes of gold and silk tissue. They led camels loaded with the sultan's tents, and rich presents, destined for the future Queen of Jerusalem. Amidst that band, the austere Saladin was distinguished by his manly simplicity, and Malek Adhel by his noble deportment, and elegant magnificence. They rode Arabian horses, who tossed their heads and curvetted proudly, as if sensible of the honour of bearing such great heroes.

The rays of the third sun since their departure began to tinge the gold and purple clouds, when they perceived the spires of Ptolemais, the camp of the Christians, and the standards of the cross. Saladin halted, and pitched his tents at the foot of a hill, whence a limpid stream flowed in rapid murmurs, shaded by groves of palm trees and tamarinds. He hastened to acquaint the Christian princes with his approach, his intention of assisting at their games, and the wish of Malek Adhel to engage with all their knights. On hearing the news, the whole camp was in rumour and motion; all were impatient to contemplate great Saladin's person, and Malek Adhel, still greater, who, till that day, the terror of the Christians, was courting their alliance in the sacred bonds of matrimony. Lusignan was deeply vexed; he foresaw all the success Malek Adhel would deprive him of, and the honour to be acquired in the tournaments appeared to him no longer secure when he knew what a rival he would have to contend with. He concealed his grief, however, for he saw that the open-hearted Richard was sensible of the high proof of esteem Saladin was giving the Christians; he came alone, without any attendants scarcely, to reside among his enemies, and gave himself to them without conditions. So great a confidence announced great generosity, and Richard had too much loftiness of soul not to feel and acknowledge so magnanimous an action; he therefore forgot all personal interests to bestow the most sincere praises on the step Saladin and Malek Adhel had taken, and did not hesitate to treat them with equal confidence in return, by repairing instantly to their tents.

On seeing him arrive without guards or attendants, accompanied by his valour alone, the sultan, charmed with such a high mark of courtesy, answered it in the most princely way; he caused ices and sherbet to be brought in, and, taking hold of his hand, readily and affectionately said to him, "Great king, the last time we met, thou didst teach me how dangerous an enemy thou wert, and now I find the happiness of possessing thee for a friend." "Dost thou not consent to give us that title, illustrious Richard?" exclaimed Malek Adhel, moved, on observing in his proud and manly features the resemblance of the beauty he loved; "and wilt thou refuse to join to it that of ally and brother?" The sight of the prince revived at once, in the soul of Richard, the recollection of his defeat, and of his ensuing rage, and he answered in a faltering voice, "Invincible warrior, before Richard saw thee, he had never turned his back on an enemy; and must the hand of his sister reward thee for having taught him the shame of it?" "What sayest thou, noble Richard?" replied the prince, eagerly; "what victory could rank with such a defeat? Didst thou not appear in the midst of our army like the lion of the desert, who rushes on a caravan, attacks and disperses it alone, yields to numbers only, and leaves his prey after having marked his passage by the most dreadful havoc?"

Malek Adhel's answer, voice, and countenance, pleased Richard; and he could not escape feeling that ascendency the prince obtained over all who were admitted to his presence—an ascendency which he owed to that noble sincerity which crowned his other virtues, and gave dignity and grace to every thing he said and did. The conference was long; Richard spoke of the engagements which connected him with Lusignan, expressed the anguish he should experience if the council of bishops forced him to abandon his friend, and betray his faith; he did not deny that, were it not for that oath wherein his honour was pledged, he should behold the proffered alliance with pleasure, and be happy at his sister becoming the bond of amity between the two worlds. Malek Adhel, during the explanation, had been obliged more than once to silence his feelings, not to interrupt him; yet, when he perceived that, if the council of bishops should not be favourable to his wishes, Matilda might perhaps be forced to give Lusignan her hand, he could not help telling Richard that the princess was not at liberty to disengage the faith she had sworn to him in the desert. "I know," exclaimed the king, "the promise my imprudent sister has presumed to make you, but I know likewise that the head of our church has the right of releasing her from it, and that it was not wise in you to depend on her." "I depend on her till death!" interrupted Malek Adhel, warmly; "I depend on her as on my own honour, as on thine! and that is saying much!" Richard wished to reply, but Saladin prevented him. "Why do you both thus give way to anger?" said he; "let us put off the season of storms till the time when we may perhaps be forced to become enemies again; when the council of your priests have decided, it will be time enough to know whether we are to swear endless war or everlasting peace; meanwhile, let us show the world that we know as well how to esteem each other as to fight." These words extinguished all spirit of discord, and Richard and Malek Adhel, shaking hands most cordially, forgot their resentment. In the mean time the hour drew near when the tournaments were to begin; Richard mentioned it to Saladin, and enquired if he would not honour them with his presence. "And thou, brave Malek Adhel," added he, "wilt thou not also come to display thy address and valour, and match them with ours? The reward will be given by my sister, and surely thou wilt be anxious to deserve them?" "I fly!" exclaimed the prince, running to his lance, his eyes beaming with ardent love and glory. "Curb the impetuosity of thy ardour till to-morrow," resumed the King of England, "for this day thou wilt only be a spectator of our sports; the judges of the camp have decided it so; to-morrow the lists will be opened for thee." "To-morrow!" replied Malek Adhel, dejectedly; "ah! perhaps to-day I shall behold Lusignan crowned victor; but it matters not—to-morrow shall revenge many insults!" He then asked Richard if he might see the princess, and appear in her apartments. "It is a liberty which no Christian knight dare venture to take," replied Richard, "and which cannot be granted; but she will attend the queen to the tournaments, and assist at the succeeding fêtes; there thou mayest see and speak to her." He said, and left them. Soon the flourishes of drums and trumpets announced to Saladin and his brother that the tilts were going to take place, and both immediately repaired to the Christian camp.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

When the sultan appeared at the entrance of the camp, Richard came to receive him, followed by the most illustrious among the Christian knights: he was conducted to a throne erected in the shape of a tower, which had been prepared on purpose. It was covered with rich carpets, embroidered with silver; flags and oriflames of various colours, bearing the arms of the crescent, were majestically waving above; and the breeze that fanned them seemed to direct their soft undulations towards the banners of the cross which hung around them; and thus, by intermixing them together, to set the example of peace and amity to the different powers they represented.

Saladin placed himself on a high seat; Malek Adhel occupied one a little lower: on the breast of the young hero shone a rich vest, thrice dipped in Tyrian purple, and over his brass helmet a lofty white plume was elegantly displayed. Repeatedly he looked around, but could not perceive Matilda; the combats were going to begin, and he was not allowed to share in them: these ideas filled him with sorrow, and his countenance betrayed uneasiness and impatience. The Lord of Coucy perceived it—Coucy, who late was Montmorency's best friend, and would have proved his rival in glory at the French court, if Montmorency could have had a rival; he guessed the cause of Malek Adhel's uneasiness, and essayed to soothe it thus:—"Young hero, it seems strange to thee to remain idle when all combat around thee: forgive us that we settled it so; it is an homage paid to thy valour, since we were apprehensive, if thou wert suffered every day to lay claim to victory, that no Christian would ever be crowned victor." Malek Adhel's mind was not sufficiently at liberty to enable him to answer this civility; but, taken up with one only thought, he said to Coucy, "Brave Frenchman, since I am not permitted to-day to lay claim to the prize the Princess Matilda's fair hand is to bestow on the victor, do not permit that Lusignan shall obtain it." "And why dost thou do him the honour to be more jealous of him than of me?" exclaimed Coucy, rather offended. "If the princess had to make a choice between the two, I should fear thee most," replied Malek Adhel; "but Lusignan's pretensions, supported by Richard's approbation, have obtained public notoriety; and, I confess, I wish they may meet with public mortification." Coucy squeezed his hand, assuring him he should be satisfied; and, the drums and trumpets beginning to play, he added, "The field opens, and the Queen of England appears on the balcony opposite, attended by Princess Matilda!" Malek Adhel started, for he then perceived Berengere, followed by her sister, whom Lusignan was handing. In the desert he might have seen her as beautiful and more interesting, but never had she appeared before him with so much lustre and magnificence: her silver gauze robe was elegantly fastened up with ruby and other rich stone clasps, and on her head a delicate gold and purple tissue confined her beautiful flaxen hair. Transported, struck with her charms, Malek Adhel saw no more of the surrounding spectators, the camp, or the whole world; he arose in a sort of ecstasy, and exclaimed, pressing eagerly the hand of his brother, and his eyes fixed on the object of his admiration, "Behold her, Saladin!"

The beauty of the princess astonished the sultan; he

gave symptoms of surprise, and told his brother that he thanked heaven that friendship had been beforehand with justice. "How could I not have forgiven thee," said he, "on beholding her that excused thy weakness! But, in order to forgive thee, thou knowest I had no occasion to see her." At that moment, Berengere, having recognised the prince, bowed to him with a lively expression of joy and gratitude: Matilda raised her eyes on him, and cast them down again with such a blush, and with so much grace, that her beauty seemed more heightened. Malek Adhel saw this, and could not help telling his brother, "Saladin, I consent to die for thee, but I swear not to live without her!"

On a sudden a flourish was heard, the lists were opened, the combatants entered and intermixed, and the games began: there force, skill and valour, were alternately displayed: Lusignan, fired with matchless ardour, disputed the prize in Castilian tilts, and gained much success. Mounted on a spirited courser, he raised the lance, and gave the last challenge. All the swords were instantly drawn, crossed each other, struck sparks of fire—and men and horses were thrown down and mingled in the dust. Lusignan and Coucy alone had withstood the shock. Angry to see their victory so long disputed, they ran their course, and rushed against one another full speed, their eyes darting arrogance and fire; their lances broke in pieces, and they drew their swords; all the spectators were moved, and Malek Adhel could not forbear applauding. Meanwhile, the judges of the field approached, and reminded them of the condition; the two fierce rivals reluctantly gave up the hope of shedding blood; but, instead of swords, they resumed the stumps of their lances; they drew closer together, and pranced round each other, seeking to grapple. Malek Adhel watched them close, nor lost one of their movements; in thought he encouraged Coucy, pointed out the means of victory, grieved when he failed, and found in Lusignan a rival worthy to encounter himself. Meanwhile, the Lord of Coucy seemed to have the advantage; he had just overthrown his enemy, and had precipitated himself on the ground with him; when at the instant he was going to crush him, Lusignan springing up skilfully, made the French hero stumble and fall. Malek Adhel screamed with vexation, while Lusignan eyed him triumphantly, and, following up his victory, forced Coucy, who lay on the ground, to acknowledge his defeat. The camp resounded with acclamations; every one exclaimed, "Honour and victory to Lusignan, to the King of Jerusalem!" Saladin and his brother, on hearing this title, glanced a sarcastic look. The victor passed proudly under Matilda's balcony, bowed to her, and prepared to receive the prize from her hand. He ascended the steps, knelt down before her, and kissed her hand. She was forced to endure this, and to hang round his neck a rich gold chain, the brilliant reward of his victory. On seeing this, Malek Adhel could not contain his grief; it betrayed itself in his countenance and gestures, and misled him to such a degree, as to make him fancy Matilda guilty. He accused and condemned her; he wished that in the sight of the whole camp she had refused to crown Lusignan. He was dying with impatience to vent his complaints, but how could he speak before so many witnesses? Was he not aware that his speeches, his actions, his very looks, were carefully watched? He would not have regarded it much, if he had thought of himself alone; but, spite of his anger, he thought of her also; and, even at the moment when he silently reproached her with her fault, he would have given a thousand lives, if he had had them, to spare her a moment's sorrow. Meanwhile, the time drew near when he was to be allowed to approach her. In a magnificent pavilion, which Richard had caused to be erected on the coast, the dances were to succeed the games, and Saladin was invited there with Malek Adhel; but the austere sultan refused to go; wanton pleasures had no charms for him, he therefore withdrew to his tent, to muse on the great interests of his empire, and left Malek Adhel to repair alone to the pavilion, where the Christian princes expected him. Richard advanced to meet him, and presented him to Berengere; he bowed respectfully to her, and took the hand she offered him. Fearful of displeasing her husband, she endeavoured to subdue that emotion which the sight of her deliverer caused; but in vain; her tears, in spite of her, revealed the vivacity of that gratitude she durst not express. In a faltering voice, she said, "Ah! prince, would I could bestow on you again part of those favours I have experienced from you!" "You well know, madam," replied he, "the favour I come to seek here." She then hastened to add, in a softer voice, and inclining forward as if to raise him up, "Noble Malek Adhel, were I but the mistress, you would not have to wait long." He thanked her by a look of gratitude, and turned to pay his respects to Matilda, who stood, half concealed, behind the queen's chair. Lusignan, who was near her, with a proud and disdainful look seemed to scorn the prince's homage, while the last, indignant to meet every where this hateful rival by the side of Matilda, unable to confine his anguish, nor daring to reveal it, cast on Matilda so sorrowful and yet stern a glance, that, in the emotion she experienced, she dropped the hand she was holding out to him, and a tear started in her eye. Malek Adhel saw it; seized with repentance, he accused himself already, saying in his own mind, "That the fault of afflicting Matilda was worse than all the wrongs he had attributed to her;" but his reflections were soon broken in upon by the sound of musical instruments announcing the dances were going to begin. Lusignan, as conqueror in the field, was alone to do the honours of the fête; to him belonged the right of opening the joyous ceremony; and, making the first choice among the ladies, he took Matilda's hand, and conducted her into the middle of the hall. All eyes were fixed on them. Lusignan had cast off his heavy armour; a short rich mantle covered his shoulders, and joy animated his countenance. He particularly excelled in grave dances, and had never appeared to so much advantage as at that moment, when he enjoyed the glory of his triumph, the pleasure of being near her he loved, and of humbling his rival. His satisfaction, however, was not unalloyed, for he could not be insensible to the reluctance with which the Princess of England yielded to court etiquette, and to her brother's commands. Forced to accept the hand of Lusignan, and appear alone with him before an immense crowd of applauding spectators, the profound melancholy imprinted on her looks, and the want of life in her movements, declared sufficiently that the place she occupied was not that which her heart would have chosen, had she been at liberty to follow its impulse alone. Meanwhile, the aversion she felt could not alter her features, nor diminish her graces; a grave dance suited the dignity of her deportment; the dejection of her spirits reflected on her person an additional charm, and diffused over her that divine and moral grace which springs from the mind, and adorns outward beauty with that of the soul.

A triple row of spectators, seated on steps covered with costly carpets, the dazzling reflection of the lights placed in chrystal chandeliers, the mixed sound of warlike and musical instruments, the beauty of the ladies, the valour of the knights, and the lustre of so many sceptres, cast on that assembly a pomp and magnificence hitherto unparalleled. But how little did all this brilliant display engage the attention of Malek Adhel! Amidst all this regal splendour he saw only Matilda, and sighed only to speak to her; if he was proud to see her look so beautiful, and extolled above all other beauties, he grew indignant, too, that they should join the name of Lusignan with the admiration she inspired, and that the arrogant sovereign should derive from his triumph the favour of placing himself by her side at the sumptuous banquet which succeeded the other entertainments.

Meanwhile, when the lighter dances had taken the place of the grave ones, Matilda came and seated herself by the queen; the assembly, whose eyes had been charmed with her, ventured to express a desire to see her dance again, and that Malek Adhel should succeed Lusignan in the honour of leading her. The prince, delighted, ran to her, and took her hand; the virgin arose, and her pale and melancholy countenance was suddenly enlivened with colour and joy. Lusignan, indignant, rushed forward and parted them; but not so quickly, however, but that Matilda had found time to slip a note and a key into the prince's hand. Malek Adhel, alike confounded at Lusignan's audacity and the gift he had received, remained for a time motionless. Lusignan insisted that his triumph had given him the right for that day of being the princess's only knight, and that no one should share it with him; "And were I disposed to resign it," added he, looking at Malek Adhel arrogantly, "thinkest thou I would do it in thy favour?" The prince felt his anger rise, and in the same threatening voice replied, "Thou art in the right to make use of thy prerogative to-day, for I swear it is the last time I will suffer thee to enjoy it; to-morrow I shall be allowed to fight—to-morrow thy kings shall not command me to remain idle! We shall see to-morrow, during the time of the games, which of us shall possess the right of placing himself near the illustrious Matilda!" He said, and withdrew; for such inexpressible joy had overpowered his heart, that no room remained for anger; the mysterious paper, too, with the key which he held, promised him a happiness his thoughts could scarcely conceive, and which his anxiety to ascertain forced him to retire abruptly. Was he to believe all his fancy suggested? Was he to obtain all he expected? What meant that paper! and that key, the source of the most intoxicating hopes—whither was it destined to guide him?

Scarcely was he out of sight of the camp, when he eagerly fixed his eyes on the note he had received; it was the first time he saw characters traced by that beloved hand, and what lover ever beheld without emotion the writing of her he loved? He could not contain his impatience; with a trembling hand he broke the seal, and read the following lines:

"To-morrow at sunrise this key will admit you into the monument where great Montmorency's ashes are deposited; there you will meet Matilda."

Malek Adhel doubted whether he was awake—an appointment! He was too happy to feel any surprise; but, had he been less so, perhaps he would have wondered at Matilda's step. For, in fact, what motive could have inspired that young and timid virgin with the boldness of proposing an assignation! Surely that pure and religious heart could not have conceived so rash a thought, except with the view of performing some good action, or fulfilling some important duty! She now knew the world sufficiently, to be aware that such conduct would commit her strangely. While the modest Matilda was very apprehensive of men's censure, she also dreaded still more to do wrong in the eyes of the Almighty, and to deserve the reproach of having preferred human interests to divine laws; it was therefore rather to obey them than indulge her love, that she had resolved on seeing Malek Adhel secretly. She had great sacrifices to require of him; such as could not be delayed a day, and on which, perhaps, the prince's safety depended. Before such important considerations, she had silenced common fears, and it was after having listened to her conscience alone, independently of her heart, that she allowed her heart to rest satisfied with the suggestions of her conscience.

Still, notwithstanding the purity, I had almost said the sanctity, of her intentions, when daylight appeared, and the moment of meeting Malek Adhel drew near, her delicacy was alarmed; she hesitated, doubted; and duty, rather than love, gave her the fortitude to go.

She left Ptolemais at the hour when the sun begins to dry up the dew, and mounted her car, surrounded by her women and guards; it was only with a numerous train that Richard allowed her to take an airing round the city; and he had even strictly forbidden the approach of any Christian or Mussulman knights, without excepting even Lusignan himself.

She directed her ride towards Montmorency's tomb; the car stopped, and the guards ranged themselves around to prevent any intruders; her women followed her to the foot of the monument. How her heart palpitated at the thought that Malek Adhel was there, and that the funeral edifice, which covered the ashes of the hero who was no more, concealed also the hero she loved! She drew near the door, was going to push it open, but a general tremour seized and arrested her. "O my God," said she, falling on her knees, "if it be to see and hear Malek Adhel rather than to make him see and hear thee that I come; if, in short, among the motives that guide me, thy penetrating eye can discover a weakness, and if I am destined to leave this place with a cause for repentance—do not permit me to pass this threshold! Deprive me of life—I will quit it without a murmur, for I fear death less than the idea of offending thee." This fervent prayer restored to Matilda all her force and virtue; supported by the arm of God, she feared nothing more; and feeling herself superior to the weaknesses of her heart, she turned round to her women, and said, "Leave me here alone awhile: do not disturb my meditations; I am going to pray for the prosperity of the faith and

the conversion of the infidels!" The women did not wonder at this injunction; they were accustomed to see her remain for a long time in Montmorency's monument, of which she and the Archbishop of Tyre alone had the key. The prelate on his departure entrusted his to her care, and was far from suspecting it was destined to pass into the hands of Malek Adhel. But Matilda had thought proper to do it, and, as she opened the door, she thought the prelate himself would not have blamed this step. She entered tremblingly, advanced under the gloomy shades of that monument where lay the greatest of French knights; all the interior was hung with black, and a magnificent silver lamp was burning there night and day. By its glimmering light she perceived Malek Adhel; he knew her, he ran; love, joy, emotion, hindered him from speaking consistently; but his rapture was on the point of breaking out into loud exclamations. She hastened by expressive signs to make him understand he ought to remain in silence; he obeyed, while his heart expressed its transports of felicity by looks and tears. The chaste virgin drew back, cast her eyes on the ground, and in a firm and collected voice spoke as follows:—

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Malek Adhel, you may well believe that I did not come hither to listen to your love, nor to abandon ourselves to the happy effusions of tenderness; this were to profane the grave, and insult the dead. The words we pronounce in such a place as this, ought, like it, to be holy, severe, and solemn." As she uttered these words, Matilda had infused so much austerity into her countenance and deportment, that Malek Adhel was awed. What the image of death had not been able to produce, was done in a moment by Matilda's expression; and the instant she had done speaking, all the voluptuous ideas he had hitherto indulged in that abode of death vanished, and made room to respectful awe. "Matilda," said he, "away from you, as in your presence, love is still my only thought; the saddest objects cannot detach my mind from it; it is the first of all my contemplations and blessings." "The first of earthly blessings," interrupted she; "but the first of earthly blessings is little to the soul of a Christian. Hear me, Malek Adhel. The most urgent interest I can have, that of your salvation, has alone induced me to take a step which, not to be deemed the most rash, ought to be the most pure and sanctified. To-morrow the bishops are to meet, and yet the venerable William has not appeared: they are going to pronounce on our destinies, and still your soul remains in darkness and error. Will the council of the venerable fathers of our church dare to give me to an infidel? And if they should, if policy should urge them to it, will my own sense of religion allow me to accede?" "What do you say, Matilda?" exclaimed the prince, with a mixture of surprise and anger; "have I understood you rightly? If your bishops consent, I have not overcome all obstacles yet, since I may experience the unexpected and poignant grief of finding one in your heart?" "Alas!" replied she, "I am much afraid you will find none there; I am weak, love is powerful, and you rank very near God in my soul; but hear, Malek Adhel! learn what motive has brought me hither. You know not why the Archbishop of Tyre is not at Ptolemais, you know not the unparalleled obligations you have to the worthy prelate: if he has left the court and its splendour, laid down his mitre and the purple, it is for your sake he has done it. Led by his charity, supported by his virtue and his God, he has taken the road to Cesarea, alone, to see you, to speak to you, and to employ all the warmth of his eloquence to impart the word of truth to you." "When I left Cesarea, the archbishop had not appeared there," replied the prince. "And yet," added Matilda, "he set out several days before that day—shall I say happy or terrible day, when you surprised me at Ptolemais." "O my beloved!" interrupted he, "there are no terrible days but those when I do not see you!" "And yet these are the days I am going to inflict on us!" replied she, with force and dignity. "Malek Adhel, honour, gratitude, and our own interest, prescribe equally to us to abandon combats, victory, love, and its pleasures; to go and seek information respecting the fate of that unfortunate old man, who is perhaps now groaning in captivity, or expiring in torments, for having preferred your salvation to his own life!" "Heavens! Matilda," exclaimed he, "what do you require? do you wish that I should quit you?" "This very instant; for when danger is pressing, duty is imperious, and not a moment is to be lost." "You wish me to leave you, to leave you on the very day when I am to humble Lusignan, and triumph before you!" "Wretched human vanity," replied the princess, "which, ever thirsty after glory and success, swells the soul with perishable hopes, and prevents its feeding on everlasting ones. O Malek Adhel, what is a triumph over Lusignan! Have you not before obtained triumphs a hundred times more splendid, and what advantage have you reaped from them? But a triumph over your own inclinations, the triumph of duty over the most unruly desires, a triumph of virtue over glory itself, these are still perhaps unknown to you, and such as these last during our whole lives, and follow us into the next. Malek Adhel, what is it to thee to humble Lusignan? Is his defeat to be compared with what you would sacrifice, and will you not be greater by rising superior to yourself, than by rising above him? Believe me, abandon combats that offer thee certain victory; consent even, if requisite, that Lusignan may receive a new crown of victory from my hand, and, secure of my heart and eternal love, hasten to deserve them still more by flying whither humanity and gratitude call you!" "But, Matilda," replied the prince, "why am I to go? why do you command it? Can I not send in search of the prelate trusty and faithful servants, who would supply my place?" "Supply thy place, when thou art to show thyself great and generous!" interrupted she, eagerly; "do not let me believe that possible; do not let me think, that when the unfortunate are to be assisted, another could display as much zeal, and find as much satisfaction in it as thou couldst. Malek Adhel, if, by a miracle of God's providence, although a Mussulman, thou didst not surpass other men in virtue, where would be the excuse of my love? Thou alone canst, with thy indefatigable goodness, follow and find out the worthy archbishop's retreat; and if it should turn out, as I apprehend, that the infidels have loaded him with chains, thou alone in Saladin's empire art powerful enough to break them, and open the dungeon where he is confined. What new claims will not such conduct give thee to his gratitude, to the esteem of the Christians, and to my tenderness! And, when the world shall learn that thou hast scorned vain triumphs for the sake of saving an old man, thinkest thou thy glory will lose by it? and when thou wilt appear before the council of bishops as the saviour of William, thinkest thou they will be less disposed in thy favour than if thou camest as Lusignan's conqueror? Ah! were all these human rewards to fail thee, will thy conscience, thy God, and Matilda's love, fail thee?" "I go," interrupted the prince, kneeling down before her; "O daughter of heaven! thou openest a new world to my view, where I perceive something better than pleasure, and where virtue offers joys superior to those of love itself. Matilda, if you are not single of your kind, if there are in Europe other women who resemble you, I do not wonder at the homage paid to them, and the empire they exercise. How can that beauty be otherwise than a divine creature, who can only be pleased by dint of glory and virtue! O happy Christian knights! boast of your valour no longer, when the same object that fires you with love, fires you likewise with honour. Yes, Matilda, I obey, I go! for thou hast infused so new a sentiment into my soul, that methinks I go without reluctance." "O heaven!" exclaimed the princess, with transport, "what a soul is Malek Adhel's—to be so great, though thou hast not yet enlightened it! All that is most excellent, it seems to have imbibed; no human abode on earth can be more worthy of thee! When, then, O my God, when wilt thou descend to inhabit there? and thou, noble Montmorency," added she, kneeling down by the coffin, "thou whose ashes ought to live on being near a hero so like thee, renew thy prayers, implore all heaven's powers, let them join with thee in asking Malek Adhel's conversion! Speak for him, thou happy spirit, as thou didst speak on thy death-bed, and let thy tears, blood, and prayers, become the bond that shall unite and reconcile Malek Adhel to God."

At these words the prince also knelt down, and said, "Illustrious hero, thou whose life I admired, and whose ashes I revere; thou, whose death has made my tears flow, and whose friendship would have been so valuable to me; thou, in fine, whom alone I could forgive aspiring to the hand of Matilda, because thou alone seemedst worthy of her; more, surely, remains of thee than this senseless dust; O deign, from the unknown abode thou art in, deign to speak to my heart, and instruct it how to reconcile honour, friendship, and love." After a long pause, Matilda rose, and replied calmly, "The Archbishop of Tyre will instruct you. Lose no time; depart this very instant, without returning to the camp, without seeing Saladin; he might detain you, and a day's delay might ruin all. The council of bishops is to assemble to-morrow, perhaps it will sit but a week; before the expiration of that term you will have found out the prelate, and brought him back; he will by then have worked your conversion—begun it at least; because he will then be able to address the council in your favour and mine, to demand our union, and, you know it well, nothing can withstand the prelate's eloquence." "O my beloved," replied he, sorrowfully, "thou rendest my heart! I cannot resign thee, and I cannot betray a generous brother! What, to reconcile so many contradictory duties, hadst thou not better accept of a Mussulman for thy husband? I should not be such in my heart, Matilda, but, in private, worship the same God as thou." "Alas," replied the virgin, "the Almighty will not be worshiped privately, and I much fear he would hold himself offended at receiving an homage you durst not address to him publicly. But I confess, were the Archbishop of Tyre to think otherwise, I should feel no reluctance in adopting his opinion. Go, then, Malek Adhel, go; seek William; he loves thee as the child of his loins; would give his blood for thy salvation; and that secret affection, with which thy virtues have inspired his great soul, will surely incline him to use an indulgence the other bishops might not feel: he will support us; if thou art a Christian at heart, perhaps he will be satisfied, and expect from time and my exertions a more complete conversion; perhaps he will command me to do things I could not venture to do without him." "O Matilda!" interrupted the prince, with impetuosity, "tell me what magic prevails in thy discourse! Yes, in spite of the reserve of thy modesty, I think I have understood thy heart, and now my blood boils, my thought flies over time and space! Methinks I am impatient to quit thee!" "Farewell!" said she; then, raising her hands towards him, "Go, find the friend of God, and bring me back permission to be happy." "O my beloved," replied he, pressing her to his breast, "my future bride, farewell!" He ceased, unable to add another word. The chaste virgin turned aside, fell back; she held out her hand to him, and leaning her head against one of the marble images weeping round the coffin, she bathed it with real tears—the tears of love and happiness. The prince's tears were burning and passionate; he held her hand to his lips; they wept in silence, and love never reigned with more absolute sway than over these two weeping hearts. What language in such silence! what life in this tomb! They begged, they hoped, for long and happy days, while they were treading on those ashes which asked and hoped for nothing; and, amidst the shades of death, the oath of everlasting love escaped from their lips. Ah! surely, when that oath was uttered, the joys of the elect descended for a time into their souls—for what are the joys of heaven but everlasting love? Such, O human heart, art thou, as God made thee, with all thy oppositions and contrasts, giving as many tears to excess of happiness as to excess of grief, so feeble, that when pleasure overpowers thee, on hearing thy sighs, one would think thou art rent with anguish; and so great that no one thing on earth can content and fill thee, and, unless heaven itself, with all its unlimited joys and incomprehensible immensity, descend into thee, a void space for ever remains within.

Matilda was preparing to leave the monument and return to Ptolemais with her train, in order to restore the sacred place to that solitude requisite for the prince to leave it unperceived in his turn, when a sudden noise was heard at the door. "Who is there?" enquired the princess, alarmed. "I," replied a voice she immediately recognised to be that of Berengere; "I came hither with the king to meet you; we will not suffer that you should remain so long shut up in a tomb." "O holy Saviour, we are lost!" said she, in a low voice, "Richard is there!—if he should enter and see you—all your blood—O Malek Adhel, we will die together!" "Calm

thy alarm, my beloved," answered he; "I shall contrive to avoid the king's sight." He said, and placed himself under the pall that was spread over Montmorency's coffin: Matilda, while she arranged it round his head, experienced fresh terror, but it was no longer the fear of being surprised that caused it; when she saw Malek Adhel under that funeral covering, as if entombed under the shade of death, it seemed to her that he was already cut off from the living, and that, between her and him, death stood exclaiming, that the awful day was not far off when she should be called upon to lay the funeral veil over him for ever! Struck with that fatal presentiment, she turned pale, staggered, and with a trembling hand could scarcely open the door, where Berengere was waiting for her. Surprised at the extreme alteration of her features, the queen enquired what gloomy meditation could have affected her thus; but too much terror oppressed the virgin's soul to allow her yet the power of giving an answer: she looked at Berengere, tried to smile; her lips resisted her efforts, and she was forced to sit down to calm her disordered spirits. Richard looked at her attentively. "Never," said he, "did any person take so much pleasure in haunting tombs, and quit them with so much terror and reluctance; say, what can be the charm that detains you here, and the thoughts that engage your mind?" He then entered the monument; Matilda shuddered—she saw an abyss gaping before her, and destruction stalking by her side. Should Malek Adhel utter but a single word, heave but a sigh, and the inflexible Richard hear it, nothing could stop the impetuosity of his wrath; he would plunge his sword into the prince's heart, and the kingdom of darkness open to receive its prey! Ah! rather than let his ruin be complete, she was decided to encounter all, spring before the hero she loved, and serve him as a shield: Richard, to reach that generous heart, must pierce through that of a sister, and perhaps he would stop and shrink at the idea of shedding some of his own blood? Thus determined, she arose and listened, ready to dart forwards at the least noise; but she heard nothing; all was still, and Richard soon came out with an air of tranquillity that told he had not discovered any thing: he closed the door, took the key, and said to his sister, "You shall not enter this place again, Matilda; the impressions you receive here are too strong to bear being renewed, and so much melancholy does not became the fate that awaits you. Bid farewell to this monument, then, for I swear you shall no longer behold the sad objects it contains." Richard, as he pronounced these words, was unconscious of the misery they gave his sister, and of the sinister presentiment they confirmed; though guiltless, she had just felt the terrors of crime; though she had lost nothing, she now experienced those of despair. The unfortunate concealed her grief in silence, and only raising to heaven her eyes suffused with tears, she implored Him who alone could hear her, to excuse her, and lend her assistance for what she hoped, or consolations for what she feared.

CHAPTER XL.

In the course of that day, the tilts recommenced, and the field of honour was opened to the Mussulmans. Saladin came and took his accustomed seat; but Malek Adhel was not with him. Every one wondered, and knew not what to conclude from his absence. How happened it that where a triumph was to be obtained, a rival to be humbled, and the prize to be received from the hands of the Princess of England, Malek Adhel delayed so long to appear? Out of consideration for that great prince, and at Saladin's request, the opening of the tournaments was suspended for a few hours. During this expectation all eyes were riveted on Matilda, in order to trace in her countenance the signs of her secret sentiments; but she had recovered her serenity; the terror of her presentiments had subsided, and, satisfied with Malek Adhel's generosity and attachment, she was more likely to rejoice than grieve at his absence. Lusignan drew near her, and said ironically, "Malek Adhel is very tardy, madam, in coming to make good his threats, and justify that confidence that would not allow him yesterday to entertain any doubt of his gaining the prize. If it were great presumption in him to seem so secure, it was at least his duty to come and contend for it." "Sire," replied the princess, with a cold and dignified air, "Malek Adhel is too well known to permit any one to think amiss of him; and the reward due to so noble a character is, to be persuaded that, when he does not fulfil a commonplace duty, it is because he has one of higher importance to attend to."

She said, and left him. Lusignan remained confounded; he drew near Richard, and enquired whether he was certain that his sister had received no message nor visit from Malek Adhel; the king affirmed she had not. Still Lusignan doubted, for jealous love is sharp-sighted, and he recollected the day when the prince was introduced into Matilda's apartment unknown to Richard. But he was diverted from his unhappy reflections by the sound of the trumpets, which announced that the time allowed for Malek Adhel's arrival had just expired, and that the camp judges had opened the lists. Glory called, the warriors flew, and, during that day of harmony, the Mussulmans, intermixing with the Christians, the combat became more general and obstinate than on the preceding day. The Saracens obtained the advantage in some instances; Kaled threw down the most valorous knights, but Lusignan threw him down in his turn, and at last prevailed over all the rest; for the second time he was crowned victor by the princess, and the same on the following days. In the mean time men's minds were in a state of agitation: Saladin began to grow uneasy at his brother's protracted absence, for which he could assign no cause. To abandon all the victories to his rival, leave the stage where his destinies were deciding, and the object his heart adored, seemed so strange to the sultan, that his friendship was alarmed at the only explanation he could give it; he knew Malek Adhel, and the impetuosity of his courage and violence of his passions; he knew the world had no obstacles capable of arresting him; was Malek Adhel lost to the world and to him? While that dreadful idea distracted his fraternal feelings, and that emissaries were dispersed on all sides by his command, time elapsed, and the day approached when the council of bishops was to pronounce the resolution that carried with it the destinies of the world. The most profound secrecy enveloped their discussions, for these venerable fathers had allowed no one to discover on which side they would incline the sacred balance. In vain had Lusignan endeavoured to penetrate the secret, and employed all his artifices to acquire partisans among them: in vain had he reminded them it was to him they owed the august mission the Christians had entrusted to them; he could not succeed in biassing their minds, nor alter the rectitude of their judgments: the more sensible they were of the importance of their office and the confidence shown them, the more they wished to evince themselves worthy of the trust. It was not the political interests only of the two empires, it was the cause of heaven they had before them; they were the arbiters of the faith; they laboured for God, and this idea, that raised their minds so high, had freed them from the influence of every human weakness. Lusignan wondered, and found himself disappointed in his hopes. In appointing this council, he had weighed well all the power that flattery and dissimulation have over men's minds, and he had not mistaken: but these men were Christians; and that Christians, animated with the true spirit of their divine law, are more than men, he had too much forgotten.

Meanwhile he was not discouraged; he knew that the Archbishop of Nazareth and the Bishop of Bethlehem abhorred the infidels; that, next to the Archbishop of Tyre, they were the most eloquent fathers of the church, and he thought he might depend on them. He wished much that Richard would exert his credit over the bishops of his kingdom, to make them averse to all spirit of conciliation; but he durst not propose to him their seduction; he revered Richard's character too much to mention such means, and would have been afraid of weakening his friendship by letting him see he employed them; but at least he indirectly took advantage of the king's blunt sincerity, by contriving to make him declare publicly, on several occasions, that the council would oblige him by refusing the terms; and even succeeded in obtaining from his friendship to urge the conclusion of the meetings; for he feared that if the archbishop came back, he would turn all their opinions in favour of Malek Adhel; and a confused presentiment told him that William was on the point of arriving. At last came that day when the decision was to be pronounced, the truce to change into peace or war, and Matilda to know her fate. Twelve hours yet, and Matilda would have no more hopes to entertain, no change to expect; twelve hours yet, and her fate would be decided! Was that awful day to pass, like the preceding ones, in gloomy silence, and no voice to reveal to her what fate had befallen Malek Adhel and the archbishop? Her soul was agitated, and her countenance betrayed the secret of her soul. If she durst, she would have repented sending the prince in quest of the prelate; but her intention was too pure to allow her to condemn it, were it even at the price of her misfortune. She was endeavouring to be resigned, and to subdue her grief as she had conquered the allurements of love; but this victory was more difficult, and could not be obtained in a moment. During her prayers, therefore, often did love make her absent, and, without thinking, she exclaimed, "O my greatest blessing! who will break my fetters, and give me wings to go and meet thee? How long wilt thou delay bringing me back my joy, and linger in dispelling the gloom that surrounds me? Haste, for I bear grievously the weight of thy absence, and love thee so, that my heart is lost in thee, and can wish for no other comfort." But scarcely had she uttered these passionate exclamations, than she coloured, and retracted them.

Meanwhile, in proportion as her hopes grew weaker, she felt her love increasing, and it never was perhaps more violent than on that day when she was perhaps on the point of receiving orders to abjure it. How many various griefs crowded on her soul! The prize reserved for the last combat—that prize the most valuable of all, was the picture of Matilda. Must she be reduced to the mortification of giving it to Lusignan? Alas! when she consented to its being done she thought it would have had another owner. Berengere caught her in the tumult of these different agitations: under pretence of conducting her to the tournaments, she came to compassionate and share her sorrow. Matilda sat down by the queen, wept, and remained in silence; her hair and dress were disordered. Although the hour of the entertainments was approaching, she could not resolve to insult her own grief by adorning her person with splendour and magnificence. She refused her attendants' cares, and dropped bitter tears on the bandeau of diamonds destined to bind her hair. In vain did the impatient Richard send to request her to haste; she listened with indifference to the messengers of his displeasure, and feared only the approach of evening. It seemed as if she could put it off by delaying the commencement of the sports, and as they must wait for her to begin, she was resolved to appear as late as possible. In the mean time, the fatal moment when all excuses were exhausted, arrived; she was forced to go. She did not yet feel that boldness which resists openly; passion alone gives it, and the timid virgin had more tenderness than passion. They led her like a victim towards the place of pomp and decoration, where all eyes and hearts were waiting for her. Alas! had she been of a rank less exalted, she might in obscurity have concealed her agitations and tears; but her sorrow was doomed to appear publicly before all those who surrounded and watched her. How did that silent grief confined in her bosom increase at the sound of the warlike and joyful instruments of victory! how bitterly and reluctantly did she perceive satisfaction, pleasure, and hope still sweeter than pleasure, depicted on the countenances of all around her! She leaned her elbow on the balcony, reclined her head on her hand: and not deigning to cast a glance on the combatants, kept her eyes intensely fixed on the road to Cesarea, the only place on earth whence a spark of hope could come.

Until that day, Saladin had not entered the lists: accustomed to the deadly blows of battles, he was new to the gallant and warlike exercises of European chivalry, and had not wished to commit his rank in encounters where defeat was a shame, and victory a mere sport. Meanwhile, on seeing his bravest captains invariably conquered by Lusignan, that presumptuous king, who dared to assume the title of King of Jerusalem in his presence, gaining all the prizes, and on the point of obtaining the picture of the princess destined to Malek Adhel's bed, he could no longer repress his indignation and rage: he rose on his throne, and exclaimed, "Wait for me, King of Jerusalem; thou art not conqueror yet, and perhaps I am destined to strip thee of thy claims to this day's prize, as I have stripped thee of that kingdom thou retainest in title alone." Lusignan, intoxicated with his success, looked at Saladin with arrogance and

pride, and said, "Come, proud soldan; I rejoice in thy challenge; come quickly, and let the noise of thy fall precede that of thy throne, and the end of thy usurpation." Saladin, incensed at so much arrogance, rushed into the circle. They engaged; never had so much rage and animosity fired two adversaries; the blunted points of their swords but ill served their resentment, and their fury seemed compensated by the violence of their blows. All the spectators were moved; they beheld in silence the dreadful encounter; Matilda herself gave it all her attention; she did not allow herself to form wishes in behalf of Saladin, God's inveterate enemy, who lately had inspired her with so much horror; but yet she made none for Lusignan. No, all the efforts of her resignation and faith were insufficient to induce her to wish he should become the possessor of her picture. Long was that combat equal, and victory uncertain; but Lusignan, accustomed to all these hardy sports, knew the art of saving his strength and activity. Saladin knew only to give deadly blows, and as, in that kind of struggle, none could prove such, he exhausted his force in vain, and saw with astonishment he was losing his vigour before he had obtained the least advantage. Lusignan availed himself of his enemy's imprudence; he turned round him, provoked, irritated him, parried all his blows, gave him new ones incessantly, watched for the favourable opportunity, struck him on the right when Saladin thought him on the left, and at the instant when the sultan was lifting up his arm to crush him with the whole weight of his sword, Lusignan wheeled about, passed swiftly behind, seized hold of him skilfully, raised him from the ground, threw him down, and exclaimed, "Thus does the usurper fall!" So noble a defeat delighted the assembly; their enthusiasm broke out into transports. Lusignan was going to be crowned, when on a sudden the princess in a loud voice exclaimed, "Behold! here comes the avenger!" She had scarcely uttered these words, when she fell into the arms of Berengere, and Malek Adhel, covered with dust, on a horse reeking with foam, rushed in like thunder, sprang over the barrier, appeared in the circle, and saw with horror his brother lying on the ground before Lusignan. This last, desperate at his sudden appearance, of which he at once foresaw the consequences, dissembled his rage, and with a scornful look exclaimed, "Thou comest rather late to contend for victory!" "I come time enough to snatch it from thee!" replied the hero, eagerly. "O Saladin, be consoled, thou shalt be revenged!" and at that moment, incensed at his beloved brother's shame, he thought more of him than of Matilda, and fought more to wipe off his stain than to obtain the prize. He sprang forward with impetuosity; sparks flew from his formidable hand;—he pressed on, pushed his enemy with such force and skill, that Lusignan, astonished, confounded at the rapidity of his blows, lost himself, staggered, and was ready to fall without resistance. Malek Adhel, perceiving his disordered condition, stopped and said, "Recover thyself, Lusignan! to vanquish thee, I have no need of availing myself of surprise." At these words, acclamations resounded from all quarters; the Christians forgot they applauded a Mussulman, and religion remained silent before so much magnanimity. Lusignan, witness of the triumph his rival's generosity had just obtained, and seeing but too well his valour reserved him another—that a moment would enable him to gain two victories, and efface at once all his own triumphs and glory—Lusignan took advice from his despair alone; he gave himself up to raving transports; if he could not conquer, he wished to die, for hideous and bloody death was, in his eyes, an object less frightful than to behold Malek Adhel crowned by the hand of Matilda! Having nothing more to consider, he ventured to attack his rival, and he did it with so much violence and rage, that, if Malek Adhel could have been surprised, it must have been then. Never had he experienced such resistance; his arms resounded under the blows he received, and Lusignan at length forced him to fall back, but even then his superiority did not forsake him. "Lusignan," said he, "thy defeat is no sport! I thought I had a rival only to encounter; but thou heightenest my glory, in showing me it is a hero I am about to conquer." These words were scarcely uttered, when, like the ambient flame, he rushed on Lusignan, and brought him at once to the ground! "Go on," said the unfortunate monarch, "and take my life, as thou hast already taken my honour, my kingdom, and Matilda's heart!" "Lusignan," replied the hero, holding out his hand to him with goodness, "can an instant of ill luck efface eight days of success; and canst thou not pardon me for depriving thee of a prize which thou hast taken from my brother, and all those who have dared to encounter thee?" "Alas! what signify my past triumphs!" exclaimed Lusignan, mournfully; "will they prevent Matilda from thinking they were the effect of thy absence? What unheard of fatality has brought thee back this day, proud Mussulman; driven thee hither to cross and tarnish my glory, and, with it, to rob me of the illustrious Matilda's picture!" "What! the picture of Matilda the prize, and I have not yet received it!" interrupted Malek Adhel; and, with the same swiftness he had crushed his rival, he instantly ran to the princess's feet. She saw him, blushed, and looked at him again; she conveyed in that look her heart, her anxiety, her hopes, and her love; and though she had not uttered a word, Malek Adhel had never been so secure of being beloved. With what pleasure were the virgin's arms thrown around the hero's neck, to suspend the chain to which hung the picture! how happy and proud to decorate him with that gift in the eyes of so many confederate nations! how much more she thought he had deserved; and how did the tender hope of being able, some day, to give him what he had a just right to, add charms to her beauty! Prostrate before her, Malek Adhel availed himself of the rapid instant when she bent forward to raise him up, to tell her mysteriously, "The prelate will be here to-morrow; but, ere his arrival, a word, a single word, in Montmorency's monument."

That name had scarcely passed his lips, when Richard drew near and interrupted him. The other spectators parted the two lovers; from all quarters they came to enquire about Malek Adhel's absence; he refused to explain himself, but on his anxious and gloomy brow no joy seemed to follow his triumph. Soon Saladin, retiring to his tent, sent to desire his brother to come and join him. Malek Adhel obeyed; he withdrew. Lusignan, sad, silent, and bruised with his fall, was casting wild looks on the ground, and remaining alone at a distance. The hasty Richard did not conceal his disappointment; the mortification his brother in arms had met with wounded him sensibly, and reminded him of his own; he could not endure the thought of an alliance with him who had humbled them both. A sort of consternation prevailed in that noble assembly; every one seemed agitated with gloomy ideas, and Matilda's heart was not the least engaged. The prelate was to arrive the next day, said Malek Adhel; the council of bishops was to break up that evening: she must prevent it, she must announce the archbishop's return; yes, she felt it requisite, whatever might be the dispositions of the council: if favourable to the prince, she wanted the prelate's approbation to adopt them; if contrary, she had need of his presence to soften them. "My brother," said she to Richard, "the archbishop will be here to-morrow; surely the rank he holds in the church, and the high reputation of wisdom he deservedly enjoys, will not allow the council, when they have but one day to wait, to pronounce without him." On hearing this, Lusignan arose suddenly in anger. Richard assumed a stern countenance, and asked his sister how she could affirm that the prelate would be at Ptolemais the next day. "The prince told me so," replied she, colouring; "he must have met with him somewhere." Lusignan said to Richard, gloomily, "Does your majesty permit the council of bishops to break up?" Before the King of England could find time to answer, the dukes of Burgundy, Austria, Bavaria, and all the princes and chiefs, exclaimed unanimously, it was but strict justice to acquaint the council with the archbishop's impending return. Lusignan offered to reply, but they would not allow it. "My brother," said the princess, respectfully, "does it not seem to you that their judgment cannot be deemed fair and equitable, without it be confirmed by the prelate's prudence and wisdom? He has until this day guided my thoughts and actions, and is he to abandon me at the most interesting period of my life? Consent, dear brother, that the council of bishops be made acquainted with the Archbishop of Tyre's return." "You may send there," replied Richard, spitefully; "that affair interests you more than me, and has hitherto given me too much vexation not to make me regret I ever felt any concern in it." The princess did not wait for a more obliging consent, and hastened to despatch one of her pages to acquaint the pope's legate with what was passing. In the course of a few minutes, the doors were flung open, and all the prelates appeared. "Well, my fathers," exclaimed Richard, "you have suspended your decision?" "The Archbishop of Tyre's impending return, and the wish of the princess, have appeared two such powerful reasons," replied the Bishop of Nazareth, "that one alone had been sufficient to delay our judgment till to-morrow." During this discourse, the legate looked at the princess with a mixture of pity and emotion, and, happening in the course of the evening to sit by her, he could not help telling her in a low voice, "Ah! my child, what have you done!" and then he stopped suddenly. The virgin was disturbed; she sought in his looks the conclusion of his speech; he cast his eyes to the ground to prevent her; she then endeavoured to restrain the violent emotion these few words of the legate had caused her, and replied in a faltering voice, "What have I done, my father?—my duty, I think, and I hope God will not punish me for it."

CHAPTER XLI.

On quitting Matilda, Malek Adhel made no doubt but that she would yield to his request, and meet him with the next morning's dawn at Montmorency's tomb. But, when she was left alone in her apartment, the princess became the prey of the most painful uncertainty, and passed that whole night sleepless. Malek Adhel's words resounded in her heart, and obtained there a most affectionate hearing. Could she deny a few moments' interview to a hero who, perhaps, the next day, was to be the lord of her destiny; who often had exposed his life for her sake, and had saved Richard's; who, to obey her commands, had resigned eight days of triumph and glory to his rival; and who, by the number of his favours, and the magnitude of his sacrifices, had laid on her such obligations, that, although her gratitude had become a passion, she fancied it was not yet strong enough, and did not sufficiently acquit her.

"I will undoubtedly go and meet him," said she to herself, vehemently, as if to stifle a secret murmur that rose in her inmost soul; "I have promised nothing shall he be denied that religion and virtue allow me to grant; and when so important a day is at hand; when he, perhaps, staggering in his faith, wants my advice and encouragement; does not duty itself command me to go and see him?" But, in uttering that word "duty," the princess gave it a feeble articulation, as if she felt conscious of its being misplaced. "Besides," added she, "is it not requisite I should know the prelate's disposition, and the effect of his exertions on the prince's mind, in order to ascertain what his opinion will be in the council of bishops, and endeavour to change it if it should not be favourable?" Dismissing then all other reflections, she determined to go next day to Montmorency's tomb, previously to which she threw herself on her bed to taste a few hours' rest; but to rest on a guilty project!—could the innocent virgin have done it? and could sleep close those eyes which the inward pangs of an alarmed conscience incessantly kept open? but, the instant when sleep seems creeping on us, and our efforts to deceive ourselves begin to grow feeble, a thought starts up—then another; they are no longer the fruit of an error we love, but that of truth, which recovers all its rights as soon as the will has ceased to detain error. Matilda could no longer steal away from the influence of that secret power; vexed and disturbed, she abruptly left that bed where she was so far from finding peace, dressed herself in haste, traversed the oratory, and opened the windows of her balcony; she paced it in silence: all was still; she heard no noise, save that of the sea-waves breaking on the rocky shore. "They also are agitated," said she, "but not so agitated as I am." After a pause, she added—"Guide me, O my God, for I swear love shall not triumph over thee." She continued to walk, but a religious disposition had just suggested better thoughts to her. "When, in spite of decorum and propriety, I ventured to give Malek Adhel an appointment," said she, "it seemed to me as if I obeyed the voice of God; and, by sending him to the Archbishop of Tyre's assistance, I sent him to knowledge and salvation. I alone could have induced him to make that sacrifice; I had no other means to bring about his conversion, since it could only be the fruit of William's cares, and I had not a moment to lose, since it

thy alarm, my beloved," answered he; "I shall contrive to avoid the king's sight." He said, and placed himself under the pall that was spread over Montmorency's coffin: Matilda, while she arranged it round his head, experienced fresh terror, but it was no longer the fear of being surprised that caused it; when she saw Malek Adhel under that funeral covering, as if entombed under the shade of death, it seemed to her that he was already cut off from the living, and that, between her and him, death stood exclaiming, that the awful day was not far off when she should be called upon to lay the funeral veil over him for ever! Struck with that fatal presentiment, she turned pale, staggered, and with a trembling hand could scarcely open the door, where Berengere was waiting for her. Surprised at the extreme alteration of her features, the queen enquired what gloomy meditation could have affected her thus; but too much terror oppressed the virgin's soul to allow her yet the power of giving an answer: she looked at Berengere, tried to smile; her lips resisted her efforts, and she was forced to sit down to calm her disordered spirits. Richard looked at her attentively. "Never," said he, "did any person take so much pleasure in haunting tombs, and quit them with so much terror and reluctance; say, what can be the charm that detains you here, and the thoughts that engage your mind?" He then entered the monument; Matilda shuddered—she saw an abyss gaping before her, and destruction stalking by her side. Should Malek Adhel utter but a single word, heave but a sigh, and the inflexible Richard hear it, nothing could stop the impetuosity of his wrath; he would plunge his sword into the prince's heart, and the kingdom of darkness open to receive its prey! Ah! rather than let his ruin be complete, she was decided to encounter all, spring before the hero she loved, and serve him as a shield: Richard, to reach that generous heart, must pierce through that of a sister, and perhaps he would stop and shrink at the idea of shedding some of his own blood? Thus determined, she arose and listened, ready to dart forwards at the least noise; but she heard nothing; all was still, and Richard soon came out with an air of tranquillity that told he had not discovered any thing: he closed the door, took the key, and said to his sister, "You shall not enter this place again, Matilda; the impressions you receive here are too strong to bear being renewed, and so much melancholy does not became the fate that awaits you. Bid farewell to this monument, then, for I swear you shall no longer behold the sad objects it contains." Richard, as he pronounced these words, was unconscious of the misery they gave his sister, and of the sinister presentiment they confirmed; though guiltless, she had just felt the terrors of crime; though she had lost nothing, she now experienced those of despair. The unfortunate concealed her grief in silence, and only raising to heaven her eyes suffused with tears, she implored Him who alone could hear her, to excuse her, and lend her assistance for what she hoped, or consolations for what she feared.

CHAPTER XL.

In the course of that day, the tilts recommenced, and the field of honour was opened to the Mussulmans. Saladin came and took his accustomed seat; but Malek Adhel was not with him. Every one wondered, and knew not what to conclude from his absence. How happened it that where a triumph was to be obtained, a rival to be humbled, and the prize to be received from the hands of the Princess of England, Malek Adhel delayed so long to appear? Out of consideration for that great prince, and at Saladin's request, the opening of the tournaments was suspended for a few hours. During this expectation all eyes were riveted on Matilda, in order to trace in her countenance the signs of her secret sentiments; but she had recovered her serenity; the terror of her presentiments had subsided, and, satisfied with Malek Adhel's generosity and attachment, she was more likely to rejoice than grieve at his absence. Lusignan drew near her, and said ironically, "Malek Adhel is very tardy, madam, in coming to make good his threats, and justify that confidence that would not allow him yesterday to entertain any doubt of his gaining the prize. If it were great presumption in him to seem so secure, it was at least his duty to come and contend for it." "Sire," replied the princess, with a cold and dignified air, "Malek Adhel is too well known to permit any one to think amiss of him; and the reward due to so noble a character is, to be persuaded that, when he does not fulfil a commonplace duty, it is because he has one of higher importance to attend to."

She said, and left him. Lusignan remained confounded; he drew near Richard, and enquired whether he was certain that his sister had received no message nor visit from Malek Adhel; the king affirmed she had not. Still Lusignan doubted, for jealous love is sharp-sighted, and he recollected the day when the prince was introduced into Matilda's apartment unknown to Richard. But he was diverted from his unhappy reflections by the sound of the trumpets, which announced that the time allowed for Malek Adhel's arrival had just expired, and that the camp judges had opened the lists. Glory called, the warriors flew, and, during that day of harmony, the Mussulmans, intermixing with the Christians, the combat became more general and obstinate than on the preceding day. The Saracens obtained the advantage in some instances; Kaled threw down the most valorous knights, but Lusignan threw him down in his turn, and at last prevailed over all the rest; for the second time he was crowned victor by the princess, and the same on the following days. In the mean time men's minds were in a state of agitation: Saladin began to grow uneasy at his brother's protracted absence, for which he could assign no cause. To abandon all the victories to his rival, leave the stage where his destinies were deciding, and the object his heart adored, seemed so strange to the sultan, that his friendship was alarmed at the only explanation he could give it; he knew Malek Adhel, and the impetuosity of his courage and violence of his passions; he knew the world had no obstacles capable of arresting him; was Malek Adhel lost to the world and to him? While that dreadful idea distracted his fraternal feelings, and that emissaries were dispersed on all sides by his command, time elapsed, and the day approached when the council of bishops was to pronounce the resolution that carried with it the destinies of the world. The most profound secrecy enveloped their discussions, for these venerable fathers had allowed no one to discover on which side they would incline the sacred balance. In vain had Lusignan endeavoured to penetrate the secret, and employed all his artifices to acquire partisans among them: in vain had he reminded them it was to him they owed the august mission the Christians had entrusted to them; he could not succeed in biassing their minds, nor alter the rectitude of their judgments: the more sensible they were of the importance of their office and the confidence shown them, the more they wished to evince themselves worthy of the trust. It was not the political interests only of the two empires, it was the cause of heaven they had before them; they were the arbiters of the faith; they laboured for God, and this idea, that raised their minds so high, had freed them from the influence of every human weakness. Lusignan wondered, and found himself disappointed in his hopes. In appointing this council, he had weighed well all the power that flattery and dissimulation have over men's minds, and he had not mistaken: but these men were Christians; and that Christians, animated with the true spirit of their divine law, are more than men, he had too much forgotten.

Meanwhile he was not discouraged; he knew that the Archbishop of Nazareth and the Bishop of Bethlehem abhorred the infidels; that, next to the Archbishop of Tyre, they were the most eloquent fathers of the church, and he thought he might depend on them. He wished much that Richard would exert his credit over the bishops of his kingdom, to make them averse to all spirit of conciliation; but he durst not propose to him their seduction; he revered Richard's character too much to mention such means, and would have been afraid of weakening his friendship by letting him see he employed them; but at least he indirectly took advantage of the king's blunt sincerity, by contriving to make him declare publicly, on several occasions, that the council would oblige him by refusing the terms; and even succeeded in obtaining from his friendship to urge the conclusion of the meetings; for he feared that if the archbishop came back, he would turn all their opinions in favour of Malek Adhel; and a confused presentiment told him that William was on the point of arriving. At last came that day when the decision was to be pronounced, the truce to change into peace or war, and Matilda to know her fate. Twelve hours yet, and Matilda would have no more hopes to entertain, no change to expect; twelve hours yet, and her fate would be decided! Was that awful day to pass, like the preceding ones, in gloomy silence, and no voice to reveal to her what fate had befallen Malek Adhel and the archbishop? Her soul was agitated, and her countenance betrayed the secret of her soul. If she durst, she would have repented sending the prince in quest of the prelate; but her intention was too pure to allow her to condemn it, were it even at the price of her misfortune. She was endeavouring to be resigned, and to subdue her grief as she had conquered the allurements of love; but this victory was more difficult, and could not be obtained in a moment. During her prayers, therefore, often did love make her absent, and, without thinking, she exclaimed, "O my greatest blessing! who will break my fetters, and give me wings to go and meet thee? How long wilt thou delay bringing me back my joy, and linger in dispelling the gloom that surrounds me? Haste, for I bear grievously the weight of thy absence, and love thee so, that my heart is lost in thee, and can wish for no other comfort." But scarcely had she uttered these passionate exclamations, than she coloured, and retracted them.

Meanwhile, in proportion as her hopes grew weaker, she felt her love increasing, and it never was perhaps more violent than on that day when she was perhaps on the point of receiving orders to abjure it. How many various griefs crowded on her soul! The prize reserved for the last combat—that prize the most valuable of all, was the picture of Matilda. Must she be reduced to the mortification of giving it to Lusignan? Alas! when she consented to its being done she thought it would have had another owner. Berengere caught her in the tumult of these different agitations: under pretence of conducting her to the tournaments, she came to compassionate and share her sorrow. Matilda sat down by the queen, wept, and remained in silence; her hair and dress were disordered. Although the hour of the entertainments was approaching, she could not resolve to insult her own grief by adorning her person with splendour and magnificence. She refused her attendants' cares, and dropped bitter tears on the bandeau of diamonds destined to bind her hair. In vain did the impatient Richard send to request her to haste; she listened with indifference to the messengers of his displeasure, and feared only the approach of evening. It seemed as if she could put it off by delaying the commencement of the sports, and as they must wait for her to begin, she was resolved to appear as late as possible. In the mean time, the fatal moment when all excuses were exhausted, arrived; she was forced to go. She did not yet feel that boldness which resists openly; passion alone gives it, and the timid virgin had more tenderness than passion. They led her like a victim towards the place of pomp and decoration, where all eyes and hearts were waiting for her. Alas! had she been of a rank less exalted, she might in obscurity have concealed her agitations and tears; but her sorrow was doomed to appear publicly before all those who surrounded and watched her. How did that silent grief confined in her bosom increase at the sound of the warlike and joyful instruments of victory! how bitterly and reluctantly did she perceive satisfaction, pleasure, and hope still sweeter than pleasure, depicted on the countenances of all around her! She leaned her elbow on the balcony, reclined her head on her hand: and not deigning to cast a glance on the combatants, kept her eyes intensely fixed on the road to Cesarea, the only place on earth whence a spark of hope could come.

Until that day, Saladin had not entered the lists: accustomed to the deadly blows of battles, he was new to the gallant and warlike exercises of European chivalry, and had not wished to commit his rank in encounters where defeat was a shame, and victory a mere sport. Meanwhile, on seeing his bravest captains invariably conquered by Lusignan, that presumptuous king, who dared to assume the title of King of Jerusalem in his presence, gaining all the prizes, and on the point of obtaining the picture of the princess destined to Malek Adhel's bed, he could no longer repress his indignation and rage: he rose on his throne, and exclaimed, "Wait for me, King of Jerusalem; thou art not conqueror yet, and perhaps I am destined to strip thee of thy claims to this day's prize, as I have stripped thee of that kingdom thou retainest in title alone." Lusignan, intoxicated with his success, looked at Saladin with arrogance and

pride, and said, "Come, proud soldan; I rejoice in thy challenge; come quickly, and let the noise of thy fall precede that of thy throne, and the end of thy usurpation." Saladin, incensed at so much arrogance, rushed into the circle. They engaged; never had so much rage and animosity fired two adversaries; the blunted points of their swords but ill served their resentment, and their fury seemed compensated by the violence of their blows. All the spectators were moved; they beheld in silence the dreadful encounter; Matilda herself gave it all her attention; she did not allow herself to form wishes in behalf of Saladin, God's inveterate enemy, who lately had inspired her with so much horror; but yet she made none for Lusignan. No, all the efforts of her resignation and faith were insufficient to induce her to wish he should become the possessor of her picture. Long was that combat equal, and victory uncertain; but Lusignan, accustomed to all these hardy sports, knew the art of saving his strength and activity. Saladin knew only to give deadly blows, and as, in that kind of struggle, none could prove such, he exhausted his force in vain, and saw with astonishment he was losing his vigour before he had obtained the least advantage. Lusignan availed himself of his enemy's imprudence; he turned round him, provoked, irritated him, parried all his blows, gave him new ones incessantly, watched for the favourable opportunity, struck him on the right when Saladin thought him on the left, and at the instant when the sultan was lifting up his arm to crush him with the whole weight of his sword, Lusignan wheeled about, passed swiftly behind, seized hold of him skilfully, raised him from the ground, threw him down, and exclaimed, "Thus does the usurper fall!" So noble a defeat delighted the assembly; their enthusiasm broke out into transports. Lusignan was going to be crowned, when on a sudden the princess in a loud voice exclaimed, "Behold! here comes the avenger!" She had scarcely uttered these words, when she fell into the arms of Berengere, and Malek Adhel, covered with dust, on a horse reeking with foam, rushed in like thunder, sprang over the barrier, appeared in the circle, and saw with horror his brother lying on the ground before Lusignan. This last, desperate at his sudden appearance, of which he at once foresaw the consequences, dissembled his rage, and with a scornful look exclaimed, "Thou comest rather late to contend for victory!" "I come time enough to snatch it from thee!" replied the hero, eagerly. "O Saladin, be consoled, thou shalt be revenged!" and at that moment, incensed at his beloved brother's shame, he thought more of him than of Matilda, and fought more to wipe off his stain than to obtain the prize. He sprang forward with impetuosity; sparks flew from his formidable hand;—he pressed on, pushed his enemy with such force and skill, that Lusignan, astonished, confounded at the rapidity of his blows, lost himself, staggered, and was ready to fall without resistance. Malek Adhel, perceiving his disordered condition, stopped and said, "Recover thyself, Lusignan! to vanquish thee, I have no need of availing myself of surprise." At these words, acclamations resounded from all quarters; the Christians forgot they applauded a Mussulman, and religion remained silent before so much magnanimity. Lusignan, witness of the triumph his rival's generosity had just obtained, and seeing but too well his valour reserved him another—that a moment would enable him to gain two victories, and efface at once all his own triumphs and glory—Lusignan took advice from his despair alone; he gave himself up to raving transports; if he could not conquer, he wished to die, for hideous and bloody death was, in his eyes, an object less frightful than to behold Malek Adhel crowned by the hand of Matilda! Having nothing more to consider, he ventured to attack his rival, and he did it with so much violence and rage, that, if Malek Adhel could have been surprised, it must have been then. Never had he experienced such resistance; his arms resounded under the blows he received, and Lusignan at length forced him to fall back, but even then his superiority did not forsake him. "Lusignan," said he, "thy defeat is no sport! I thought I had a rival only to encounter; but thou heightenest my glory, in showing me it is a hero I am about to conquer." These words were scarcely uttered, when, like the ambient flame, he rushed on Lusignan, and brought him at once to the ground! "Go on," said the unfortunate monarch, "and take my life, as thou hast already taken my honour, my kingdom, and Matilda's heart!" "Lusignan," replied the hero, holding out his hand to him with goodness, "can an instant of ill luck efface eight days of success; and canst thou not pardon me for depriving thee of a prize which thou hast taken from my brother, and all those who have dared to encounter thee?" "Alas! what signify my past triumphs!" exclaimed Lusignan, mournfully; "will they prevent Matilda from thinking they were the effect of thy absence! What unheard of fatality has brought thee back this day, proud Mussulman; driven thee hither to cross and tarnish my glory, and, with it, to rob me of the illustrious Matilda's picture!" "What! the picture of Matilda the prize, and I have not yet received it!" interrupted Malek Adhel; and, with the same swiftness he had crushed his rival, he instantly ran to the princess's feet. She saw him, blushed, and looked at him again; she conveyed in that look her heart, her anxiety, her hopes, and her love; and though she had not uttered a word, Malek Adhel had never been so secure of being beloved. With what pleasure were the virgin's arms thrown around the hero's neck, to suspend the chain to which hung the picture! how happy and proud to decorate him with that gift in the eyes of so many confederate nations! how much more she thought he had deserved; and how did the tender hope of being able, some day, to give him what he had a just right to, add charms to her beauty! Prostrate before her, Malek Adhel availed himself of the rapid instant when she bent forward to raise him up, to tell her mysteriously, "The prelate will be here to-morrow; but, ere his arrival, a word, a single word, in Montmorency's monument."

That name had scarcely passed his lips, when Richard drew near and interrupted him. The other spectators parted the two lovers; from all quarters they came to enquire about Malek Adhel's absence; he refused to explain himself, but on his anxious and gloomy brow no joy seemed to follow his triumph. Soon Saladin, retiring to his tent, sent to desire his brother to come and join him. Malek Adhel obeyed; he withdrew. Lusignan, sad, silent, and bruised with his fall, was casting wild looks on the ground, and remaining alone at a distance. The hasty Richard did not conceal his disappointment; the mortification his brother in arms had met with wounded him sensibly, and reminded him of his own; he could not endure the thought of an alliance with him who had humbled them both. A sort of consternation prevailed in that noble assembly; every one seemed agitated with gloomy ideas, and Matilda's heart was not the least engaged. The prelate was to arrive the next day, said Malek Adhel; the council of bishops was to break up that evening: she must prevent it, she must announce the archbishop's return; yes, she felt it requisite, whatever might be the dispositions of the council: if favourable to the prince, she wanted the prelate's approbation to adopt them; if contrary, she had need of his presence to soften them. "My brother," said she to Richard, "the archbishop will be here to-morrow; surely the rank he holds in the church, and the high reputation of wisdom he deservedly enjoys, will not allow the council, when they have but one day to wait, to pronounce without him." On hearing this, Lusignan arose suddenly in anger. Richard assumed a stern countenance, and asked his sister how she could affirm that the prelate would be at Ptolemais the next day. "The prince told me so," replied she, colouring; "he must have met with him somewhere." Lusignan said to Richard, gloomily, "Does your majesty permit the council of bishops to break up?" Before the King of England could find time to answer, the dukes of Burgundy, Austria, Bavaria, and all the princes and chiefs, exclaimed unanimously, it was but strict justice to acquaint the council with the archbishop's impending return. Lusignan offered to reply, but they would not allow it. "My brother," said the princess, respectfully, "does it not seem to you that their judgment cannot be deemed fair and equitable, without it be confirmed by the prelate's prudence and wisdom! He has until this day guided my thoughts and actions, and is he to abandon me at the most interesting period of my life? Consent, dear brother, that the council of bishops be made acquainted with the Archbishop of Tyre's return." "You may send there," replied Richard, spitefully; "that affair interests you more than me, and has hitherto given me too much vexation not to make me regret I ever felt any concern in it." The princess did not wait for a more obliging consent, and hastened to despatch one of her pages to acquaint the pope's legate with what was passing. In the course of a few minutes, the doors were flung open, and all the prelates appeared. "Well, my fathers," exclaimed Richard, "you have suspended your decision?" "The Archbishop of Tyre's impending return, and the wish of the princess, have appeared two such powerful reasons," replied the Bishop of Nazareth, "that one alone had been sufficient to delay our judgment till to-morrow." During this discourse, the legate looked at the princess with a mixture of pity and emotion, and, happening in the course of the evening to sit by her, he could not help telling her in a low voice, "Ah! my child, what have you done!" and then he stopped suddenly. The virgin was disturbed; she sought in his looks the conclusion of his speech; he cast his eyes to the ground to prevent her; she then endeavoured to restrain the violent emotion these few words of the legate had caused her, and replied in a faltering voice, "What have I done, my father!—my duty, I think, and I hope God will not punish me for it."

CHAPTER XLI.

On quitting Matilda, Malek Adhel made no doubt but that she would yield to his request, and meet him with the next morning's dawn at Montmorency's tomb. But, when she was left alone in her apartment, the princess became the prey of the most painful uncertainty, and passed that whole night sleepless. Malek Adhel's words resounded in her heart, and obtained there a most affectionate hearing. Could she deny a few moments' interview to a hero who, perhaps, the next day, was to be the lord of her destiny; who often had exposed his life for her sake, and had saved Richard's; who, to obey her commands, had resigned eight days of triumph and glory to his rival; and who, by the number of his favours, and the magnitude of his sacrifices, had laid on her such obligations, that, although her gratitude had become a passion, she fancied it was not yet strong enough, and did not sufficiently acquit her.

"I will undoubtedly go and meet him," said she to herself, vehemently, as if to stifle a secret murmur that rose in her inmost soul; "I have promised nothing shall he be denied that religion and virtue allow me to grant; and when so important a day is at hand; when he, perhaps, staggering in his faith, wants my advice and encouragement; does not duty itself command me to go and see him?" But, in uttering that word "duty," the princess gave it a feeble articulation, as if she felt conscious of its being misplaced. "Besides," added she, "is it not requisite I should know the prelate's disposition, and the effect of his exertions on the prince's mind, in order to ascertain what his opinion will be in the council of bishops, and endeavour to change it if it should not be favourable?" Dismissing then all other reflections, she determined to go next day to Montmorency's tomb, previously to which she threw herself on her bed to taste a few hours' rest; but to rest on a guilty project!—could the innocent virgin have done it? and could sleep close those eyes which the inward pangs of an alarmed conscience incessantly kept open? but, the instant when sleep seems creeping on us, and our efforts to deceive ourselves begin to grow feeble, a thought starts up—then another; they are no longer the fruit of an error we love, but that of truth, which recovers all its rights as soon as the will has ceased to detain error. Matilda could no longer steal away from the influence of that secret power; vexed and disturbed, she abruptly left that bed where she was so far from finding peace, dressed herself in haste, traversed the oratory, and opened the windows of her balcony; she paced it in silence: all was still; she heard no noise, save that of the sea-waves breaking on the rocky shore. "They also are agitated," said she, "but not so agitated as I am." After a pause, she added—"Guide me, O my God, for I swear love shall not triumph over thee." She continued to walk, but a religious disposition had just suggested better thoughts to her. "When, in spite of decorum and propriety, I ventured to give Malek Adhel an appointment," said she, "it seemed to me as if I obeyed the voice of God; and, by sending him to the Archbishop of Tyre's assistance, I sent him to knowledge and salvation. I alone could have induced him to make that sacrifice; I had no other means to bring about his conversion, since it could only be the fruit of William's cares, and I had not a moment to lose, since it

was then indispensable that in less than ten days he should find the archbishop, be persuaded, and bring him back before the breaking up of the council; whence the archbishop, secure in his holy dispositions, might employ all his eloquence in our favour. But now, what have I to say? what reason of sufficient weight can induce me to take this step?—his wish!—O Heaven! that were enough for me, but cannot be enough for thee. If William have brought him back to thee, I shall hear only a little later that favour of thy mercy; and at least not have to blush at the manner in which I shall hear it; if he have persevered in his errors, and the prelate's exertions have proved fruitless, what hope can I build on mine? Fool! ought love to give thee so much presumption as to believe thou canst succeed, when that spring of eloquence and holiness has flowed in vain? and were I to learn that the prelate's wisdom is going to stand up against the wishes of my heart, and were I to entertain the guilty intention of persuading him from it, can I hope that I should succeed? Is the prelate a weak man, capable of abandoning the path of God and justice for the sake of human interests? am I not even certain, that, if he arrive to-day, he will at once repair to the council without even seeing or speaking to me? but if I can hope nothing from William's weakness, should I not apprehend every thing from mine, and do I not know, 'that whoever loves and courts peril shall perish?' Ah! since that meeting is not indispensable, it would be criminal; and now, whatever may be my destiny, I must wait and be resigned—Silence, then, O my God, the voice of Malek Adhel, that speaks loud in my heart, and accept my sacrifice!" She then fell on her knees, bent her head low on the iron steps of the balcony, and bathed them with tears; for a long time her incessant and deep sobs were the only language of her grief. At last she proceeded: "To begin this day by submitting to the yoke of the heaviest duty, is it not a way to render heaven more favourable to my hopes? perhaps it may be moved at my efforts! perhaps it will reward me by moving the heart of Malek Adhel! O sweet obligation to suffer for him! O divine Son of Mary! if his salvation is to be the price of all earthly happiness for me, deprive me of all that which I expected this day, that I may, for the sake of greater blessings, resign all the blessings of this world!" She ceased, and might then have slept, for she would not have sunk to rest on a guilty thought. Meanwhile, the night had nearly elapsed amidst her perplexities; and, at the moment when the princess, but half satisfied with her painful resolutions, was returning to her apartment, the stars fading away, and the horizon tinged with the morning twilight, arrested her steps, and somewhat altered her mind's good dispositions. "Alas," said she, with profound emotion, "at this moment he is setting out, probably, not suspecting the cruel determination I have taken; he does not think my heart capable of such barbarous resolutions; he goes, hoping to meet me in that abode of death; he counts the instants, he accuses me, suffers—O great Parent! where is thy mercy? canst thou command me to afflict Malek Adhel? no, no, I surely exaggerate thy rigour. Alone, without guide or support, to avoid one fault, I am perhaps going to commit a greater. Ah! God of love and goodness, can there be one worse than to torture him we love? If the prelate were by me, his heart, less unkind, less cruel, than mine, would allow me to go and console the afflicted—Ah! thou weak and wretched creature, what darest thou imagine? would he not rather tell thee, that to compound with our weakness is to compound with destruction? canst thou be doubtful what order he would give thee? no, no, thou art not; waver not, therefore, in thy resolutions." As she finished these words, she tore herself away from the sight of that dawn which distressed her; she would not let that progressive light discover to her the anguish of Malek Adhel, and reveal the vain expectations he fed upon. Who could say at that moment which was most to be pitied of the two? who could say which suffered the most? she who imposed the sacrifice, or he who had to endure it?

Notwithstanding the surrounding obscurity, Matilda had too carefully counted the instants not to know the day was far advanced: then, only, she left her retirement, because the hour being elapsed, she no longer had to dread her weakness. Impatient to learn whether the prelate was arrived, she went to the queen's apartment; Berengere pressed her in her arms, and said, "Sister, a happy presentiment warns me that your days of sorrow are over, and that this will open a long life of happiness before you." "Happiness is much," replied the virgin, "but I have asked more than that of God." "I venture to hope," answered the queen, "that he will grant you all that you have asked! See how every thing seems to prosper since yesterday; on a sudden, Malek Adhel appears to obtain the last prize and the noblest victory, and this morning the Archbishop of Tyre is just arrived to determine the council according to your wishes." "The archbishop here!" enquired Matilda, eagerly; "and how long since he arrived? has he seen you? have you spoken to him?" "He has been above an hour in Ptolemais," replied the queen, "and ever since he has been in secret conference with the legate." At this news, the princess felt her heart palpitate violently, and was forced to lean against the wainscot to support her weak frame. Berengere ran to her, made her sit down, and said, looking at her with uneasiness, "Most assuredly, I make no doubt but this day will conclude happily; but if it should turn out otherwise, and you be under the necessity of parting with the prince, you would not have sufficient strength." "For a short pilgrimage," replied the virgin, "I think I should have fortitude enough, but for ever! for ever!" She shook her head, raised her eyes to heaven, and shed a torrent of tears. At that instant the doors were thrown open, and a page announced the king and the Archbishop of Tyre; Matilda, in dismay, rose to retire, feeling herself equally unable to encounter the impending excess of felicity or wretchedness; but, before she had time to take a single step, Richard appeared, followed by the pious prelate; and, hiding her emotion instantly, she respectfully bent down to greet them, and sat in silence, without even daring to raise her eyes to seek in the archbishop's countenance what she had to hope or fear. "My father," exclaimed the queen, "I rejoice that you are happily restored to us; what event can have protracted your absence so long, and what happy fate brings you back!" "I was taken by the infidels," replied the archbishop, in a calm and grave tone, "stopped at Jaffa, where Metchoub commands, loaded with chains, and thrown into a dungeon; and, spite of the truce that suspends all hostilities, the vindictive Metchoub, unwilling to pardon me the share he supposed I had in the taking of Ptolemais, availed himself of his supreme authority to order my death. Already were the preparations making; I had but one day to live; and, humbly resigned, saw its end approaching without murmur; for, could I not say to myself, I have fought, finished my career, and preserved the faith? But in the middle of that night, which I looked upon as my last, I heard the doors of my prison bursting open; I thought they wished to hasten the hour of my doom; I walked forward to meet it. What did I see; a warrior rushing to my assistance, and breaking my chains, a deliverer!" On hearing this, the virgin screamed with joy and gratitude. "And that deliverer, who was he?" demanded Richard. The heart of the princess had guessed it. It was indeed Malek Adhel, who had restored the prelate his life and liberty! "I know not, added the archbishop, "by what miracle of Providence he was conducted to Jaffa, when all seemed conspiring to detain him here; he has constantly refused all explanation on this point." "That conduct covers strange mysteries," replied Richard, dissatisfied; "and it is difficult enough to imagine how Malek Adhel can have been conducted to the spot precisely in time, when my sister and the queen, alone, here knew the motive of your absence." "These are mysteries, it is true," answered the archbishop, "but mysteries of virtue and generosity that I shall abstain from diving into, out of veneration for that hand that delights in shedding its favours in concealment." "My father," replied Richard, abruptly, "you are strangely prejudiced in favour of this Malek Adhel; all that he does, all that relates to him, is always excused or approved of by you; and I know not whether there may not be fair grounds to apprehend this partiality may bias your opinion concerning the judgment to be pronounced." "Sire," answered the archbishop, "I will not attempt to deny it, Malek Adhel is dear to me; I have conceived a truly paternal affection for him; his virtues would make it a law, did not gratitude make it a duty for me; I shall tell the council of bishops, as I now tell you, all the good I think of that great prince: why should I conceal it? Is it necessary to be unjust to maintain all the rights of religion? and is not that the most equitable heart which knows them best? It does not become me to communicate to your majesty my ideas and projects; but I venture to think that the penetrating eye of Him whom nothing can escape will be satisfied with their purity." Richard replied, with some confusion, he was very far from suspecting their rectitude. "And had you suspected it, my liege," answered the prelate, "should I have the right to complain? I am but a man, every man is frail; weakness and imperfection ever attend his steps; and being subject to error, he must submit to suspicion." "O venerable saint!" exclaimed the virgin, in a sort of enthusiasm, "you alone are the spotless lamb, above the corruption and censures of the world." "Calm such transports, daughter," said William, "or save them for greater objects; none are pure and spotless on the earth, and all bear their sin with them; but let us not complain; that makes our glory, since it is our strength that frees us from it." The queen then spoke, and asked the prelate, in a timid voice, whether, among the praises he bestowed on Malek Adhel, he could mention his docility to hear him. This question, which interested Matilda so strongly, since her whole destiny was comprised therein, disturbed her soul, and the glance she threw on the prelate divulged it to him; he turned aside that he might not see her, and answered the queen, that, in gratifying her curiosity, he must, necessarily, discover the opinion he was going to pronounce in the council, and this his duty did not allow; "I will even retire this instant," added he, "that I may not stand any longer exposed to indirect solicitations, which I cannot help hearing, and have no right to listen to." He said, and withdrew; but, on the wrinkles of his venerable brow, the princess perceived the signs of a violent agitation and inward struggles; with the attachment he bore Malek Adhel, could he have spoken in his favour, why should he not have been tranquil? how did her heart palpitate at the melancholy thought! how did she heap on a few minutes all the tortures of her whole life to come! Pale, motionless, her eyes fixed on the ground, she saw nought but her fears, and for a time remained equally indifferent to the queen's friendship or Richard's anger; meanwhile, as he looked at her, he could not help at last being moved at her situation; he sat down by her, took hold of her hand, found it damp and cold. "My sister," said he, "my dear Matilda, how does your piety allow you to attach so much price to earthly and transient objects?" In a weak and inarticulate voice, she replied, "They are not earthly and transient objects that now engage my attention." The king examined her with surprise, and seemed musing deeply; Berengere, who stood by them, remained in silence, but a noise was heard in the next apartment. A page ran in, and said, "My liege, Prince Malek Adhel has appeared at the door of the Princess of England's apartment, and has asked to see her; but the King of Jerusalem refuses, and swears he shall not enter without a special order from your majesty. The prince, enraged, has drawn his sword, Lusignan done the same, and their blood will flow, unless your majesty go and appease the quarrel." At these words, Richard looked at his sister; she was no longer the same; a crimson blush suffused her cheeks, and her hand, which he yet held, was glowing with heat. "Strange creature," said he, rising, "who could have suspected that such a timid and soft countenance concealed so many passions! Madam," continued he, addressing the queen, "command that young person to retire: she is not in a state to be seen." He was scarcely gone out, when Matilda arose. "The king is in the right," said she; "I am not in a state to be seen, no human eye ought to fall upon me, none can bring me consolation, assistance, and support." "Go into the alcove of my oratory," said the queen; "you will find there the Consoler your heart is calling for; and through the curtains, which separate that room from this, you may, unseen, hear all that will take place here."

Matilda retired in haste. The confused voices of several persons, among which she could distinguish those of Malek Adhel and Lusignan, hurried her flight. On entering the oratory, she prostrated herself before the image of a dying Christ, and repeated several times, with fervour, those words written below the crucifix. "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; yet, not my will but thine be done." But soon these words, though so well suited to her situation, expired on her lips, and

she could no longer pay any attention, save to what was passing near her.

CHAPTER XLII.

Berengere removed her seat, and placed herself before the curtain that hid the princess, in order that she might the better hear all that was going to be decided respecting her fate. Malek Adhel advanced the first towards the queen, and, with agitation, entreated her to stand Matilda's protectress for the day, and free him from the intolerable anguish that preyed on his heart since the dawn had appeared: the dawn of that day so important for him; that day, destined to be the finest of his life, had commenced amidst the most gloomy presages. "It seemed to me," said he, "as if the illustrious Matilda had disappeared from the surface of the earth. I demanded her from all the world; the awful silence of death alone answered me. Ah! madam, what is become of her? tell me what envious hand has snatched her from me?" Berengere, who could not understand him, answered, with some surprise, that nothing alarming had befallen the princess. Malek Adhel could not believe it; he made her repeat, several times, that she was at liberty, and that no accident had deranged her health. As many times as he questioned the queen on those points, as oft she answered him with kind politeness; at last, when he was well convinced his fears had no foundation, he exclaimed, with much agitation, that he would not trouble her with any more enquiries, that he was satisfied and easy, and he took a seat by her, seemingly in more distress of mind than before. "You will agree, sire," said Lusignan, addressing Richard, "that if any thing could add to the high reputation of benevolence and good nature the Queen of England has obtained, it would be the condescension she had just displayed in answering such strange enquiries." While he spoke, Richard was watching Malek Adhel, who sat in the same place Matilda had occupied before; pale, motionless, absorbed like her by one only thought, which deprived him of the power of hearing or speaking. Struck with so remarkable a resemblance, he could not help exclaiming, "No! I never saw love like this!" The exclamation astonished all who heard it, and Matilda did not lose a word. Lusignan, apparently offended, asked the king, drily, what love he was talking of? "Ah! my brother," replied Richard, taking hold of his hand, "I should have been moved, had it not been for you." "Almighty powers!" said Matilda to herself, behind the curtain, and conscious of the presence of the Almighty alone, "the hearts of kings are in thy hand, and if thou permit it, Richard will adopt for Malek Adhel those sentiments he feels for Lusignan!" "Sire," replied the King of Jerusalem, gravely, "I too well perceive that I have no longer any hopes, save in the justice and religion of the council." "And my justice, my religion, my oaths too," answered Richard, angrily, "do you then count them for nothing?" Lusignan, pleased with having galled him, exclaimed, in a feigned resentment, "And what matters that your majesty's oaths be not inviolable, if it is no longer your friendship that keeps them." "Brother," exclaimed Richard, "this is the first angry word that has ever passed between us; let us swear it shall be the last." At these words, Lusignan threw himself into the king's arms, and, while they held each other embraced, Berengere inclined her head towards Malek Adhel's, and told him, softly, that she would accept of many days' servitude to see him that instant in Lusignan's place. "Alas!" replied he, "but yesterday I should have envied such warm testimonies of affection; but now my soul has only room for one wish—to see Matilda for a moment—to speak a single word!" "Tell it me," interrupted the queen; "I assure you it shall not be lost." "No, madam," replied Malek Adhel, "she alone must hear it." Berengere having watched to see if her husband did not observe her, made a sign with her hand, and pointed at the curtain, which parted them from the oratory, adding, very low and quick, "Well, I will move back, and she alone shall hear you." He understood her, and his heart leaped with hope and joy; he cast on the queen a look expressive of such gratitude, that it occurred to her she ought to have looked thus at him on the day when he consented to restore her to Richard. The recollection of this soothed for a few moments the kind of remorse she felt at disobeying Richard's commands; for, if conjugal submission be a sacred duty, is not that duty sacred too which prescribes us to acquit the debts of gratitude?

Malek Adhel would not then have resigned his place for the throne of Philip Augustus, or any other in the universe. He reclined his head towards the oratory, and remained silent for some time; and while the two kings, thinking him absorbed in deep reflection, were conversing together, and walking hastily up and down the apartment, Malek Adhel seized the instant, when they were at the farthest distance, to pronounce the following words in a low voice; "Matilda! do you hear my grief, do you listen to my prayers?" He then fancied he saw the curtains moved, as if by her hand; but, as the two kings were then near him, he said nothing, and concealed with his hands the hopes that beamed on his countenance. Scarcely were they at a distance again, when he added, "I waited in vain for you this morning, and yet how important was it for us to meet. Alas! if you are now too late to see the archbishop, we are lost for ever!" "O God!" exclaimed Matilda, in a pious oration, "when I tore my heart to obey thee, did I commit a fault, and wilt thou punish me for it?" "Probably," said Richard, throwing open a window that overlooked the Square of Hospitality, where the assembly of bishops had been held, "probably the council is over; I see the prelates, and at their head the legate and the Archbishop of Tyre, advancing this way, to acquaint us with the result of their conference." "My fate, then, is decided!" exclaimed Lusignan. "And mine too!" interrupted Malek Adhel. The same words, repeated by Matilda, mounted, and expired in the breast of that heavenly power she was invoking. The legate and the archbishop now entered. "Sire," said the former, addressing the King of England, "yesterday evening the council were disposed to give your august sister a Mussulman lord, and such our decision would have turned out, had we not been forced to suspend it. This day the eloquent and profound wisdom of the archbishop has changed all our opinions, and we have pronounced an absolute refusal, unless, before the expiration of three days, Malek Adhel consent to receive baptism, and swear never to take up arms against us." "I swear this very instant that shall not be!" exclaimed the prince, loudly; "do they think I must have three days to reject the commission of treason and perfidy!" "Would it be a perfidy not to bear arms against us?" exclaimed the archbishop; "the Christians demand no more." "So," interrupted Richard, abruptly, "you reject the hand of my sister on the proffered conditions?" "I only refuse to betray Saladin's confidence and friendship," replied the prince; "and that illustrious beauty, who combines all perfections, ought not to be the reward of so vile an action! Could I accept such shameful offers! no, never; and the waves that wash this shore shall meet those of the Red Sea, ere I raise a sacrilegious hand against my brother and my country!" He sat down again as if unable to say any more, and in unspeakable agitation.

"Honourable pontiff," said Lusignan to William, "how high you soar above the rest of mankind, and how unworthy are they to fathom the wonderful rectitude of your heart! Is it to you, then, that I am indebted for life; you, whose influence over the minds of the council I fancied I had reason to apprehend?" "Sire," replied the prelate, with deep melancholy, "in this affair I have served no earthly being, listened to no interests; the zeal of religion alone has opened my lips; in this great cause it is God and his rights alone that I beheld, and no other had I any business to look to." "I own that yesterday my opinion was contrary to the archbishop's," said the legate, "and in acting thus, I thought I conformed to the disposition of his apostolic holiness, for I knew how favourably the letters written by Malek Adhel to Clement and Alexander III. had disposed the conclave towards him." While he continued thus, Malek Adhel, taken up with a more urgent concern, resumed his pensive attitude, and availing himself of the noise that prevailed around him to express the wishes his life depended upon, he inclined towards the curtain, and said, "Matilda, dost thou remember the oath in the desert? Except the sacrifice of thy innocence and faith, thou didst engage to deny me no other; the time is come to make good thy promise; to-morrow we must meet in Montmorency's tomb. This moment I mean to shut myself up there, and there will I remain, till thou comest; if thou come not, I will still remain, and some day, by the ashes of the hero, shall those of Malek Adhel be found!" The trembling Matilda crawled on her knees to the curtain, she applied her face against it, and the prince thought he heard her breathe. He said again, "Matilda, wilt thou suffer me to die, and break thy engagement?" "No," replied she, in so low a voice that Malek Adhel's heart alone could tell she had spoken. He was going to bless her, when he perceived the prelate advancing towards him; he said no more. The archbishop stopped before the queen. "Where is the princess, madam," said he; "I am told she is in your apartment, may I not go in? I wish to see her, to speak with her, and to dispose her angelic piety to hear me." "My father," replied Berengere, "wait a little; why should you be in haste? why rob my sister of the security she yet enjoys? Alas! it will be of short duration!" "When I can explain my motives to the princess," answered William, "I will beg your majesty to hear them, you will see whether the interest, the purity of religion, allowed us to accept the proposed alliance. You will see whether giving her a Mussulman lord would not have exposed a young person's weakness to stagger some day in the path of the true faith, and make us all responsible for her everlasting fate?" "No, my father, you need not have feared it," replied Malek Adhel, "you know my past promises, but your inflexible zeal could not resolve on giving way." "The zeal that has heaven for its object cannot give way," exclaimed the archbishop; "and, when we fight in that great cause, we must prevail at any price; he is no Christian, my son, who fears to show himself such; he is no Christian who can prefer the opinions, interests, and friendships of men to those duties he owes to heaven." Malek Adhel replied, in a soft voice, and bending his head so that Matilda should hear him, "My father, you have inflicted on me a greater injury this day than all mankind confederated together could have done; yet there is no man I esteem so highly as I do you, and I hope we shall not both quit this world without being first reconciled." He then advanced towards Richard, and told him, rather proudly: "Sire, I am doubly unfortunate, first by the judgment issued, next by the satisfaction it seems to cause you. Methinks that, had you expressed some regrets for my sorrow, it would not have been so bitter; but I perceive too well that all here have conspired against me, and, that I must carry my hopes elsewhere—I leave you, sire; I am going to acquaint my brother with the bishop's answer; I foresee that, on the receipt of this intelligence, he will begin the war again with a fury more sanguinary, more inveterate than ever, unless some event, equally happy and unexpected, turn aside this new calamity."

Every one present was astonished at Malek Adhel's moderation; Lusignan thought he could discover a mysterious meaning in some of his expressions. He suspected that, before he went, he would find out some means of writing to Matilda, and drawing her over to his side; to overturn that project, he determined not to lose sight of the prince; and, under pretence of paying him respect, he proposed to the most illustrious chiefs among the Crusaders to attend him as far as the limits of the camp. Richard was seized with pleasure at the opportunity of paying a prince he esteemed this sort of homage; and, as he escorted him, he expressed himself in terms of much courtesy on the price he should have attached to his alliance, had not the difference of religion and the honour due to his first engagements enjoined him to reject it. Malek Adhel, confident within his own mind that that alliance would take place, showed himself much affected at the king's kind professions, and they parted with all the marks of cordiality and affection.

Scarcely had the prince arrived under Saladin's tents, when he took him aside, and said, "Dost thou know on what conditions the Christians consent to give me Richard's sister?" "On those which I have proposed, surely," replied the sultan. "No! they have rejected them; unless I embrace their faith and abandon thy cause, they will not grant me the hand of her I love." "And thou hast indignantly resigned her?" exclaimed the sultan. "No, I have not," replied his brother. "What sayest thou, Malek Adhel?" answered Saladin, with astonishment; "a shameful passion makes a traitor of thee, and an enemy stands before me!" "Do not utter such expressions," interrupted the prince; "they stain thy lips, and thou knowest well my heart belies them. I am thy brother, Saladin; how then can I now become thy enemy? Hear me! this is no time to deliberate. The

refusal of the Christians is irrevocable; thou wilt go without doubt, but I shall remain here. Fear not lest the Christians, finding me on their lands after the rupture, should treat me as an enemy; I have a sacred asylum in this place—where, I am not at liberty to mention; but thither the Christians will not come to seek me. Meanwhile, I shall not be long ere I meet thee. Expect me at Cesarea; I beg but three days, and there I will bring thee my wife!" "Thy wife!" exclaimed Saladin, with profound astonishment, "the Princess of England!" "Herself! her heart belongs to me! her oaths are mine! I am certain she will not betray them. No obstacle can stop me, and I answer for the success of my enterprise. Take with thee all thy warriors, I want none; Kaled alone shall remain with me; I know his fidelity and courage, and that is sufficient." "Intrepid warrior, thy confidence inspires me with security," said the sultan; "who fears nothing must triumph; go, make thy own destiny; hasten to bring the Queen of Jerusalem to my court; happy that day when I shall be able to greet her with that name, and place on her head the diadem I resign to thee." "And is this the man they wanted me to abandon!" exclaimed Malek Adhel, falling into the arms of his brother. The sultan held him embraced a long time, after which they parted. Saladin, with his train, took the road to Cesarea, and Malek Adhel, followed by his faithful Kaled, advanced with him towards the sea shore into a place where the projecting rocks formed a shelter. In that cavity he concealed his friend. He turned loose on the neighbouring mountain two Arabian horses, which had been fed by his own hand, obeyed his signs, and ran at his voice to meet him; he then came back, and shut himself up in Montmorency's tomb; and there, his great soul broken by the weight of grief and of love, no longer felt the strength to exist without happiness. Before the ashes of the hero who had perished for Matilda, he swore to perish for her too, and bury for ever his misfortunes and his love in that asylum of death, unless she came herself to snatch him from destruction.

CHAPTER XLIII.

As soon as the princess heard that Malek Adhel had quitted the room, she withdrew from the oratory and went into the queen's closet to wait for the archbishop. There she endeavoured to compose herself, but in vain: anguish, confusion, terror, distracted her in turn—and contradictory duties seemed imperiously to exact the same obedience. On one side, Malek Adhel swearing to die on Montmorency's grave, unless she came to meet him: on the other, the scandal of a secret interview with a Mussulman whom the whole church had forbidden her to love. That solemn oath pronounced in the desert, which the prince had just reminded her of, and which she could not break without perfidy; religion claiming holier engagements still, and freeing her by its supreme authority from all such as interfered with her first duty. What was Matilda to do in that situation? Was she to consult the prelate? But, if he should forbid her releasing Malek Adhel from death, she felt she could not obey, and then would it not be better not to consult him? O! how dreadfully big with calamities did futurity appear to her! Every where faults or sorrows—peace and happiness no where! In short, that terrible futurity was such, that, compared with it, the present time seemed to sink into insignificance. Taken up with what she foresaw, what she experienced was nothing; and the circumstances that awaited her so completely overpowered all her thinking faculties, that the blow that had parted her from Malek Adhel was almost forgotten. Strange proof of the confined extent of our apprehension, a violent grief rushes into our soul, breaks and tears it asunder; but let another one more violent enter in its turn, and instantly the former is forgotten, and no longer felt, though it still remains. Thus Matilda, some hours before, was on the point of being oppressed by the fear of the misfortune she apprehended; that was all then—it was death—it was worse than death. Behold, it came, it struck her, and she felt it no longer. Now her horrible confusion of tortures did but increase every minute. It threw into her looks a sort of wild despair, that made the archbishop shudder when he approached her. He sat down, took her hand, and remained silent for a short time, for he suffered much, and his duty on that day had appeared to him painful to fulfil. At last, in a persuasive voice, and with looks of compassion, he said: "Are you in a state to hear me, daughter?" "I am, my father," replied she, with her eyes on the ground, and in a dejected attitude. "Daughter, you must take that chalice of bitterness which God has sent you. You must accept it with resignation and gratitude even, for such great trials are the lot of the chosen few, and the Almighty does not call upon all his creatures to make such great sacrifices." "My father," replied the virgin, "he has received the sacrifice of my happiness, and I do not murmur at it; but, if my resignation please him, let him also accept the sacrifice of my life." "No, my child; he only asks for that of your happiness. He has left you life, that you may feel and renew daily your sacrifice, without even murmuring. Such virtue alone can make us deserve an everlasting recompense, and perhaps it is worthy of it. Hear me, my dear daughter. I owe you an account of the reasons which have determined my resolutions, and of the fruitless efforts which I have made to bring Malek Adhel to adopt the faith of Christ." "And that misfortune, that dreadful misfortune!" interrupted Matilda abruptly, and looking up to heaven reproachfully, "am I to be resigned to that too?" "In the course of my long life," replied the prelate, with patience and kindness, "I have seen many events, disasters, calamities, and horrid catastrophes—but I never yet knew of a situation where it was allowed not to be resigned to the will of Heaven." "But, my father," answered the princess, with much emotion, "is it *all* to be resigned? Are there not situations where we should do something more? Are there not times when God and our conscience seem as if at variance, and when that light he gave us, that we might know him, seems to forbid us to obey him?" "Perhaps there are, daughter," replied William, looking at her with a mixture of grief and compassion; "but how can you know it? Such criminal blindness was never but the consequence of great errors, and the most awful punishment the Almighty can possibly inflict." "Heavens! I am very guilty, then," exclaimed the virgin, striking her breast. "Alas! what remains for me to love, having lost the sight of God, and my ear being no longer open to the voice of justice." She would have said more, and given free vent to her griefs, but the queen appeared. Her confessions thus remained in her soul. They were too much above the power of friendship; for heaven, in giving us that friendship, the purest and sweetest of its gifts, does not permit it shall prove of universal efficacy on earth—but has reserved to itself the care of our most bitter pains, in order to teach us, that, possessing in itself something more perfect than friendship, it might comfort us when friendship proves inefficacious.

"My father," said the queen, as she entered, "I come with your permission, to hear the account and the explanations you are going to give my sister." Had the pious archbishop been capable of a sentiment of impatience or irritation, he would then have experienced it—for he felt the importance of the confession he had just lost, and the difficulty he would probably find to obtain it again from Matilda. Accustomed, however, as he was, to see in the course of the least events an order of Providence, he resigned himself to this idea, and even thought, that, if the Almighty had allowed that confession to be interrupted, it was because he had a more favourable opportunity to conclude it. Berengere sat down by the princess, and, after a moment's pause, the archbishop began thus:

"On leaving Ptolemais, I went at once to Cesarea. The prince was not there. I heard it from some inferior officers, none of whom knew me. They took me for a pilgrim, who was availing himself of the truce in order to visit Syria—and told me, that Malek Adhel was gone to Ascalon and Jaffa. I followed him to Ascalon; he had just left the place. I went to Jaffa; he had not been there. I now lost all intelligence, and was recognised by Metchoub, who laid hold of me, and pronounced my doom as I informed you this morning. I likewise told you by what miraculous chance Malek Adhel came to deliver me the very day I was to be executed. It was not the first time he has restored my liberty and saved my life: already at Damascus, in Egypt, as at Jaffa, had it not been for him I must have perished on the rack. That generous prince seems to have been thrown across my destiny to preserve me from all dangers, and teach me thereby, without doubt, that my first duty is to devote my life to his salvation. But the moment of success is not yet arrived. Probably Heaven wishes so great a conversion should be brought about by other inducements than human love; and, perhaps, will not accept the return of that soul until itself be the motive. Whatever be the case, daughter, you may rest assured that I had no need of the new obligations, just contracted, duly to support the interests of the faith; but, I own it, gratitude yet warmed the ardour of my zeal, and I know not whether a poor unworthy servant of God, as I am, he did not sometimes condescend to infuse some of his divine spirit into me when I spoke to Malek Adhel. Never will my tongue recover such expressions, and give them such utterance! I have seen him hesitate, when I was describing the miracles of that all-powerful religion, which, preached in its origin by twelve poor fishermen, has since spread all over the world, subdued the philosophers, by showing the vanity of their sophisms—and Cesars, by depriving them of their divinity: of that religion, that has filled courts and deserts with men so generous, virgins so pure, martyrs so heroic, and has revealed to the world virtues unknown in the times of antiquity. Ah! then it was the heart of Malek Adhel was agitated. He could not hear, without adoration, that law which says, 'Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, pray for those who insult and persecute you.' Such divine precepts belong to Christians alone, and such affecting words could only be pronounced by a God. Malek Adhel felt it deeply. He saw that charity and love were in us only, and that they made men more just and happy than all those proud sects whose vain and pompous speeches move much less than this passage: 'If thy brother has trespassed against thee seven times in the day, and he come to thee so often, saying, I repent; pardon him.' That great prince, in short, felt, that the truth must reside in that religion which displays most virtues in us." "O my father," exclaimed Matilda, "if he have felt it, I forget my tears and my griefs; and, if Malek Adhel become a Christian, I may be happy, whatever be our fate on earth." "Alas, daughter, what is faith without deeds? The better Malek Adhel is informed, the more guilty is he—and I know not where will be his pardon, who, having seen the light, has refused to follow it. What have I not done to bring him over? Perhaps, in my ardent zeal, I have gone beyond my office, and promised what Heaven might not have ratified. In fine, I had consented to his not fighting against his country; I knelt down before him, bathed his hands with my tears, that he might acknowledge the Almighty's name. He refused it. It seemed to him as if taking the name of Christian were the same as taking that of Saladin's enemy—and yet he engaged to leave you full liberty of worship, and in secret to adore the same God as you. But, if he had adored him in truth, would he have feared to tell the world so, and been stopped by the apprehension alone of offending his brother? And, since he did not adore him, ought I, on the faith of a bare promise, to have consented that an infidel should peaceably reign in Jerusalem? Ought I to have engaged the Christians to give up to him that Ptolemais, purchased at the price of so much blood, and in uniting you to him, to have exposed you to dreadful dangers, my daughter? For, once united with that Saracen, blinded with his virtues, seduced by your love, forced to obey him, what must your fate have been? Have you the presumption to think, that, when amidst the most virtuous examples, it is so difficult to preserve the purity of faith, you would have remained true to it in a situation where the virtue of saints, and even that of angels, would fail? And what would have become of you, if, some day, Malek Adhel, subdued by Saladin's ascendency—a terrible ascendency truly, since it has hindered his adoption of the faith that moved him, and receiving that hand he wishes for with so much ardour; if, some day, as I said, prevailed upon by the sultan, he had begun again to persecute the Christians, and shed the blood of your brethren—what part would you have taken between your husband and your God?" "My father," replied Matilda, in a feeble voice, "no more! I was very certain that you would not allow me to give my hand to a Mussulman; and I am bold to tell you," added she, placing her hand on her heart, "that, if I had been alone its mistress, I should have pronounced like you." "If such be your virtue," answered the archbishop, with emotion, "if you feel within the strength requisite to take such heroic resolutions, why does not that same zeal support you, and why seem you so dis-

couraged!" In fact, the princess had just thrown herself back in her chair; exhausted by the various emotions and struggles which love and religion, the present time and futurity, had filled her heart with, she felt as if life were on the point of leaving her, and experienced a sort of confused joy that death was going to deliver her from the uncertainty and pangs of her situation.

She remained for several hours in this state of stupor, when her only pain was to feel all was not yet over: meanwhile, cruel and affectionate cares brought her back to all the poignancy of her anguish, and, on recovering life, she was forced with it to recover the recollection of her oaths, the impossibility of breaking them, and the disgrace of keeping them.

When the first shades of night began to cover the earth, Matilda returned into her apartment; her will was fixed, and her design taken. She was resolved to go the next day to Montmorency's monument, where Malek Adhel was waiting for her—but she was likewise determined to confide that step to the archbishop. She did not wish to have explained her intentions before the queen, but that very evening she purposed to see William and open her heart to him. She sent for him; but, as he did not come, she began to fear she must decide without him. She yet waited, and desired that her apartment might not be shut. At last she heard some person, and opened her door. It was not the archbishop, but Richard, who appeared. "Sister," said he, "I am satisfied with you. The day has been stormy, but, thanks to the strength Heaven has bestowed on you, you have made a great sacrifice. You will do more still; and it is to point out to you what remains to be done, that I am come hither. Sister, having submitted to Heaven, your present purpose ought to be to serve it. The war will recommence instantly. Saladin, enraged at our rejecting his terms, will rush on us with all the power of his arms. Malek Adhel, more enraged yet, will lend him his invincible sword. The hope of reaching you will stimulate his valour. You must not, therefore, leave him any hopes; and you must, above all, infuse a new zeal into our troops. All our European soldiers sigh after their country, and begin to murmur at all the dangers they run, and the hardships they undergo, to replace a Christian of Asia on the throne of Jerusalem. But, let them have the certainty of placing with him thereon a princess of my blood, and you will see them, filled with intrepid ardour, rush forward like heroes to meet the Saracens, crush them, and lead you in triumph into that kingdom where the tree of faith grew; which will, through your cares, raise up its drooping head, and extend its innumerable ramifications to the farthest extremities of the universe. You see, my sister, that, to induce you to accept of a marriage with Lusignan, the interest of religion alone ought to suffice, and I will employ no other. You see that not a moment is to be lost; that, in the course of a few days, we must march to Cesarea, Ascalon, and Jaffa, in order to open the road to Jerusalem, and that I cannot allow you more than three days to prepare yourself to celebrate the august nuptials all Christendom demands of you."

On hearing these words, the princess started with terror. A deadly paleness overspread her face. She looked at her brother, as if unable to believe what he said—then cast her eyes downwards, and made no answer. Richard resumed: "The silence you observe authorises me, unquestionably, to conclude you adopt the wisdom of my views, and the law of your duty. Perhaps the modesty of your sex forbids your uttering your consent; but, provided you obey, I am satisfied. As a friend, as a Christian, I think I have sufficiently convinced you of the necessity of your submission, not to be obliged to show myself the angry brother, and absolute king. Meanwhile, you know what power such titles give me over you. You know, also, that weaknesses of the heart are not allowed to a young person of your exalted rank, and that, sitting near the throne, reasons of state ought to stifle all secret inclinations. In short, sister, you have not forgotten, surely, the strict obligations which the extreme condescension I have on this occasion used, lays you under. If it were possible you could be ignorant of them, and delay to obey me but a single day, you would stand without excuse in my eyes, in those of the world, and, but too probably, in your own." The princess blushed, looked at her brother with surprise, and, after a long pause, said in a firmer voice than he expected, "It is within three days, then, that my fate is to be fixed. I thank your majesty for having informed me of it, and assure you I am going to prepare myself for it." "You are truly my sister," replied Richard, pressing her hand affectionately, "and I see my blood in your courage." "Sire," interrupted she, "on the eve of such a moment as this, I have need of tranquillity and solitude. Will not your majesty consent, but for a single day, to give me back the key of Montmorency's monument? It is near the grave that we can rise superior to all human follies, and resign ourselves to the greatest sacrifices." "Here it is, my sister," replied Richard; "but let it be the last time that you have recourse to it. The wife of Lusignan ought to have fortitude enough in her own virtue."

To snatch the prince from the jaws of death, had Matilda known of any other means than asking Richard for that key, she would assuredly have employed them; and receiving it through an artifice, she was even hesitating to take it, had not that name of "*wife of Lusignan*" banished all her scruples. Richard arose then, and said: "I leave you to your reflections, your piety, and your prudence. If you listen to that last alone, you will reap better counsels from it than from the sight of these monuments of death, that serve only to heat an imagination, already but too much exalted." Matilda bowed, and he added: "I hope to-morrow you will admit Lusignan's visits without reluctance." "To-morrow!" exclaimed she; "your majesty had promised to allow me three days." "At the end of three days, indeed, you will form indissoluble bonds with him, but till then you must hear his transports and his joy." Matilda answered distantly, that she should prefer not to have to hear them; but yet, that she would admit, without murmuring, all the persons he might think proper to bring to her. Then, as she thought her brother was going to leave her, and she was anxious to be left alone, she arose, as if to bid him farewell. He perceived her wish, and smiling as he went out, added: "See the Archbishop of Tyre to-morrow; he will confirm all your good dispositions. Perhaps he will not be able to give you better reasons than I, but his eloquence may impress them on you with more success." "Do you think, then, sire," said Matilda, eagerly, "that the archbishop could approve of the marriage your majesty is proposing to me." "Can you doubt it?" replied Richard; "have you not observed his conduct to-day? Does he hesitate when the interests of the faith are at stake? Partial as he was to Malek Adhel, he alone, however, has spoken against that prince—and, prejudiced as he is against Lusignan, he still will reconcile the minds of all men, and yours, in favour of that monarch, and induce you to accept of a match he looks upon as both sacred and indispensable, since it is for the advantage of the Christians." He said, and withdrew. Matilda remained alone. Richard's last words had struck her with dismay. She exclaimed, "No, the archbishop shall not see me! I will not hear a word in behalf of Lusignan! Dreadful marriage! For me thy Hymeneal torch shall never be lighted. It was not enough to tear me from Malek Adhel, they want to give me to his bitterest foe; and William approves of that tyranny! No, I will not see him! He shall not hinder me from saving Malek Adhel! By drawing too tight the bonds of my servitude, they have broken them asunder; and to-morrow—yes," added she firmly, as if to answer her conscience, "to-morrow will I go to meet him without consulting any friend: no force on earth shall stay me!" She called Herminia, and told her to have her doors shut—to admit no one, not even the Archbishop of Tyre; and desired that, on the next day at dawn, her car might be ready to take her to Montmorency's tomb. Herminia obeyed, and withdrew. The princess threw herself on her bed, half undressed. She fell into that kind of lethargy that is not entirely unlike sleep, during which we cease to think, though we suffer still, and seem to have retained of life the sentiment only of its sorrow.

CHAPTER XLIV.

At break of day Herminia entered her mistress's room, and informed her that her car and attendants were ready. Matilda awoke from her painful lethargy: she arose, recalled her ideas; the first presented her duty, and she stopped; the second, her union with Lusignan, and she went.

The car flew with rapidity, and they arrived. The virgin alighted much alarmed; the more she felt within herself that she was acting contrary to her principles, the more haste she made for fear they should arrest her. She pushed the door, and entered without addressing to the Almighty a single prayer. Her steps were trembling and precipitate, and her spirits so much flurried, that she neglected all precaution, and forgot to shut the door after her. Malek Adhel did not think of it either: how could he think of any thing but Matilda? He ran to her, and embraced her knees. "Leave me, said she, distractedly, "leave me!" but she could not support herself—she staggered—her knees bent under her, and she sat down on the coffin. "O Saviour," said she, "here all ought to be tranquil; peace inhabits tombs: ah! when will it inhabit my heart?—Malek Adhel, why hast thou called me hither? what wouldst thou with me? what new sorrow am I to find? what new struggle have I to undergo? Speak, unveil thy projects; it is time thou shouldst inform me, that all may be over." "Matilda," replied the prince, with a mixture of surprise and alarm, "I never saw you in such solicitude, never was such anguish painted in your eyes; what is the cause of this agitation? Can you not recover a little calm, and give me a hearing?" "He asks the cause of my agitation," answered the princess, "when I am here, in spite of my brother, my duty, and my God! and yesterday all Christendom tore my heart asunder from the heart I love; and, bleeding, lacerated, as it was, commanded me, in a few hours after, to give it to the man I hate—within three days to marry Lusignan; these are Richard's, these, too, are Heaven's commands! Cruel tyranny, from which my soul recoils with horror! but what can I do to save myself, except to implore thy assistance? Shameful resource, which must stamp my name with indelible disgrace! This is not all; thou art in a place where death surrounds thee. If thou shouldst be discovered, a blood-thirsty rival will employ all his exertions to thy ruin, and perhaps succeed.—Near thee, I am the enemy of all my friends; my country hates thee; thou hast refused to acknowledge my God, and yet I remain here, I remain willingly; my conscience storms at me; I hear it no longer, or hear it only to be the more distracted! This is my situation, Malek Adhel, and thou askest the cause of my agitation! thou wishest I should be composed and hear thee!" "No!" exclaimed he, with impetuosity, "no, I ask not of thee composure, but resolution. Come, my beloved, let us delay no longer; the moment is at hand, and we must fly; all is ready, to-morrow thou must be with me in Saladin's court." "Rash man, what sayest thou?" interrupted the princess, terrified. "Hear me!" said he; "to induce thee, I will neither speak of the nuptials thou mayest be forced into, of my despair, nor of my dreadful vengeance; I will only remind thee of thy oaths; except the sacrifice of thy innocence, thou swerest to deny me nothing; such were thy words in the desert. Ah! Matilda, I do not ask the sacrifice of thy innocence, I only wish to shelter thee from the reach of thy tyrants. Follow me to my brother's court, and let that be thy asylum; there, in a palace reserved for thee alone, shalt thou dwell; there thou wilt be hid from all eyes, and into which I will never enter but with thy permission; all the East shall admire my inviolable respect and thy most angelic purity: I will silence my wishes, my prayers; and, to entreat thee to reign with me in Jerusalem, I will wait till thy brother be appeased, and thy God consent. In this thy retreat, none but Christians shall approach thee; thou wilt profess thy worship with entire liberty; and, if sometimes thou deignest to admit me before thee, I will assist at all thy ceremonies, and endeavour to bend my heart to adopt thy faith." "Oh! hadst thou in reality wished to adopt it," interrupted Matilda, melting into tears, "we should now belong to each other; far from blushing at my affection, I should pride myself in it; and near thee, far from dreading the eyes of Richard, the Christians, and Heaven, I should call them to witness my felicity!" "Matilda," exclaimed the prince, warmly, "thou knowest Saladin abhors thy worship: he has sworn to extirpate it, and all that bear the name of Christians are his enemies: could I take the name of his enemy? ought I to have done it? for, in taking the name of Christian, I would have maintained it, and, in acknowledging thy God, I would have defended him—Defended him! against whom? But in this war that Saladin would have recommenced with new fury, I could not have

fought! I must have remained idle and tranquil between two armies, in one of which I should have seen my wife and my God, in the other my country and my brother! To which side should I have carried my wishes? Name any oaths if thou wilt, not horrible and sacrilegious, and I will pronounce them this moment; but I see thee start. I have said enough, therefore, listen now to me. If thou wilt follow me; if, by that striking resolution, thou declarest against the council of bishops; the council, which has been swayed by William alone, will return to their former opinion, and permit thee to take the husband of thy choice; the Christians, weary of the war, will joyfully seize on that opportunity of accepting peace; hence it will spread over the two empires; human blood, now ready to flow, will stop again; thou wilt ascend the throne of Jerusalem, and, in ruling with more power than I over this vast empire, the Christians will truly reign in that city: my heart will be in thy hand, and thou shalt dispose of it as a sovereign: I will adore all that thou adorest; and one day, perhaps, all our nations, and my brother himself, won by thy virtues, will permit me to believe in that God thou hast received them from. Matilda," added he, taking out of his breast the relic she had given him in the desert, "if thou dost not swear on this object of thy veneration to be true to thy engagements, and follow me to Saladin, I will here vow not to survive thy refusal!" Struck by the prince's arguments, and terrified at his last threat, the virgin exclaimed, pressing the crucifix between her trembling hands, "Thou speakest, O my God! yes, thou commandest me to follow him!" "Then," interrupted he, quickly, as if afraid she would retract, "this must be done. Return to Ptolemais, preserve a profound silence; without even an exception in favour of the queen or the archbishop. To-morrow with the dawn, having ordered thy car, proceed in it to the seashore as far as the first rocks of Mount Carmel; no sooner wilt thou have passed them, but thou wilt be safe. Ask me not the means; they are infallible, and would take too long to explain. Away, now; on the eve of success, let us not run a chance of detection." "One word more, Malek Adhel," said the princess. "Not one," replied he; "all is settled, all is done away, Matilda; and remember well, that, if thou breakest thy promise to-morrow, thou wilt see me alone enter Ptolemais to seek the life of the vile Lusignan—perhaps thy brother's!—and die, overpowered by numbers, among thy Christians."

In speaking thus, he supported her in his arms, and led her towards the door in order to prevent any reflection coming again to thwart his hopes; they had almost reached the entrance, and the princess was going out, when the door was suddenly pushed open, and the Archbishop of Tyre appeared. He saw, he knew them, and uttered a dreadful shriek. Matilda remembered only the prince's danger, and, rushing towards the prelate, "My father," said she, in a stifled voice, "contain yourself! a word may destroy him. Come, come away; my guards, alarmed at the noise, may enter and surprise him." She then drew away the archbishop, closed the door carefully, and at the same instant, as she had conjectured, perceived her guards, who, having been startled at William's voice, were coming to his assistance. "Be not alarmed," said she, with an emotion she was endeavouring to hide; "the Archbishop of Tyre, on entering the tomb, fancied some misfortune had happened to me, but he was in a mistake," added she, fixing her eyes on him; "I have met with none." The prelate understood her, and looked up to heaven with gratitude; yet, if she had dispelled his alarms as to that mysterious appointment, that secret correspondence with the prince caused him much uneasiness as to futurity: he saw her on the brink of ruin, and felt it was time to hold her back; but that his words might be more efficacious, he wished, before he threatened her with divine wrath, to show her its terrible effects. "It is yet early," said he; "I wish, before we return to Ptolemais, your highness would visit with me one of those cottages at the foot of the hill." "Willingly, my father," replied she, "but from what motive do you wish it?" "I wish," said he, "that you should for once behold what I see every day; measure yourself the depth of that abyss wherein the passions precipitate us, and see the punishment Heaven has in store for the guilty who fall into it." The princess understood the reproach, complied with the order, and prepared herself in silence for the painful scene she was to encounter. She could not speak a word to the archbishop during the way; unable to impart to him the thoughts that engaged her attention, she could still less have recourse to other thoughts; nor was the prelate disposed to interrupt a silence which he thought was caused by repentance and shame, and which he looked upon as the best preparation for the sight he was projecting.

He alighted with the princess at a short distance from the cottage, and led her into an enclosure surrounded by a hedge of wild citron trees; in the middle was a wretched hovel, where all announced sorrow and misery. Seated on a bench before the door, an old woman was spinning, while by her side two young girls, about thirteen or fourteen, were entwining rushes to make baskets. At the sight of the archbishop they respectfully arose; and, having spoken a few kind words to them, he passed on. Matilda, with eyes cast downwards and a beating heart, followed in silence; they advanced towards a deep recess, formed by some rocks at the extremity of the enclosure, which was shaded by a few scattering pine trees. On a sudden Matilda heard screams; her heart was oppressed, for she thought the voice was not unknown to her; soon she perceived a woman, pale, disheveled, lying on the ground, striking her breast, and uttering piercing shrieks. "O my father!" exclaimed the virgin, drawing close to the archbishop, "I know her! it is she! it is Agnes!"

"In the days of her modesty," resumed the prelate, eyeing Matilda sternly, "Agnes was also fair; she was proud, she was the glory of our arms, the honour of her family;—but, a guilty passion prevailed over all her duties; and now, behold! disfigured features, faded beauty, general scorn, deep wretchedness, wandering intellects, crime without repentance, and consequently everlasting reprobation, are the fruits of the weakness and all that remains of Agnes!" He was interrupted by that unfortunate woman, who, in a sharp and heart-rending voice, was calling on the name of Malek Adhel. "O my father!" said Matilda, terrified, "let us away from this dreadful place: I have seen enough." "No, not enough yet," replied William, dragging her towards the wretch who, extended on the sand, was incessantly repeating—"Malek Adhel! Malek Adhel!" "You know the whole crime: now you must know the punishment, and what terrible vengeance the Almighty inflicts on those who scorn his holy laws."

The feeble and trembling Matilda drew near the rock that covered Agnes; and, leaning her head against the stone, she lent an attentive ear to the words the deplorable victim was uttering. "Malek Adhel!" exclaimed she, "how long am I to see thee rolling down that precipice? A merciless God dug that abyss himself!—my own torture was not enough, but thine must punish me too!" Struck with what he heard, William knew that to a passionate heart the most dreadful torture is to view that which the beloved object undergoes; and, hastening to oppose the interest of love to love itself, he turned to Matilda and said, "You see, my daughter, Heaven's vengeance is not blind; its piercing eye discovers the most sensible place in our hearts, and there guides the blow. When the day comes, and the Redeemer appears amidst the fragments of crushing worlds, he will realise for that wretched sinner the punishment she sees now but in fancy. She will then behold her ravisher plunged into an abyss of everlasting torments, which she is for ever doomed to witness." "O my father!" interrupted the princess, joining her hands, "is that not too much rigour? Can so dreadful a punishment be thus inflicted on her by the God of mercy?" "Daughter, if from her wretched abode she sent up a word of repentance, all would not yet be desperate." "Malek Adhel!" exclaimed Agnes again; "Implacable God! and thou, abhorred Matilda, when wilt thou cease to pull my heart-strings?—It distils blood, and I cannot shed that of my rival! I cannot hear her scream like me!—Malek Adhel! haste! hurry her down headlong by my side, make her forget her God, let me feast on her pangs and mortal wounds!" "Save me, my father," interrupted Matilda, in a terrified voice. "No, no, save her not! do not save her!" interrupted Agnes, in her turn, rising precipitately. "I heard her voice—that voice that galls me—that voice that has found entrance into the heart of Malek Adhel. Do not save her;—I will seek—I will tear her to pieces! I will haunt her as she haunts me!" She stopped; her ideas grew confused again; others came in their place; new pangs arose to gnaw her; the phantom of Montmorency stalked, bleeding, before her; it seemed as if defending Matilda from her rage; it saved her, and fell under a thousand swords; but soon the thought of Malek Adhel returned, and obliterated every other idea. "It is he," said she; "he calls me!—destruction is at his side—I see it well—but he calls me—I follow, and destruction shall have its prey!"—"Now let us retire," said the archbishop, supporting the virgin; "I will not pain you by contemplating such havoc any longer, your strength could not bear it." And as they went, he added, "O my daughter, how great is our frailty, and how little ought we to depend on our own fortitude, since a single instant can hurry us from celestial glory down into the abode of darkness and grief!" Matilda made no reply, and he continued: "A man's seduction has caused the fall of Agnes; my daughter, you knew it! yet, with that man did I find you this morning!" Matilda said nothing. "And where did I find you?" continued he; "whither had the blindness of love led you!—to a tomb! as if nought but its silence could forbear reproaching you!—and what then?—did not that silence speak to your soul? has death no voice for you? While you braved that same terrific power, suppose it had struck you—suppose you had expired by the side of Malek Adhel with words of love in your heart and mouth, where would you be now?" Matilda still made no reply. The archbishop thought she was too much affected; and, making her sit down in the cottage, he bade the old woman bring her a glass of fresh water. The latter seemed to look at her with curiosity, and enquired of the archbishop whether this young person was also ill, and if she were to remain with the other. The prelate said no. "Marry, so much the better," replied the old woman, "for I cannot mind two. During daytime she is quiet enough; but when night comes on, she makes such an outcry, one would think all the evil spirits had got into her: ah! she is a true reprobate for certain. The physician your charity sends has no hopes, though he comes every day." "Good woman," said the prelate, "whatever trouble she may give you, and whatever cares her condition may require, do not neglect any: rewards shall not be wanting." "Ah!" said the old woman, "you have already paid me generously." "And above all," interrupted the archbishop, eagerly, "do not forget my strict injunction:—if at any time of the day or night she show signs of returning reason, send for me instantly." The old woman promised not to fail; and the archbishop, taking hold of the princess's arm, supported her to remove from this abode of bitterness and sorrow. They mounted the car in waiting for them, and again took the road to Ptolemais.

Matilda, still pensive, had not uttered a word since they had left Agnes; when the prelate, uneasy at such a long and gloomy silence, strove to divert her melancholy by saying, in a tender tone, "Are you not desirous to know how long Agnes has been reduced to that last degree of shame and wretchedness?" Matilda raised her eyes, and with a nod signified she would hear the interesting account. He then said, "On leaving Damietta, Agnes came to take refuge under Saladin's protection, and there she greatly contributed to inflame his anger against Malek Adhel. Bent on your pursuit, she attacked the knights who were escorting you to the camp, gave up Montmorency to a whole army of Saracens, and became the assassin of that hero; when overpowered too herself by the Christians, she remained almost lifeless on the field of battle. Disguised since as a slave, she followed Malek Adhel to Cesarea, but he refused to see her; and having heard soon after of the embassy despatched to the Christians to demand your hand, her fortitude entirely failed. Oppressed with so many sorrows and mortifications, her head grew weak, and her reason forsook her; I will not say in what condition I found her on my last journey to Cesarea;—I should blush to show into what a degree of humiliation crime had precipitated this daughter of kings!—I begged she might be entrusted to me, and had her conducted to that cottage, in order that she might be indulged with all the assistance I can procure; but all my cares have hitherto proved fruitless; she hears nothing, knows no one; in vain have I drawn near to her, and have spoken soothingly. Malek Adhel alone fills all her thoughts—Malek Adhel, the author of her misery! O my daughter, remember *that!*"

Matilda, who, during this narration, had raised her head that she might hear more distinctly, looked down

again as soon as the archbishop had ceased; he waited for her reply; and finding she made none, he added, "have you nothing to say, daughter?" "My Father," replied she, "I cannot yet—my head is almost distracted, and my soul severely oppressed. In two days' time, at this hour, I know a place where I will meet you; there will I lay open my heart, weep over my ill-timed passions, and perhaps you will condescend to drop into my soul some of the dew of heaven!" She ceased; the prelate insisted no longer. Meanwhile he was seeking in his mind where could be the place she wished to meet him. "In two days, said she; that is precisely the time which Richard has commanded for her union with Lusignan. As she is not ignorant of it, how is it possible she can consent to execute these bonds? My daughter," said he, "you know that Richard has fixed upon that time to bestow your hand on Lusignan—are you ready to obey?" "And you, my father," interrupted she, abruptly, "are you ready to command me to obey?" But without waiting for his answer, she added, raising her supplicating hands towards him, "my father, I entreat you, do not ask me any questions, my destiny is fixed; it is, my father, I am certain of it; for, from some magnanimous souls every thing may be expected. Meanwhile, O my father, let not those words, 'my destiny is fixed,' alarm you. It is fixed indeed, but Heaven will not be offended, nor will my duty murmur!" As she finished these words, the car entered Ptolemais. The prelate left her with an injunction to reflect on what she had done, and not to forget, that if God had placed trials and sacrifices in this world, he had awarded a recompense in the next. The princess reclined on the archbishop's pastoral hand, and ran to her apartment to hide from every one the violent agitations with which that morning's events had filled her heart.

CHAPTER XLV.

Matilda had scarcely enjoyed a few hours' solitude, when a messenger announced that Richard desired she would prepare to receive his visit with that of the King of Jerusalem. "They are coming, then," said she to herself, "and I am forced to dissemble!—to dissemble is the language of the world; can I not employ it once before I leave it?—To-morrow I shall have ceased to live in it, to-morrow I shall have nothing to conceal, nothing to expect!—O my God! strengthen my soul, support my courage! I mistrust myself alone! I am sure of Malek Adhel, for to be saved I have need of his generosity only; and his generosity is so great—O Lord, let me say it without fear of thy displeasure—that all thy power cannot add to it!"

In speaking thus, Matilda placed herself before a table and began to write. From her extreme dejection, the tears that rolled in her eyes, and her profound resignation, it might have been thought she was tracing out her last and sacred will, written as it were under the shades of death. She was engaged still in this occupation when Richard entered with Lusignan; she immediately concealed the paper in her bosom, and received the two kings with a grave and solemn deportment. Richard had observed his sister's movement, and his first word was to desire the surrender of that paper. "I entreat your majesty not to require it to-day," replied she with much dignity, "I protest it shall go out of my hands only to pass into yours." Matilda's manner awed Richard himself; he did not ask a second time for what was denied, and contented himself with saying, he trusted she would avoid any step that might injure her glory, and banish all thoughts contrary to the purity of the bonds she was going to enter into. "Ah, madam," interrupted Lusignan, throwing himself at her feet, "is, at last, so much happiness to prove my lot? do you consent to belong to me? No, my presumption will not dare to entertain such hopes, unless you avow it yourself!"—"You surely must have indulged this hope, since you are here," replied Matilda, distantly; "if you expected a refusal, you would not have attended to hear it pronounced. My brother," added she, "you have given me two days to prepare myself for my impending fate. I ask no more; but, during this short interval, may I not be left free—may I not be allowed to remain alone? Lusignan hastened to prevent the king's reply. "You shall be free, madam, you shall be uninterrupted," said he; "I will not intrude on your retirement, and during these two cruel days, which will appear the longest in my life, I will not appear before you; I would rather deprive myself of that happiness than enjoy it with your displeasure." He withdrew, and Richard resumed, in a peremptory and angry voice, "Sister, I begin to grow weary of your vague answers and eternal mysteries. Ever since your return to the camp, the Christians' attention has been more taken up with your amours than with the sacred cause that has torn them from their homes and families. Did the half of Europe carry war into Asia merely to witness the uncertainties and the follies of your heart? No; it is time all this be ended, and that other thoughts may fill the soul and feed the hopes of our warriors. As soon as a prudent and advantageous union shall have fixed your destiny, we will only think of following up our high and important undertaking. The day after to-morrow, sister, the torch of Hymen shall be lighted for you. On the following day your husband will march with me to Cesarea, lay siege to it, and storm the city. Lusignan will triumph over Malek Adhel, and prove to you by this victory that he is more deserving of happiness than that prince. Now you have heard my commands, you know your fate; not a tittle shall be changed therein. If you ask for an hour's delay, you will ask in vain. Dear as your happiness is to me, it is less so than the glory of our arms and the success of our projects. Hence private interest ought to give way to that of your brethren, and frivolous considerations ought no longer to delay our battles. Prepare, and resign yourself, therefore; but I warn you, that resigned or not, you will no less be Lusignan's wife within eight and forty hours." He said, and left her without waiting for an answer. Matilda was undismayed at his threats; her resolution was taken before he came in; it was the same still; and the king's anger had made no impression on her. During that day, a deep and gloomy melancholy was observed on her features and deportment, for she had banished hope from her heart for ever; but no farther agitation was seen; she had perceived her duty, and was resolved to fulfil it.

At night she bespoke her car for the next morning; and, when her orders were given, and she remained alone, she said, O thou Omnipotent! unable to consult any one, I promised silence; but, to keep all my engagements, and swerve from no duty, I hope I shall need only thy support and strength!"

The dawn appeared. Matilda left Ptolemais by the gate of Nazareth, and bid them drive to the sea-shore. A long white veil hid her face and shape. She was pale, her cheeks bore the traces of her tears, but her countenance was tranquil; and her eyes, raised to heaven, had somewhat soft and resigned that announced her purpose, and seemed to say that, in giving up her soul to God, it was endued with that confidence which dreads nothing, and has much to hope.

Meanwhile, at the moment when she perceived the first rocks of Mount Carmel, a light blush intermixed itself with the lilies of her face. She placed one hand upon her heart, as if to repel all her force and will; the car was yet advancing. At that instant, from the rocks two warriors, armed cap-à-piè, sprang forward with dreadful shrieks, and rushed towards the princess. Her guards tried to defend her; but on Malek Adhel naming himself, all arms remained palsied; Matilda then said, "Christians, do not offer a vain and useless resistance against an invincible prince. If Malek Adhel be here, know that it is because I have invested him alone with the right of saving me from the tyrannical authority that would force me into an abhorred union. Prince," added she, turning towards him, "I have sworn to come hither—behold me! sworn to fly with you—I am ready to follow you; but remember also your promise. In that asylum, where I am going to retire, I expect to live in profound solitude, sheltered from all eyes, from yours even, and to profess my religion with entire liberty."—"Yes, madam," interrupted the prince; "I renew the oath in the face of Heaven and of all these Christians. You shall be obeyed, revered in Saladin's court as much and even more than in your brother's. Now let us hasten there." "A word yet," replied Matilda; "shall I be at liberty to choose myself the place of my retreat?" "It will be time enough to think of that, madam," replied he with some emotion, "when we are arrived at Cesarea."—"No, Malek Adhel," said she, "here will I be free to make my choice and name the place."—"You are, madam; whither will you be conducted?"—"*There!*" replied she, pointing up to the top of Mount Carmel, "into that holy monastery, for there only shall I be free to live in profound retirement, sheltered from all eyes, from yours even, and to profess my religion with entire liberty!"—"Matilda," exclaimed he in a violent rage, "you have deceived me!"—"No, I have not deceived thee," interrupted she eagerly, "for I place thee before all earthly creatures in my mind; and were there no other than such between us thou wouldst see me quit all to follow thee; but the hand that tears me from thy love, O Malek Adhel, is stronger than that of men and kings!—Hear me but a moment," added she, falling on her knees in the car, "yet hear me! O thou, the only mortal I ever loved, if I follow thee among the infidels, I stamp my fame with an indelible stain, and become an object of scorn and horror to my friends and my country: thus to stain my glory—is it not losing my innocence, and that innocence, thou knowest, Malek Adhel, is the only blessing I have reserved to myself—the only one I have preferred to thee!—Yet at this moment I consent to abandon all to thee that I may owe thee all. I consent to leave thee the only arbiter of my fate, in order that if it is peaceable on earth, and happy in eternity, I may share my benedictions and gratitude between God and thee. If thou wilt conduct me into that sacred asylum I am pointing to, there I shall live revered by men, at peace with Heaven, and secure of my salvation. If thou shouldst drag me to the sultan's court, disgrace will be my attendant, and the dreadful remembrance of my fault will make me live in remorse, and perhaps die in impenitence. Such is the choice I am to make and thou art to pronounce. I place my life, honour, and a whole eternity, in thy hands: decide then, Malek Adhel, and see whether thou shouldst require me to follow thee." These words said, the interesting beauty, bathed in tears, prostrate, her hands raised to heaven, and bearing in her looks the combination of all that the earth contains most lovely and heaven most pious, waited without trembling for Malek Adhel's answer, well assured that there could be but one choice from the man whom she had invested with the power to decide.

The prince said nothing, but did more. He drew near Matilda, ascended her car, raised her up, sat down by her side, took the reins, and directed the horses towards the monastery. The virgin, much affected, could find no words to express her boundless gratitude. She reclined her head on the hero's shoulder, and wept. Tremblingly, she ventured to press that unconquered arm, which might tear her from her duty and was going to restore her to her God. Spite of the modesty that weakened that movement, it was guided by so much love, that Malek Adhel's soul was deeply affected with it. Anguish left it, grief subsided, and never had he loved so ardently: he saw it in the eyes of Matilda, owed it to his sacrifice, complained no longer, murmured no more, and his sacrifice was repaid!

Never perhaps did duty and virtue obtain a greater triumph. Matilda, pious and resigned, was immolating her love and happiness at the Almighty's command; and Malek Adhel, noble and generous, was giving up his hopes and desires at the request of her he loved.—Both were yet free; they adored each other, they might live together for ever, and they were going to part! Liberty they possessed, futurity they saw, and yet who would venture to say that at that moment they were not happy? To find in our heart the force of resigning the most ardent passion, we ought to find therein also something more powerful, and superior to all its joys. Passion is assuredly much, and its joys are great;—but they are the joys of earth; and whoever sacrifices them conceives a rapture beyond their power, or otherwise would they be sacrificed?

The car was ascending Mount Carmel; the princess's women, astonished, alarmed, were following their mistress, all equally determined to shut themselves up in her retreat. The guards followed, and Malek Adhel's friend closed the train. Soon, through the rocks and thick foliage of cedar trees, they perceived the ancient edifice raised by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, as a monastery for nuns. Malek Adhel turned pale, Matilda stifled her sobs; again he addressed her: "Thy orders are obeyed; I do not repine, for I have not the power of resisting thee; but how wilt thou allay my terrors? This cloister stands on Christian land; and, being under the dependence of the Christians, they will tear thee from it." "No," replied she, "fear it not; choosing the most generous part, thou hast also adopted the safest. Religion here will better protect me from the Christians than

perhaps thy high walls and valour could have done. In this hallowed place, a simple wooden gate would stop the army of Crusaders, and my brother's rage. . This sacred abode is the house of God himself; to violate its entrance were a sacrilege!"—"One word more," added he; "perhaps in the exaltation of thy piety thou wilt deem it necessary to devote thyself; perhaps thou wilt think my conversion can only be purchased by a great sacrifice."—"Most assuredly I think so," interrupted she; "but have we not consummated it this day?"—"Promise me, then," replied he, "not to make any other, and not to engage thyself by those terrible and indissoluble bonds, until I give thee leave—perhaps I may, some day, my beloved," added he, looking at her earnestly; "the war is kindled; Saladin calls me; but I feel now that my arm will be weak against thy brethren, that I shall be less sparing of my blood than of theirs, and there is an event which might induce me to wish thee to quit the world."

The virgin understood him, and melted into tears.—All the grief the heart can know oppressed her. Joined to the image of Malek Adhel's death, that of divine mercy now offered itself; but it was that kind of divine mercy which seems lost in the mysteries of infinity, and is the greatest joy of the pious soul; which consoles, but does not cheer it; for in religion all is grave and solemn, even happiness itself. Bathed in tears, Matilda reclined her head towards him she had named her husband in the desert, and could only utter these words: "Believe me, whoever has placed a great duty above the vain pleasures of life, is sure not wholly to perish when no more."

Meanwhile, the road grew more and more narrow, till the steepness of the rocks and closeness of the trees and bushes allowed the car to go no farther: the princess then alighted, and said to her guards—"I desire you will attend me to the walls of the monastery; I wish you to see me enter, and hear the gates close for ever on me, in order that, on your return to the camp, you may be able to tell my brother what authority I have preferred to his own, and for what a master's sake I have left him! And you," added she, addressing her women, "if your intention be to weep and pray with me, you may follow; if not, avoid useless fatigue, and proceed no farther."

On hearing these words, they all fell at her feet, kissed the hem of her garment, and begged never to quit her. Moved at this request, she held out her hand, exclaiming: "Come, then, we will pray together, here and above." She then turned round to Malek Adhel, took hold of his hand, pressed it in silence, for silence alone became such a farewell. "No," said he, "think not I would leave thee, while I can behold thee, though but for a few moments." Dismayed, she answered: "Haste away! Thou art on the land of thy enemies—I see thee surrounded with a thousand dangers." "Matilda," exclaimed he, warmly, "canst thou not love me enough to forget them? Come," added he, pressing her in his arms; "come, let me once more spare thee the fatigue of a stony path, under a burning sun. O, days of the desert, when she named me her husband! Happy days, when we were dying together! She would not have quitted me then—her life was nothing compared with her love. Her God did not command then that we should part. O Matilda, how much your heart is changed!" "O my Saviour," exclaimed she, "thou who knowest all the assistance thou hast bestowed on me since my return to the camp, deign to inform him that all the efforts of thy power have not been able to change my heart; and that, at this moment, if I have the fortitude to resign him, thou accusest me, I feel it, of having found it neither in the fear of thee, nor of my duty, but in the interest of love alone. O Malek Adhel! had my crime endangered only myself, perhaps I might have cherished my sin. Perhaps, to become thine, I might have consented to the ruin of my soul; but to save thine, O thou sovereign lord of my life! I have been forced to resign thee." While she spoke thus, Malek Adhel pressed her passionately to his breast. But in that moment the forest had disappeared, and the monastery stood before them. A humble wooden cross was placed at the entrance, and they heard at a distance the sound of a bell, intermingled with that of sacred hymns. The virgin, at the sight, seized with a pious terror, tore herself precipitately from the arms of Malek Adhel. "O Lord," exclaimed she, "it is not thus that I ought to approach the place where I have fixed thy abode! Pardon, O pardon my errors, and deign to purify my heart." She said, and knelt down at the foot of the cross. Her women and guards did the same. Malek Adhel and his friend alone remained standing. Matilda saw him, and sighed. "O divine Redeemer!" said she, in a low voice, "to grant me the greatest of favours, thou demandest, I perceive, the greatest of sacrifices—not to resign my husband, but to resign my love! Alas! my will consents, but will all thy power suffice to complete it?" She then arose, leaned against the cross, looked at Malek Adhel, and added, more solemnly, "I will not permit thee to approach nearer. Thou shalt not set thy foot within the sacred enclosure which Christians alone have a right to enter. Farewell! Here we must bid farewell—a long, long farewell! O, holy Victim! thou who hast saved the world, deign also to save that man; to thee I leave him—to thee I entrust him. Malek Adhel, hear his voice! Let love give it entrance into thy heart. Alas!" continued she, pointing to the church-yard she was going to cross, "love ends there—and with it all earthly felicities. But remember that other joys are promised to us. Remember there is a place where we suffer no more, and still love: there will Matilda expect thee." She said, and swift as an arrow she flew to the gate of the convent. He obeyed. He did not follow her, but ventured to ascend the steps of the cross, to see her for a moment longer. On the verge of entering the cloister, the virgin stopped, turned round once more to take a last look of Malek Adhel, and beheld him, embracing with his hands the sign of redemption. It seemed to her as if heaven had heard her prayers. "O Lord," said she, "finish thy work!" She then extended one hand towards the prince, pointed to her heart, then to heaven, and instantly hid herself from sight, under the impenetrable grate of the monastery.

On losing sight of her, Malek Adhel fancied the whole world had fallen into chaos. He threw himself on the ground before the cross, and thought only of dying on the spot where he had parted from Matilda. But Kaled, aware of his danger, drew near, and said, "Dost thou forget that every instant, while we remain on this land, may be our ruin?" "You may depart, Kaled," said the prince, "and return to that desert world I wish no more to see. My life, my all, is here," continued he, pointing to the monastery; "I will not part from my existence." "If thou remain," replied Kaled, coldly, "I remain with thee: if thou perish, I swear to follow thee. And now dispose of my life—thou art its master!" And he sat down quietly by his side. Malek Adhel looked at him. He knew Kaled had never sworn in vain. He saw his resolution was taken; and he instantly fixed his own. He rose, pressed his hand, and exclaimed, "Let us hence, now she is safe, and think of saving my friend." He then walked away, while Kaled ran before, and called the horses that were grazing on the mountain. The horses came, the two warriors leaped on their backs, and gave them the rein. Soon Mount Carmel sank into a confused mass; and the cloister, lost in the horizon, was present only in the hero's thoughts. A few hours after, he reached Cesarea. Saladin waited for him impatiently. The cares of war called him elsewhere, and he did not choose to leave that important city until he had entrusted its defence to his brother. "Malek Adhel," said he to him, "I do not enquire why thou comest back alone. More important concerns than those of love ought to employ us now. I am going to place Ascalon in a condition to stand a siege—a useless precaution, probably, for the Christians will not attempt it until they have reduced Cesarea; but I leave thee in Cesarea. Cesarea is therefore invincible, and I may bid my enemies defiance."

CHAPTER XLVI.

It was almost evening when the guards of the princess returned to Ptolemais. They found the whole camp in confusion, Lusignan desperate, Richard raving, and the queen and archbishop distracted with alarm. During the morning, Matilda's absence had already caused some astonishment, and uneasiness had succeeded. About noon, Berengere had gone into her sister's apartment, and, having found on her table a paper addressed to the king, had snatched it up eagerly; yet, not daring to deliver it herself to Richard, she sent for the archbishop, and showed him the letter, that he might give it to the king. The prelate sighed; he no longer could doubt but Matilda had gone voluntarily, and employed dissimulation even towards him. This idea distracted him, for he well knew that she did not conceal her conduct when it was guided by pure motives. What could he think of a young and imprudent virgin, who withdrew her confidence from him, rejected his counsels, trusted to her own judgment, and surrounded herself with artifice? Ah! virtue trod no such path. Meanwhile, before he condemned her, he wished to know what she had written to the king, and if she was then to be blamed; at least, he would learn whether it were yet possible to extricate her from the snare she had fallen into.

He went immediately into the king's apartment; and, his hands crossed on his breast, his eyes cast on the ground, in profound silence, he delivered him Matilda's letter; Richard exclaimed instantly, "Is she then gone? gone voluntarily? O Matilda, Matilda, thou hast deceived us!"

The note contained these few lines:—

"I leave Ptolemais in order to withdraw from tyrannical authority, and avoid a union I abhor. I know my brother too well to venture to ask *his* forgiveness: I have no hopes of its following so closely a step which most probably will appear inconsiderate; but the forgiveness of *Heaven* I am sure to obtain; for my intentions are pure, and God knows my heart."

"She is in the right!" Richard exclaimed as he finished; "I never will forgive her!" and seeing the archbishop preparing to answer him, he added, "that such conduct had no excuse, and that whoever should attempt to justify it would be equally culpable in his eyes." He then went out, flaming with rage, to despatch troops on all sides in pursuit of his sister. The prelate alone had taken up the note; and, on reading it, with his usual charity, the sentence that terminated it having a little calmed his apprehensions, he said to himself, "Since her intentions are pure, and she seems confident of obtaining Heaven's mercy, I may also forgive her; and endeavour to believe that it was not to conceal a fault that she involved her departure in so much mystery."

The day elapsed; Richard's soldiers had obtained no intelligence respecting the fate of the princess, when the sight of her car and guards returning without her caused a general astonishment.

In a moment the news of her interview with Malek Adhel, and her retiring into the cloister of Mount Carmel, spread throughout the camp, and divided men's opinions variously. The greatest number admired the virtue and fortitude of a young virgin, who, at liberty to reign over a vast kingdom with the prince she loved, had preferred the shades of retirement and penitence to a power and felicity which religion reprobated; but Lusignan's and Richard's friends blamed her for having only prevailed over her inclination for an infidel, and for not having accepted of a match all Christendom wished her to form. At last, the King of England, incensed at the disturbance the news had created in the camp, and the influence a woman exerted over the souls of so many warriors, declared that a severe measure should put an end to so much confusion; and that the next day, availing himself of the rights his birth gave over his sister, he would drag her from the convent where she had retired, and force her to give her hand to Lusignan. "No," interrupted the archbishop, "this would be placing the rights of blood before those of Heaven; it would be a profanation against the Supreme Majesty, which I will never permit. Meanwhile, I demand, I insist on it, that the fate of Princess Matilda be no longer the first interest that engage our attention. Warriors, noble and generous warriors, it is time to forget both the existence and the beauty of that virgin. What! was it for her you girded on your swords? Was it to obtain her hand you crossed the seas? Are you not afraid lest the Son of Mary, incensed at your neglect, abandon you to your weakness, and deny you his assistance? Leave Richard's sister, leave her to seclude herself far away from the world, if she chooses. Would to Heaven she had never appeared in it! O ye magnanimous heroes, who came hither from all parts of the Christian world to achieve the deliverance of the holy city, raise up your souls to the height of your enterprise! Behold that end alone, indulge that hope only; run to Cesarea, and let that city fall under your blows. Does Malek Adhel defend it? What imports it? If you meet with great obstacles, do not you reap more glory? March, then, whither the Lord calls you; remember to serve him alone, and do not forget that you become guilty whenever you attempt

to combine the interests of heaven and those of earth together."

He said, and all animosities were quelled, men's minds soothed, and piety resumed its empire; Richard's anger and Lusignan's love alone yet resisted. They both fancied that, as long as Matilda remained free, Malek Adhel's hopes would subsist, and inflame his courage. Lusignan urged that point particularly. The prelate answered, that it was very easy to calm such apprehensions; and that, without forcing the princess to give him her hand, there existed a certain mode to crush Malek Adhel's hopes. "Let her adopt it, then!" exclaimed Richard, eagerly; "and, without any more delay, let her pronounce her vows, let her renounce that world wherein she has appeared only to bring confusion and discord in her train!—Forget her, Lusignan. Since she rejects thy hand, she is no longer worth thy regrets. Go, my father;—while we are marching to Cesarea, go to that rebellious virgin, bear her the last commands of an offended brother; let her know, that if, at the expiration of a week, she do not belong to God, she shall be forced to espouse my friend."

As he uttered these words, Richard's anger rose so high, that it would have been imprudent to attempt soothing it, and impossible to succeed; the archbishop bowed in silence, and the meeting broke up.

The war threatened to prove bloody, the camp was not safe, and Ptolemais might be attacked. The convent of Mount Carmel had always been respected by the infidels. Richard, anxious for Berengere, thought she would be more safe from perils in that asylum than in any other; that very night, therefore, he took his leave of the queen, confided her to the archbishop, and recommended both to use their best endeavours to dispose Matilda to obedience.

Matilda, when she presented herself before the holy virgins of Mount Carmel, asking them for shelter, had thought it proper not to conceal from them either her name or rank; but that confession, far from giving her words and deportment an air of pride, had only increased her humility. "Do not behold in me," said she to them, "the sister of a powerful monarch, but an unfortunate who comes to purify her heart by your example, and to deplore her faults at the foot of your altars. My errors have been great, surely; my repentance is greater; and it is under these auspices alone that I am desirous of being admitted among you."

Her sweetness, her modesty, and, above all, the contrition she displayed, moved in her favour these humble sisters whom her royal birth had not dazzled. In that austere retreat, they knew no other king than God, no other kingdom than heaven, no other time than eternity. The bustle of the world was not heard there, and the storms of passion had no effect; all was calm, silent, and solemn. The laws of the order did not allow a word to be uttered but what concerned the interests of futurity and penitence; the war, therefore, that spread its havoc at the feet of Mount Carmel, would have remained unknown in this house of peace, had not the Archbishop of Tyre acquainted the pious virgins with the calamities of Sion, in order that their prayers might intercede with the Most High in behalf of the Christians. Had the pure spirit of the gospel that reigned among them allowed pride to raise its head there, perhaps they might have felt vain on seeing that world, from which they asked nothing, and were entirely parted, having recourse to them in its calamities: and on finding that, however poor and obscure they lived, they were richer still than that world with all its pomps and glories, since they had some comforts to impart, in return for which it had none to offer.

Matilda was not surprised at the archbishop's arrival; she well knew that his charity would not forsake her, and she was impatient to unveil her whole heart before him, but the sight of the queen surprised and disturbed her. If her first sentiment was joy, because she foresaw the name of Malek Adhel would be pronounced by Berengere, her next was fear, for she felt that her indulgent friendship, which forgave all faults, would perhaps weaken the efficacy of repentance. Meanwhile, on entering the august cloister, the prelate, before he spoke to her, addressed the sisters in these terms: "Sisters, the great ones of the earth take refuge near you. Satiated with vanities and sorrows, they come to seek after repose and consolations, and throw themselves into your arms, when the joy of their heart has ceased, and their pleasures have turned into mourning. A great queen implores your prayers in behalf of her husband; a young princess wishes your instruction how to love God above all things; and I, my sisters, I come to join my prayers with yours, that the defeat of the infidels may restore to ancient Sion her worship, her temples, her honours, her children, and her glory."

At the voice of the archbishop, the chaste flock obeyed. The virgins began their sacred hymns, and Matilda heard them. Matilda, kneeling by their side, shuddered at the sight of all these angelic souls raising themselves up to heaven to implore the destruction of the Mussulmans;—alas! it was asking that of Malek Adhel. The more it appeared to her impossible that the Almighty should deny the suit of these pious and fervent prayers, the more she rejected those religious sentiments to which she attributed so much power; and perhaps she never was farther from God than at the moments when surrounded with smoking incense, divine hymns, and sacred images; for then it seemed to her that these perfumes, voices, and angels, were incessantly repeating that she could not be worthy of heaven unless she also demanded the death of Malek Adhel.

When the ceremony was over, and the archbishop was alone with Matilda, he spoke to her thus:—"My daughter, when you came to shut yourself up in this place, you no doubt had formed the resolution of never leaving it again?" The question made the princess blush and look down in silence. The prelate resumed:—"Had you confided to me your intention, your flight might have been more decent; I would have attended you myself hither, and the world should have known I was acquainted with your designs, and approved your objections.—Yes, daughter, I approve them! After the preference you have declared in favour of Malek Adhel, to receive the addresses of another man would have been an infringement of that delicate modesty, the first duty of your sex; but, to preserve a liberty that might induce a belief you are still attached to the world in hopes and wishes, would be yet a greater infringement. You have loved, my daughter—loved too much;—a violent passion is a fault at all times; you ought to have known that the Almighty will not permit us to attach ourselves with such fondness to transient creatures, or to pursue a mere earthly felicity with so much ardour; you were guilty, and deserved punishment; happy, a thousand times happy, that you were punished on earth. To expiate the follies of your heart, the Lord has for ever parted you from the object of your weakness; he has even raised such an insurmountable barrier between you, that any hope of passing it can only proceed from the greatest madness. Daughter of kings, would you let the world imagine that the love of a man has more power over you than the commands of the church? that the heaps of dead bodies, and the rivers of Christian blood, with which the blind Mussulman will surround himself, cannot induce you to resign him? Rejected by that infidel, can you not reject him also? Having no power over him, you still adhere to him; for, were it not so, why should you still adhere to the world?" He looked at her, and ceased.

During his discourse, the countenance of the princess, at times pale and dejected, at others glowing and animated, conveyed the various emotions of her soul. Confusion and pride, repentance and love, were equally depicted by turns. When the archbishop ceased to speak, she reclined her head on her hands; and after a pause of some minutes, she said:—"You know, my father, in what profound peace I passed the first sixteen years of my life; the seventeenth is scarcely elapsed, and all the agitations and tortures the heart can know have distracted mine; it is amidst this perturbation that you command me to resume my first engagement. O my father, my lips may pronounce them, but read my inmost soul, and see whether it depends on me to bring the same dispositions."—"No, my daughter, they must have changed. It is no longer a peace of sweetness and innocence, but a peace of contrition and repentance, you are called upon to taste."—"Alas!" interrupted she, "I have suffered so much in the world that it is become an object of terror, and not even from the day when my vows shall seclude me from it for ever, shall I be able to date my death; but, my father, condescend to hear me; you will see what promise yet holds me; if your voice can set me free, all expires between the world and me; it vanishes, it sinks down before me, and leaves me buried as in my grave; dragging my heart, my recollections, and my life, under the dust of the tomb; it leaves me here, forgotten by every being, for when we have disappeared from their eyes, we are soon blotted out of their memories."

Matilda then began her narration, from the day when the prelate had set out for Cesarea. She recounted the train of arduous circumstances, unexpected occurrences, and painful struggles and promises, that had brought her to the situation he then found her in. When she had done, the prelate, who had listened to her with profound attention, and often with emotion, answered:—"Daughter, if that sacred book that was brought on the earth by God himself had ever been your guide, you might have avoided many errors; for what sin does the gospel condemn most?—Pride! It was pride that allowed you to admit the prince's frequent visits after my departure from Damietta; it was pride, that with a view to operate the infidel's conversion, made you pronounce the rash engagement of belonging to him alone; it was pride that, urging you to do more than your duty, led you into making that first appointment at Montmorency's tomb. Daughter, simplicity is the true character of the Christian law. Satisfied with performing what the Almighty prescribes, it does not seek to go farther, and withstands the temptation of doing good, rather than bring it about through reprehensible means. It was a generous wish to save my life; but, unable to compass it otherwise than through a blamable interview, you ought to have relied on God for the care of my delivery; and, firm in the path he has pointed out, to have left his providence to act, without thinking yourself called upon to supply its place. I have need of courage, my daughter, to address you such a reproach, for I am inexpressibly affected on seeing that you have done for me what love alone could not have obtained; but the more gratitude I owe you, the more ought I to acquit my debt, by showing myself firm and strict against your errors. To save me from death, you have exposed yourself to fall into sin; this is one of those faults which pride exalts into virtue, and which the true Divine Spirit rejects; for it tells us that death is no evil, since it is but the beginning of life; but, that sin is a dreadful wo, for it is the beginning of death.

"And now Malek Adhel has made you promise not to take the veil without his consent; Malek Adhel has, during a moment, been the arbiter of your fate. He might have dragged you away with him, he might have become the master of your eternity, and yet he has resigned all these terrestrial joys, the only one he is impelled by, to give you back to the God he knows not! What strange things are passing in that infidel's heart? you have incurred immense obligations to him, which Heaven alone can acquit. It will acquit them! If my eyes have dived into futurity, the moment is not far, a few days, and the nations will be astonished; a great example will arise in the midst of the world, and the Nile enrich itself with the spoils of the earth; these wild places will rejoice, and the heart that is now blind will be filled with the knowledge of the Almighty. This is enough, my daughter, and now let us cast a veil on what we are not allowed yet to see; and, in the mean time, prepare yourself to adopt the discipline of their house; for, I much mistake, or it will be your last earthly abode!"

Matilda obeyed. She stripped herself of her sumptuous garments, to adopt the humble habit of the sisters of Mount Carmel. Submissive to all their rules, she attended all their exercises, underwent the same austerities, united in the same prayers, and secluded her heart from their wishes only when she heard them imploring the Lord for the entire destruction of the infidels. In that abode of penitence, where it would seem there might be a perfect abstraction from all tender thoughts, she felt all reminded her of them; if she underwent bodily mortifications, she compared them to those of the desert, and regretted them, though more painful: if, from the bosom of that peace, union, and love, which prevailed in the monastery, a single sentiment of hatred arose, it was against Malek Adhel, and hence that hatred they bore him did but increase her tenderness; in fine, when she passed that church-yard, where all earthly hopes found their grave, there all her own revived, and in the depth of the grave her eye yet ventured to seek after that union her heart could not cease to cherish. But, while all surrounding objects thus recalled Malek Adhel, the queen

mentioned him no more. Either that Berengere had acknowledged the force of the obstacles that separated Matilda from the prince, or that the obstinacy of this last had offended her; or that, more subservient to the injunctions of her lord, she wished at last to conform with them entirely, she no more uttered that name the princess was always waiting for; but, pretending to understand neither her grief nor her silence, she turned her eyes away every time Matilda's sought to interrogate them.

Soon new reasons came in support of Berengere's resolution, and gave a worse colour to her sister's weakness. They learned the Christians had laid siege to Cesarea, that they were preparing to storm the place, but that, defended by Malek Adhel, it would probably make great resistance, or only surrender after a dreadful carnage. At this intelligence, the queen, mindful of her love alone, forgot her gratitude, and only saw in Malek Adhel a formidable foe who was aiming at her husband's life; the archbishop was incessantly repeating, that if the Crusaders met with a repulse before the walls of Cesarea, that defeat would for ever rob them of the hope of returning to Jerusalem. The sisters were alarmed, the bells rang, the prayers recommenced with more fervour than ever; and Matilda, the wretched Matilda, for ever bathed in tears, and prostrate before the monastic altars, not knowing for whom she wept or prayed, uncertain what she should ask, but sure at the same time she could demand nothing but what would afford her fresh cause of grief, passed her days and nights without daring to address a single wish to that God she was for ever imploring.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Strong with wide and deep ditches, high walls, a vast citadel, a numerous garrison, and the brave hero who had the command there, Cesarea, undismayed, saw the whole army of the Crusaders advancing to the siege. On the very first day, Richard and Lusignan, both fired with an ardour that bordered on rage, caused the place to be surrounded from shore to shore; their miners leaped into the ditches to sap the walls, whilst their archers were shooting arrows against the besieged, who, playing their engines from the walls, crushed the miners, and overpowered the besiegers with stones and missile weapons. Encouraged by the presence of Malek Adhel, and thinking all practicable under such a gallant chief, they demanded to make sallies, in order that they might the sooner put an end to such a disastrous war; Malek Adhel refused it obstinately. True to his brother, he was resolved to defend Cesarea: but, while he fulfilled that duty, the lover of Matilda wished to spare Christian blood, and save Saladin's subjects without attacking those of Richard.

This disposition gave his conduct a sort of timidity that emboldened the besiegers; the assaults became daily more terrible. Lusignan, exposed to all dangers, continued to encourage his troops, applying the ladders himself, and mounting the breach one of the first. In concert with Richard, he had undermined part of the walls on the eastern side. The intrepid Lusignan, advancing at the head of all his soldiers, spite of the arrows that rained upon him, with his own hand set fire to the stanchions. The wall fell, with a dreadful crash, into the ditch; but the Saracens foreseeing the accident had piled behind a huge heap of wood, which they instantly lighted up. The Christians mounted the breach, found a bar of fire, and, astonished, they stopped; yet, led away by Lusignan, they were on the point of passing it, and returning to the charge, when, on a sudden, Malek Adhel appeared on the spot. His formidable aspect, fiery looks, and terrible voice, frightened them more than the flames they had to encounter. In vain did Richard rally them; in vain did Lusignan, alone remaining on the breach, call them back. The sight of Malek Adhel, armed with his cimeter, and preparing to rush upon them, had struck them with a panic; they ran down into their camp to seek refuge, and the King of Jerusalem, abandoned by his soldiers, saw himself obliged to follow them, and hide in his tent his rage and confusion.

Meanwhile, far from losing courage, he revived that of his soldiers. He made them blush at their terror, and promise not to fall back again. Then, with indefatigable zeal, he passed whole nights in building new engines, and days in proving them. He sent to the neighbouring mountains for stones to fill up the ditches; in short, he neglected no toils, shunned no hardships. Richard displayed equally emulous ardour; and, having united, by a new bond, the labours they shared together, they both, at the same time, after having prepared all the engines of destruction, went and urged the army to a general assault on the next day.

That morning, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets, the cries of soldiers, and the creaking of the huge warlike machines, they made a general assault. Lusignan, Richard, and the Duke of Burgundy, united their efforts against one of the strongest towers; they sapped the foundations, and from the top of the lofty machine that enclosed them in its huge flanks, and sheltered them from the enemies' arrows, they darted iron hooks in the wall, and shook it at the same time with the battering ram; till at last, yielding to their attacks, the tower fell with a dreadful crash. Proud of this success, and secure of victory, the Christians crowded to that place to rush into the town; but for the second time, fire stopped them. An immense quantity of hay and straw, sending up volumes of smoke, served as a rampart for the infidels, and blinded the Christians. The latter suspended their strokes, but did not give way. They hoped that the combustible matter once consumed, they should be able to pass freely; but scarcely was the smoke dispersed when they discovered a new wall had risen on the other side—a wall of pikes, lances, and swords, no less formidable than fire, and much more impenetrable. In vain did they endeavour to advance; the Mussulmans, firm on their post, repulsed without attacking them.

Richard himself, at the sight of this new rampart, so ably constructed that nothing was seen but points of steel, and not the men who supported them, the intrepid Richard felt moved, and stood astonished: "Brother," said he to Lusignan, "rushing on that wonderful wall, we run to certain destruction; but dost thou not think we can throw it down, and thus open a passage to the Christians who are behind us?" "I know not," replied Lusignan, enraged at the new obstacle; "but the time is come when I scorn the suggestions of prudence, and will have victory or death. Fall back, my brother; for should I be crushed, thou wilt be able at least to make thy way over my expiring body to set Cesarea on fire, and destroy my hateful rival."—"Had another than thou told me to fall back," exclaimed Richard, raving, "it had proved his last speech! Come brother, let us perish together!"—"Christians," exclaimed Lusignan, "let not that wall appal you. Behind it are the palms of martyrdom and the sepulchre of your God, and thus do I entreat you to throw it down!" He said, and sprang forward; the Christians followed; but on a sudden, that wall, firm as it was before, and without changing its aspect, advanced with prodigious velocity; the Christians, at the sight of that multitude of sharp steel points moving as if by enchantment, fell back and precipitated themselves, broken and discomfited, into the ditches. The defeat was general; in spite of deeds of incomparable valour, Lusignan was dragged away with them in their flight; the Duke of Burgundy, assisted by the French, offered for a time some resistance, and did not retire until all hope was gone.

Richard, from the breach where he was fighting, leaped on the other side of the ditch, and there stood still. Resolved not to give up his prey, he gazed on it ardently, forgot he was alone, that all his men had already retreated hastily into the camp, and, carried away by that desperate courage which acquired him in this war the name of *Cœur de Lion*, armed with his sword he was going to renew the combat. The Saracens recognised him less by his arms than his valour; they quitted their threatening posture, and rushed forward to load him with chains, exclaiming, "The king! the king!" "The king!" interrupted a well known voice to Richard, "the king! alone and on foot!" The Saracens flew, brought the king a stately courser, and retired into the city, where Malek Adhel employed himself instantly in repairing the breaches and injured parts of the walls; and Richard, ashamed of his defeat, and oppressed with the weight of a new obligation, went slowly towards the camp, not knowing whether hatred or gratitude prevailed most in his heart.

The whole camp was in sadness, the troops were discouraged, and a gloomy melancholy preyed on Lusignan. Standing in his tent, supporting himself on his lance, his coat of arms torn open and stained all over with blood, he meditated vast projects in silence, and, unable to owe victory to his courage alone, he was seeking what other means he could employ to obtain it. He concealed within himself the dark designs he was forming, and took care to withhold them from Richard. Richard hated artifice, would have scorned to employ it even to enter Jerusalem, and there was an openness of heart about him, as well as about the Christians, which would not allow them to accept of a triumph brought about by perfidy.

When Lusignan saw Richard entering his tent, he took hold of his hand, and said, "Brother, it would be useless to try another assault. Unless a victory come to revive our soldiers' spirits we may die before the walls of Cesarea. Believe me, Richard, let us carry our forces elsewhere; let us see whether Saladin may not be more easily overpowered than Malek Adhel. While the last thinks us engaged in repairing our disasters, this very night, at the head of our best troops, must thou advance towards Ascalon; if thou shouldst want the assistance of my arm, I will go and join thee; if not, I will remain here, in hopes that Malek Adhel, weary of his inaction, will at last make some sally, in which I may find him, fight, and perhaps conquer him." As he finished these words, a dark and ardent fire seemed to roll in the eyes of Lusignan, such as vengeance lights up in souls filled with hatred. Richard approved his project; he communicated it to the principal chiefs, and they all applauded it. The King of England then proceeded to divide the army: one half was to follow him, the other to remain under the command of Lusignan; and he desired that during his absence, all those princes who obeyed his orders should also obey his friend's. No one disputed with Lusignan the glorious mark of honour bestowed upon him; the intrepid valour he had displayed during the two last engagements caused him to be joyfully acknowledged supreme chief of the whole camp.

Notwithstanding Richard's precautions, nothing escaped Malek Adhel's piercing eye; he knew that part of the army was leaving the camp, and marching through the woods round Cesarea; but he was ignorant what leader conducted it, or whither it was directing its march: various reports led him to think Ptolemais was the object—that mystery astonished him. Perhaps he might have cleared it up by a sally, and, through winding passages well known to himself, have surprised the army and obtained an easy victory; but victory allured him less than fighting disgusted him. The blood of Christians made him shudder; they were Matilda's brethren, and a sort of prophetic voice whispered to him the time was not far off when they should also be his.

The Crusaders, retired in their camp, had ceased their attacks, and Malek Adhel followed his labours in peace. He rebuilt the tower which had been destroyed, repaired the breaches, and strengthened the weak parts of the walls. While he was wondering at the little opposition the enemy made to the resistance he was preparing, the Mussulmans, who had gone down into the ditches to repair the walls, caught a soldier who seemed to watch them attentively. They brought him before Malek Adhel: at the sight of the prince he seemed disturbed, turned pale, and endeavoured to hide, with his hand, the tear he could not refrain from shedding. Malek Adhel said to him, with surprise, "If it be terror that agitates thee thus, and thou dread the punishment incurred by approaching our walls as a spy, knowest thou thy judge so little as not to hope something from his clemency?" "Ah! it is because I know him to be that magnanimous judge," replied the soldier, with a broken voice and striking his breast, "that I cannot forgive myself a perfidy!" "Thy perfidy! how? explain!—a sincere confession may make amends for all." "Alas!" replied the warrior, with a still deeper expression of grief, "there are perfidies which nothing can make amends for, and perhaps at the moment I am speaking, all is over with you!" "What dost thou mean?" exclaimed the prince, eagerly; "what have I lost? and what has perfidy deprived me of?" "I can only tell it to you alone," replied the soldier, in still greater confusion. Malek Adhel made a sign, and all who were present retired. When they were alone, the stranger fell at the prince's feet. "Ah!" said he, "I am not worthy to live. I have betrayed you—betrayed the Princess Matilda!—at this moment she is accusing you, probably, of not having prevented the

new calamity!" "Christian," interrupted the prince, "what dost thou say about Matilda and calamity? speak, speak out instantly! thy silence kills me." "My lord, appease your anger, behold my repentance." "Away with repentance and anger!" exclaimed the prince with impetuosity—"speak of Matilda!—let no terror stop thee. Whatever it be, thy pardon is pronounced." "Noble prince," replied the soldier, with a little more confidence, "lend an ear to the account I have to impart, and may it please God that it be not too late! I know not whether your sharp-sighted penetration has discovered Richard's absence and Lusignan's intentions." Malek Adhel, whose heart began to forbode horrible disasters, exclaimed, "I have perceived a part of the army stealing out of the camp, but I am ignorant of their intention; hasten to explain it." The stranger replied, "That same night which followed the day when you repulsed the Christians, Richard, at the head of his best troops, advanced towards Ascalon, in hopes of being able to surprise Saladin, and revenge our defeat. He left Lusignan master of the camp and commander over all the sovereigns; but, scarcely was the last left at liberty to dispose of the authority Richard had entrusted to him, when he told the council that, before he went to Ascalon, the King of England's intention was to march to Mount Carmel. 'There he is to wait for me,' added he, 'to give me the wife I love; to revive, by that august union, the drooping courage of our troops, and to revenge ourselves on Malek Adhel!' He said, and all believed him. Attended by a few soldiers, he left the camp, took the road to Mount Carmel, no one opposing his departure. Long attached to the King of England's service, I wished to ascertain whether he was in fact gone to meet his sister, and I followed Lusignan. What must I tell you, my lord!—all the King of Jerusalem's speeches were but a tissue of falsehoods, and his conduct a perfidy. Designedly has he removed Richard, and taken advantage of his authority over the Christians to deceive them. I have seen that impious king profaning the holy ground, breaking down the sacred grate, and the Princess of England, pale and trembling, dragged before him like a slave; but, merciless towards her, remorseless of his treason, he has caused the church to be decorated, the torch of Hymen has been lighted, and he has sworn that another day shall not pass without the princess becoming his. Meanwhile, among the warriors who had followed Lusignan, Herminia, one of the princess's attendants, found me out, ran to me, gave me a paper, and said, "If to-morrow that note be delivered into the hands of Prince Malek Adhel, there is no reward, be it ever so splendid, that he will not bestow on thee!" She had scarcely said, when, perceiving Lusignan entering at the other extremity of the long passage we stood in, she flew away with terror and precipitation; but Lusignan had seen all: he approached, and said, "Give me the paper thou hast concealed in thy breast, and this purse is thine." "Shall I own it, my lord," continued the soldier, with tears, "I yielded to the vile temptation. The promises of the princess might have been chimerical; Lusignan's gold was before me, and dazzled by it, I yielded, and he took the paper: but, alas! from that moment, distracted with remorse, and finding it impossible to witness the sacrifice that was going to be consummated, I set off secretly that very night, led on by repentance, to Cesarea, hoping I should be taken, and be dragged before you, and thus, though unable to give you the note from the princess, at least be enabled to acquaint you with her misfortune." "And tell me," interrupted the prince, trembling with the most violent emotion, "tell me the time fixed upon by Lusignan to execute his abominable attempt." "My lord," replied the soldier, "this was the day; but perhaps the state of the princess, and her entreaties, may have obtained a respite till to-morrow." "To-morrow I will be with her!" exclaimed the prince impetuously. "I would be there to-day, were it not indispensable for the success of my designs that I should not leave Cesarea till night, in order that the Christians may not see me depart." As soon as darkness began to spread her veil, Malek Adhel sent for Mohamed and Kaled, his two most faithful servants. To the first he said, "Hear, Mohamed, pressing interests call me away from Cesarea. During the two days that my absence will last, thou shalt command in my place. Be under no apprehension; thou wilt not be attacked, I am certain. Richard and Lusignan have left the Christian camp, and without them the Christians will not dare to fight. Thou, Kaled, select thirty of my bravest soldiers, and follow me in the perilous enterprise I am going upon. Kaled, if we find the enemy, let them be as numerous as they will, we will not fall back. Haste, my friend; a moment lost may be our ruin!"

Mohamed and Kaled, persuaded the foreign soldier had revealed to the prince some secret march of the enemy, rejoiced on seeing him at last decided to fight them; both knew well that till then love alone had chained down the hero's courage, and now they flattered themselves at last that he had subdued his passion. From the instant he consented to march against the enemy, they were confident victory would no more forsake their colours; hence, filled with that hope, both went eagerly to execute the commands they had just received.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

On leaving Cesarea, Malek Adhel took a long circuit to reach the woods that overlooked the camp of the Crusaders. He was necessarily obliged to cross them to approach Mount Carmel, and the wish not to be delayed on his way suggested to him a caution he would not have employed to secure his own life. At break of day he attained the brow of the hill, whence could be perceived the rugged summit of Mount Carmel, projecting over the sea. At this aspect he was no longer master of himself. A thousand griefs and fears rushed on his soul. He spurred the sides of his steed, whose swiftness so vied with the winds, that his men could hardly keep up with him. Kaled, the uneasy Kaled, seeing him rapidly take the road up Mount Carmel, began to conceive the most sinister apprehensions. He still followed his master; but he almost no longer doubted that his reason had forsaken him, and that love was the only cause of a step which he had attributed to much more glorious motives.

At some distance from the monastery, Malek Adhel stopped his horse on a sudden, and said to Kaled, "Dost thou know that Lusignan is here?" "Dost thou come to seek him only?" replied his friend, sternly. "I come to seek and punish him," exclaimed the prince; "but I come also to free Matilda from his tyranny and hateful love. Come, follow me; let not any thing divert our purpose." "I obey," replied Kaled, sorrowfully; "all remonstrances are useless now; but, had I known thy design, thou shouldst have had my bloody corpse to trample on, in making thy way out of Cesarea. Ah! wretched prince, may thy imprudence cost thee no more than thy life!" Malek Adhel heard him not; but rushed with his soldiers into the solitary court of the cloister. All was silent there, and the great gate was closed. The prince commanded that it should be forced, and the iron gate flew all to pieces in an instant. A drawn cimeter in his hand, he entered the house of peace, calling aloud on Lusignan and Matilda, but no one answered. The long passages were deserted: he listened, he caught the sound of hymns, and fancied they were those of the nuptials. He rushed towards the place it seemed to come from, crossed an interior court covered with weeds, and, behind all these Gothic buildings, the church, with its stately spire and painted windows, struck his sight. He ascended the steps, and through the door he saw the pavement strewed with flowers, while innumerable torches were sending up volumes of incense in thick smoke. The Archbishop of Tyre stood clad in his most magnificent robes, and, close to him, the virgin he adored was kneeling on the steps of the altar.

A stranger to the Christian mode of worship, so august a ceremony seemed to him no less than the Hymeneal one. Though he could not perceive Lusignan, he made no doubt but he must be present; and, appearing on a sudden with his soldiers, he cried out, in a voice that resounded throughout the lofty arches of the edifice, "This way, Lusignan! Come, and dispute her, if thou darest!" Then, throwing down all that opposed his passage, without any respect for the supreme majesty of that Power whose presence filled the holy temple, he tore the affrighted Matilda from the altar she held in her embrace. At his dreadful aspect the sacred choirs ceased, and screams of terror succeeded. Like a flight of timid birds, the sisters ran in confusion every where; threw themselves into the choir, the sanctuary, and behind the altar. Before he withdrew, however, the formidable warrior again summoned Lusignan, and insulted him aloud: "Perfidious king! exclaimed he, "where art thou concealed? Thou who hast dared to offend me, darest thou not fight?" Matilda, now lying senseless in his arms, he only thought of saving her, and flew so swiftly with his load that his warriors could scarcely follow him. At the foot of Mount Carmel he stopped near a spring: there he bathed, with fresh water, the face of his beloved; exclaiming, in his wild transports, "God of the Christians, restore her to life, and take mine!" Scarcely had he uttered these words, when Matilda sighed, and revived. "Where am I?" said she; "why do all the powers of my soul seem thus transported with delight? Is the sacred abode opening to receive us? Art thou to enter it with me, Malek Adhel?"

On hearing these passionate exclamations, to which the constant idea of the Almighty still joined so much innocence, Malek Adhel, intoxicated with unknown sensations of felicity, abandoned himself without constraint to the violent and profound effusions of his tenderness. Kneeling before Matilda, he gazed on her and adored. He saw but her; he had banished every other thought, and enjoyed one of those moments of ecstasy, during which we may conceive something of heaven. Ah! could such felicity prove durable, who would sigh to quit the earth; but, when called upon to partake of it, we are probably on the brink of life; for it would be equally above human strength to support the prolongation of such ecstasy, or to survive its loss.

Followed by his soldiers, Kaled came to interrupt the heavenly transports his master was tasting. "O rash prince," said he, "how darest thou rest thus on this fatal land, where enemies, snares, and death, surround thee!" These words reminded Malek Adhel of all the perils of his situation, which Matilda was sharing with him. He shuddered, he arose; his happiness had vanished. Gloomy terror had taken its place; for he was fearful of being surprised by the whole army of the Christians, and felt but too well that all the efforts of his valour could only purchase an honourable death, and not save her he loved. The idea of seeing her but for a moment in the arms of Lusignan, disturbed him, and, for the first time, he felt appalled at the thought of death. Now, attacked by every weakness, if he but heard the noise of the leaves, or the horses trample, he fancied he distinguished the distant approach of the enemy; when the long shades of night descended on the earth, and filled it with fantastical images, every where he fancied he saw a Christian, caught a spy, or beheld the army in battle array; in short, the very whistling of the winds, as they bent the lofty pines and ancient sycamores, struck his ear as the sound of warlike instruments, and the heraldic forerunners of action. Dismayed with his apprehensions, he advanced in silence, without even daring to speak to Matilda; while she, recovering by degrees from her terror, enquired why he had violated her retreat, and the promise he had made of letting her live in peace. "And thou," replied he, in a gloomy and sullen voice, "why hast thou deceived me, assuring me the Christians would respect it? Why should Lusignan have dared to enter it? Why did he force thee to appear before him? One day later wouldst thou not have been his wife?" "What sayest thou, Malek Adhel?" answered the princess, with profound astonishment; "since my departure from Ptolemais, I never saw Lusignan; and if I am to believe the Archbishop of Tyre, my brother has given up that abhorred marriage, and leaves me at liberty to devote myself to the service of Heaven." These few words were like a ray of light to the prince: he saw that he had been deceived; and, although struck at once with all the alarming consequences of that perfidy, his first sentiment was that of joy. "At least," exclaimed he, "she belongs to me alone: her lips have uttered no wishes but for our happiness. Then, Matilda, the stranger who told me that he had accompanied Lusignan to thy cloister, witnessed thy despair, received a letter from the hands of Herminia, wherein thou imploredst my assistance—that stranger is an impostor!" "Assuredly!" answered Matilda. "Eternal Judge," continued the prince, "how didst thou allow impostures thus to appear under the colours of truth? But what do I say? It is not the traitor's artifice, it is my own heart that has seduced me. I have fallen into the greatest snare. From the instant he spoke of Matilda, I saw only thee; and thy name, like a spell, struck me with blindness, and destroyed all my prudence, to let my love act alone. O,

my beloved!" added he, with a terror that affected his inmost soul, "at least, be not the victim of my credulity! The Christians, proud of this perfidy, will wish to reap the fruit of it. They are most probably waiting for us among these woods, and I cannot take thee back to Cesarea with safety. But how can we go elsewhere? How can I endure the shame of having abandoned the city I had sworn to defend? It will fall, and I alone shall be the cause! O Saladin, what wilt thou say of thy brother? Take back thy love, Matilda. I am unworthy of it, since I have betrayed my duty and my country for its sake!" He stopped then, not daring to pursue his way any farther in the woods, where he was but too certain to be caught by the Christians. He called Kaled, and imparted to him the horror of his situation. Kaled looked down with consternation, for he felt, as well as the prince, the impossibility of returning to Cesarea. He was equally certain that the army of the Crusaders must be waiting for them at some distance; and to advance that way would be the means of falling into their hands, or losing their lives in unequal combat. Flight was the only resolution they could adopt. But, how could Kaled resolve on giving his master such counsel? What would the East think of such desertion! Meanwhile, still less could he bear to see him in the chains of the Christians. On a sudden, amidst these perplexities, a recollection broke upon him, and a gleam of hope revived. "Master," said he, "if my memory do not deceive me, our life and honour may yet be saved. Opposite to the Christian camp, on the west of Cesarea, facing the gate of Omar, is a vast excavation, which, through subterraneous passages, leads to a mass of rocks at the confines of the sandy plains of Jaffa. Since the Christians lost all the maritime towns of Syria, that darksome path has been abandoned. I recollect having explored it at the time thou wert engaged in the government of Aleppo, and when Saladin, at thy request, had confided that of Cesarea to my care." "Must we make a long circuit to reach it?" exclaimed the prince. Kaled replied, the whole of the following day would scarcely suffice. "Well, be our guide, and let us hasten away," resumed Malek Adhel, "for this is our only last resource."

The prince and his attendants left the road they were in, and turned to the south. They traversed the vast forest that spread afar into the interior of the country, opening a passage through rocks, broken branches, and trees. At break of day, however, they reached the western skirts of those dark gloomy solitudes; and Malek Adhel, on regaining the open plain and the light, and having no surprise to apprehend, again became intrepid and fearless. While Kaled went a short distance, to seek for food in some labourers' cottages, which he saw about the place, the prince wished Matilda to take some rest. He made her sit down on some fern, which he had hastily heaped up together, placed himself by her side, and said, "The injury the Christians have wished to do me, my beloved, will fall on them again; and when they shall know thou art in my palace, instead of my being in their chains, they will be sufficiently punished." The princess sighed, and made no reply. "What, Matilda!" replied the prince, impatiently, "dost thou sigh after thy retreat, and regret being with me? What! when thy intention was pure, shall I not see thee bless the error that brings us together? and shall love alone, never, never speak to thy heart?" Matilda turned, and gazed on him with a tenderness that the tears of repentance could not extinguish. "Ah!" replied she, "do not ask me to become more guilty. Can I dissemble to myself the shameful joy my heart experiences, on seeing the impossibility of returning. During the whole night, while we were crossing in silence that gloomy wood, I was thinking of returning to my cloister: but I had no other way to do it than by asking one of you two to expose his life for my sake. It seemed to me that I ought not to wish it at such a price; and, meeting with an obstacle whichever way I turned, I also met with a pleasure at the same time. O feeble and faithless Christian! thy heart, swollen with love, longs after perishable joys alone, and sees, with terror, the road that might bring thee back to God!"

She said, and hid, with her hands, her shame, her love, and her tears. Malek Adhel exclaimed, with transports, "O joy of my life, I now fear nothing! I am happy. We are together, and a whole life of happiness awaits us for ever!" "Speak not of happiness!" replied the virgin, affrighted: "never speak of it again. Happiness was not made for us. Rash man, thou hast violated the Lord's temple! Yet I am content to be near thee, and to hear thee talk of happiness. No, no! souls stained with such crimes cannot be happy; for, the more attached to that false and cherished felicity, the more deep they sink in misery. O Lord, I see thy thunder rolling over our heads—and now the lightning strikes us! Ah, take but one victim; let all my blood be spilled, and redeem Malek Adhel's! Spare, O spare him!"

While she spoke thus, remorse tortured the soul of the timid beauty, and she spread her arms towards the prince, as if to preserve him from divine wrath. Kaled now returned, offered them some refreshment, and said, "Let us hasten away; for we ought to reach the entrance of the subterraneous passage before night, that I may distinguish and find it." Malek Adhel felt all the prudence of his friend's advice; and resolved to deny himself the pleasure of conversing with Matilda until the moment he should see her safe in his palace at Cesarea. Confiding her to Kaled's cares, and following them at a distance, he urged the rapidity of their march with all his power. During that day they crossed the extensive plains that separate Ramah from Cesarea, and reached, before night, the rocks Kaled had designated as the entrance of the cavern. There Malek Adhel stopped, uncertain what to do; thence he perceived, towards the west, Jaffa, where Metchoub commanded, and a little nearer, towards the north, his dear Cesarea. He determined to go to the latter place, but yet he doubted whether Matilda would not be safer in Jaffa. Was a besieged city, a prey to all the horrors of war, a safe asylum to take his adored beauty to? But then, was he not confident he could defend her? Was he not invincible when fighting for Matilda? Besides, Metchoub commanded in Jaffa—Metchoub, the enemy of Matilda. This reflection decided him. "No, no," said he, "I will not quit her. Calamities enough surround us already; let us not add to their number that of a useless separation." Taking the hand of his beloved, they advanced together towards a spacious aperture, dark and deep; but the path of which seemed to dive into the bowels of the earth. Kaled marched forward with the soldiers, holding bundles of burning straw in their hands. The prince sustained Matilda's trembling steps. They rushed forward, amidst all the horrors of that darksome cavern. Sometimes the arch came down so low that they were forced, as it were, to crawl on the cold and damp earth, and glide between the rocks; farther on, they met with sharp stones, climbed with efforts steep and frozen declivities, or measured with the eye deep precipices, wherein detached stones were rolling down with a dreadful noise. Now and then, when the light of the burning torches threw a greater glare, and allowed them to distinguish the interior of these immense caverns, they perceived sharp and transparent points of crystal, and swarms of night birds, whose numberless generations had perhaps never beheld the day since the creation of the world. The arduous and frightful way still prolonged itself. In spite of all his efforts, Malek Adhel could not save Matilda from fatigue. He never quitted her. Oft he tried to carry her, but the difficulty of the path would not long permit it. Her coarse woollen habit did but ill defend her against the sharpness of the rocks, which hurt her delicate skin; and, frequently, holding by them to support her steps, their sharp extremities lacerated her hands most painfully. On sight of her sufferings, the prince's courage began to waver; and soon he wholly lost it, when Kaled fancied he had missed his way—and, going backward and forward, exclaimed, that the cavern, formerly straight and of a commodious egress, had changed into an endless and intricate labyrinth.

On hearing this, Matilda, exhausted with lassitude, remained on the rock she had climbed, almost on the point of fainting, while the prince, growing desperate, snatched her up in his arms, and once was tempted to dash headlong with her down the profound abysses that surrounded them; but soon his fortitude suggested another idea. He arose, advanced on one side with some soldiers, whilst others went another way, and thus succeeded at last in discovering the real issue. After this, he returned to the rock where he had left Matilda, and, in the course of a few hours, a fresher air announced to them they were near the extremity, and that the world was once more going to appear before them. They even fancied they saw a glimmering light through the fissures of the rock. Kaled extinguished the torches, and their light was instantly replaced by that of the moon, which pierced through the vault and thick festoons of ivy hanging over the entrance of the cavern. The latter now drew his sword, broke down that feeble obstacle, advanced a few steps farther, and Cesarea stood revealed to his sight. He recognised the gate of Omar, and the sentinel that watched there. He saw the black and yellow flags waving on the walls and minarets,* and towards the north distinguished in the plain the Christian camp, and the banners of the cross. All seemed tranquil there, as well as in the city. The faithful Kaled was transported with joy, that his master and the honour of Mussulmans were safe. "Mahomed has watched over thee," said he to the prince, "and forgiven thy imprudence, in consideration of thy past services." Malek Adhel looked up, and returned thanks to the Power who had protected Matilda. He carried her in his arms, and conducted her to the gate of Omar. At the name of Malek Adhel, the gate flew open, and soldiers, dressed in the Saracen habit, surrounded the prince, who thought he was among his own people. "At length," exclaimed he, pressing Matilda in his arms, "the Christians will be the dupes of their perfidy. Matilda is out of their reach, and Lusignan shall no more take her from me!" He said, and on a sudden the troops that were present rushed upon him, snatched Matilda and his sword away, and in a moment Kaled and all his soldiers were loaded with chains! Malek Adhel knew not whether he was awake, or the sport of a terrific dream. "Infernal powers! where am I?" exclaimed he. "In the power of the Christians and of Lusignan!" vociferated the last, making his way through the troops. "Cesarea and Matilda are mine, and thou art in my chains!" Malek Adhel, struck with dreadful astonishment, remained in a kind of stupor. A cold perspiration bedewed all his limbs. He cast around him threatening and desperate glances. To lose all at once, Matilda, his liberty, his honour—such was his fate! He had himself brought the beauty he adored, into the arms of his rival; and Cesarea had fallen during his absence—Cesarea, which Saladin had entrusted to his care, and which he had sworn to defend to his latest breath. After such disasters, life became insupportable. The remorse that distracted his soul, silenced the very pangs of desperate love, and the shame of his weakness broke the pride of his heart. He looked down with confusion, bereft of strength and courage. Nor did he shake his chains, but walked in mournful silence to the tower where Lusignan had ordered his soldiers to conduct him.

CHAPTER XLIX.

At the instant when the princess saw Malek Adhel loaded with chains, she fainted away. They removed her in that state into the palace which Lusignan inhabited; and, notwithstanding the numerous cares that were paid to her, part of the night elapsed before her senses returned. But what a moment was that, when she opened her eyes, and found that Malek Adhel was thrown into a gloomy dungeon, and Lusignan master of her fate, and of Cesarea! On hearing the dreadful intelligence, she wrapped her head in her robe, to hide herself from the light. Her heart was broken, and she could not shed a tear. She remained motionless, lost in her grief—divested of every other thought but this, which she addressed to Heaven: "O Lord! is it by the extent of my faults, thou measurest my punishment?" Several strange women stood round her, but she neither looked nor spoke to them. On a sudden the door was opened, and Lusignan appeared. He desired to be alone with the princess, and they retired. The princess at first shuddered; but she soon arose, and looked at him with an air of pride and dignity. He cast his eyes on the ground. That arrogant man, who, in the intoxication of triumph, had indulged the gratification of insulting a rival in chains, was now trembling before a young female's angry eye, and knew not how to gather strength enough to encounter her reproaches, and resist her prayers. But she did not seem disposed to use entreaties. Humbled as she was, she could not stoop so low.

* The black flag was that of the Abasside Caliphs. The yellow one, that of the particular dynasty of the Ayoubites, whose head Saladin was.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

Without changing her attitude, or raising her eyes on Lusignan, she said in a stern voice, "You are master of Cesarea, then, Lusignan. I died when I saw a hero loaded with chains. I might well conclude it was not my brother who had the command here." "Madam," replied he, "the Christians are indebted to me for a great victory—and can the pious Matilda not rejoice at the success of the Christians?" "I should rejoice at it, indeed," answered she, "were not their honour dearer to me than their triumph, and had you not purchased it at the price of a treason!" "Our enemies could hold no other language," interrupted Lusignan, seemingly offended. "This is the language Richard would hold to you, if he were here," replied she, proudly; "for his great soul scorns the very appearance of treachery, and his sister prides herself on thinking like him. Would that great monarch have suffered you to lay chains on the hands of his saviour—of the greatest hero in the world?" "Madam," interrupted Lusignan, in a vindictive tone, "you have a just idea of your power over me, since you are not afraid to talk thus in my presence, of a rival whose life I hold in my power." "Sire," replied she, rather solemnly, "while I give Malek Adhel the justice that is his due, what can I have to fear from you? Do not you rather degrade yourself, by asserting that I alone prevent your committing an act of vile cowardice? To banish the base thought of it, it is enough that you are a Christian and a knight." "Ah, madam!" exclaimed Lusignan, "you have but little idea of the unconquerable flame that devours me, if you imagine that any other power than yours could stop the rage of a jealousy smothered so long."

As he spoke, he cast on the princess looks expressive of so much ardour, that she was alarmed for the moment. She was alone, in the power of a passionate and, perhaps, audacious lover, who commanded in the palace and the whole city: but she felt that the consciousness of virtue, and the presence of God, were two great protectors, and she had them both. Hence, recovering herself, she said: "You always speak as if you alone commanded here. But are the Christian princes bereft of all rights and power? If they have assisted you to obtain your triumphs, ought they not also to dispose of the captives?" "No!" replied the King of Jerusalem, vehemently; "no other than I command in Cesarea—for I alone have conducted the siege, secured its success; and, to leave me the sole disposal of a conquest which they owe to me only, the princes had no need of the delegation Richard has made to me, of his supreme power." "So," resumed the princess, fixing her eyes on him, "since you alone have secured the success of this enterprise, it must have been you, also, who sent to Malek Adhel that vile slave, with a combination of impostures; who, skilfully instructed by you, has drawn that prince into the most rash steps: and, if the sacred asylum, where I had sought shelter from you, has been violated by the Saracens, you alone are the cause of it." "Do you make me responsible for their crime, madam?" enquired Lusignan, eagerly. "And who more than you has committed that dreadful crime?" replied the princess, more eagerly still: "Was it not your head that conceived it? And who is the more guilty, the Mussulman who gave the blow, or the Christian who guided it?"

These words struck Lusignan dumb. But he derived no other fruit from the consciousness of his crimes, than the determination to persist in them. Drawing near Matilda, with great agitation, his eyes inflamed, his countenance gloomy, and his voice tremulous, "Matilda," said he, "I love you with an ardour that I cannot express. I swear, by the living God, that you shall belong to me. You shall, at any price; and, before I resign that happiness, I will resign my life!" Such an oath alarmed the princess, and she moved, as if to go out. He held her back. "No, Matilda, you shall not leave me. Long enough have I confined my love within the bounds of inviolable respect. When your brother had pronounced you mine, when all Christendom confirmed the union, I have endured your scorn without complaining. Since I have gained nothing when I revered you as a sovereign, perhaps I may obtain more when I speak to you as a master. Hence I declare, that to force you to be mine I will employ the whole extent of my power!" The princess replied, indignantly, "When Richard confided his power to you, he did not think, probably, that you would make use of it to oppress weakness. O Lusignan! I have lived for a long time among the infidels, but never saw I any capable of the mean cowardice the King of Jerusalem has just stamped on his character!" "I will not deceive you, Matilda," interrupted Lusignan, imperiously; "the more scorn you show me, the more firm you will make me in my projects. Since I never possessed your heart, and you withdraw your esteem, what remains for me to lose—your person? No! I vow I will not lose it! Matilda, I swear, in the name of that God we revere, if, in the course of this day, you do not consent to become mine, to-night shall my rival be deprived of life!" "Horrid blasphemy!" exclaimed the virgin, terrified: "Dost thou, O God, allow thy sacred name to be called upon, as a witness to such engagements!" "Decide thyself, Matilda," continued Lusignan, (laying hold of her hand in a violent agitation,) "wilt thou be my wife?" "Never!" interrupted she: "the death even of Malek Adhel, would shock me less than such a union! And I am certain he will bless me for not having hesitated in my choice." "Then," replied he, in a cold and sarcastic tone, "I am going to command his execution with the more pleasure, as he will die in his errors, and you will both be everlastingly separated in eternity!"

The princess, at this dreadful idea, felt her blood freeze. A thick cloud spread over her eyes. Never had such bitter anguish torn her heart. She knew not what to think or resolve. Meanwhile, she exclaimed at length, "No! the Christian princes will never permit the perpetration of such an accursed crime. They will rise up against such iniquity; against thee, too, Lusignan! I will call upon my English, upon the great Albert of Austria, and the Duke of Burgundy, whose well known generosity has acquired him the confidence of the French monarch." "Neither your English, Albert of Austria, the Duke of Burgundy, nor Philip Augustus himself, can save Malek Adhel. No one here presumes to give any orders besides myself. They might perhaps think their honour engaged, in defending the life of their greatest enemy: but I can manage a *secret execution*, and thus shelter myself from all suspicion."

From the manner in which he uttered these words, the princess thought she heard Malek Adhel's doom. She then, with a solemn voice, a majestic countenance, and a celestial look, said to Lusignan: "And if human justice should absolve you, sire, does not divine justice appal you? And do you forget that if you owe men no account of your crimes, the Almighty will demand one at his awful tribunal?" "I know it, Matilda," replied Lusignan, falling on his knees before her; "I know my crimes, and what punishment awaits me—but remorse and fear are nothing before the desire of seeing you mine, and the horror of knowing you are another's. In short, at this moment, distracted by the lawless passion that consumes me, I cannot hesitate between you and eternity!" Such impious expressions crushed all the virgin's hopes. She had one left, however—but feeble and confused. It was that of seeing Malek Adhel, and urging his conversion, by the fear that she would give herself up to Lusignan. She told the king, with disdainful pride, "Your criminal insanity might perhaps inspire me with more compassion than hatred, did I not see myself reduced to that pitch of misery, to have to choose between a hero's salvation and your hand. But, before I take my last resolution, I must see Malek Adhel." "You shall not see him, madam!" exclaimed Lusignan, sternly: "I know too well the heart of my rival to permit such an interview. Rather than see you mine, he would open his eyes to the light, and perhaps consent to receive baptism. No, no!" added he, moving, as if going out, "reject me, in order that I may crush him in his errors!" At these words, Matilda, listening to her despair alone, ran forward to meet Lusignan, threw herself at his feet, and exclaimed, "O, cruel prince! if thou feelest no respect for a hero, no compassion for my grief, take compassion on thyself. Thou art going to bathe in innocent blood, to stab a defenceless man! Remember thy Master, Christian! these are not his precepts."

During this sudden movement, her veil had got loose, and her hair, scattered on her shoulders, her supplicating attitude, and the divine expression of her looks, added supernatural effect to her words. Lusignan, confounded, stopped and said, "Ah! heavenly beauty! demand my blood, my life. Demand more still: I can do all for thee, except resign thee!" The princess looked down, wept, and, still kneeling, regardless of his efforts to raise her, added, "No, I will die here, if you persist in your denial. Hear, Lusignan! you have lost my esteem, but you may recover it. You may, if you choose, become, in my eyes, an object of veneration and eternal gratitude! Lusignan, let those hands I am holding break the fetters of a hero. Let him hear from your own mouth, that he is free!" The weeping beauty ceased—but still kept looking on Lusignan, and entreated with her eyes when her lips had ceased to move. The proud monarch was touched. He promised every thing she wished—but that promise brought no comfort. There was in Lusignan's manner, something which alarmed her; and the favour he granted had somewhat more sinister in it than his fits of rage. Palsied by an apprehension, the motive of which she could not mention, she remained in silence, when they were interrupted by one of Lusignan's officers. "My liege," said he, "on hearing the news of Malek Adhel's imprisonment, all the Crusaders have left their tents. The princes and chiefs are in this palace. They demand to see you, anxious to learn what fate you reserve for your illustrious captive. Let your majesty lose no time, for the agitation is great."

These words made Lusignan start. He took his helmet and his lance, and prepared to go out. "My lord," said the princess, spreading her arms towards him, "forget not your promise!" With a sneer, he said to her, "Fear not, madam;" and in saying thus, he made her tremble.

When she was alone, she fell on her knees. Prayer was her only resource. Men had abandoned, and probably deceived her; but He who never abandons or deceives, whose power surpasses all men's, was yet listening to her. And, as she wept before Him, the unfortunate murmured not; for, while she preserved her innocence, she had likewise preserved those gifts that are inseparable from it—confidence and resignation.

CHAPTER L.

When Malek Adhel left Cesarea, Lusignan had been informed of it instantly. An arrow, shot to a point the impostor had marked out, had acquainted the King of Jerusalem that, success having crowned his best expectations, he might attempt new enterprises. He then assembled the army, told them Malek Adhel was no longer in the city, and proposed to give the assault. All the troops were in motion at the news; they wished to take advantage of the hero's absence; new engines of destruction were transported near the walls; never had the city been threatened with so many forces, and Malek Adhel was not there. Meanwhile, before the combat began, Lusignan sent forth a herald at arms to demand of Mahomed an interview: Mahomed accepted it. The king said to him, "Mahomed, I come hither to declare to thee that thou hast no other resolution to take, but to surrender the city into my hands; shouldst thou refuse, I will cause thy master's head to be cut off. Know that Malek Adhel is in my power; I surprised him last night as he quitted these walls. I demand of thee Cesarea for his ransom, and allow thee but an hour to decide." He said, and withdrew.

Mahomed, in dismay, had the impostor who had deceived the prince brought before the council of emirs; he received from his lips the confirmation of what Lusignan had just imparted; he found that the Christians, warned of the prince's journey, must have surprised him; and no longer doubting of his misfortune, to save the life of his prince, he opened the city gates to the enemy. The Christians, wondering at such an easy

conquest, asked Lusignan the cause, who attributed it to the cowardice of the Mussulmans. His first care, however, on entering the city, was to throw Mahomed into a dungeon; he then ordered that every thing should remain perfectly tranquil; that the banners of the crescent should remain on the tops of the mosques, and that the sentinels on the ramparts should preserve the Saracen habit. Such strange precautions, and a victory so cheaply bought, astonished the Christians. The proud Duke of Burgundy, unwilling to tolerate any thing that had the appearance of treason, demanded an explanation of Lusignan's conduct, to which he replied with arrogance: "By what right," said he, "do you presume to interrogate your chief? have you not sworn to obey me? do I not lead and command you? what do you complain of? have I betrayed your cause? is not Cesarea in our power, and has it cost us the blood of a single Christian?" These words silenced the duke; he recollected in fact that he had promised to acknowledge Lusignan as supreme commander; and, Cesarea being in their power, the mere suspicion that it had been obtained by a fraud was not a sufficient motive to free him from his allegiance; but he then declared that he would not enter the city until Lusignan had given the army an account how he had obtained possession of it, and, followed by the French, he retired to the camp, refusing to quit his tents. Meanwhile he soon learned, that, deceived by appearances, Malek Adhel, thinking he was returning among his own people, had entered the city, and that Lusignan had caused him to be apprehended and loaded with vile chains. The generous warrior flew instantly to a hero's assistance. He entered Cesarea, spoke to the Duke of Bavaria, Albert of Austria, and all the Christian princes; he demanded whether they should not force Lusignan to explain his intentions with respect to Malek Adhel. All joined in his opinion, and ran to the king's palace, to demand the motive of his suspicious conduct and Malek Adhel's enlargement. "Whatever," said Lusignan, "may be the importance of the reasons I have just laid before you, princes, my determination is far from irrevocable. When Richard shall have resumed the command, and I am no longer responsible for the fate of the army, perhaps my heart may also induce me to ask Malek Adhel's release; but Richard has alone the right to pronounce on his fate. I have just sent to the camp at Ascalon an account of the taking of Cesarea and our present situation. Richard's answer shall be our law. Malek Adhel, in the mean time, shall be marched to Ptolemais; Cesarea is too near the seat of war. Ptolemais, more tranquil, more secure, will afford a better protection for his life; here I would not ensure its safety."

Lusignan's reply prevailed, and all mistrust and suspicion vanished. It was even thought, that, having the supreme authority at his disposal, he had evinced much deference towards the Duke of Burgundy, for which they gave him credit. All knew that Malek Adhel was his rival, and they applauded the manner in which he had just spoken of him; hence his moderation silenced the unfavourable conjectures his equivocal conduct had given rise to in the minds of the Crusaders.

That very night Malek Adhel, attended by a strong escort, was despatched to the prisons of Ptolemais.

On the next day, when Matilda heard of his departure, she recollected Lusignan's sinister looks; horrible anticipations crowded on her mind, and in her transport of grief she called on the Archbishop of Tyre for assistance. Alas! where was that compassionate man, to whose breast she might have imparted her cruel alarms? Where was that pious prelate, whom Lusignan would not have dared to remove from her?—where was he?—he was exerting himself to save her: to do more—to save Malek Adhel.

If he had not followed Matilda's ravishers out of the monastery, it was because he owed his first and most paternal cares to the pious sisters whom that event had thrown into confusion and dismay. He first proceeded to soothe their alarms, and pray with them; and, when peace was restored to their retreat, he set out on foot to Matilda's assistance. At the foot of Mount Carmel, in the thick parts of the forest, he found some Christian warriors on their march towards Cesarea. He stopped them, enquired whither they were going, what the army was doing, and whether they knew to what place Malek Adhel had carried Matilda? "Father," replied one of the soldiers, "the Christians are masters of Cesarea, where Lusignan now commands. The English princess is in his palace, and we have just escorted Malek Adhel to the prisons of Ptolemais." The venerable prelate was affected with the intelligence, his knees trembled under him, he sat down on the trunk of an old broken tree;—the warriors proceeded, and he remained alone. "O Heaven!" exclaimed he, "accept my thanks; Cesarea is in the power of the Christians, and the princess is in safety!" But Malek Adhel was groaning in captivity. At that idea the good archbishop could not refrain himself from tears—Malek Adhel unhappy! and he forgot his wrongs, his errors, his sacrilege; and remembered only his generosity. He reflected no longer, debated no more about what he had best to do, but took his stick, and walked on to Ptolemais.

At the city gates he heard that a blind and raging mob were rushing towards the doors of Malek Adhel's prison, to deprive him of life; a little farther on he learned that the disturbance was excited by some of Lusignan's secret emissaries, and he dreaded to find it true. "O Lord!" said he, "do not permit that so base a thought should have found admittance into a Christian's heart!" He hastened on, came to the prison, and was told that strict orders forbade the entrance of any one; but to men like William, the harbingers of peace and love, whose only office is to alleviate the sorrows of their brethren, the gates of grief and death are always open. Conducted by the jailer himself, the archbishop descended into a deep and gloomy dungeon; he heard stifled groans—recognised the voice—and his heart sank within him. "O God!" said he, "why hast thou brought him hither?" On hearing these words, the prince rose abruptly; and, as his chains shook with a horrible clanking, the archbishop shuddered. Malek Adhel exclaimed, "William, William, my friend!" "O my son!" replied he, falling into his arms, and bathing the prince's face with his tears, "my son, the Lord will deliver you!" "Will he restore me my honour?" interrupted Malek Adhel, with a sigh; "I have lost my honour, my father; and that were a greater misfortune than the loss of Matilda." "My son, God may restore you more than you have lost; our possessions are very little compared with his wealth." "No, no," interrupted the prince again, "all hopes of peace or happiness are lost for me;—I have betrayed my brother, abandoned the city he had entrusted to my care, been surprised by a traitor, loaded with chains like a vile slave, dragged into prison, and thrown on this straw, where I am to perish!" "No, my son, you shall not perish!" exclaimed the archbishop, with energy; "the time is come to acquit my debts, and you shall hence instantly." "What can you, my father, and what will Lusignan say, when he no longer finds his prey—when his slave is gone?" "What imports that?" rejoined the archbishop; "you shall away instantly!" "But, know you, that if I go hence, it will be with a view to join Saladin, to avenge him, and recover Cesarea!" "Young man, why tell me this?" resumed the prelate; "I did not ask you." "My father," replied the prince, pressing both his hands, "I had rather die here than deceive you; and now you know it is an enemy whom you set at liberty, do you wish me to be free?" "Lord," exclaimed the archbishop, "did he not save my life at Damascus and Jaffa? did he not break my chains at Damietta? did he not always send me back among the Christians, whom I incessantly excited against him and his people? wouldst thou suffer thine enemies to be more generous than thy children? No, I do no injury to thy cause by this act of charity; for, was not thy divine faith established more by virtues than victories, and hast thou not moved and converted more hearts by love than anger? It is that Master who is all indulgence, all tenderness, who bids me save you. It is not I, Malek Adhel; it is he who now sets you free;—that thought will perhaps stop your blows." He then took off his chains, laid hold of his hand, and said, "Come, my son, come; I know all the winding passages of this sad abode. The Lord has permitted that I should visit them before, in order that I might be able to save thee now."

They then advanced along narrow and gloomy passages. Notwithstanding the deep obscurity, those labyrinths were too well known to make him lose his way. The prince followed him, his heart affected by some unknown power; what he had heard and experienced suggested new ideas to him, and the archbishop's expressions seemed to him replete with truth; but, previous to believing or even listening to them, he wished to wipe off the affront he had received, recover Cesarea, fight Lusignan, and was not yet enough of a Christian to conquer pride and the thirst of vengeance.

"My son," said the archbishop, stopping before a large trap-door with iron bars, through which some feeble rays of light could scarcely penetrate, "I should have come this way to visit you, but my arm was too weak to raise this enormous weight; perhaps yours may effect it." Malek Adhel shook the huge grating, and the bolts and chains fell to pieces. "O Heaven!" exclaimed the archbishop, "will the strength of that mighty arm be turned against us!" "My father," replied the prince, falling on his knees, "take compassion on me, and let me depart. There is something about you that confounds me, makes me start at the performance of my duty, and speaks louder than honour. Detain me no longer. Soon I may call you back, soon I may be in want of all your mercies. Life is hateful to me; I am for ever parted from Matilda. Unable to live with her, I shall be happy to die near you!" The prelate felt tears trickling down his cheeks; he laid his hands on the head of the prince kneeling before him, and said, "I bless thee, my son, and may the Almighty bless thee also! May he endow thee with new understanding and knowledge, may the errors of the past be forgotten and return no more; mayst thou acknowledge Him whose hand has made the earth, and measured out the heavens; for thy salvation is coming, and his justice shall be revealed to thee!"

A long silence prevailed. William resumed: "This door opens on the ramparts of Ptolemais. Thou art out of the city. Conceal thyself in the sycamore woods that surround it, and remain there till night; then take advantage of the obscurity to cross the plain, and escape thy enemies: but, go where thou wilt, thou canst not shun the all-seeing eye of God: his providence will not forget thee." "My father," said the prince to him, "will not you come also? will you remain in this prison? do you wish to take my chains? will the Christians dare to punish you for my escape?" "No, my son, no; fear it not," answered William. "An excess of prudence may have induced them to hold you in captivity, to deprive you of the means of fighting; but generosity pleases the noble children of Christ better than prudence. Not one but will rejoice to hear you are at liberty, and return me thanks for having been the instrument of your liberation." "O my father! what a people, if they were such as you describe; and what a God, he who formed such souls as yours and Matilda's! Matilda!" added he, melting into tears: "My father, I shall never see her again!" The archbishop replied sternly, "Rash man, you presumed to take her from the Lord; you thought the strength of your arm could encounter that of the Almighty; see how he has made sport of your rashness! Matilda will return to him; she is his property. My son, you must think of her no more." "Soon, my father," added he, "soon will she be at liberty to quit the world; Malek Adhel will be no longer there to weep her loss. Only tell her I give back the promises she made, and entreat her to give herself to God; she will understand that prayer—she will take it as my last farewell." Then suppressing all the emotions that idea had caused, he rose, pressed the archbishop's hand to his heart, and said, "Farewell, my father. If I die without seeing you again, promise to come and weep over my ashes, and pray to your God for me!" Without waiting for a reply, he leaped out and rushed into the woods. The prelate remained for some time in his place; he followed with his eye him whom his hopes already reckoned as one of his children, and when he had lost sight of him, he raised his hands to Heaven, and addressed there those words of Isaiah: "O Lord! serve as a shadow during the day, hide those whom the sword pursues, and discover not those who are wandering." He said, arose, drew aside the huge trap, and descended quietly back again. Having entered the dungeon, he sat down in Malek Adhel's place, raised with efforts the chains they had loaded him with, entreated the Almighty to forgive those who crush their enemies, and expected in silence the fate that awaited him.

On a sudden, tumultuous cries were heard, the door was burst open with a dreadful crash; he saw the populace armed with swords and torches, and the jailer

running before them, crying out, "They have broken the bolts, scorned all I could say, and demand the Saracen's blood!" The mob rushed in, the gloomy dungeon was lighted, and they sought for the hero;—he was gone! The holy man was in his place, alone, calm, serene as the angel of the unfortunate. Seized with astonishment, the raving populace paused. "What do you wish for?" said the prelate. "The Saracen!" exclaimed they on all sides; "he who has slaughtered our wives and children, who has driven us from Jerusalem." "Rash people, he is gone," replied the archbishop, "I have taken his sin on my head, and am charged with his iniquity. See, then, whether you must have blood, and take mine if you choose it." On hearing these words, emotion took the place of anger; their hands began to tremble, and their swords fell at the august old man's feet: another voice now exclaimed, "Who has set him free? who has broken his chains?" "Who?" answered the prelate, enthusiastically; "He who sent me to heal up the wounds of the unfortunate, to publish freedom to the captives!" He said, and the crowd believed that the Lord had spoken through his lips. No one knew of the secret passage, not even the jailer himself; the Almighty must therefore have endowed a mortal hand with his strength, and the prelate must have been guided by his arm. Why should they entertain any doubt of it? and, with the saint present before them, why should they question the miracle?

Of all these enraged persons William soon made repentant ones. After having quelled their rage, he made them ashamed, and breathed love and charity into those who before thirsted after blood and carnage. The repentant populace now offered to take him out of the prison in triumph, but he would not suffer it; he commanded silence, that it might not be remembered to what an excess Christians had carried themselves, nor whose hand had urged them on; and hastened to leave Ptolemais for Cesarea, in order to acquaint Lusignan with all that he had done, excite his remorse, pardon him, and, after having prevented his committing a crime, save him the disgrace of its being known.

CHAPTER LI.

In these days of trouble and agitation, it might have been thought that, to wipe off the crime of one, all the other Christians had redoubled in generosity. While the prelate was delivering Malek Adhel, exposing his life to save him, and only thinking how to preserve Lusignan's fame, Richard from the camp at Ascalon was writing thus to the last: "Injurious reports are spread against thee, but I will believe none. My brother may be accused, but cannot be guilty; yet how could he suffer chains to be laid on the hero who twice has saved my life? Lusignan commands, and Malek Adhel is in captivity! Brother, I am willing to hope that at this moment Malek Adhel is on his way to join his brother, and thou on thine to meet me, and engage him."

In the middle of the wood, Malek Adhel recognised the Duke of Burgundy and some Frenchmen, whose presence at first alarmed him. "Unfortunate hero, I was seeking thee!" exclaimed the duke. "Since thou wert removed from Cesarea, a thousand apprehensions have prevailed in my heart. I wished to follow thee, but Lusignan had forbidden my leaving the camp, and unfortunately I had sworn to obey him until Richard's return; but yesterday, Princess Matilda, having laid aside her accustomed reserve, took me aside, and said, "We are far from suspecting Lusignan, but my brother's deliverer is in the middle of his enemies, and no knight has the care of his person." These words seemed to me like an indispensable order; hence, followed by a few of my brave Frenchmen, I ran to Ptolemais—Thou wert gone: they talked of miracles, and of a sedition; but the prelate's name, intermixed with all the various reports, made me easy respecting thy safety. Meanwhile, I wanted to know whither thou hadst turned thy steps, that I might protect thy flight. I concluded thou wouldst try to join thy brother—that was the road of honour, and must have been thine. I have followed the road to Ascalon, found thee, and am satisfied. Here is a horse, here are arms for thee. Go! noble warrior, resume thy place in Saladin's army, while I hasten to inform the Princess Matilda that her commands have been executed, and will expect thee in the fields of Ascalon." "Yes, I will meet thee there," replied the prince, deeply affected; "but since, vanquished as I am, I do not appear to thee unworthy of carrying thy sword, give me thy helmet, and condescend to take mine. Thus, amidst the rage and confusion of the battle, I shall be able at least to respect my benefactor." He said, the two heroes embraced each other with mutual esteem and affection, deplored their being enemies, and took leave of each other for ever.

Malek Adhel arrived under the walls of Ascalon, and entered the city, in which consternation reigned. The capture of Cesarea had thrown dismay and affliction every where. He crossed the silent streets: that people, formerly so joyful at the sight of him, saw him and remained dumb; he entered the palace of his brother, who, on perceiving him, exclaimed, "O Malek Adhel! when I entrusted Cesarea to thy care, I did not think to see thee again thus!" The hero stood before him, looked down, and in the humblest attitude replied, "Saladin, I am guilty! I have disgraced the glorious name of the Ayoubites; I am not worthy of being called thy brother; I have betrayed my duty, my oaths, all! Lusignan commands in Cesarea; he is master of those walls thou hadst confided to my care!"

He ceased, unable to proceed in expressing what he felt. The sultan's stern brow relaxed a little. "Tell me, by what strange prodigy thou hast allowed Lusignan to take thy seat?" Malek Adhel then entered into a full detail of his weaknesses and faults, and Saladin replied, "Several witnesses of thy conduct, and victims of thy imprudence, have already given me this account; but they have represented thee less guilty. Mahomed and Kaled, who are here, while they deplored thy errors, did not think them unpardonable." "Mahomed and Kaled here!" exclaimed the prince, his countenance brightening up at this intelligence; "then they are living and free! Blessed be the angel who has set them at liberty!" "We have suffered much, prince," said the two Mussulmans. Lusignan excepted, all the Christians have shown themselves humane and generous. With respect to ourselves, though the hand which broke our chains has concealed itself in the shade, we have been assured that we are indebted for our release to the Princess of England's entreaties." Malek Adhel looked down; he wished, in order to expiate his wrongs, to hinder his heart, as it were, from being moved at the sound of her name. Saladin looked at him, and said, "What are thy resolves, and what restitution canst thou offer thy country?" Malek Adhel answered, "Call together the chiefs of the army. Mahomed will lay before them the statement of my errors and misfortunes. Hear their judgments, Saladin, and pronounce my sentence."

The sultan gave his assent: he mounted his throne, and the emirs and chiefs of the army took their seats around him. Malek Adhel refused to sit down, and, even in his humble deportment, displayed a consciousness of dignity which calamity had not impaired. Meanwhile, Mahomed began his statement, mentioned the two assaults and the two subsequent victories, detailed the artifice employed by the impostor whom Lusignan had sent, and the departure of Malek Adhel. He next proceeded to relate the capture of Cesarea, and the deep distress of the people at the absence of their great chief, stated the manner in which he had been deceived by Lusignan, how that monarch's artifice had hindered him from adhering to his resolution of burying himself under the ruins of Cesarea rather than surrender, and his cruel imprisonment immediately after delivering up the keys. "Alas!" continued Mahomed, addressing the prince, "the weight of my chains was soon increased by new calamities. I found that Lusignan, certain that you must return to Cesarea, had not wished to expose the lives of his soldiers by attacking you openly; that, to deceive you, he had caused fires to be lighted up in the camp he had left; that on the walls our flags were still displayed, and his soldiers clad in Saracen armour. His arts proved successful; you came and surrendered yourself! I know not, however, if he have fulfilled a part of his engagement, or whether you are indebted to him for liberty."

Saladin now arose, and silence prevailed. "Whomsoever thou owest thy liberty to," said the sultan, "matters not: the obligations which bind thee to thy country are no less sacred. Speak, Malek Adhel, and make me acquainted with thy intentions." "Hear!" replied his brother: "since that fatal night when I saw my hands loaded with chains, the Princess of England in Lusignan's power, Cesarea reduced, my glory stained, and my brother betrayed, I would have inflicted death on myself, had not the hope of avenging thee left me a greater duty to fulfil." "Thus," replied the sultan, "shall the hero triumph over a disgraceful passion, mount again the high seat he ought not to have descended from, and once more lead my armies to victory! Emirs, soldiers, people, all who are present, if a single voice condemn my brother, or dissent from his resuming the command, I swear to silence friendship and listen only to the voice of justice." The assembly answered the sultan with general acclamations, tears of emotion trickled down their manly cheeks, and these words resounded from all sides, "Long live the great Saracen Malek Adhel, our sultan's noble brother! As long as victory attend him, as long as friendship unite him with Saladin, and he remain the object of our love, he shall march at our head always and every where!"

Malek Adhel could not suppress his emotion; he rushed into the arms of his brother. "Ah!" said he, "I feel how sweet it is to be thus loved, and am sensible of it at the moment when such affecting testimonies of esteem must separate me for ever from her who was the object of my fondest hopes." He ceased, and bid Matilda, from his inmost soul, an eternal farewell; then, raising his noble forehead, on which the flame of glory was beginning to kindle, he exclaimed, "Brother, and you, my generous countrymen, at the moment when I had just betrayed you, that you trust yourselves again to my fidelity! Behold, I cheerfully accept this mark of confidence, for now am I worthy of it—the sacrifice I have just made in my heart is the pledge."

The brothers retired, and concerted together the plan of a battle, certain that the Christians, in the intoxication of success, would not refuse it. It was to be terrible and decisive. A few days yet, and the fate of a battle was to tell the world which of the two empires was to be overthrown, and whether the standard of the prophet or the banner of the cross was to wave in the East.

CHAPTER LII.

Fame spread her wings, and flew before William. She reached Cesarea, and announced the Saracen's deliverance, but not the hand to which he was indebted for it; that secret yet remained hidden in the bosom of charity. Immediately that Lusignan heard the intelligence, he divined the whole mystery. He guessed the man who had scorned his commands, and, invested with a power superior to that of kings, had been able to prevail over his own; but he well knew, at the same time, that such a man, acting only for the cause of Heaven disdained to reap on earth the fruit of his works, and would see it gathered by another, without even laying claim to it himself. The audacious Lusignan, therefore, ventured to attribute to his own generosity the prelate's merits, and caused it to be spread throughout the army, that, as a sovereign, his prudence had not allowed him to restore Malek Adhel his liberty, but that, as a knight, his magnanimity had indulged the archbishop in setting him free secretly.

In the mean time, the archbishop arrived, heard the reports, and waited on Lusignan, who, arrogant and proud until this instant, at the sight of William felt alarmed and humiliated. He acknowledged that an unconquerable passion had led him into great errors, and endeavoured to prove that, for the interests of the faith, the faults of the meanest Christian ought to be concealed; consequently those of the head of the army claimed a greater indulgence: in short, he employed all his eloquence to persuade the prelate that he was himself interested in propagating among the troops a belief that it was to the sovereign alone who commanded them that Malek Adhel was indebted for liberty. Here the archbishop interrupted him. "Enough, Lusignan," said he; "no more of this. I may be the advocate of sinners, but I will never be that of the sin. Alas, what a path have you chosen, O King of Jerusalem, to recover again your throne—artifice and treason! Mark me, Lusignan; I will keep a watchful eye over all your steps; and, while I revere the blood whence you sprang, and the purple whereon you sit, I shall hold the power to crush your greatness if you do wrong, and show the man as he is, if the man will be criminal."

Lusignan concealed the violent mortification which he felt at this galling declaration; and, feigning contrition, he ruminated upon the means of removing the just and troublesome witness who had threatened to haunt and confound him. With deep disappointment he saw the archbishop enter Matilda's apartment, and converse with the princess, apprehensive lest the secret should escape, and his unprincely conduct be divulged.

Richard soon heard in the plains of Ascalon that the Saracen had returned to his brother, that he had resumed the command, and that the enemy were preparing for battle. He instantly wrote to Lusignan to join him with all his forces: he expressed great satisfaction at his conduct, and added, that Matilda could not return into a monastery whence the Saracens might snatch her away a second time, nor remain in a city which Malek Adhel had sworn to recover. Lusignan was ordered to bring her to the camp at Ascalon, that she might be surrounded by the protection of all the Christian powers.

Lusignan made Richard's commands known to the army and the princess. The army obeyed cheerfully; Matilda, resigned to whatever might be her fate, set off, the archbishop unremittingly attending her.

Richard received his brother in arms with strong testimonies of affection. He did not in the least suspect that he was not the real deliverer of Malek Adhel, and he took pride at last in being able to boast of his friend's virtues as well as of his valour; in this manner he expressed himself before his sister. Lusignan coloured, Matilda said nothing. She had determined in herself not to reveal the truths she knew, and her lips could not consent to declare that Lusignan had intended to deprive his defenceless rival of life. With a cold and distant countenance, she attended to Richard's discourse. In vain did he hope to interest her, and yet less to excite her fear, for she, who had known every calamity, and resigned all happy expectations, could not be easily alarmed at any contingency.

Having learned from the Archbishop of Tyre that Malek Adhel was released, that his soul was filled with the ideas of conversion, and that, in their last conversation, he had permitted her to devote herself to the service of Heaven, nothing detained her any longer on earth, and she only aspired to quit it. She declared her intention to Richard, who had derived fresh hopes from the new splendour of Lusignan. He grew angry, while she respectfully cast down her eyes, but without emotion. Astonished at her calmness, he peremptorily demanded if she were no longer afraid of his displeasure. "For you only, sire, do I fear its effects," replied she; "for myself I fear nothing: my fate is fixed: death only can change it, and death has no terrors for me." Richard was awed with a fortitude that concealed itself under so much serenity; he began to feel himself overcome by a superior ascendency, and, on observing the profound resignation depicted on Matilda's features, he was induced to believe that the soul which animated that beautiful countenance had already taken its flight towards another world, and that the tender virgin refused to be a queen on earth, only because she felt herself destined to be a saint in heaven.

Two days only had elapsed since the army had joined, and Richard reassumed the chief command, when they were informed the Saracens were marching their battalions out of Ascalon. They perceived the signal of battle, and all prepared for action. The knights put on their thickest armour; Matilda, with trembling hands, fastened on her brother's cuirass. It was, perhaps, the last service she might have the opportunity of paying him, and she yet found tears for this apprehension, after having shed so many for fears of a more tender and poignant nature.

The King of Jerusalem, alone in his tent with his trusty squire, confided to him his secret grief. This squire, who, formerly a Mussulman, had been led away by a base cupidity rather than a real faith, for many years had attached himself to Lusignan's service: he was ready to perform whatever his master should command, were it even a crime: and such was now the purpose which Lusignan meditated. "Hear!" said he: "On this important day I build but one hope: in this great battle, I have but one object to accomplish—it is to fight the Saracen Adhel! I am willing to fall by his hand, but the thought that he should survive me is a torture worse than death! In our combat, be thou always at my side; if I go apart with him, do thou follow. Should I obtain the victory, remain quiet; if I fall, and perish, I rely on thy fidelity to ——. Swear, therefore, thou wilt not suffer my enemy to outlive his triumph!" The squire solemnly pledged his word, and Lusignan, no longer fearing the issue of an engagement where he had death only to encounter, became serene.

It was on Wednesday, the 4th of October, 1192, that the whole army of the Crusaders left the camp of Ascalon to meet Saladin.* It spread itself in the plain between the river Belus and the sea. The King of England, before whom they carried the books of the gospels, covered with a rich silk drapery, the four corners of which were supported by four officers, occupied the left near the river, at the head of the English and the Monastic Knights of Hospitality. The Marquis of Montferrat commanded the right, having the Venetians and the Lombards under him. Lusignan was in the centre, with the Landgrave of Thuringia, the French, and the troops of Pisa. Gerard of Biderford, the Grand Master of the Templars, the Duke of Guelders, and the Catalonians, formed the body of reserve. The guard of the camp was entrusted to Geoffrey of Lusignan, brother of the king, and James d'Avênes. The Archbishops of Pisa, Canterbury, Ravenna, Besancon, and Nazareth; the Bishops of Beauvais, Salisbury, Ptolemais, and Bethlehem, covered with a helmet, were also fighting. Richard, admiring the force and discipline of this great army, enthusiastically exclaimed, "What power on earth can resist us! Remain thou neutral, O Lord, and victory is ours!"

The two armies advanced with equal ardour; they came in presence of each other—quickly did the space that separated the combatants diminish—and now they closed. The visors were pulled down, the lances presented, the steeds impatient. Christians, Mussulmans, all rushed forward, shield to shield, sword to sword, foot to foot, pike to pike! The two armies were so closely engaged that it became impossible to distinguish the Saracens from the Crusaders, and the feathers of the one seemed fixed on the helmets of the other party. From amidst the tumultuous shock arose a cloud of dust which covered the combatants, darkened and ascended the sky, and the peaceful hills resounded with the din of arms, the cries of victory, and the shrieks of death.

Lusignan's sword mowed down the infidels, and made dreadful carnage; nothing could resist or escape his fury, for as yet he had not encountered Malek Adhel. While he triumphed in the centre, Richard also triumphed on the left; but, on the right, the Marquis of Montferrat had been repulsed by Saladin. Victorious, however, on two points, the Christians had the advantage, and were following up their success with incredible rapidity, when dreadful outcries, proceeding from the rear of their army, suddenly arrested their progress, made them turn round, and announced the appearance of Malek Adhel! They returned instantly, and every where found the marks of this formidable warrior's progress—broken helmets, coats of arms rent open and drenched in gore, stands of colours rolled into the dust, the deep and gaping wounds of the dying—all told them that Malek Adhel's sword had passed that way. They soon perceived him galloping over the field of battle, carrying his desperate valour wherever the Christians were victors.

The action recommenced on all sides; the Saracen triumphed every where, and, from the skill and promptitude of his plans, the Christians found themselves surrounded and hemmed in by the enemy. Lusignan, desperate, and raving to see such a noble victory on the point of being wrested from his brow, devoted himself for the good of the cause. He called aloud on his invincible rival, hoping, by removing him from the scene of action, to give the Christians time to recover their advantage. The hero heard the challenge; he groaned with rage, but made no reply. The King of Jerusalem, surprised at his silence, spurred on his courser, and came up with Malek Adhel, who turned aside, and avoided the only Christian whose blood he would have spilt with pleasure. He had solemnly determined within himself to avoid every private quarrel, in order not to abandon the field of battle before victory, and at any price he wished to remain true to this duty. Too careless to defend a hateful life while repelling the Christians, he did not wholly escape their hostile weapons. Meanwhile, Lusignan, obstinate in the pursuit, and always close to his person, loaded him with the most opprobious epithets. The fierce warrior for a long time received his insults in silence, till, at length, unable to repress his rage, and confident that an instant would suffice to cleanse the earth of his hated rival, he exclaimed, "Come on! Let us at once extinguish in our blood the mutual hatred that gnaws our hearts!" The King of Jerusalem followed him, but not alone: his squire was faithful to his treacherous orders.

Malek Adhel halted at some distance from the army, behind a pile of rocks that effectually concealed them from observation. He threw away his shield, exclaiming, "Lusignan, let us reject these vain means of defence, which may delay our defeat, and hasten that instant when we shall cease to hate each other." Lusignan consented, threw away his shield, drew his sword, and the combat commenced. Grim death heard the blows of these intrepid warriors, flew in haste to the spot, and smiled as he beheld the great victims on the point of falling under his empire. Never had Lusignan before displayed so much valour, never had he entertained so much hope, for Malek Adhel had been previously wounded. Many Christians on the field of battle were indebted to the indifference the hero displayed in defending his life, for the honour of having shed his blood—a loss which tended to unnerve the vigour of his arm; but his intrepidity supplied the deficiency of strength. Grasping his sword with both his hands, he discharged such a furious blow on the head of his rival, that he staggered, his helmet split, part of it fell on the ground, and his eyes were soon covered with a stream of blood. Malek Adhel seeing his head bare, threw away his helmet, and waited till his adversary was in a capacity to renew the fight; but, scarcely had Lusignan recovered his senses, when he suddenly turned upon the prince, and plunged his sword into that part where the hero's cuirass joined. His blood issued foaming from the wound. The prince, in turn, recovered his superiority, and pierced the side of his rival. Lusignan now avoided the prince, changed his ground, wearied and exhausted him; but the Saracen, indignant at his protraction of the struggle, threw away his sword, drew his poniard, and rushed on Lusignan, to bury it in his heart. They closed, wrestled, and shook each other off; at length the prince suddenly grasped his foe, lifted him up, and hurled him to the earth. The victor raised his dagger to strike. "O hero, hear me!" said Lusignan, in a dying voice. Malek Adhel held the poniard suspended, but the King of Jerusalem concluded not his prayer—his intellects had forsaken him! The prince hesitated to strike his lost fallen enemy; and was contemplating him with mingled sensations of scorn and pity, when Lusignan's squire, who had seen the combat, and thought his master was expiring, ignobly rushed upon the hero, and plunged his sword deep into his throat. Malek Adhel turned to attack the assassin; but, fainting, exhausted by numerous wounds, he reeled, he sank down—his eyes closed to the light, his livid dying lips for the last time breathed the name of Matilda; warmth and motion retired, and he bit the dust imbrued with his blood.

Lusignan's squire, appalled at his horrid villany, with the assistance of a shepherd, who was tending his goats among the rocks, essayed to remove his master to the camp. On the road they met some fugitive Christians, to whom the squire told the incredible event that Malek Adhel had fallen by the sword of Lusignan, who was desperately wounded!

The Christians soon returned, repeating to every one, "Malek Adhel is no more!" From tongue to tongue it reached the ear of the armies, and for a moment Christians and Mussulmans suspended the work of slaughter. Again the carnage recommenced, and Saladin, till this period victorious and collected in the most imminent peril, gave a loose to despair, and forgot his glory and empire in his loss. He was repulsed, defeated, retired to Ascalon, and went to hide in its walls his broken heart and the remains of his numerous army.

CHAPTER LIII.

While the Christians, masters of the field, were singing the hymn of victory, Lusignan's body arrived in the camp. The European surgeons, with the benevolent Matilda and the archbishop, immediately attended; but,

* The disposition of this battle is wholly historical, and the words which terminated it were spoken by *Richard* under that circumstance.

as soon as the squire had announced that Lusignan and Malek Adhel had fallen by each other's dagger, the virgin let fall the balms she was administering, her eyes lost their lustre, and she stood aghast, as if deprived of sense and motion. "Are there no hopes of Malek Adhel being saved?" demanded the archbishop, as he supported Matilda. "Lost for ever!—for ever and ever!" exclaimed the maiden, with a heart-rending voice and a look that seemed to dive into the depth of eternity.

The prelate repeated his question, and, demanding if the great Malek had fallen in fair combat, the squire, struck at the view of the princess, and feeling the vulture of conscience tearing his heart, stood speechless. The penetrating William at once apprehended some horrid mystery, and summoned the culprit into a retired tent, whither he had the princess removed. Scarcely had they entered, when the assassin threw himself at the feet of the archbishop. "Pardon, pardon!" he exclaimed. "You have deceived us, then!" said the prelate; "Malek Adhel is yet alive." Matilda revived at these words, and eagerly entreated the squire to confirm it. "Wretch that I am!" he ejaculated, "O! that at the price of my blood I could restore the prince to life!" "Thou art the murderer!" said the princess; and, as the guilty man fell prostrate to the ground, and confessed the dark deed, Matilda sank into the arms of the archbishop. When his tender cares had somewhat revived and consoled the princess, he suggested that there might yet be a spark of life remaining. "Then let us fly, my father!" said Matilda; "the assassin will guide us over the sanguinary traces."

Night was no obstacle: the moon lighted them on their way, and soon the mass of rocks appeared which shaded the body of the noble Saracen. The murderer shuddered; he could proceed no farther; he turned aside from that blood which was rising against him; his limbs stiffened, and his tongue refused its office. Matilda looked round, and was struck with the light which the rays of the moon reflected on a warrior's armour. She ran forward, threw herself on her knees before the body of the Saracen, moved his hair aside, knew him, bent over that face disfigured with blood and dust, laid a trembling hand on his heart, and warmed with her pure breath those pallid and frozen lips death was about to close for ever!—a feeble sigh issued from the hero's breast. "O my Saviour!" exclaimed Matilda, with exalted fervour, "not for love do I implore thee; I ask nothing for myself—fill up his heart alone; let him behold the light again, only that he may know thee; and that thou mayst become the only object of his thoughts."

While she prayed, the archbishop applied to the prince's gaping wound a dressing, which he but too well perceived would prove useless. He then proceeded to discharge a more important office; he heard the murmur of a fountain at the foot of a rock, and ran to fill the blood-stained helmet with its cooling waters. "O venerable saint," said the princess to him, "pray that the Lord will not deny you the salvation of his soul." The prelate bathed the hero's forehead with that water to which Heaven's mercy had allowed him to communicate a divine property—that instant the rays of the moon fell directly on the face of Malek Adhel. Matilda saw his eyes half open, and his lips trying to articulate some words. "My father," said she, "approach, speak to him—it is not me he ought to hear." William drew near the prince: "My son," said he to him, "my son, God expects you—hear his voice. At this sound Malek Adhel opened his eyes again, and feebly said, "My father, you are returned, then—you have not forsaken your son." With passionate vehemence the virgin exclaimed—"Blessed be the Almighty!" "What voice is that?" said Adhel, endeavouring to raise himself a little, "what voice comes to make my death joyful?" "My son," replied the pious William, "give to other thoughts the few moments you have to remain on earth, for they may purchase eternal life and boundless felicity." "With her, my father?" said he, pressing faintly the hand of Matilda. "Yes, with her, my son," replied the prelate, "provided your last sentiments be addressed to God." He then hastened to shed the holy water of baptism on the prince; he pronounced the sacred words, and making him embrace the holy sign of redemption, "Adore," said he, "the rays of that Sun which was extinguished on the cross to enlighten you." At these words the prince quitted Matilda's hand to embrace the cross. The divine light, and abundant life that follows it, at once descended in torrents into his soul. He loved and believed! "Celestial lights," said he, "I have seen you—I can lose you no more—faith, love, hope, ye are mine! Matilda, receive my farewell embrace; I am going to wait for thee!" The virgin bathed with tears the face of her husband; but they were tears of happiness, since she was certain of meeting him again; and when a whole eternity of beatitude was before her, death, which was about to separate them, seemed but a few days' absence. "Friend," exclaimed she, in a sort of extatic delight, "be thou first happy! I love thee too well to complain." The archbishop joined their hands, and, in a solemn and affectionate voice, said, "Christian pair, be for ever united!—thou, Malek Adhel, go and receive the reward of thy baptism; ascend to heaven, and prepare the felicity of thy wife; while her tears shall expiate thy errors here." The hero had just strength enough left to raise his eyes up to that heaven the prelate was pointing at; he shut them again instantly, and his soul took its flight into the bosom of that God who had just converted and redeemed it. Matilda contemplated with a silent grief that pale and noble hand that was now reclined on the earth for ever." "Daughter," said William, "we must restore these mortal remains to the earth that claims them." "No," exclaimed she, "I will never part from them. O my husband, I swear never to quit thee! Have they not separated us sufficiently during thy life? I will follow thee every where. I alone will lay the funeral pall on this thy discoloured brow. Unfortunate! have I not done it once already?" She could say no more; too many sobs oppressed and choked her; and, letting her head drop on that breast which had for ever ceased to palpitate, she seemed to partake of its death.

William felt himself too much affected to bear the sight any longer. Compassion was the only sentiment that yet attached him to the earth, and often had the calamities of others broken his courage. He turned aside, walked off, supported himself on the trunk of an old palm tree, while he indulged in the anguish of his soul.

Having reached her zenith, the moon lighted the gloomy and solemn scene; her rays darted equally on the murderer who was biting the dust, exhaling the cries of remorse not far from his lifeless victim; on the angelic beauty, the hope and pride of the world—of that world she was going to quit, to lay down her hopes and love in a tomb; and, through the long leaves of the palm tree, her glimmering rays fell also on that venerable man grown old in charity, equally dear to God and to the unfortunate, who enjoyed no comforts but what he imparted himself; knew no pains but those he saw others labouring under; and who, by his long practice of doing good, was daily adding fresh acts of kindness to the number, without once thinking of the recompense that awaited him.

Amidst that profound and mournful silence, that was interrupted only by the groans of remorse, the sobs of grief, and the exclamations of piety, the neighing of horses was heard. Soon men appeared, and the prelate recognised the Saracen habit; he shuddered for Matilda, and ran hastily towards her; but the infidels perceived, and stopped him. "Christian," said they, "what dost thou here! Is it thou who hast deprived Malek Adhel of life?" "I think, on the contrary, I have given him life," replied the archbishop, calmly. The princess hearing some noise, arose, started, and placing herself before the corpse of her husband, "Men, approach not," exclaimed she; "you shall not take him from me." One of the Saracens now left the troop, ran forward, and said, "I know her; it is the Princess of England—my master must be here."—"I will not give him up to thee, Kaled," replied Matilda, with a mixture of terror and madness; "thou wert his friend once, but it matters not, thou shalt not have him!" Kaled perceived the hero's body, and fell prostrate on the ground, "O my master!" exclaimed he, striking his head, "O my master! was I doomed to see thee thus again?"—"Kaled," interrupted the princess, "thy master died my husband—I will die by his side." He replied, "We came hither at the risk of our lives to seek these precious remains, and take them back to Saladin. They belong to him."—"They belong to me alone!" said Matilda; "and if thou take away my husband, I will follow thee, Kaled, to the end of the world. I will call after thee, and never cease demanding my lord."

The Mussulmans then constructed a litter, and thereon weeping, laid the remains of the noble Saracen. The princess walked by their side in silence, and with her veil down; the archbishop followed the train at a distance, repeating in a low voice, and with regular pauses, some pathetic verses out of the hymns of death.

The funeral procession reached the walls of Ascalon, with the dawn; the gates were thrown open, the people ran, and weeping, followed it along the streets leading to the palace. On all sides, praises and lamentations were heard;—the soldiers seemed chiefly afflicted—they deposited at the entrance of the palace the corpse of the hero they adored, and prostrated themselves all around, striking their heads on the earth. "O magnanimous prince!" exclaimed they, "thy memory and thy generosity are engraven on our hearts; the heavens have lost their light; the world its fairest ornament, the empire its defender, and Saladin his only friend!"

Meanwhile, the procession advanced into the great hall of the palace, where the sultan received it, his head covered with ashes, and unable to suppress the violence of his grief. "O my brother!" said he, embracing the inanimate corpse, "my brother—my only friend! is it thou! How shall I bear the weight of my empire without thee!"—The virgin drew her veil back, and her hair flowing loose, her garments torn, the majesty of sorrow imprinted on her brow, she threw herself at the feet of the sultan, and exclaimed, "O powerful monarch! of all the blessings I was destined to possess on earth, this corpse alone remains; take it not from me, I entreat thee!" "What dost thou ask?" interrupted Saladin, much affected. "I ask thee for my husband!" replied she: "before he died, he embraced my faith; before he died, he received my plighted oaths, and has taken them away with him. Ah! permit me to pass by his side the few remaining days of my sad life. Give me of Malek Adhel all that remains of Malek Adhel on earth. Noble Saladin, lend an ear to the entreaties of a desolate wife!" "And art thou really the wife of my brother?" enquired the sultan, raising her up with kindness. The archbishop then came forward and said, "Malek Adhel died a Christian—he died the husband of Matilda!" "I know thy lips never uttered a falsehood, prelate," said the sultan, "and had any other person told me these words, I should have refused to believe them—Malek Adhel died a Christian!—O ill-fated beauty!—thou who didst deprive me of my brother during his life, who hast caused his untimely death, and still takest him away from me now he is no more, keep thy husband, since his last wish was thine!" "And now," said she, putting down her veil over her face, "I have nothing more to ask of the world, and I go to bid it an eternal farewell."

"Widow of Malek Adhel," demanded the sultan, "in what place dost thou choose to deposit his sacred remains?"—"They shall follow me," replied she, "to the monastery of Mount Carmel—to that eternal retreat where I am going to seclude myself from all. Happier than I ever hoped to be, I shall live near my husband." "Noble sultan," said the prelate, "grant the Christians some days' truce, in order that they may perform this funeral with suitable pomp."

Saladin assented. The archbishop departed, to announce to the Christians all their losses, and for what they had to prepare. Until his return, he left Matilda in the palace of her husband's brother; there a vast apartment, hung with black, was prepared for her, and night and day, at the side of Malek Adhel's coffin, she incessantly exclaimed with tears, "Peace, peace to thy ashes, my husband! and, if it be possible, peace, peace also to my own soul!—O my soul, why art thou oppressed with such a weight of sorrow, and why dost thou remain plunged in discouragement? He whom thou weepest has ceased to weep; and, whilst thy weakness keeps invoking him back to this earth, he partakes of unspeakable joys amidst that supreme felicity to which the Most High had predestined him in his divine mercy!"

CHAPTER LIV.

The great battle of Ascalon had only given a victory to the Christians—no joy had attended it; and as the prelate entered their tents, he was surprised to find the silence of consternation instead of the acclamations of triumph. Certain words, that had dropped from the squire, had raised suspicions on the King of Jerusalem's

conduct, and on the manner in which Malek Adhel had been attacked. Richard alone refused to admit them; the other chiefs, not blinded by the same partiality, perceived but too well the proofs that confirmed the accusation, and humbled with the disgrace so detestable an act would throw on their names and exploits, they thought with horror only on the noise their victory would make in the world, because it must resound together with the reports of a crime.

There were, besides, among the Crusaders, such magnanimous minds and such noble knights that Malek Adhel could not fail having many admirers and friends. They wished to weep his death, and yet dared not. Religion might perhaps have taken offence at public demonstrations of grief; but while they concealed it, their countenances declared it, and those whose sorrow was less poignant still could not help being hurt at the fate of the great Saracen. That formidable enemy of the faith had fallen indeed, and the faith ought to have rejoiced—but men's pride deplored the loss of one whose great virtues had raised man's dignity so high; and, seeing him follow Montmorency into the grave, both Mussulmans and Christians thought that the world, henceforth bereft of heroes, no longer deserved they should try to distinguish themselves by exploits which the esteem of those two great men could no more repay.

The archbishop's return broke upon the mournful silence that reigned in the camp. On hearing Malek Adhel had died a Christian, all their suppressed griefs broke out aloud. Weeping the loss of a Christian, it was no longer tears which they contented themselves to shed, but deep sighs and incessant moanings were heard on all sides.

Universal were the lamentations that were heard throughout the camp. Lusignan's name was only mentioned with horror. The prelate heard their cries, and did not attempt to stop them. Richard, astonished, drew him aside, and said, "My father, Lusignan is charged with a crime of the blackest die, and you remain silent! If your charity have not taken up his defence—you think him guilty, then? O my father, can it be possible that Lusignan, my friend"—"Name him not your friend," interrupted the archbishop; "he does not deserve the name." "What!" exclaimed Richard, struck with horror, "Lusignan an assassin!"—"Malek Adhel died assassinated!" answered the apostle of Christ, deeply dejected, "and Lusignan commanded the blow!" The King of England, on hearing this, changed countenance, and fell back in his chair. "Unheard-of atrocity!" exclaimed he: "he whom I called my brother, whom I pressed to my heart, has he betrayed the laws of honour, and does he still exist?" "Yes," replied the archbishop: "he still lives for his greater torture, for he hoped not to outlive his crime, and to precede his rival into the grave." He then explained what had been Lusignan's orders, and his charity industriously sought after reasons to hold him less criminal; but inflexible honour would not allow it, and Richard was on the point of growing indignant at the prelate's indulgence. "Father," exclaimed he, "no pardon, no pardon! the murderer deserves none. Haunted every where by divine vengeance, he ought to be haunted by men too—and we owe no mercy to crimes for which I hope Heaven will have none! —I break, I abjure for ever, all connection with Lusignan!—I will proclaim my hatred as loudly as I formerly declared my friendhip; for Richard cannot bear that men should suppose he entertains one spark of compassion towards an assassin." He said, and ran through the camp, exhaling the bitterness of his indignant soul; all the Christians shared it—not one could be found who excused Lusignan; not one but condemned him. These clamours spread at once from one end of the camp to the other, and Lusignan was only to wake to hear them. His loss of blood had deprived him as yet of motion, but the surgeons had answered for his life; he was to live, then, and the earth was drenched with the blood of innocence—he was to live, and Malek Adhel was no more! but the last, at peace with Heaven, had already received the immortal crown, and Lusignan was to open his eyes to the light only to hear his crime—to find it was known to the whole world—to feel shame and remorse, and lose all at once Matilda, his honour, Richard's friendship, the throne of Jerusalem, and the esteem of the universe! He was returning to life only to be punished, and perhaps to repent, for it does not belong to man to set bounds to Heaven's mercy.

Meanwhile, funeral bells tolled in Cesarea; Ptolemais sounded also the knell of death, and Conrad commanded his proud Tyre to pay the same homage to the hero. All was grief and mourning along the Christian shores, all was grief and mourning along Saladin's coasts; and the two worlds, for a time, were deploring together the same calamity.

Not far from Ascalon, at the entrance of a road that went straight to Mount Carmel, the Christians came to wait for the precious remains Saladin had promised to give them. There they erected a cross, and under its sacred shade prepared to receive the ashes of Malek Adhel.

Soon from the gates of Ascalon the funeral procession appeared. Two cars, hung with black, rolled slowly on the sands; the first contained all that remained of the greatest man on earth, now the Almighty had withdrawn his breath; in the second, a voluntary victim, as dead to the world as to the husband she followed, was going to end her worldly career that day; and the two cars advancing towards the same grave, equally silent, covered up and concealed from the eyes of men, would not allow them to know in which the lamentations of wo were expressed.

Saladin, on foot, his countenance pale and stern, and his clothes torn, advanced towards the Christians, and said, "I give you back him who gave himself to you; but I demand his murderer in return."—Richard, speaking in the name of all the Christians, answered, "We hold in equal abhorrence the assassin of thy brother and of our brother; but it belongs to God alone to lay his hands on the heads of kings—These great powers acknowledge that high tribunal alone. Meanwhile, calm thy fears; the crime shall be punished, and the blood of the just shall not go unrevenged; for Lusignan, abhorred by men, abandoned by his own people, will be more keenly agonised than if he were deprived of life; he will live disgraced."—"Similar to the wicked spirit that sprang from man," added the archbishop; "wandering about barren places, seeking for rest and finding none." After a short pause, the sultan replied, "If it be so, I am satisfied." He afterwards added, with a deep and hollow groan, pointing to one of the cars, "There he is! take him, since it is among your dead that he has chosen his abode." He said, and his great soul, almost overcome by grief, rose again with fortitude. He made a sign to his people to surrender Malek Adhel's car to the Christians; the Saracens could not support the trying scene; they threw themselves on the wheels, rolled down in the dust, and embraced the cold remains of the hero with lamentable shrieks; but Saladin made a second sign, and he was obeyed. The Mussulmans fell back, and the car remaining without attendants, the Christians approached and surrounded it; they deposited the coffin at the foot of that cross which had conquered the hero, and the priests celebrated that great victory in singing the hymns of death.

This duty over, the two cars, guided by the Christians, were on the point of advancing again towards their last abode, when the Archbishop of Tyre, coming forward, said to Saladin, "Wilt thou not come and witness the honours which these kings and the people are going to pay thy brother?"—"No!" replied the sultan; "I cannot assist at your ceremonies, my faith is elsewhere; but such of my subjects as may wish to see them have my leave to go. They will come back and inform me whether your pomps were suitable to the greatest conquest you ever obtained over me!"

Having spoken thus, he retired. Some Mussulmans followed him, but the far greater number wished to witness the sepulture of their prince. They intermixed with the Christians; they heard their funeral dirge, and the air resounded with their lamentations; from all parts the people ran, and raised their voices; the sacred prayers ascended to Heaven, and the seloud effusions of the church, echoed from hill to hill, reached the ear of Saladin, and struck him with the last sounds by which that holy mother consecrates the everlasting happiness of her children.

The Archbishop of Tyre alone ventured to raise the funeral veil that hid the spotless virgin who was going to devote herself; no other than he beheld that august and resigned grief, nor heard the accents of her pious lips, which uttered no other murmur or complaint than these words: "My soul is sad even unto death; watch and pray with me."—"O daughter of Christ," answered the prelate, interrupted by his tears, "repeat also those words of your divine master—"In the world you will meet with affliction; but take courage; I have conquered the world."

When the procession had reached the summit of Mount Carmel—of that revered spot, where the greatest of prophets, raised up in a flaming car, was carried into the bosom of angels, and passed from life to eternity without having known the darkness of death, the kings, holding tapers in their hands, their head and feet bare, respectfully entered the sacred enclosure. The Christians followed them; the Mussulmans were forbidden, and remained behind. The Archbishop of Tyre saw it and wept over them; he remembered that formerly in the desert, "Jesus having perceived a great multitude round him, was moved with compassion, as they appeared like sheep who had no pastor." "Oh!" exclaimed he with transport, "all flesh shall this day behold the salvation of God." But it was objected, that it was a profanation for infidels to tread on holy ground. The prelate answered, in a tone of vehemence and inspiration, pointing to the hero's coffin, "A great miracle has taken place, and God has visited his people; suffer it therefore to be complete; for he who is powerful enough to raise up children to Abraham out of these stones, may well call these men to him." He said; hope, charity, and faith, spoke within him, and the Mussulmans passed.

The sisters of Mount Carmel, previously informed by William, had adorned the humble simplicity of their church with all that pomp which kings of the world love to see around them. They knew that the hero who had profaned their retreat, converted by the Lord, was coming to take his rest among them, and to beg after his death the prayers of those whom he had offended during his life. Their souls, fed with that spirit of their heavenly Master of love and mercy, had already forgotten the insult, and only remembered it then to implore its forgiveness: and, thanks to their intercession, the ashes of Malek Adhel, on entering under the arches of the temple he had profaned, entered them at peace with God.

Meanwhile, except the Archbishop of Tyre, and the Bishops of Bethlehem and Ptolemais, no mortal eye had penetrated into the interior of the cloister, nor perceived the chaste garment of the holy virgin who inhabited it. Retired in the inmost parts of the sanctuary, the choir, where they alone had a right to enter, two thick curtains hung up at some distance from each other, secluded them from the eyes of men. Thus piety, anticipating as it were, the nights of death, seemed, from this miserable earth where they yet resided, to have transported them into a better world, invisible, unknown to the rest of mankind, and which God alone inhabited with them.

The royal virgin, whom they had admitted into the interior courts of the monastery, had not yet acquired the right to sit by their side. Concealed, however, they assigned her a place in the space between the two curtains, which divided their sanctuary from men, and on the limit, as it were, which parted them from the world.

The vaulted roof of the temple was dimly lighted by the funeral tapers; branches of pine and cypress were strewed on the pavement; on every column some inscription bore a memento of death. Marble images conveyed the expressions of grief, and from the hearts of all present loud lamentations and deep sobs were heard.—Amidst all these insignia of death and mourning, the shrine alone retained its wonted splendour and magnificence, as if to tell men it did not partake of their infirmities. There dwelt the majesty of God, it dazzled with the rays of the sacred sun all around, and the angels, holding the censer, scattered about the perfume of saints.

The kings surrounded the evangelical chair which the prelate had just ascended. Berengere, the disconsolate Berengere, dressed in black, prostrate before a distant altar, holding her little infant in her arms, prayed for the soul of her benefactor, and begged of the holy queen of virgins repose for her who was afflicted and destitute of consolation; for her whose heart the storm had broken.

The Christians, kneeling on the ground, and their eyes cast downwards, waited in holy devotion for the words and the presence of the Lord; and farther on, near the entrance of the church, the Mussulmans were crowded together, wondering at what they saw, and asking where they were; but they wondered much more when, the Archbishop of Tyre commanding the first curtain to be raised, they perceived that tender virgin, the widow of

Malek Adhel, the daughter of kings, lying down on ashes near their master's corpse, and partly covered by the funeral pall; her golden hair no longer adorned her beauteous head, and her flaxen tresses scattered around her neck, announced that the ceremony of her death to the world had already begun.

At the sight of her, all hearts felt broken, and floods of tears gushed from every eye.

The Archbishop of Tyre raised his hands, and in a majestic voice, answered the general lamentations with these words: "The Almighty rules! Earth, be thou joyful!" He said, and the divine hopes, already descending from heaven with these words, rushed into all their souls, and began to banish worldly sorrows. The archbishop then resumed, with the prophet, pointing to Malek Adhel's coffin, "I took thee by the hand to bring thee back from the extremities of the earth; I called thee to me from the most distant parts; I selected thee out; fear nothing, for now I am with thee!"

"Such," added he, with great vehemence, "such was the fate of the prince who some time since was groaning yet under the chains of Satan—and you weep! Such is the miracle the Almighty has performed for his people before the sight of his enemies, and you weep! Never, never did an act so great astonish Israel. An impious prince arose in the East, and threatened our faith. As a thunderbolt, he devoured the faithful and their armies. In vain did Europe vomit forth millions of soldiers: the arm of the invincible Saracen seemed ready to crush them all. A few days yet, and the empire of Christ had been destroyed, and the gates of hell had prevailed. But God saw our misery, and took compassion on us. He chained down that arm which the whole world could not resist. He spoke, and the hero was his! This is what he has done—what you have seen, Christians, and you weep! And this virgin," continued he, pointing to Matilda, "why does she grieve? What comforts does she reproach the Lord with not having granted her? Did she wish to live without trials, and die without merit, in the eyes of her Creator? O virgin! most happy virgin! what destiny was ever fairer than thine? In vain did men and their artifice—the world and its temptations, form a league against thee. Religion was stronger in thy support than they were in thy attack. Hell itself has joined with them. Shedding the poison of love in thy heart, it tried to drag thee down into its abyss, by giving thee to an infidel; but, with the help of the Most High, thou hast prevailed, and made of the poisons prepared for thy destruction, seeds of salvation for the hero of thy love. And now, Matilda, why those tears, unless they be tears of gratitude to that God, who, during sixteen years of peace and retirement, took delight in instructing thee in his law, in order to exalt thee to his glory. For that God, who, at the expiration of a year of trial and affliction—a term so short, that it is nothing in the eyes of men, and is already over for thee, brings thee out of all thy perils, and victorious over all the snares spread for thy ruin: for that God, who, pleased with thy meekness and resignation to his commands, opens to thee the port, receives thee into his bosom, and long before the term of thy career, yet in the age of error, secures to thee the immortal palm that adorns the brow of the just. O Matilda! what wouldst thou complain of? Knowest thou not what awaits thee? For the trials of a few days, the afflictions and miseries of a few hours, knowest thou not what the Lord hath promised to thee? Listen, and from the arched roof of this temple, the bosom of this shrine, and the depth of these graves, hearest thou not all these voices exclaiming, "Endless joy! blissful eternity!"

The virgin raised her head, and, once more showing to the world that beauteous face it was no more to behold, she extended her hand towards her husband, and said:

"And for that hero's conversion, what reward has God promised?"

At these words, the immortal army of saints descended among them. The golden harps of the cherubim gave sounds, and the angels, resounding in every part of the church, repeated in concerts with the voices of men, "Endless joy! eternal bliss!"

Now, no longer a mortal creature, the virgin suddenly arose from amidst the shades of death, wherein she was buried. Her eyes were flaming; her face beamed with light; a sort of celestial joy sparkled all over her person; her mind had compassed infinite beatitude. Beyond all the heavens, the husband she was weeping for had appeared to her, lying in the bosom of the Lord—and now she wept no more, but in a voice loud with joy, exclaimed:

"Glory! supreme glory! and everlasting felicity!"

She sank down again. The sublime vision had vanished, but the sentiment of it remained in her heart for ever! And now, world, offer thy pomps, joys, and loves, and even the happiness she had so long wished for, and she will not regret them. Thou art not rich enough to tempt her any more, and thy perishable comforts are tasteless, for God has given her a foretaste of those that awaited her, and which her sacrifices and virtues have deserved. At that supreme instant, the majesty of the Most High was perceived in every part of the august temple: yes, he was every where, even in the hearts of the Mussulmans. Never had their eyes beheld, nor their ears heard, what they had just seen and understood. The speech of the prelate, the sparks of glory and happiness, darting from the eyes of the virgin, those celestial sounds in the air, those Christians who dared to call heaven down amongst them, and that divine charity which condescends to visit them—all struck, confounded, and subdued the infidels. Oppressed, astonished, and impelled by an invincible hand, they rushed through the Christians with loud acclamations, and, prostrating themselves round the prelate's chair, they touched the ground with their foreheads, repeating, "Father! O Father! we believe!"

And now ask, what is the happiness of the just? Look into the heart of William—into that heart, fired with charity, and beaming with the joy that proceeded from the love of God, in proportion with the numbers of those who partook of it. His face was covered with scalding tears. With a voice wherein he conveyed all the feelings of his soul, he exclaimed, taking a crucifix from his breast, and holding it up over his head, "This is He, mortals! Behold him, ye Christians!—he who descended on the earth to make of the night of death a day of triumph and rejoicing!"

The Mussulmans repeated, still striking the ground with their heads, "Father! O Father! we adore!"

They formed but one people, one heart. The Christians embraced their brethren, and knelt down, worshipping by their side.

"Awake! ashes of Malek Adhel, awake!" continued the archbishop. "Noble hero, shake off the dust wherein thou sleepest. Arise, and assist at thy noblest victory! From the abode of death hast thou spoken to their hearts. For the voices that issue from graves are those that persuade the deepest. Father of thy people, thou hast opened heaven before them, and their salvation is the price of thy blood! O Christ! preserve by thy name those thou hast just given him, in order that they may form but one with him, and that where he is, there they may be also, to contemplate the glory thou hast destined for him!"

The archbishop came down from the sacred pulpit, and blessed his new children; but, before he conferred the baptism on them, he proposed to consecrate the sacrifice of the virgin. The young beauty arose, put on the coarse garment of the sisters of Mount Carmel—pronounced, with a firm voice, the vow that secluded her from the world for ever; and then, extending her hand towards the proselytes who were Malek Adhel's subjects, "Farewell, my brethren," said she; "we shall meet him again!" She cast her eyes down with much emotion, at the sight of Richard, of that king, that brother, she was to see no more—and wiped away some tears, as she passed before Berengere. Every eye was fixed on her. An object more of admiration than pity, in her all appeared as great and sublime as the religion and faith on which she supported herself. She fell back a few paces. She approached the last curtain, as William raised it, and exclaimed, "Behold a daughter of Elijah, who is preparing to ascend her Father's car!" He said—the virgin stooped—she disappeared! and the world from which she had for ever vanished, struck with her last looks, and the divine accents which resounded behind the veil that concealed her, asked itself, whether it was not heaven which she had just entered, and whether that eternity promised to her had not commenced already.

CONCLUSION.

A year elapsed, and during that period never had a murmur escaped the virgin's lips, nor risen in her heart. Prostrate before the shrine, she blessed the Lord that he had not allowed her destiny to conclude, as she had so long wished it. "Alas!" said she, "what would have been my fate, if, united to Malek Adhel, I had seen him led away by his brother, wavering in the faith; always struggling between a new religion and an old friendship; a bad Christian, or a bad brother—and unable to practise one virtue without sacrificing another! What temptations would have assailed us! By this time, perhaps the victims of sin, we should have been expiating, by eternal tears, the pleasures of a day, instead of reaping the everlasting rewards of our exertions. My husband at this instant enjoys ineffable delights under the sacred porches; he looks at me; he smiles—expects, and calls me. O Lord! we have but one thing to wish near thee!"

But that desire, which love had created, subsided with time, and the idea of Malek Adhel surrounded itself with so much religion and purity, that it soon was blended in her soul with that of God himself. Her husband's monument, which she visited every day, offered her only a subject of gratitude. She prayed, and wept no more; and acknowledged at last, that our sorrows, more than our joys, are the children of the Lord's mercy, since our joys bring us back to ourselves, but our sorrows to him.

One day, however, from one of the towers of the monastery, she descried on the vast sea a vessel sailing for Europe. She recognised the leopard of England, the arms of her country, and the royal pavilion with its long red flags. Richard, Berengere, all her relations and friends, were leaving her for ever! They sailed towards another hemisphere, and she alone remained in the East, without family or connections. At that thought, she looked at the ship again, the colours became dim, and the sails appeared only like a point in the horizon—soon it vanished! The virgin's heart was oppressed, and a sigh escaped her—but her eyes were raised to heaven—fell again on her husband's tomb—and that regret was the last!

THE END.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The Great Unknown.

As all men travel now-a-days, and take special care to acquaint the world that such is the fact, I see no "just cause or impediment" why I should not be as communicative as the rest of my traveled brethren, and gratify a discerning public with the particulars of a strange adventure that befel me many years since in a secluded Highland district. Before, however, I commence my narrative, it may be necessary for me to observe that I am, or rather was—for, I thank heaven, I am long since out of my indentures—an apprentice to a wealthy distiller in Tooley street; am of a romantic, enterprising turn of mind; devoted to elegant literature, for I take in the "Mirror," and am profound in the periodicals of the day; and am, moreover, endowed with that intuitive perception of character, and utter freedom from self-conceit or prejudice for which—I trust I may say it without flattery—we London citizens are and have ever been notorious. True, we are accused of looking down with contempt on all who have not had the good fortune to be born within the sound of Bow bells; but this is a pitiful calumny, at least as far as the Tooley street Debating Society, to which I have for some months past had the high honour to act as secretary, is concerned; for I can take it on my conscience to assert, that there is not one member of this celebrated club but agrees in opinion with me that genius is independent of locality, and needs not the certificate (to quote the poetic language of Alderman Thompson) of having been "born and cradled in a city ward," to enable it to pass current with a citizen. As for our quick insight into character, which has also been spitefully impugned, that is not a matter for us to boast of, nor do I urge it by way of vaunt, inasmuch as it is the necessary result of the peculiarities of our position; for who that, like myself, has been in the habit for years of daily serving scores of customers of all degrees, ages, tempers, and intellects, but must be well versed in the varieties of human character? Let others make the tour of Europe, by way of sharpening their perceptions of men and things, your

"Talking of description," said I, delighted to find myself compared to one of Shakspeare's characters, "you should hear the details my friend Simkins once gave the club of his having been caught in an equinoctial gale off Gravesend, just as the last rays of the setting sun were glimmering on the hoary battlements of Tilbury fort. He made you feel the horrors of the scene—the roaring of the wind which skinned all the umbrellas on shore—the raging of the waves, which dashed the wheels off three bathing machines—and the paralysed aspect of the crew, who forgot even their sea-sickness in their fright. Ah! that was indeed a description. But we cannot all be Simkinses. Should you ever come to London, sir, I shall be most happy to introduce you to this young man. You will find him uncommonly talented, but so shy! I have tried a hundred times to prevail on him to give his description to the world, but, with the modesty inseparable from true genius, he has always turned a deaf ear to my request. However, I am not without hopes of one day seeing it in the Monthly Magazine."

"A tempest off Gravesend," observed the stranger, with an emphasis suited to the occasion, "is undoubtedly a terrific thing; but I, sir, have been shipwrecked under the very nose of the North Pole, and hung out to dry on an iceberg, and this not four nights since; possibly to-morrow night I may be taking a trip to Utopia or El Dorado."

This last remark furnished me with the sole clue wanting to all my companion's previous discourse. I was now no longer at a loss to account for his strange adventures; his eccentric apology for spiders, and his bullet-proof Highlanders. It was evident he was mad—mad as a March hare! Yet when I took into consideration his talk on other matters, which was full of wordly sagacity, I confess I was sadly puzzled, and after turning the subject over in my mind, could come to no other conclusion than that he was one of those harmless, good-humoured characters called monomaniacs, who—as the Penny Medical Gazette eloquently observes—are sane on all points but one. While, therefore, I pitied the poor fellow's condition, I could not but chuckle at the idea of my own penetration; another person might have been in his company for years and not have detected his infirmity; but I had always great insight into character, as Simkins remarked, when I discovered the sterling genius that lay hid beneath his uncouth exterior.

By this time I began to be sensible of a certain obliquity of vision, arising no doubt from the stifling heat of the cottage; so, abruptly cutting short my meditations, I hurried to the window in order to get a mouthful of fresh air, but the rain beat in so heavily that I was compelled to close it in haste, lest I might catch cold by exposure, without my hat, to the night air.

"Sit down, man, sit down," exclaimed the Unknown, "and brew yourself some more toddy. I would join you, but I am a member of the Temperance Society, and never exceed my sixth potation. Don't mind me, therefore, but help yourself, and I will tell you some more of my adventures."

"No, no, my good sir," I rejoined, unconsciously tapping my forehead, and looking towards him with an expression of mixed kindness and commiseration, "no, no, not now, don't disquiet yourself, pray don't,"—a well-intentioned remonstrance which so tickled the stranger's fancy that he laughed with a continuous energy that at length infected me. Outrageous laughter is like the small-pox; when your next neighbour catches it, you are pretty sure to catch it also.

When the hurricane had spent its strength, the Unknown enquired whether I were not writing a journal, as he had heard me allude to the circumstance once or twice in the course of conversation.

"I am so," I replied; "and shall be grateful for any information you can give me touching the manners, customs, &c. of this benighted region. I cannot say that as yet I have met with any thing remarkable."

"Perhaps not, for our brownies and kelpies are not every-day goblins, like your Cock lane ghosts."

"What, is it true, then, that the Highlands are still infested with these beings? I have often read of such things, but I could never bring myself to believe in them, notwithstanding the authority of the great Johnson, whose faith in ghosts was undoubted."

"It is perfectly true; and more than this"—here my companion spoke in a whisper, while his countenance became clouded with apprehension—"this very cottage is occasionally haunted by a brownie!"

"You don't say so! It is getting late; I think I had better be returning."

"Not for the world, young man; consider your immortal soul."

"Exactly so, nevertheless——"

"Consider your friend Simkins."

"That's true, as you say, but still——"

"Consider business! What would become of your business, if you should happen to be waylaid by the sprite, and hurled headlong down a precipice?"

"Right—right—I had forgotten business; business must be minded; but seriously speaking now, do you really think there is any cause for——"

"Possibly not, if you remain here, and show no signs of fear."

"Fear!" said I, indignantly, "I never was so much at ease in my life; I could not be more so were I surrounded by a posse of policemen. I should just like to see one of your Highland goblins take liberty with one who has served his time, and is free of the city! Fear, indeed! *That* for the apparition!" and I snapped my fingers, and despatched my whiskey at a gulp, to show that I was not afraid.

The Unknown seemed horror-struck at my audacity, and after a brief, mysterious silence, during which he covered his face with both hands, while a half strangled convulsive chuckle—poor devil, how frightened he must have been!—escaped him, proceeded to edify me with a variety of other Highland legends, each rising in horror above its fellow, till, I will candidly acknowledge it, notwithstanding my recent declaration, I felt far from easy in my situation. My head, too, whirled round strangely, surrounding objects took odd shapes and dimensions; and when I directed my glance towards the stranger, whose manner was now as solemn as hitherto it had been familiar, methought there was a glare in his eye, and a singular expression playing about his uneasy lips, that reminded me again of the monomaniac!

Anxious, therefore, to emancipate myself from his presence, which—such is the curse of a vivid imagination!—now began to operate on me like a spell, I pleaded extreme fatigue, and dropping my eyelids, like a swindler at a conventicle, requested that he would be good enough to show me to my bed.

"Bed!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "why, my good sir, you must be dreaming that you are at your inn!"

"What, no bed—no clean sheets—no warming-pan! Oh, heavens, what a country!" and I absolutely sweated with vexation, while the Unknown, pointing to an inner compartment, or rather cupboard, the door of which was half open, directed my notice to a pile of fresh pulled heather.

"No, no," said I, "none of your heather beds for me; I have no notion of indulging in such unchristian usages," and my disappointment getting the better, for the moment, of my nervous sensibilities, I broke out into an impassioned tirade against the Highlands, the pungent sarcasm of which was by no means mitigated by the incessant promptings of my corns, and the thoughts of my having to sit up a whole night in an uncushioned chair.

"Well then," said my companion, "since you will not accept this primitive couch, I will." With which words he rose from his seat, and moving into the adjoining partition, he wished me good night, and closed the door after him.

When he was gone, I drew his chair towards me, put up my legs upon it, tied my handkerchief by way of night-cap round my head, and began to occupy myself with speculations as to who or what he could be. That his wits were something damaged on one point, was certain; but on all other topics he was quite as rational as myself, with an air of energy and decision besides, that, in spite of myself, extorted my respect. Then, as regards his language, I was quite surprised at times by its point and fluency; once or twice indeed he rose to positive eloquence, and expressed himself in a style that even Simkins might have envied. Who could he be? Neither his manners nor conversation afforded me the slightest clue to conjecture, for there was nothing professional nor peculiar about them; and I was compelled therefore—despite his homely attire—to set him down for a sporting gentleman who had probably received some slight concussion of the brain by a fall from his horse in hunting.

This point being settled, my thoughts, excited by the loneliness of my position, the strangeness of my adventure, the dismal howling of the wind without, and the solemn stillness that reigned within the cottage, began to take a new direction; and though far from superstitious—as what Londoner is, despite the received calumnies to the contrary!—yet I will not deny that the fearful legends I had heard imparted such a thrilling awe to my mind, as they rose one after the other to my recollection, that I became riveted to my chair, and afraid to look about me. By way of diverting these reflections into a more familiar channel, I began repeating the multiplication table; but just as I had got as far as "seven times eight is fifty-six," the cottage lights went out, and I was left in utter darkness. Imagine my sensations! Alone at midnight in a Highland wigwam, in the region of romance and barbarism, and never a policeman within five hundred miles of me! Oh, that I could have heard some sound or stir of life! Even a snore would have beeen a God-send.

In this blessed condition, with shaken nerves and a fevered brain, I dropped asleep. But how frightful were my dreams! That infernal mutton, not content with having nearly dislocated my jaws, plagued me also with nightmare in its most appalling form. Paunchy brownies danced and howled about me; a black dwarf sawed off both my legs—a damp kelpie squatted upon my chest—and right opposite me glared the monomaniac, his eyes emitting a phosphoric radiance, like those of Montoni in the Mysteries of Udolpho.

From this state of unmitigated horror I was roused by a piercing yell, resembling the shrill treble of a sow-gelder's horn, and starting up with a convulsive effort, so thoroughly obfuscated that I neither knew where I was, nor who I was, I beheld, at the half-opened lattice—how came it so?—at which daylight was just staggering in, a strange face leering at me with an expression hideous enough to have cowed the courage of a lord-mayor. Never—were I to live for centuries—shall I forget the horror of that moment! For one brief instant I stood as if bereft of reason, but the next, I shouted and screamed till the whole cottage rung again; whereupon the old man and his son came rushing in half-naked to my assistance, and were followed almost immediately afterwards by the Unknown, who had evidently, poor fellow, been frightened by the same apparition, for his manner bore every indication of excitement, and he laughed with a frantic vehemence that made me absolutely tremble for his senses. We must have formed a striking *tablean vivant* at this moment. Here stood the stranger holding both his sides, and firing off a voltaic battery of hah! hahs! there, the old man shivering in his shirt, open-mouthed like a dead oyster, and turning first to one, and then to another of the party, as if he suspected we were all mad together; next to him was his son, rubbing his drowsy eyes, and standing on one leg like a stork, for he had got only one shoe on; and close to the window was myself, quivering with all the sensitiveness of a skinned cat, and pouring forth such hurried explanations as the disquietude of the moment permitted me to offer.

The Unknown, however, was by far the most excited of the group, and accordingly, when I had myself regained composure, I directed my whole attention to him, with the considerate view of restoring him also to tranquillity; but, strange to tell, the more I exerted myself to reassure him—even though I went so far as to express my conviction that the brownie we had both seen was the mere offspring of our heated fancy, in which the old man agreed with me, though I shall always entertain doubts on the subject—the more hysterical his laughter became. Singular, what a close resemblance excessive fear bears to excessive mirth!

In due time, the violence of this paroxysm being with difficulty got under, the Unknown, together with the cottagers, returned to their respective dormitories, and I, resuming my seat, fell into a refreshing dreamless slumber, from which I did not wake till the sun was high in heaven, and the breakfast apparatus on the table. Of course, not seeing the stranger, my first enquiries were after him. He was gone, the old man knew not whither, and to all my subsequent interrogatories—and frequent and searching they were—not a reply could I get, but that he was a gentleman who was very fond of sporting, angling especially, and that this amusement frequently brought him into the neighbourhood. On my return

after breakfast, to my inn, I thought I saw him gazing, from the summit of a rock which I should have supposed no human foot could have scaled, on the vast prospect that lay stretched out below him; but, even if it were he, I had no means of reaching him, and thus, in spite of all my efforts to unravel it, his name and profession remained as great a mystery as ever. He came like a phantom, and he vanished like a phantom.

Within a week from the date of this strange adventure, I bade adieu to the Highlands—having had quite enough of romance to last me my lifetime—and embarked on board a steamer bound for London. A proud and a happy man was I when I again got sight of St. Paul's, and found myself hurrying in a cab towards Tooley street. How Simkins will stare, thought I, to find me returned in such unquestionable safety; and my desire to astonish him by a recital of my adventures being irresistible, I just waited to despatch a hasty dinner, and then posted off to the club. That enlightened fraternity received me with open arms; the president, in particular, was quite enthusiastic in his greetings, as men of lively fancy are apt to be; but when, at his request, I entered upon the history of my travels, dwelling with special emphasis on my encounter with the Unknown, and the mysterious apparition which had so terrified us both in the Highland cottage, Simkins's whole manner changed, and instead of sharing in my sensibilities, he burst out laughing in my face.

"Apparition, indeed!" said he, with a sneer evidently prompted by his jealousy; "why, can't you see that the stranger, whoever he was, was quizzing you, and that he was himself the ghost?"

"Quizzing me!" I replied with asperity, for I was no less hurt than astonished by his manner; "a likely story indeed! What, quiz the secretary to the Tooley street Debating Society! Quiz the man whose conversation reminded him of one of Shakspeare's characters! No, no, Mr. Simkins," I added, casting a glance first at the elaborate patch on his elbows, and then at my own gold seals, "the stranger might have quizzed *you*; but I am convinced he would never have taken such a liberty with *me*."

The president's reply was couched in the most acrimonious terms—so much so, indeed, that we had a desperate quarrel on the spot, and (though I shall always speak favourably of his uncommon powers of mind) have never been on speaking terms since. But this is scarcely to be wondered at; for, with all their excellences, men of genius are the most difficult subjects in the world to deal with. There is a young city poet of my acquaintance who has owed me fifteen shillings for upwards of ten months, and though he has a thousand times taken his solemn oath that he will pay me, I suspect I shall never get back one farthing. But I am growing pathetic—so, to resume.

It was about a year after my encounter with the mysterious Unknown, that business connected with the distillery brought me unexpectedly once again to Leith. I had by this time nearly forgotten the circumstances of that romantic meeting; but fate appeared to have determined that they should be revived in all their freshness, as the following incident, equally remarkable in its way, will testify. I was sauntering, on the evening before my departure, along the High street, Edinburgh, anticipating with a shudder the morrow's sickness, when happening to cast my eyes on the opposite side of the way, I beheld a gentleman whose gait and figure reminded me of my old Highland acquaintance. Wonderful illustration of the force of circumstance! However, I was too much agitated to philosophise; was it he, or was it not? this was my only speculation; and resolved at all hazards to solve it, I hurried across the road, then turning back, met him face to face, and saw at a glance—though in the dusk of the evening he did not recognise me—that it was indeed the Unknown. How my heart beat at the sight! A flood of recollections came rushing across my mind; I was again in the Highland cottage, devouring impracticable mutton, and getting undesired glimpses of a brownie. The stranger meanwhile continued his course, while I followed close at his heels; and saw by the reverential obeisances made him by the different passers by, that he was a man of first-rate consequence—perhaps a lord—perhaps a mighty merchant worth a hundred thousand pounds in the three per cents! This inflamed my curiosity to such a degree that there was no bearing it; and despairing of gratifying it by any other means, I rushed up to a respectable tradesman, who was standing at his shop door, and pointing to the stranger who had just passed, asked him if he would be kind enough to tell me his name, for it was evident he was well known in Edinburgh. And what was the answer I received? Who was this great Unknown? Who was he whose manners and conversation had so pleased and perplexed me in the Highland cottage? Astonished reader, it was—CHRISTOPHER NORTH—CHRISTOPHER in his SPORTING JACKET!! And I had actually mistaken him for a monomaniac, and, worse than that, offered him a shilling and a pot of beer! I thought I should have swooned!

TIMS THE YOUNGER.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

APOLLO AND THE SUNBEAMS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

How sharp those beams are in the tree!—how fresh,
And how unblunted! as when first they sang
Through sable air, and into orbed gold
Struck the new planets. None of the rust of time
Is there; nor of the mists of all the wets
Of air and ocean; but how straight they come!
What arrows of thin diamond, needle sharp!
What visible immortality, warm from heaven,
Untired through space, new-born throughout all time,
And though as fierce as will, as soft as love!
How can they come so far, and come so strong,
And yet alight with such a loving ease?
Manifest love are they, and early at work,
Unscornful, universal, beautiful;
And now, this moment, while I write, are flooding
The ocean floods with light, in which the whales
Lift warm their island backs, and cherishing
My buds here in the window, soft as thought.

Not with so little wisdom as some think,
Nor with religion so unworthy a better,
Did old imagination, in these beams
Of heaven, shape forth a god, lustrous in groves,
Who to his golden-corded lute attuned
All graceful aspiration, and had shafts
Of fiercer light, by which corruption died;—
Beauteous Apollo! Fair as his own fanes
In forests dark, the deathless elegance.

Yes, still there is Apollo. Still he haunts
The groves that have survived his other groves,
In poets' books, and painting lost him not;
How could it? Being of colour and the sun,
Visible poetry; and he has shrines
And marble incarnations in hushed rooms,
Where, as he stands, he seems as though he need
Never move more, reposing on his truth,
And the air loves him. Poets never dreamt
That he was dead, though in the common creed
Not seen. Lo! Dante, at heaven's very door
Invokes the pagan angel; Spenser, naming him,
Is grave as Homer was; and Milton's self,
Stern from the Sinai thunders, and disposed
To think him evil, could not, but rebuked,
Only to let him hear his tones of love,
And find, for him and his, strange corners sweet
Of flowery blame against a kindlier creed,
(Dear Christianity! Most Christian creed!)
When all that has been, shall be found of piece
With all that is, and beauty and kindness one.

THE BLUE STOCKING.

Cœlia publishes with Murray;
Cupid's ministry is o'er;
Lovers vanish in a hurry—
"She writes, she writes, boys;
Ward off shore!"

Martial in London.

Libertino Genuchi.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

Venice, "the City of the Bridges," and also Naples (by nature the most favoured portion of fair Italy), have been so celebrated by the effusions of the poet, the novelist, and the historian, that they now vie in interest and attraction with imperial Rome herself. Indeed, every town, every lake—every mountain—every relique of ancient splendour, and object of modern curiosity, from Milan to Naples, are as familiar to the travellers of other nations as their own. It is a beaten tract, and has been explored minutely and successfully. But there is another city to vie with them in splendour—less known—less frequented—but affording as fertile a theme for poetry—as rich—as wild—as original a field for romance. Why has the triple-walled Genoa—forming with her palaces and their porticos and peristyles of rare and [illegible] marbles, the finest amphitheatre art ever [illegible]—why has she remained so long in historic obscurity, dipping unnoticed her noble front into the azure bosom of the Mediterranean, and backed by her richly-wooded hills? The "Strada Nova" of that ancient republic defies *the world* in competition. Built originally by slaves, and with her wealth and power consisting but in commerce, yet is she worthy the reception of the first court in Europe. To immortalise Venice, the romantic incidents of all Italy herself have been concentrated, and put in requisition—Genoa is known but by the chart and gazetteer, save to the comparatively few whose taste has led them to explore her beauties.

Speaking, perhaps, the vilest dialect of the Italian language, yet there is something bold and interesting in the *patois* of the Genoese. Their habits and manners, although in the outlines the same as those of other Italian states, are tinctured with the characteristics of the French; and there exists among them a *gaîté de cœur* not to be found in Southern Italy. Their amusements also, like their government and laws, assimilate to those of the only conquerors their gates were opened to, and that not from the victory of open warfare, but from treachery and famine. (We speak but of the period previous to the re-establishment of the Piedmontese authorities, when Genoa was under the easy yoke of France). It is our intention to make this unrivaled city the scene of many a story, the groundworks for which are to be found in its own archives; but, on the present occasion, we shall move onwards by the border of the sea, until we branch off to *Chiaveri*, twenty-four miles distant from Genoa, where were enacted the interesting but appalling scenes which, on the authority of living witnesses, we now portray, if not with a florid, at least with a faithful pencil.

Chiaveri, like Genoa, is situated on the declivity of a mountain. It is a provincial town of some importance, and has an executive government of its own. The chief inhabitants are, for the most part, owners and occupiers of the lands, mountains, and productive forests in the immediate district; and they live contentedly on the annual proceeds of their vines, olives, chestnuts, figs, pears, and Indian corn, and of the various other produce of that rich and fertile soil—laying by, with a prudent foresight, a part of each year's profits as a patrimony for their children.

At the period of which we speak, no two families were held in higher estimation than those of Mazza and Genuchi. Thirty years only have gone their course, and, with one solitary miserable exception, they are swept from the face of the earth; such are the effects of Italian jealousy and revenge!

As we are unwilling that the thread of our narrative should be broken when once we have begun to spin it out, we will give a brief sketch of the *dramatis personæ* who took a part in it.

Pietro Genuchi, who was a widower, had two sons, Joanni and Libertino. Andrea Mazza, three sons, and a daughter, then in her fourteenth year.

The characters of the sons of Genuchi formed a singular contrast. Joanni was an Italian Orson, rough both in exterior and manners. He gained a considerable influence and power over all around him, more particularly over his brother, but it was a superiority forced rather than granted willingly: he sought for occupation in the hardier pursuits of man. If any injury was inflicted upon any of his townsmen, he was the ready redresser; nor

did he cease his efforts, even to the risking his life, until he had procured ample satisfaction. If a wolf appeared in the neighbourhood (not unfrequently the case), destroying the flocks and herds without, or entering the town and making havoc upon the lives of its inhabitants within, Joanni singly would seek the ruthless devastator, while others dared not its destruction even in a body; and not unusually did he return, after nights and days passed amongst the mountains, with the bleeding trunk of the lifeless beast—a trophy of his success and valour. Yet, although his courage was so undoubted, and he had never once been known to espouse an unjust cause, Joanni was an object of fear, rather than of admiration. Not so his brother Libertino; he was beloved by every one that knew him; he was mild, placid, and amiable, yet manly, and excelling in every manly exercise, the chief dancer at the village fetes, and the best songster in Chiaveri. No wonder, then, he obtained the admiration of the women, or that he had possessed himself of the early affections of Catarina Mazza.

The brothers of Catarina were his constant companions—the friends of his youth, and of his ripening maturity; Catarina, the beloved of his heart—his early, first, and only love. Catarina was the belle of Chiaveri, and, although many envied, none disputed Libertino's claim to her affections. It has already been stated that she was but fourteen; but, in the precocity of an Italian climate, a girl of that age is considered *marriageable;* at thirty, woman bears there the stamp and marks of infirmity. The effeminate life of Libertino (as his brother styled it) gave Joanni the greatest cause to regret, and it was frequently a subject for his animadversion and remark.

"Why," would he often say, "will you not follow me? I live a life of ever-varying amusement and profit. While I range the mountains, and inure myself to hardship, which, in these perilous times, no one can say how soon I may put to the test, you spend your hours idly, at the wine-press, or by a girl's elbow. Libertino, I can make nothing of you; you will be a drone—a spiritless, senseless drone—for the rest of your existence."

Libertino would listen with the deference of a younger brother, whose heart confessed the superiority of him who lectured him; but the domestic quiet of his home, the cheerful fireside of Andrea Mazza, and the affectionate welcome of his daughter Catarina, were enjoyments he could not relinquish or abandon willingly even for a day.

Great events seldom seem to preponderate in the destiny of man, but the small, and apparently insignificant accidents and occurrences of the day are often, in their result, pregnant with the greatest consequences. Libertino's character had taken its tone from the even tenor of his life. There were but few points on which it was pregnable, and on one of them it was destined that he should be assailed to his destruction.

Amidst the influx of foreigners who resorted to Genoa, after its possession by the French, there were many who appeared there for the purpose of purchasing the commodities of its trade, the leading articles of which are gold and silver tissue, damasks, and velvet; and a house of the first consideration in Paris had sent an agent there in the person of François Mallet, a young and accomplished Frenchman, who made friends wherever he went by his liveliness, talent, and good humour. He had for some time remained among the Genoese, procuring the most choice of their merchandise, and gaining the hearts of their daughters. On a casual visit to Siestri di Cevanto, François for the first time caught sight of the lovely and expressive features of Catarina Mazza, who, with Libertino, had gone from Chiaveri, a distance of four miles, either to join the holy procession of the Fête de Dieu, or more probably to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* morning with her beloved. François was a true Frenchman; he was gallant and persevering. Like Cæsar, "veni, vidi, vici," had hitherto been his fortune; and he had no sooner seen Catarina than he resolved on making her acquaintance, and if possible, on discovering her place of residence. To effect this, he foresaw he must introduce himself to her companion, although something whispered to him that the couple were betrothed. There is seldom a possibility of mistaking that point. Love assumes a thousand disguises, but he is a bad masquerader; he betrays himself to every looker-on. François neared the objects of his pursuit in the crowd, and, under the plea of being a stranger—not to the language, but to the customs of the country—he soon entered into familiar conversation with the unsuspecting Libertino.

Few there are who can repel the advances, or withstand the captivating manners of an accomplished young Frenchman. Many a *John Bull*, filled with ancient and patriotic prejudices, attends unwillingly his curious wife and roving-loving daughters to the Continent, determining to detest every native—simply and abstractedly because he is a *Frenchman*—whose asperities *wear* off, and whose prejudices are *cast* off, long ere he again revisits his native shore. An Italian, both in manners and ideas, harmonises more nearly with a Frenchman, and has less of previous distaste to overcome. François made himself most agreeable—his remarks on the scene before them abounded with wit, and excited laughter—Catarina was pleased with him, Libertino declared him a *good* fellow, and he received and accepted willingly an invitation to return with them to Chiaveri. François now became the shadow of Libertino, and soon the repository of his inmost thoughts—in personal appearance he was far below his Italian friend—in acquirement and general knowledge by far his superior. From week to week his return to Genoa was delayed, much to the delight of those who felt enjoyment in his society—a dull evening was now unknown—round the supper table, laden with dried peaches, figs, pears, and Italian cheese, with the *vin du pays*, and the sweeter muscatelle, the lively charade passed with redoubled vigour. The perregordino and the more exclusive lucendrina—these, and many others of the Italian dances, were replaced by the light quadrille, but Catarina still remained the constant partner of Libertino.

Joanni Genuchi was sometimes a spectator of the scene; he, however, evinced no interest in it, and betrayed a decided dislike to the lively Frenchman. His brother endeavoured to reason him out of the prejudice, but he only rendered him impatient, and yet more inveterate against François Mallet.

"What see you in him, Libertino, that you have thus taken him to your bosom? as a Frenchman, he is the enemy of your country, dangerous in every way, and to every one, but more particularly to yourself—mark you not, with what an insolent stare he fixes his eyes on her you profess to love, and whom you intend to make your wife? Have you no eyes—no heart—no feeling? but go—take your course, feed his vanity by your approbation, continue to him the protection of our roof, and a free ingress into Mazza's dwelling, and, *as I am your brother*, I swear he will play the wolf with your fondling lamb—deprive you of her, and laugh at your credulity. *Corpo di Bacco?* that ever I had a brother so blind, so infatuated as thou art!"

The words of Joanni were not spent in vain—Libertino became more observant of the Frenchman and his betrothed, and, once alive to suspicion, accident gave him a thousand trifles to pervert into alarming facts.

"My brother has not spoken without reason," said he to himself, one evening, in returning home after witnessing with a jealous eye the affectionate farewell bestowed by Catarina upon his companion; "I will no longer press his stay."

By this time, however, François had obtained too firm a footing in the house to be easily displaced without a breach of common hospitality; and Libertino, whose nature it was to avoid, as far as possible, the asperities of life, suffered day after day to pass over his head without resolving on any plan by which, without an open rupture, he could explain to his companion that he had already outstayed his welcome.

Jealousy and doubt, in the mean time, like noxious weeds, obtained a rapid growth within his breast, and stifled the nobler feelings that had hitherto held it in possession.

François was not long in perceiving that a change had taken place by no means favourable to himself in the mind of Libertino—he made his arrangements accordingly, and, when he announced them, they were wormwood to the unhappy Italian, who wished, yet dared not as yet, express his thoughts.

"I have trespassed long upon your father's hospitality, Libertino," he observed, "and had intended to have taken my leave on my return to Genoa; but, as my employers will not require my services for another month, I have this evening accepted the invitation of Andrea Mazza, and, for a time, shall remain an inmate in his house; but we shall see as much of each other, my friend, as ever, since Mazza's doors are as open to you as your own."

This was too much for Libertino, and with difficulty did he suppress his feelings: had he spoken, the effect would have been as an *avalanche*, and he would have hastened a crisis that he feared to be inevitable; for the time he restrained himself, and received the intimation in silence. For the first week of François 'change of residence, Libertino scarcely once lost sight of him; *he* also became a constant guest (although not an inmate) of Mazza's cottage; but he felt the course he was pursuing to be unworthy him—he was enacting the spy, and his yet unstifled generosity of feeling rendered the task repugnant. He went into the opposite extreme—seldom visited the cottage by day, and was often missing from his accustomed corner at the evening fireside. Catarina remonstrated, but he evaded her enquiries, and was deaf to expostulation.

The terrific fury of a thunder-storm in Italy can scarcely be imagined by those who have not witnessed its effects. The awful swelling of the thunder—the vivid rapidity of the lightning, carrying destruction in each flash—the ponderous mass of hailstones, that lays prostrate the beasts of the field, and splits asunder the massive trunks of the deeply-rooted trees—the accompanying awful *tremblemens* (which we designate as earthquakes)—oh, it is a fearful sight, and conveys an oppressive and most painful feeling to those who meet its terrors for the first time. Libertino, on returning from the cottage one evening, was exposed to such a storm, and, entering his home, perceived Joanni sitting gloomily before the dying embers of the fire—his head resting on the palm of his hand, his fingers entangled in the matted jetty locks that covered it.

"An awful night, my brother!"

"Yes," replied Joanni, "to fools and maidens. I like the storm, and am now off to the mountains; go you to bed, my gentle brother, and dream of love and petticoats;" he said it with a scornful laugh.

"You do me wrong, Joanni; I am neither weak nor a fool."

"Where is your popinjay, the Frenchman?"

"At Mazza's——"

"And you no fool! Oh, Libertino, have you not sense to feel, nor arm to redress your wrongs—have I endeavoured but in *vain* to open your eyes? Did he not remain here professedly out of friendship to yourself! *Why, then, is he at Mazza's?* Are you not engaged to Mazza's only daughter? *Why, then, is he her father's inmate?* Awake from this lethargy—feel and act like a man; he is undermining your peace, and will ruin that of Catarina. I know—I have seen more than you imagine—to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Once again, I say, beware of François Mallet!"

Libertino buried his face within his hands. He drank in with too willing an ear the insidious counsel of his brother. After a pause, he remarked—

"Joanni, I am at last convinced of my error; be you my guide and counsellor; I will act as you direct me."

"Spoken like a man," exclaimed his brother, with energy, rising and seizing warmly his hand; "but you are cold," said he, "and ill. To-morrow you are for Genoa with the olives, I also shall be at the market, and we will speak further on the subject! *To bed, my brother!*" He seized his gun, and followed by his dogs, left the house, and, in defiance of the pitiless raging storm, bent his way to the mountains.

Libertino hastened to bed, but sleep was a stranger to his eyelids. He almost repented of having listened to his brother, yet more that he had promised to abide his counsel; he had, however, gone too far to retract, and awaited with impatience the communication of the ensuing day.

On rising, Libertino remembered that it was the morning of a fête, and to leave Catarina to the enjoyment of the evening dance without his protection, added to the bitterness of his feelings.

Before he set out on his journey, he made his way to Mazza's dwelling, and called his daughter to the door.

"Catarina, it is the fête of St. ——."

"Yes! dear Libertino, and we shall have the dance earlier than usual; remember, we are to try François's new quadrilles."

"Curse François," exclaimed he, impetuously. Catarina looked alarmed—he soothed her by the softest endearments.

"I am not well, Catarina—I know not what I say—I am obliged to be at Genoa to receive payment for our olives—it annoys me, for I may not be able to return this night."

Catarina expressed her regret in the most lively manner; he kissed her affectionately, and, after a pause, continued—

"Catarina, I think you loved me *once*."

"Think I loved you! Oh, Libertino, what have I done! I do love you fondly and devotedly. I would die to make you happy."

"Have a care, my love, or I may put your affections to the test."

"Name it," she replied, "and judge me by it, if you will."

"Catarina, I have had a dream—a foolish, but a painful dream—I thought I held you in my arms, close to my heart, and a wolf came and tore you from me. It was at a dance, love. I am almost ashamed of my weakness and my request, but——do not dance to-night."

"If that be all that is necessary to give you comfort," replied the smiling girl, "I will grant your request most willingly; I will not dance this night, or any other when you would that I should refrain from doing so. Ah! there is your sweet smile again. Heaven bless you, Libertino! you had almost drawn my tears; but that smile has more than repaid me the sacrifice, if it be one, that you require."

Libertino went on his road with a lightened heart; his approaching interview with his brother was his sole remaining cause of vexation. "I will no longer dally with that sweet girl's feelings," thought he, "this day will I purchase our wedding ring, and next week shall see us married Then—at my own home—at least, she will be safe from the insidious wiles of that crafty Frenchman."

After executing the business which had taken him to Genoa, Libertino made purchase of the wedding-ring; but fearing, from its size, that it would ill suit the taper finger of his beloved, he purchased another as a guard, in which a single brilliant was fixed. His brother he found awaiting him at the Piazza del Aqua Verde.

"You are punctual, Libertino; but I shall not long detain you. Do you stay here the night?"

"I do."

"'Tis well, poor boy; then Catarina is no longer yours. Hear me," he exclaimed—seeing that Libertino was about to interrupt him—"I had intended to have opened to you a long train of suspicions that have entered my mind; I will now merely state one single damning fact,—*Did not Catarina promise you she would not dance this night?*"

"She did; but how came you——"

"To ascertain it, you would say. On seeking my horse this morning I found him lame; I went to Mazza's to borrow one; the door was ajar. I heard Catarina decline the dance; but also heard the wily spells of the Frenchman, and his insidious persuasions; nor did I leave the spot until she had consented to forswear herself. François Mallet will this evening triumph over you, and in defiance of the hold you vainly imagined yourself to possess over a woman's heart and a woman's will——"

Libertino staggered against a pillar, scarcely able to support himself.

"Can it be possible?" he exclaimed.

"Judge for yourself. Return instantly; I will accompany you. Witness the dance from without—yourself unseen—then judge the truth of my assertion, and revenge yourself as a man."

The ride homewards was accomplished with speed, and in silence; scarcely a word was exchanged between the brothers. Joanni had effected his purpose—he had aroused the dormant energies of his brother for purposes which will be explained hereafter. Libertino had given entrance to the direst passions of the human heart; and, like the nursling pelican, they fed upon the heart's blood of their cherisher. The neighbouring villagers had all crowded to the dance; the townspeople had also assembled there in throngs. The brothers, after having changed their attire, entered the extreme end of the building appropriated for that purpose; but remained in another room, where the elder part of the community were enjoying themselves with their various games of cards.

"Will you take a hand at *trecetti?*" said one to Joanni—he declined; "or you, Libertino, at *biscambigia?*"

"No," said Joanni, "he purposes trying a hand at *marriagio*, if he play at all."

It was said pointedly, and the equivoque was not lost upon his brother.

"This scene pleases me not," said Joanni, "I shall return home; you will find me there, should you require my services."

With his brother departed Libertino's firmness. He longed, yet dreaded to ascertain the truth; for he had sworn within himself a revenge so deep, so fearful, were he *but* betrayed, that the very thought was less bearable than the execution.

After a time, he summoned resolution to ascertain his fate. He went without the house, and approached cautiously the window; by the glaring of the lights too soon did he perceive that he was undone—Catarina was in the act of dancing, and the lively Frenchman was her partner. Then was the die cast; and from that moment Libertino seemed to lose his former self, and to be swayed yet more strongly than his brother by the scorching passions of the soul. H rushed homewards; his brother was already there, and asked him the result of his investigation, but no answer was returned—a livid paleness overspread Libertino's face. His lips were parched—his brows were so contracted that they met together. At last, in a deep and solemn tone he exclaimed—

"I *am* the lost unhappy wretch you painted me. Brother! your counsel."

"Go to my room, you will find abler counsellors and assistants than myself behind the door."

Libertino mounted the stairs—he reached the chamber—he found his brother's belt appended there. A stiletto, or rather cobbellata, together with a brace of double-barreled pistols, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, were placed in it; and a double-barreled gun, already loaded, rested in the corner. He took them all—affixed the belt to his waist, and slung the gun over his shoulder. He spoke not a word as he passed his brother; but hastening to the festival, he approached the window, and with the diamond of the ring he had purchased that day in Genoa, described two circles in one of the panes, rather larger than the muzzles of his pistols.

For a moment he hesitated—Catarina was smiling, and looked more lovely than he had ever seen her. His own love-knot was at her breast; but she smiled again and again, and that at François. The demon of vengeance triumphed—his pistols were raised, and with a barrel of each, he laid the lovely girl and her thoughtless companion breathless on the ground. Screams rent the air—all was in confusion. Libertino stopped for one moment to gain a last, last look at the still placid features of her he had destroyed; and then, like the fell demon who left his first estate and glorious paradise, he fled—but he was abashed, heart-struck, almost annihilated—although revenged!

There is nothing more destructive of right government in Italy [illegible] the sanctuary which her churches afford to the most atrocious of criminals—once within her pale, and they are safe. It engenders crime, since it affords the murderer a hope of escaping; and it diminishes the idea of the atrocity of the crime, to see the most hardened of wretches fed by the priest's hands, whilst many a starving man amongst the lazzaroni without is pining for the want of bread.

Libertino fled to the portal of the church of la Vergine Maria del Norto, and for three days and nights did he remain there, braving the sullen menaces of the brothers of her he had destroyed; for he knew that he was secure from danger. To attempt to paint the workings of his breast would be in vain; he had the triumph of revenge, but he had also its reward! His nerves were palsied. The eye of fancy conjured up each hour some dire image of terror to his distempered imagination. Conscience, like a scorpion, clung upon his crime; and reflection, like a slow, still stream of molten lead, kept dropping on his heart, to scald and weigh it down! Inactivity to him became insupportable—he determined on braving the fiercest danger rather than endure the agony he felt; and on the fourth night fled from his sanctuary, escaped the vigilance of those who watched for him, and endeavoured, on the mountain of Rapallo, to seek for the solace and society of his brother.

But Joanni was not there. He was too shrewd and calculating to endanger his brother's safety by joining him, since he might be watched, and a clue thus be given to the authorities, who were on the alert to capture the murderer, and deliver him into the hands of justice. The excitation throughout the town was unprecedented. The family of Mazza were generally beloved, and many of the former admirers of the beauties of the hapless Catarina bound themselves, by a general and solemn compact, to avenge her death.

Libertino wandered through the day, the most wretched of human beings The craving of nature he could satisfy with the chestnuts lying under the trees, and he could allay his parching thirst at the mountain stream; but what could cool the burning fever of his heart—his brain! He dreaded, yet almost longed, for the sight of his brother. He began to fancy that he, too, had deserted him, after winding up his spirit to decide on and execute the hellish deed which had plunged him beyond the pale or hope of pardon.

As the sun descended, and night threw her shadowy mantle over the earth, he betook himself to one of the huts (of which there are many in the forest) where the chestnuts are housed, previous to their importation into the town, for the purpose of being converted into flour, or for foreign consumption.

With a collection of leaves, and some straw he found about the buildings, he formed a bed, on which he threw his fevered limbs; and, being exhausted from mental rather than bodily exertion, at last he slept. A gentle rustling from without aroused him about midnight. His guilty conscience, in every breeze and leaf, fully depicted an avenging enemy; and he started from the spot where he had lain himself, and placed his finger on the trigger of a pistol—"Be it man or beast," he exclaimed aloud, "beware!" A gentle whine, or rather *bark* of recognition, caused him to withdraw his hand, and Carlo, a fine St. Bernard dog, the faithful follower and messenger of his brother, leaped upon him with every mark of recognition and pleasure. He perceived a wallet tied round the body of the dog: he displaced, and opened it. The contents were meat, wine, and (what he valued more) a letter from his brother. With his flint and steel he struck a light, and set fire to a heap of dried leaves, by which he was enabled to decipher its contents.

"Be on your guard—remain as much as possible in concealment. My coming to you would only discover your retreat. Carlo, each night, shall be my messenger. The whole town is on the alert. Your just revenge they designate a murder. To-morrow a large body will commence a search for you; if you are in the Rapallo forest, you can elude their search; or, by a running fight, make them pay dearly for their temerity. The Mazzas, your former friends, are now your sworn and most inveterate enemies. The French authorities are over here from Genoa, and several gens-d'armes have already arrived. *In the hour of need I will not fail you.*

JOANNI.'

Libertino had no implements for writing; he enclosed, however, a small portion of powder and a bullet, to signify that he might require ammunition, and sent the faithful dog, by a signal, homeward.

He again resigned himself to sleep, but dreams of the most fearful import harassed him throughout the night; and with the sun he arose, and endeavoured, by exercise, to shake off the sad impression they had left on his distempered mind.

He took his station on a point that commanded the outlet from the town, and where he was effectually concealed by a projecting fragment of the rock. About nine o'clock, he perceived that a considerable body were winding their way up the narrow track which led to the mountain. In flight, Libertino had little hope for safety. He must repel force by force; and how to overcome the inequality of numbers by the strength of a single arm, was a matter of doubt, and, for the moment, of dismay; at first he almost resolved to oppose their first entrance into the forest, which they could only effect in single file, but he saw that he must then eventually be overpowered. He therefore determined on concealing himself among the trees, and, by hovering within gun-shot of the party, and occasionally knocking off its leaders, to endeavour to strike such dismay into them as would induce them to relinquish their pursuit. By the first discharge he brought down the two leaders of the party: he knew it not, but they were the two elder brothers of her he had already sent to her last home! Imagining

that the shots were from a pistol—that their enemy must be near—the whole body broke with fury into the woods. For three hours did Libertino keep up a *running fight*, according to the direction of his brother; nor did the infuriated townsmen relinquish their pursuit, until twenty-seven of their number had fallen victims to Libertino's unerring aim. That this sad havoc had been effected by a single arm they could not imagine; and under a belief that the murderer must be backed by others as desperate as himself, they retreated into the town to procure further aid, and recount the disastrous result of their expedition.

Libertino felt no additional remorse in having spilt so much blood during the day. It was, he argued with himself, self-preservation, and, as such, excusable.

"Oh! how will sin
Engender sin. Throw guilt upon the soul,
And, like a rock dash'd on the troubled lake,
'Twill form its circles—round succeeding round—
Each wider."

But a few days, or rather a few hours, had passed, since Libertino had had a heart overflowing with good thoughts towards all mankind. One fatal turn had poisoned all. Fate, like a mildew, had ruined the virtuous harvest, and the crop was—*weeds!*

At night, through the faithful Carlo, Libertino received another letter from his brother, and an ample supply of ammunition. But a comparatively trifling number of his fellow-townsmen accompanied the last remaining son of Andrea Mazza, the following day, who set out previous to the forming of the body of gens-d'armes who were to assist in the pursuit, that he might with his own arm avenge the sad mortality Libertino had caused in his once happy and united family. Libertino recognised him in the wood; but he, of all others, had formerly been most dear to him, and he could not in his heart add him to the number of the victims: nine more of whom, however, he laid low.

The gens-d'armes by this time had approached, and had taken up their position in a masterly style, and had so cautiously and judiciously made their advance in an extended line, aided by several bloodhounds who beat the thicket, that, in despite of all his efforts, Libertino found that, in a few moments, he would be driven from the shelter of the wood. By his gun he shot four of the mounted soldiers; and then, every other hope failing, he resolved on seeking safety in flight. He burst from the wood, and, at his utmost speed, endeavoured to gain the side of the mountain. Adolpho Mazza caught sight of him, and, eagle-like, endeavoured to dart on his prey. "Dastard! murderer! turn and face me like a man!" he exclaimed, with fury.

Libertino, for a moment, stopped—Adolpho endeavoured to discharge a pistol at his breast—it flashed in the pan.

"Follow me not, Adolpho? *You* I would not hurt. Next to her, who has driven me to this wretchedness, I loved you best and dearest. Rush not thus headlong to your destruction!"

"Fiend! murderer! hypocrite! be this your answer." And again he ineffectually endeavoured to discharge his pistol. The gens-d'armes were now issuing at full gallop from the wood, following the dogs, who were at full cry. Libertino turned and fled, bewildered. He knew not the direction he had taken until he came to a yawning precipice, formed by the two mountains of Rapallo and De Rhua, the very sight of which would be sufficient to appal the stoutest nerve. But death was now in front and in his rear—to deliver himself up to his enemies was more bitter to him than death itself; and with a spring, to which despair alone could have given a sufficient impetus, Libertino cleared the yawning abyss, and fell almost breathless on the edge of the adjoining mountain. Adolpho Mazza recklessly endeavoured to follow him: he failed, and his body fell from projecting rock to rock, until it reached the valley below, so distorted a mass of inanimate flesh, that it was impossible for his nearest friend to recognise it. The bloodhounds and the horses of the gens-d'armes alike refused the leap. It never was before, nor has it since been, accomplished by man or beast. The yawning gulf has received the appellation of *Il Salto dell' Uomo*, and a stone is erected to portray to travellers and posterity the astonishing fact.

Part of the mountain of De Rhua is sacred ground, belonging to the church; and there, for some days, Libertino remained in safety; but his brother's dog came not. There were no chestnut trees to afford him sustenance, and he was constrained to feed on the wild berries he found around him, which were ill qualified to support his existence.

It was on a dark and a stormy night he left this miserable mountain. Wrapping his cloak about him, and concealing, as much as possible, his arms, he ventured to enter into the town, and, at midnight, present himself at his father's door. It was opened by Joanni.

"Heavens! Libertino—is it possible that you are yet alive? I had mourned you as one dead, and followed to the grave a body taken up at the foot of the Prati du Rhua, which was believed generally to have been yourself."

Libertino explained to him that it was that of the ill-fated Adolpho Mazza.

"The mistake is most fortunate. Their pursuit will be, probably, relinquished. Let them live on in their error. But, my brave boy, you must again to the mountains—this is no place for you. I fear the very walls. Away—until I can arrange a plan for removing you to another country. Joanni *will never fail you now*, my more than ever *brother!*"

After partaking refreshment, Libertino prepared to leave.

"Where is our father?"

"Gone! His heart was broken; but he blessed you before he died!"

Libertino rushed from the house. His newly-acquired hardihood had not totally destroyed the softer feelings of his nature; and he who had imbrued his hands in the blood of forty of his fellow-creatures, wept to his father's memory.

Although the belief was general in Chiaveri that the mutilated remains that had been taken up and buried were those of Libertino, the gens-d'armes, who had witnessed his successful leap, knew to the contrary, and stated as much to the prefect of the town. Silence was enjoined them, and the authorities consulted together, in order that, by stratagem, they might accomplish that which force had been unable to effect.

There were, at this time, two brothers in the prison, undergoing their sentence of solitary confinement for a daring robbery they had committed. They were considered efficient, and they became willing agents in the hands of the police to secure the capture of Libertino. Freedom, and a very considerable reward, was a temptation too great to be resisted. Instructed by their employers, they sought the wood, where it was rightly surmised that Libertino had returned—dressed in their prison attire, and, to all appearance, men who had effected their escape by their own adroitness.

Libertino met them: considering them men whose case was desperate as his own, he feared them not; and, after a few days, a bond of apparent friendship had been sealed between them over the generous wines with which Joanni still continued to supply his brother. When, they felt their ground secure, Nicola Spolini one morning contrived to engage the attention of Libertino, while Baptista, his brother, descended from the mountain to state the progress they had already made, and to make arrangements for the capture of their victim. It was agreed that, at night-fall, a body of dismounted police should station themselves within the wood, to await a signal to be made by Baptista, and that Libertino should be seized and secured when under the influence of sleep—so great was the terror that his successful defence had occasioned.

If he slept, a whistle was to be the sign for their approach; should he be disturbed by it, a remark was to be made, in a loud tone, upon the weather, to afford a clue to those without, and to prevent their immediate entrance.

Baptista had returned to Libertino and his brother in so short a time, that no suspicion of treachery ever entered his mind. His spirits, however, were that evening more than ever depressed. He felt, he knew not why, a presentiment of coming evil. He expressed as much to his companions, who laughed, and endeavoured to reason him out of feelings which might otherwise have interrupted his sleep, and frustrated their well-laid stratagem.

Carlo appeared in the hut at the accustomed time with wine and provisions; he, too, betrayed inquietude; he showed a reluctance at returning home; and, on leaving the house, growled in so unusual a manner, that Libertino was struck with the coincidence. Nicola and Baptista pronounced his forebodings childish in the extreme.

After their repast, they betook themselves to rest. The brothers feigned sleep: but it was long ere, by the deep breathing of Libertino, they ventured to put their plan in execution. At last, however, they were convinced he slept. Baptista crouched towards the half-opened door, and gave a long, shrill whistle. Libertino awoke.

"What noise was that?" he hastily demanded, seizing his firearms.

"Nothing, my friend; 'twas only I who whistled, because I could not sleep."

"I liked it not," replied the drowsy man. "Hear you not a noise without?"

It was the police. The second signal was necessary. Baptista, in a loud voice, exclaimed—"'Tis but the wind; *it is a stormy night!*" The gens-d'armes took the hint, and remained still as death.

"'Tis singular," muttered Libertino, "but my mind is out of tune." He turned over upon his leafy bed, and again, after a time, he slept.

A whistle, more gentle than the first, was then given by Baptista. The police rushed in—opened their darkened lights—fell in a body upon Libertino, and had bound and secured him before he was enabled to make the slightest resistance. His companions were also seized for the time, in order that the part they had taken in his capture should not be known to any of his relatives, who might be inclined to revenge their perfidy. Not a word, nor a sigh, escaped Libertino; but he saw through the manœuvring of his false companions, and fixed on them a look they could neither misinterpret nor misunderstand; and, in a short hour, he was cast, loaded with irons, into the strongest dungeon of the prison.

We will not annoy our readers with the recital of the tedious formula of an Italian trial. Libertino was placed at the bar; and, on his own admission, was pronounced guilty, and condemned to expiate his crimes upon the scaffold.

After the sentence, the conduct of the keepers of the prisons in Italy changes favourably to the temporary comfort of the condemned. Libertino's irons were struck off; he was permitted to see such of his acquaintances as would visit him; and he was urged, but in vain, to avail himself of the consolations and instruction of his priest—the padre was denied admission.

The first who visited him was Andrea Mazza. A few days had added years to his appearance—bereaved of his children, he was bereaved indeed!

"I come not," said he, "to curse you, Libertino, or to add to the weight of misery which must oppress you; but I had made a vow to rescue the girl who once you loved—she who was the support and solace of my old age—she whose body I followed, with a broken heart, to the grave—my child—my Catarina—from undeserved reproach. Joanni affirms that she and that unhappy Frenchman deserved death at your hands. It is false. She was true to you as to the Virgin she adored. You exacted a promise from her—I was indignant at your suspicions; and, by the authority of a father, fatally insisted on her joining in the dance. I thought you unjust, and hoped to conquer feelings which might, had you married, been destructive to her peace. All this is true; but you murdered her, and murdered my poor innocent boys. They are in heaven; and soon my few gray hairs will mingle with their dust. Ponder this well, Libertino, and repent, while time be given you. I leave you, unhappy boy, to your reflections."

"And if all this *be true*," said Libertino to himself. "I then am a villain indeed."

His meditations were interrupted by the arrival of his brother. The stout heart of Joanni melted before him; and, wringing the hands of the unhappy prisoner, he exclaimed—

"I thought not to bring you to *this*, my brother!"

"Spend not our meeting in tears and fruitless lamentation, Joanni. I have much, very much, of import to say to you," returned Libertino.

"Speak on!"

"*I will never fail you in the hour of need:* these were your words. That hour, my brother, is at hand!"

"Tell me how I can aid you. Is it possible you can yet have a hope of escape?"

"Escape!" repeated he, contemptuously. "Escape! Why! and for what? No! I care not for this prison; and can I ever escape the hideous dungeon of the mind? My thoughts are torture. My deeds of blood weigh heavily on my soul; and yet I am not fully, adequately revenged!"

He spoke in a subdued and guttural tone. Joanni drew near, and listened with attention.

"On you it depends to make me happy. I counsel you not how to do the deed I wish; but promise me, by your hope of salvation, that it shall be done."

"Name it, and I swear——"

"It is enough—I believe and trust in you; for *you* have never failed me. You know the two Spolini—Nicola and Baptista. Under the plea of being outlaws like myself, they invaded my retreat—stole upon my confidence—partook the food you sent for my existence. They walked with me—condoled with me—partook my shelter—and betrayed me! *Brother—I must have their hearts!*"

All this was said with a solemn, fearful energy. The eyelids of the wretched prisoner were distended, as he gazed anxiously on his brother; and, with suppressed breath, and clenched teeth and hands, awaited the reply.

"Libertino, it shall be done, ere sunset to-morrow. I will convey to you their stony hearts, or perish in the attempt."

"Good, kind Joanni. Then shall I rest, and die in peace!"

Early the ensuing morning Joanni was at the cottage, to which the Spolinis had returned. He affected not to perceive their confusion at his entrance, and took a seat familiarly at the table.

"So, my boys, you then have escaped the bloodhounds!"

"Yes," said Baptista, "so intent were the police on securing our poor friend, your brother, that we effected it without difficulty."

"Ah! poor Libertino, it is all over with him. There is not a chance, nor a hope, of his escape. I saw him yesterday; he spoke much of your friendship for him, and knew well your honest hearts!"

The brothers were relieved by his apparent sincerity.

"Will you not pay him a visit of consolation? He will take it kindly."

"We should endanger our own safety," remarked Nicola; "and should be ourselves recaptured at our entrance."

"My brother has set his heart upon seeing you, and I would not that he should be disappointed now at the very eve of his execution—for he is to die to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" they both exclaimed.

"Yes, the scaffolding is even now erecting. But a thought strikes me by which we can accomplish his wishes, and secure you both from danger. Where is your old mother?"

"She is from home!"

"The better for our project. She is tall; her clothes will easily be made to fit you. Get them instantly—I will arrange them. We will take the outskirts of the town by the river, where we shall be less exposed to observation. Carry you each a flagon of wine—one we will bestow on the jailer. I have promised to take the poor boy a home-made loaf; the last of which he ever will partake."

They gave an unwilling consent; fearing, by their refusal, to excite suspicions in the breast of Joanni, of whose prowess they were aware, and of whose anger they would fain avoid being the objects.

Joanni issued forth, with one of the brothers under either arm—each dressed in woman's attire. For a moment he stopped at his father's house, and entered alone to procure the loaf and wine. The brothers were contriving a retreat, when his sudden return rendered it impossible.

"Come, my fair girls," said Joanni, feigning a humour that grated on his feelings, "bear a hand. Carry you *this*, friend Nicola," giving him a small barrel; "and you *this*, Baptista," placing on his shoulders a heavier keg of wine. "Now, *en route*."

Joanni walked between them; he turned the conversation on his brother. "He fought manfully, but the d—l himself could not stand against such fearful odds. Some think that he was betrayed; if I thought that," said he, unsheathing his stiletto—(*the brothers shrunk from him*)—"I would bury this faithful poniard in the traitors' hearts—thus! thus!" said he, striking forcibly the weapon, with the rapidity of lightning, into their breasts. The disguised men measured their length upon the ground. "Traitors! execrable traitors! take your reward."

Baptista died with an oath on his lips. Nicola's life terminated while he was vainly endeavouring to deny the charge. Not a moment was to be lost; with his knife, Joanni cut their hearts from their lifeless bodies, filled the barrel and the keg with stones, affixed them to the heels of the murdered men, and at a signal Carlo dragged them each to the river, where they sank, from the weight attached to them, with a deep and heavy sound to the bottom. Joanni scooped a hollow in the loaf, in which he placed their yet trembling hearts, and made his way to the prison.

"Back, and so soon!" exclaimed his brother.

"Yes, and your wishes are accomplished." He opened the loaf: "Behold their coward hearts!"

Libertino gazed on them with a savage, but a satiated eye.

"It is enough, my brother; you will see that I now can perish like a man!"

"I cannot attend your execution, Libertino. I must fly instantly to avoid detection; it is, therefore, now that I must take my last—long leave. I would have had it otherwise, but who can combat against fate."

He brushed a starting tear from his face; and the two brothers by nature, and in crime, embraced and parted in speechless agony!

The sounds of erecting a scaffold are not likely to encourage sleep in the expecting victim. Libertino never closed his eyes more in this world; yet, on arriving to take him to the place of execution, the jailers were surprised at the fortitude and calmness he evinced, and yet more at the smile that occasionally lighted up his features.

The ceremonies which accompany an Italian execution throw no little light upon the sentiments and character of the people.

First came a procession of priests—one of them carrying a crucifix on a pole hung with black. Then followed a considerable body of the company of *Del Misericordia*, covered with long gowns from head to foot, with holes immediately before the face, through which they could see every thing perfectly; but could not be recognised by the spectators. All of them carried lighted torches, and many of them shook tin boxes, into which the multitude put money to defray the expense of masses for the soul of the criminal. This is considered the very extreme of charity; and even the most niggardly sceptic throws his mite into the boxes.

Immediately after these came Libertino himself, seated in a cart, with a Capuchin friar on each side of him. The assistants to the executioner, dressed in scarlet jackets, walked by the side of the cart. The procession having moved round the scaffold, on which the guillotine was placed, Libertino, with a bold step, descended from the cart, and walked upon the platform. He disdained the proffered support of the assistants, and the prayers and consolations of the confessors, but petitioned that he might be allowed to address a few words to the assembled multitude. His request was granted; and, in a clear and manly voice, he thus spoke:—

"My fellow countrymen, listen to my words—they are the last I can ever offer to the ear of man! I am here to expiate my crime, and appease the offended laws of my country. It is just. I am resigned. Love was my error—jealousy my downfall. Beware of both. I took the life of her who perjured herself: I destroyed him who would have betrayed me. Ask your own hearts, if, under similar circumstances, many of you would not thus have acted."

After a pause, he continued—"I was pursued as an outlaw. I sent thirty-eight victims out of the world before me. Thus, confessedly, I am a murderer, and a monster; the blood of forty is on my head. But I escaped the sword to fall by treachery. In the moment of distress I took two wretches to my bosom; they betrayed me to my persecutors, or I should not have been before you now. Yet I lament it not. I repeat, I die contentedly; and why? because I have been revenged!" He stooped upon the ground for the loaf he had carried with him. He tore it asunder, and held above his head the hearts contained in it.

"These—these were the false hearts that did betray me! and thus—and thus I am avenged." He tore them with his teeth. The multitude stood mute with horror. They were at length wrenched forcibly from his grasp by the executioner.

"My executioners are impatient. I go to meet my fate. Let the betrayer ever meet the betrayer's reward."

This meagre translation gives but a faint idea of a speech delivered in his own forcible language, and with inexpressible energy. Again did he refuse the consolations of the priest.

"I have no hope!—my crimes are beyond pardon." He laid his head upon the block—the guillotine descended—it rolled upon the platform; the vessels of his neck poured out their blood with the force of water-spouts—a few convulsive movements of the limbs, and all was still!

The populace beheld this awful scene in a serious and compassionate manner. His crimes they abhorred; yet when they saw in him a poor condemned man, on the very threshold of eternity, their animosity ceased. No rancour was displayed, nor insult offered. They viewed him with the eyes of forgiveness and pity; and joined earnestly in prayers for the repose of his unhappy soul.

Even Andrea Mazza, who was in the crowd, with an exalted voice exclaimed—"Adesso spero che l'anima sua sia in paradiso!"

We have little more to add—only one being yet exists who took a part in this appalling tragedy. It is Joanni Genuchi. He is at this time resident in London. His address may be known at the Alien Office to any one who may have the curiosity to enquire. He is supporting existence by the most nefarious means, and yet escapes the punishment of the law. He is the forger of passports; the inventor of shipwrecks; and the vender of letters to excite compassion towards the self-elected crew who prowl about the country living on mistaken charity. He is bordering on his sixtieth year, and living with a Welsh woman, who passes as his wife, and who is as hardened and abandoned as himself.

Should he ever hear of these pages, he will be surprised at this accurate detail, which was gleaned and indited on the spot by

An English Traveller.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

BY L. E. L.

"To the mast nail our flag, it is dark as the grave,
Or the death which it bears while it sweeps o'er the wave.
Let our decks clear for action, our guns be prepared,
Be the boarding-axe sharpened, the cimeter bared.
Set the canisters ready, and then bring to me,
For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.
It shall never be lowered—the black flag we bear;
If the sea be denied us we sweep through the air.

Unshared have we left our last victor's prey;
It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey.
There are shawls that might suit a sultana's white neck,
And pearls that are fair as the arms they will deck.
There are flasks which, unseal them, the air will disclose
Damietta's fair summers, the home of the rose.
I claim not a portion, I ask but as mine—
'Tis to drink to our victory—one cup of red wine.

Some fight, 'tis for riches; some fight, 'tis for fame:
The first, I despise, and the last is a name.
I fight, 'tis for vengeance. I love to see flow,
At the stroke of my sabre, the life of my foe.
I strike for the memory of long-vanished years;
I only shed blood where another sheds tears.
I come, as the lightning comes red from above,
O'er the race that I loathe, to the battle I love."

Historical Memoirs

OF

MY OWN TIME.

BY SIR N. W. WRAXALL, BART.,

AUTHOR OF "POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF HIS OWN TIME."

—

Igitur ubi animus requievit, non fuit consilium socordia atque desidia bonum otium conterere; neque vero agrum colendo, aut venando, servilibus officiis intentum, ætatem agere. Sed a quo incepto studio me ambitio mala detinuerat, eodem regressus, statui res gestas carptim, ut quæque memoria digna videbantur, perscribere: eo magis, quod mihi a spe, metu, partibus republicæ, animus liber erat.—SALLUST.

—

The work which we now present to our readers, was the precursor of the Posthumous Memoirs, by the same author, published by us in the last Circulating Library, as soon as it was received from London. Sir N. W. Wraxall was prosecuted for the present production, and vilified by interested parties, through the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, as well as in other quarters. On this subject, most of our readers will remember his remarks in the Posthumous Memoirs—but as elucidatory of his refutation of his enemies, we insert those observations again:

"Never, I believe, did any literary work procure for its author a more numerous list of powerful and inveterate enemies, than were produced by those 'Memoirs of my own Time.' The queen, the regent, and the princesses of the royal family, far from being satisfied with a portrait of George the Third, which, if it errs, can only be censured for presenting a too favourable likeness, were incensed at the freedom with which I had commented on the peace of 1763, as well as at the personal disclosures respecting the king himself, scattered throughout the Memoirs. As little did the admirers or followers of Pitt approve my picture of that minister, though, in my opinion, rather a flattering resemblance: while Fox's partisans exhibited the most violent resentment at my strictures on his moral, as well as on his political character. The just and impartial likeness of Charles Jenkinson displeased the first lord of the treasury, his son, in the highest degree. Many of Lord North's friends or connections, insensible to the justice that I had done to that most accomplished and amiable nobleman, expressed the utmost dissatisfaction at my remarks on his junction with Fox, in 1783. I must except, however, from this observation, his two sons-in-law, Lord Sheffield and Lord Glenbervie. The descendants of the Earl of Bute were implacable. From the present Marquis of Lansdown, I was indirectly threatened, through a high quarter (the late excellent and regretted Sir Samuel Romilly,) with new prosecutions in the court of King's Bench, on account of the unavoidable reflections which I had made on the circumstances attending the resignation of his father, the Earl of Shelburne. Men in official situations, or enjoying salaries from the crown, were disgracefully selected to compose the article of the 'Quarterly Review,' which held up the 'Memoirs,' not to fair and liberal criticism, but to general reprobation, as an imbecile and immoral work: while the 'Edinburgh Review,' in defiance of history, and substituting impudence to cover ignorance of facts, attacked me in the most virulent language. Such was the combination of assailants which my inflexible regard to truth assembled from the most opposite quarters.

"All these clamorous and calumnious efforts were nevertheless far overbalanced, in my estimation, by one testimony to its veracity, which I received, and which I may now communicate to the world. The most prejudiced reader will contemplate it with respect. It was given by a gentleman of ancient descent, of high character, and of large property; a near relative of Lord North, who had held a place in George the Third's family, as one of the grooms of his bedchamber, during nearly forty years, from 1775 down to the king's final loss of reason. I allude to the late Sir George Osborn. In a letter which he addressed to me from his residence at Chicksands Priory in Bedfordshire, dated on the 2d of June, 1816, only eighteen days after my commitment to the King's Bench, he thus expresses himself:—'I have your *first* edition here, and have perused it again with much attention. I pledge my name, that I personally know nine parts out of ten of your anecdotes to be perfectly correct. You are imprisoned for giving to future ages a perfect picture of our time, and as interesting as Clarendon.' The last letter which I ever received from Sir George Osborn, written from his residence in Charles street, Berkeley square, on the 8th of May, 1818, contains still stronger attestations to the accuracy and fidelity of my Memoirs. He mentions in particular, with warm approbation, my character of Lord North, as well as my account of the peace of 1783, and of 'the coalition;' adding, 'Say with Milton,

"Graiorum laus est suis potuisse placere,
Sit mea temporibus displicuisse meis."'

This letter may be considered as expressing his dying opinions. He expired on the following 29th of June. I cannot too highly value such recognitions, which outweigh a volume of invective. It required indeed no little manliness of mind, and independence of character, to deliver testimonies so strong under his hand, addressed to a person in my situation."

Though the present is an *older book* than the Posthumous Memoirs, it has heretofore been accessible to Americans only through the means of the expensive London editions. It will be found equally entertaining and instructive.

Preface to the Second Edition.

Every man who undertakes to write history, must, from the nature of human things, be unintentionally liable to commit errors, however anxiously desirous he may be of relating only facts: an observation which applies with still greater force to those who write on cotemporary or recent events, where the passions or interests of men become blended with, and are affected by, the account given of almost all transactions. When Mezeray, who wrote the History of France, was informed of an error that he had committed, "I could point out a hundred," replied he, "which I have made in the course of the work, while you only mention a single instance." Such is the nature of all composition which regards historical facts.

Having received from Count Woronzow, under his hand, the assurance that I have been in an error with regard to him, and that I have misstated the circumstances relative to the first Princess of Wirtemberg, in which he is mentioned—my respect for Count Woronzow's public, as well as private character, and my implicit confidence in his veracity, has induced me wholly to omit, in the present edition, both the passages where allusion is made to him. Not doubting, that however authentic I always have considered the sources from which I formerly derived the information in question, the account given me must have been erroneous.

I am likewise desirous of correcting an error relative to Lord Sherborne, having seen a letter from that nobleman, of recent date, in which he gives a short but distinct account of the facts that preceded his elevation to the peerage, at Mr. Pitt's recommendation: disclaims having either solicited, or attempted to bargain for it; and after relating the particulars of his interview with the first minister, on the occasion of his being mentioned to the king for a peerage, adds, "There never was one word between Mr. Pitt and me, respecting a peerage, before that day." To such testimony I most readily yield; but I have not been able to alter the relation given of the transaction, in the present edition; that passage, in consequence of the rapidity with which the first edition of this work has sold, having been already printed, before I saw Lord Sherborne's letter.

There are, besides these two errors, some others of inferior consequence, scattered throughout the volume, which I have altered or corrected in consequence of subsequent information; truth being the only object of my respect and pursuit.

N. WM. WRAXALL.

CHELTENHAM,
1*st June*, 1815.

PART THE FIRST.

FROM 1772 TO 1789.

Having long meditated to compose some account of the national events which I have witnessed during a part of my life, I have postponed the publication of the work, till nearly all those persons of whom I must have occasion to speak, were removed from the scene. In fact, with the exception of a very small number of individuals, respecting whom I have been silent, scarcely any of the leading characters now survive, who supported or opposed Lord North, the Marquis of Rockingham, the Earl of Shelburne, or the *coalition* administration. The lapse of more than thirty years has removed every objection of that nature; and the respect that I owe to myself has impelled me to dismiss from my mind, before I undertook these memoirs, every species of bias or partiality. Not that in point of fact it is possible to speak of recent or cotemporary events, as we would write of transactions that took place under Henry the Eighth; nor to contemplate Fox and Pitt with the degree of abstraction and composure that we regard Marius and Sylla. Such philosophic superiority to passion, whatever pretensions to it may be set up, is not given to man.

Tacitus, who wrote of events recently performed, and who intended, as himself assures us, if he should attain to old age, to compose the history of his own time, says, "Dignitatem nostram a Vespasiano inchoatam, a Tito auctam, a Domitiano longius provectam, nunquam abnuerim: sed incorruptam fidem professis, nec amore quisquam, et sine odio dicendus est." If I might be allowed to parody the words of that historian, applying them to myself, I should say,—"That I consider George the Third, notwithstanding the many errors of his government, which were most conspicuous in the beginning of his reign, as one of the best princes who ever governed this country, I readily confess: neither will I deny that I cannot recall the idea of Lord North, unconnected with those engaging or elevated qualities of mind and of deportment, which conciliated the affection even of his opponents. Lastly, that Lord Sackville honoured me with his friendship, and showed me marks of confidence, I avow with pride and satisfaction. But, none of these circumstances would induce me to conceal or to misrepresent any fact, for the purpose of drawing a veil over their errors or political transgressions." I may further add, that never having held any employment under any minister, at any period of my life, I neither can be accused of divulging official secrets, nor am I linked, in however humble a degree, with any of those ephemeral administrations, which took place with such rapidity between 1782 and 1784. I relate the events that I either witnessed, or of which I received the accounts from respectable testimony. How imperfect a light these sources of information enable me to throw on the period of time that I attempt to elucidate, I am fully aware: but, unfortunately, those individuals who, from their rank and situation, know most of the secrets of affairs, will generally divulge least, and even imperfect light is preferable to darkness.

I cannot indeed boast of having enjoyed the same advantage as Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who, in the "History of his own Time," says—"I have had the honour to be admitted to much free conversation with five of our sovereigns, King Charles the Second, King James the Second, King William the Third, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne." But, between 1780 and 1794, during all which period I sat in parliament, I possessed many means and opportunities of knowing various facts, from high authority; and, in some instances, of ascertaining their secret causes or springs. Lord Clarendon and Burnet are almost the only persons of eminence among us, who have commemorated with ability, and at considerable length, the events of their own time. We cannot sufficiently regret that Prior did not live to accomplish the same task. That he meditated and intended it, is evident from the words of his epitaph in Westminster Abbey:—

"*Sui Temporis Historiam meditanti,*
Paulatim obrepens Febris
Operis simul et Vitæ, Filum abrupit.
Sep. 18. An. Dom. 1721."

The work, which was actually published under that name in 1740, contained only some of the materials

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PART I. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 7, 1837. NO. 6.

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collected for it. If we consider the official or diplomatic situations that Prior occupied from 1690 down to 1714, and the intimate friendship in which he lived with Charles, Earl of Dorset, the Lord Treasurer Harley, and Lord Bolingbroke; we must admit that few men could have been more competent to elucidate the reigns of William the Third, and of Anne.

How much have we to lament that the late Mr. Fox, during his long exclusion from public employment, between 1790 and 1805, while in retirement at St. Anne's Hill, did not occupy himself in composing the history of his own time! Aspiring, as he did, not only to the fame of a statesman and an orator, but to the praise of an historian, how infinitely more valuable a legacy might he have bequeathed to his countrymen; how much more durable a monument might he have erected to himself by such an exertion of his talents, than he has done by exhausting his efforts on the reign of James the Second! Not that I would be understood to express any sentiment allied to disrespect, relative to the work which Lord Holland, with pious veneration for his uncle's memory, has given to the world. Every page of that short and unfinished production is worthy of its author, and raises him in my estimation. The "introductory chapter" can hardly be exceeded for profound reflection, elucidated by a severe and philosophic cast of thought, as well as by the most accurate and laborious disquisition of facts. Impartial, ardent for freedom, and indignant against tyrants, the writer is nevertheless exempt from the spirit of republicanism. The small portion of James's reign which follows, including Argyle's and Monmouth's invasions, may in a great measure be characterised by similar epithets, and excites regret from presenting only a fragment. But if, instead of collating Rapin, Hume, and Burnet, or employing his time on the inspection of documents in the *Depôt des Archives* at Paris, he had dedicated it to a delineation, however simple, of the great political scenes in which he had acted so distinguished a part, with what avidity should we not have perused the work! We might then have beheld, as in a mirror, the secret history of the Rockingham and the *coalition* administrations, drawn by a master hand, which had propelled the ostensible ministers of the two periods. It was thus that Clarendon beguiled the hours of unmerited disgrace and exile, when he wrote his "History of the great Rebellion." The Cardinal de Retz, a man to whom Mr. Fox bore some analogy, in certain features of his political life, of his character, and fortune, made the best atonement to his country and to posterity, for the irregularities and agitations which marked the zenith of his career, by tracing with his own hand, in his decline, the outline of those transactions which he had guided or produced. We forget his deviations from prudence, his faction, and his ambition, in the elegance of his genius, and the ingenuous disclosure of his errors.

Perhaps no portion of time, in the course of the two last centuries, offers, proportionably to its duration, so few of those interesting anecdotes at which we eagerly grasp, where the sovereign comes personally forward to our inspection, as the reign of George the Third. The reason is obvious, and arose out of the king's character. Charles the Second, and Louis the Fourteenth, surrounded by mistresses, and all the dissipation of a court, presented to Burnet, to Grammont, or to Voltaire, perpetual matter of entertaining recital. Even George the First and Second offered some resources of a similar nature, to Lord Melcomb, for his "Diary;" and to Horace Walpole, for his "Reminiscences." But, his present majesty's whole life, from the age of twenty-two, down to the lamented period at which he ceased to reign, was passed either in the severe and exemplary discharge of his *public* duties of every description, or in the bosom of his family, amidst *domestic* sources of amusement. In his agricultural occupations, or when engaged in the diversions of the field, he was only seen by the few who, from their official situations or dignity, had access to his person. No splendid assemblies of both sexes, or festive entertainments, to which beauty, rank, and pleasure, in a comprehensive sense, must have contributed, by levelling him in some measure with his guests, presented him to view, divested of the forms of royalty. Unlike his predecessor, who even at an advanced age still preserved a relish for those enjoyments, George the Third, while a young man, neither frequented masquerades, nor ever engaged at play, nor passed his evenings in society calculated to unbend his mind from the fatigues of business, and the vexations of state.

All the splendour of a court was laid aside, or only exhibited for a few hours on a birthday. Rarely, during the first twenty years after his accession, did George III. join in any scene of public amusement, if we except the diversion of the theatre. Still more rarely did he sit down at table with any of his courtiers or nobility. His repasts, private, short, and temperate, never led to the slightest excess. Hence, his enemies endeavoured to represent him, most unjustly, as affecting the state of an Asiatic prince,—scarcely ever visible except on the terrace at Windsor, or in the circle, at a levee. "Junius," who saw him through the most unfavourable medium, and who converted his very virtues into subjects of accusation, or of reproach, depictures St. James's as a court "where prayers are morality, and kneeling is religion." It was not till a period later than the point of time at which these memoirs stop, that the king began to mix in a select company, and occasionally to indulge in the pleasures of society. Previous to the year 1784, it is only in the foreign or domestic transactions of his reign, often only within the walls of one or of the other house of parliament, that the materials can generally be found for writing the internal history of the time. These remarks, I am sensible, apply principally, though not exclusively, to the part of the present work where the scene lies wholly in England: whereas much of it traverses the continent, through different countries, from Portugal, round to Naples and Tuscany.

THE COURT OF PORTUGAL.

Soon after I had completed my twenty-first year, in 1772, I passed over to Portugal; in the capital of which kingdom, or in its vicinity, I staid a considerable time. Joseph, son and successor of John the Fifth, then occupied the throne; but the kingdom was governed by the celebrated Count d'Œyras, who had been recently created Marquis de Pombal. Few first ministers, during the course of the last century, displayed greater talents for administration, or exercised more unlimited authority. The king, though only third in order of descent, was fourth in succession from the Duke of Braganza, denominated John the Fourth, who, in 1640, recovered Portugal from the Spanish dominion; and, at the time of which I speak, he had passed his fifty-seventh year. He was of a good stature, but inclined to corpulency: his features regular, his eye quick and lively, if a habit of holding his mouth somewhat open had not diminished the expression of intelligence which his countenance would otherwise have conveyed. In his cheeks he had a high scorbutic humour, attributed commonly to excesses of wine; though it might partly arise from violent exercise constantly taken under a burning sun. His face, indeed, was nearly as dusky as that of a Moor; and at Fez or Mequinez, habited in the Turkish dress, with a turban on his head, he might easily have passed for Muley Ismael, the sovereign of Morocco. Never had any Lusitanian peasant coarser and darker hands. One could not look at him, without involuntarily recollecting how near are the shores and how similar are the climates of Portugal and of Africa.

Two passions or pursuits, hunting and music, principally occupied his time, absorbed his thoughts, and divided his affections: nor was it easy to decide which of them possessed the strongest ascendant over him. In the former diversion he passed the far greater part of the day: to the latter amusement his evenings were principally or wholly dedicated, either in public, when at the opera, or in private with his family. No royal house in Europe was then so musical as that of Portugal. Joseph himself performed with considerable execution on the violin; and the three princesses, his daughters, all were proficients in a greater or in a less degree on different instruments. If he was prevented by the weather from going out to the chase, the king had recourse for occupation to his manège. On Sundays, he seldom or never missed attending the Italian opera in Lisbon; but he likewise maintained another opera at Belem, his residence near the capital. I have been present at this latter performance, to which only foreign ministers, officers, persons belonging to the court, and foreigners of condition, were admitted; all of them gratuitously. The house itself was of very contracted dimensions; the pit not being calculated to contain more than about one hundred and thirty individuals. Boxes, indeed, in the proper acceptation of the term, there were none; the king, queen, and royal family, being seated in a gallery fronting the stage, elevated considerably above the body of the house. One small box was constructed on each side; that on the right hand being appropriated to the patriarch, or head of the Portuguese church, whom I have seen present at the performance. The other usually remained vacant, being reserved for any stranger of high rank who might visit Portugal.

The circumstance which distinguished this entertainment from any other of the same kind which I ever witnessed, and which may appear so extraordinary as hardly to obtain credit, consisted in the total exclusion of women, not only from the pit but from the stage, either as spectators or as actresses. No female could obtain admission. The reason commonly assigned by the court, for proscribing the whole sex from any participation in an amusement, of which, in all other European countries, they constitute the principal ornament and the soul, was, that there were no proper places for ladies. But it might have been answered, that nothing could be easier than to construct side-boxes for their reception. Even this reason could not explain their exclusion from the stage, on which none except Italian castrati were ever admitted to sing, or to perform any part. Battistini, who filled with great distinction the first female characters, was selected and engaged, not only for his superior vocal excellence, but for his feminine appearance, and admirable resemblance to a woman when he was dressed in female attire. So complete indeed was the deception, that I think it never would have occurred to any uninformed person, to doubt for an instant, of his being what he personated. Even the ballets were all performed by men or boys, habited in the costume of nymphs, shepherdesses, and goddesses. This exclusion of all females, except the queen and princesses, rendered the spectacle, though otherwise magnificent in machinery and decorations, as well as scientific in point of musical execution, comparatively insipid, dull, and destitute of interest or animation. Incredible as it may seem, the passion of jealousy constituted the cause of so singular a prohibition. The Queen of Portugal, though at this time she was considerably advanced toward her sixtieth year, yet watched every motion of her husband, with all the vigilant anxiety of a young woman. And in order the better to secure his personal fidelity, she wisely took care to remove from before his eyes, as much as possible, every temptation to inconstancy. The ladies in waiting, and maids of honour, who attended their majesties in public, must certainly have been selected for their want of all attractions; and they were, besides, too far advanced in years to be longer capable of inspiring any sentiment except respect. The Portuguese females who accompanied Catherine of Braganza in 1662, when she came over to England in order to espouse Charles the Second, whose total deficiency in personal charms is so eloquently described in the "Memoires de Grammont," could not possibly exceed, in that particular, the attendants on Marianna Victoria, wife of Joseph the First.

Nor was her vigilance by any means confined to the opera. She displayed the same apprehensions, and took similar precautions, against any rival or intruder in the king's affections, whenever he went out to the chase. Whether the diversion was hunting, or shooting, or falconing, the queen was constantly at his side. No woman in Europe indeed rode bolder, or with more skill.

Her figure almost defied the powers of description, on these occasions. She sat astride, as was the universal custom in Portugal, and wore English leather breeches, frequently black; over which she threw a petticoat, which did not always conceal her legs. A jacket of cloth, or of stuff, and a cocked hat, sometimes laced, at other times without ornament, completed the masculine singularity of her appearance. When, after having let loose the falcon, she followed him with her eye in his flight, she always threw the reins on her horse's neck; allowing him to carry her wherever he pleased, fearless of accidents. She was admitted to be an excellent shot, seldom missing the bird at which she fired, even when flying: but this diversion had nearly produced a most tragical result; as, a few years before I visited Portugal, she very narrowly missed killing the king with a ball, which actually grazed his temple. Few princes in modern times have had more hair-breadth escapes from danger or assassination than Joseph the First experienced; on which subject I shall have occasion to say much, in the course of these observations.

In the year 1772, the court of Lisbon offered scarcely any sources of amusement to a foreigner. Neither levees, nor drawing-rooms, were ever held, except on birthdays, and on a few particular festivals. The king, queen, his brother Don Pedro, his three daughters, and the young prince of Beira, lived all under the same roof, and inhabited a long range of wooden apartments at Belem, lower down the bank of the Tagus than Lisbon. The terrors and recollection of the earthquake of 1755, were so deeply impressed on their minds that they preferred residing in a wooden building, however mean or inconvenient, rather than encounter the perils annexed to a stone edifice. Joseph had never slept under a house, properly so denominated, during near seventeen years. Wherever he moved, either wooden barracks or tents were provided for his accommodation. I have seen tents pitched for his reception, in the fields adjoining the palace of Maffra, while that immense and costly edifice was totally abandoned, neglected, and unfurnished. These precautions, however singular and almost pusillanimous they may at first sight seem, were nevertheless necessary in Portugal. Experience had fully demonstrated that the most solid, massy, and well-constructed buildings of stone, only exposed the inhabitants to greater and more inevitable destruction, in the event of an earthquake; because the resistance made by such materials to the undulation or shock, produced their overthrow. On the contrary, any structure composed of wood, supported, like the barracks inhabited by the royal family, on pillars of the same materials, yielding to the concussion of the earth, rocked and waved with the convulsion, thus escaping its worst effects.

No splendour or exhibition of state was maintained by the King of Portugal, who, though he scarcely ever failed to attend, with the royal family, every week, at the bull feasts, and at the Italian opera in Lisbon, yet was always understood to be present incognito. The only deviation from this practice or etiquette took place when the court went annually, as was the invariable custom in time of carnival, about the middle of January, to the palace of Salva Tierra, situated several leagues higher up the Tagus than the metropolis. The king remained there till the month of March, and all the foreign ministers usually attended him. Hunting parties, to which strangers of condition were admitted, constituted the occupation of the day; followed in the evening by an opera, like that of Belem, open gratuitously to all such persons as had been presented to the sovereign. I was assured that Joseph expended no less a sum than about forty thousand pounds sterling, annually, on the diversion of the opera. Yet he was likewise fond of play, and passed much time at the card table. Previous to the memorable earthquake of 1755, he was considered as temperate, drinking usually water at his meals; but such was the effect produced on his mind, and so severe the dejection of spirits which he experienced, after that awful visitation of Providence, that it was apprehended his health would be seriously affected by it. His physicians prescribed the use of wine, as necessary to restore his constitution; a prescription which proved so agreeable to the patient, that it was commonly believed his majesty indulged himself too freely in its use. At an earlier period of his life he was supposed to have been guilty of excesses of another kind, and to have given the queen frequent occasion for jealousy: nor had the partiality of Joseph towards the sex by any means become extinct with the decline of years. But his attachments or amours were always secret, decorous, and conducted with a becoming regard to public opinion, as well as with a due attention to his domestic and conjugal felicity. No mistress, like Madame de Pompadour, or Madame du Barry, in France, under Louis the Fifteenth, or Madame Chevalier at Petersburgh, under Paul the First, dishonoured and disgraced the court of Portugal.

Joseph, considered in his kingly character and capacity, though not to be ranked among the first princes in vigour and ability, who then reigned in Europe, was not deficient in talents or qualities befitting the throne. If he felt his own inability to govern, he demonstrated no common discernment and force of mind in the selection of a minister, to whom he delegated that office. The Marquis de Pombal exercised in fact all the functions of the monarchy. He possessed nearly as unlimited an ascendant over his master as the Cardinal of Lerma did over Philip the Third, or the Conde d'Olivarez over Philip the Fourth, kings of Spain; and was accustomed to transact public business at hours and seasons usually dedicated to pleasure, or lost in sleep. The king very frequently signed papers of the greatest consequence after midnight, before he retired to rest, at which time the marquis commonly waited on him for the purpose. The hereditary superstition which characterised the house of Braganza, and in the practice of which Joseph himself had been educated, which distinguished his father John the Fifth, and which survived in the present reigning queen, till she became alienated in mind, by no means existed in him. The seizure and expulsion of the Jesuits sufficiently manifested his superiority to the bigoted veneration felt for that order of men, among the great majority of his subjects. If he possessed himself no taste for the fine arts, nor evinced any passion for learning and polite letters, he at least extended protection to their professors. During the period of two and twenty years that he had then reigned since the decease of John the Fifth, a great and salutary change had taken place among the Portuguese, in all the attainments of a civilised people. Establishments for the education of the young nobility and gentry had been founded, which would have done honour to Great Britain; and which, though originating with the minister, yet could only have been fully accomplished by the consent of the sovereign.

These laudable acts of government were nevertheless contrasted with corresponding defects of administration, some of which might be justly attributed to the Marquis de Pombal, while others seemed personally to reproach the king. The people universally and loudly complained of oppression. In the royal household, mismanagement prevailed to such a degree that almost all the domestic servants and menial attendants of the court, having been unpaid for several years, were in the lowest stage of distress. The reverse was the case under his predecessor, John the Fifth. Joseph's revenues were commonly supposed to amount to two millions sterling, while the national expenditure did not usually exceed a moiety of that sum: Yet the footmen who followed the royal carriages in public were left almost without the means of even procuring sustenance. I never saw the king and queen in any carriage, except a sort of calèche or chaise, drawn by two mules of no uncommon beauty. In this equipage, which was nothing less than royal, they always attended the bull feasts. When her majesty accompanied the princesses her daughters to hear mass, or to perform her devotions at some church in the vicinity of Lisbon, she was drawn in a coach with only a pair of horses of a very inferior description, and such a set of harness as we should scarcely consider to be good enough for a hackney-coach. About forty horse-guards accompanied them, and they generally distributed some money to the populace, or rather the beggars, who assembled in groups at the door of the church.

I went one day to look at the royal carriages kept at Alcantara, about a mile out of Lisbon. There were at least thirty, some of which had cost, as the people assured me, two hundred thousand crusadoes, or twenty thousand pounds sterling. They were very magnificent, and had all been built either in Rome or at Paris. London had not then begun to supply the continent with that article of luxury. Among the royal carriages I was struck with the coach in which John the Fourth made his public entry into the capital, after recovering Portugal from the Spaniards. It nearly realised the descriptions given us of those vehicles soon after their first appearance or invention in the sixteenth century. The carriage in question, which had been constructed in 1641, was consequently above a hundred and thirty years old at the time when I saw it, and might more properly be denominated a chamber on wheels than a coach in the modern acceptation of the term, as it was capable of containing ten or twelve persons with the utmost convenience. The sides were open, the windows resembling the lattices of our farm-houses, divided into small panes, with casements for the admission of air. It was preserved with pious veneration, as a monument of the emancipation of the kingdom by the first prince of the house of Braganza. Henry the Fourth was seated in just such another coach, when he was stabbed by Ravaillac, in the year 1610, in the Rue de la Ferronerie, at Paris.

Marianna Victoria, queen of Portugal and wife of Joseph, was a daughter of Philip the Fifth, king of Spain, by Elizabeth Farnese, his second wife, heiress of that celebrated family, and herself a woman of no ordinary talents. The princess in question had been, as is well known, betrothed when a child to Louis the Fifteenth; was sent to France, and resided in that country during several years; but on the death of the regent Duke of Orleans, in December, 1723, when the government fell into the hands of the Duke de Bourbon, one of the earliest acts of his administration was to dissolve the unfinished marriage, and to send the princess back to Madrid. In the year 1729, when the queen was not more than eleven, she was carried by her father, Philip, to Badajoz, and there married to Joseph, then hereditary Prince of Portugal, who himself had not attained his fourteenth year. The nuptials were immediately solemnised, the bride and bridegroon being put into the same bed together in presence of the great officers of the court; but it was near six years afterwards, in December, 1734, before she brought into the world a daughter, the present queen.

Marianna Victoria was said to have been very agreeable in her person when young, but in 1772 no traces remained of that beauty. Her figure was short and thick, her face red, her nose large, and her manner destitute of softness or elegance. There was, indeed, nothing feminine in her appearance or demeanour. Nevertheless, her eyes, which were dark, lively, and piercing, retained their original lustre. She wore a profusion of rouge, her neck and shoulders, whether at church, at the opera, or at a bull feast, being always bare; and she seemed to be not only in possession of health, but capable of the roughest exercise, or most severe fatigue. Her arms were brown and sunburnt, from her perpetually following the chase. Those persons who knew her majesty well, always assured me that she neither wanted spirit nor ability, though she never attempted to possess power, nor had ever attained any political influence. All her anxiety seemed to be confined to the person of her royal partner, and did not extend to the guidance of state affairs. If any opinion might be formed of her religion, from her behaviour at mass, she was assuredly no bigot. I was accustomed to frequent, from motives of curiosity, the church of the Necessidadas, and that of St. Francisco de Paola, where she constantly attended with the princesses, her daughters; and I may truly assert, that I never saw any woman who manifested so little attention while at her devotions.

Of a widely different character from her mother in that respect, was the Princess of Brazil, Maria, eldest of the three daughters of Joseph, and presumptive heiress to the crown of Portugal. In her, a gloomy and severe spirit of superstition formed the predominant feature. Her mind was said to be deeply impressed with the tragical catastrophe of the Duke d'Aveiro, and his associates, whose fate she was believed to lament, as having been unmerited, or unjust. To her reflections upon those terrible executions, heightened by the remonstrances or reproaches of her confessor, has been indeed generally attributed the subsequent alienation of her understanding. In her person, she was taller than either of her sisters, as well as thinner; of a pale and wan complexion, that seemed to indicate melancholy; her features, prominent, strong, and altogether destitute of any attractions. In all the duties and departments of private life, she was exemplary. Married to her uncle, only brother to the king, they exhibited a model of nuptial felicity. The union, however repugnant to our modes of thinking, and in some measure contrary to nature,

had been fruitful: they had then two sons and a daughter living. The desire of preventing any possibility of a disputed succession, between the collateral male heir to the throne and the female in direct descent, dictated this species of incestuous marriage; which, whatever sanction it may derive from antiquity, among the Ptolemies, or the Seleucidæ, and even among the Cæsars, can plead no parallel among the other royal houses of modern Europe. It is not the least singular circumstance of the transaction, that, so far from any compulsion having been used to accomplish it, the princess, from her early youth, entertained a strong partiality and attachment towards Don Pedro, her future husband. She was near thirty-eight years old when I visited Portugal.

All the talents of the female part of the Braganza family were said to be concentrated in Donna Maria Anna, second of Joseph's daughters. Shorter and thicker in her person than the Princess of Brazil, she was more agreeable in her countenance; possessing a ruddy complexion, as well as a more animated expression of features. Her mind was likewise expanded, and her understanding cultivated by polite knowledge. Many of her hours were dedicated to reading, and she was regarded as superior to bigotry. In addition to these solid endowments, she joined great taste and skill in music, with a fine voice. Though the most accomplished of the three sisters, she was nevertheless doomed to remain unmarried in her father's court, having attained, in 1772, her thirty-sixth year. Nature had been in some respects more bountiful to the third princess, Donna Maria Benedicta, who was likewise considerably younger, being only six-and-twenty years old at this time. Though low in stature, clumsy, and much inclined to *embonpoint*, her face was very handsome; her eyes dark and eloquent, her complexion fair, the contour of her countenance rather round than oval, and her features small, as well as delicate. But she was not considered to possess the superiority of mind that distinguished Maria Anna. About seven years before the time of which I speak, a treaty of marriage had been set on foot between this princess and the Emperor Joseph the Second, who was then recently become a widower, by the death of his first wife, a daughter of Don Philip, Duke of Parma. The negotiation proceeded so far, that preparations were made for transporting her from Lisbon to Flanders, in her way to Vienna; and a ship, constructed expressly for the purpose in the Brazils, magnificently decorated, lay ready in the Tagus. But the intrigues and exertions of the old Queen Dowager of Spain, mother of Charles the Third, and grandmother of the princess herself—who was incensed at the endeavours of the Marquis de Pombal, to assume the exclusive merit of this alliance—rendered the plan abortive.

It is probable, and I have been so assured at Vienna, that the pretext used to indispose the Austrian court from accomplishing the projected nuptials, was the representation made of the improbability of Maria Benedicta producing children, on account of her tendency to become large and corpulent in her person. Incredible and unnatural as the fact may seem, she was actually married, several years afterwards, in 1777, when turned of thirty years of age, to her own nephew, her sister's son, the young Prince of Beira, eventual heir to the throne of Portugal. The ceremony was performed in Joseph's apartments, as he lay expiring; and they lived together many years, but never had any issue. There seems to have been no rational excuse, or adequate motive assigned, for this second union in the same family, which impresses with a degree of horror, or at least of disgust; and was in itself the more remarkable, as the Portuguese women of condition seldom bear children, if not married before twenty-eight or thirty years of age. Catherine of Portugal, daughter of John the Fourth, who was the wife of our Charles the Second, and who espoused him at an earlier age, I believe about twenty-four, never brought him any issue, male or female; but Burnet says, that the king himself told him, (Dr. Burnet) that "she had been with child." She even once miscarried, when considerably advanced in her pregnancy, if we may believe the same historical authority; but as Charles had no fewer, it is asserted, I think by Dr. Lucas, in his History of England, than fifty-three natural children, by different mistresses, in the course of his life—we must suppose that his failure of legitimate issue originated on the side of his queen. Some excuse may be suggested for the marriage of the eldest daughter of Joseph, with his brother, Don Pedro, where there existed no direct male issue to inherit the crown; but it was reserved for the family of Braganza to exhibit to mankind, in the eighteenth century, the extraordinary spectacle of a youth of fifteen espousing his own aunt at thirty. From such a matrimonial connection, it can neither excite surprise nor regret that no descendants should have sprung.

The Prince of Beira himself, eldest son to the Princess of Brazil and of Don Pedro, was then the Marcellus of Portugal, towards whom all eyes were turned, and from whose future auspicious government political miracles were fondly anticipated. It may excite the more surprise that such expectations should have been entertained, when I add, that in 1772 he had only completed the eleventh year of his age. I have seen him many times, as he never failed to attend the royal family in public, at the bull feasts, at church, and every where, except at the Italian opera; a diversion for which he manifested a decided aversion. He was tall and manly for his age, though his face was pale and delicate; and he appeared to have a weak or defective sight. His features and his expression of countenance, it must be admitted, indicated intelligence. The stories related of his capacity and dawning expansion of mind had obtained a very universal credit. Some well attested instances of the goodness of his disposition, and the liberality of his temper, I have heard, which seemed to be entitled to belief: but no sort of inference as to his future character could be safely drawn from these tales. Joseph the First, during the reign of his father, had excited similar expectations, which he by no means fulfilled after he ascended the throne. His grandson, who was likewise named Joseph, died at about twenty-seven years of age, in 1788, of the small-pox, which the bigoted prejudices and ignorance of his mother had prevented her from giving him by inoculation; leaving, as I before observed, no issue by his aunt, to whom he had been married during several years.

With Don Pedro, father and great uncle to the Prince of Beira, I shall conclude my remarks on the royal house of Portugal. He was several years younger than the king; not inclined, like Joseph, to corpulency; of a sallow complexion: equally destitute in his person, as in his manners and address, of elegance or grace; and no way distinguished by natural endowments of any kind. He excelled in no exercises of the body, and possessed in his features no expression of intellect. His faculties were indeed very contracted, and altogether unfit for the conduct of public affairs. Possessing neither political power nor influence, he could only be considered as a fixture of the court; and never was any prince a more perfect cypher. He enjoyed no command, military or civil—not even a separate establishment or household. When the king hunted, Don Pedro accompanied him, as he equally did to the opera, or to mass—never absenting himself, except on account of indisposition. He had constructed a palace at Cayluze, about six English miles from Lisbon; but he never resided there, though he frequently attended his brother to the chase, commonly alighting for a few minutes, in order to hear mass at Cayluze. Those who knew him intimately, assured me that he was of a devout, friendly, and benevolent disposition. On Joseph's decease, in February, 1777, when his consort, the Princess of Brazil, became queen in her own right, he was made king matrimonial, by the name of Don Pedro the Third—as Henry, Lord Darnley, became in Scotland, on his marriage with Mary Stuart. Don Pedro survived his elder brother above nine years, dying in May, 1786.

The public entertainment or exhibition which then distinguished Lisbon from all other capitals of Europe, was the celebration of bull feasts. They were held every Sunday during the summer and autumn. I have been present at many of them. However barbarous the diversion might be justly esteemed, it is the only spectacle that I ever witnessed which could be said to realise in some measure the amphitheatrical games of ancient Rome, exhibited in the circus. They were already extinct in Spain, where Charles the Third had abolished them, on his ascending the throne in 1759. Joseph and the queen his wife, on the contrary, nourished the strongest partiality, or rather decided passion, for these games of Moresco origin; which they never failed to attend, unless prevented by illness. I have seen the king present there, though one of his eyes was swelled and bandaged, caused by the effect of a spark that had flown into it from the flint of his fowling-piece, when firing it at the chase.

As soon as the bull feast ended, which was commonly about six o'clock, the king, queen, and royal family, immediately repaired to the Italian opera, which was situate at a very inconsiderable distance, in the same quarter of Lisbon. Such was the invariable usage or etiquette every Sunday. Yet there, as at the bull feast, though seated in the front of the theatre, they were supposed to preserve their incognito. Joseph's dress on these occasions was always a full-trimmed suit of silk, or of cloth; either quite plain, or embroidered with white silk; the sumptuary laws of Portugal prohibiting embroidery of gold or silver. He wore a flowing tie-wig, as we see George the Second represented in his portraits, and the Portuguese order of Christ across his breast. The queen and princesses were covered with diamonds; in particular, the princess of Brazil: but the queen alone wore rouge, from the use of which her daughters abstained. During the course of the performance, his majesty never failed to go round to his private box, close to the stage, in order to view the ballets, after each of which he returned to the royal family. On these little excursions, which he always seemed to enjoy, and during which he generally made the best use of his time, with his opera glass, in contemplating the female part of the audience who filled the side boxes, several noblemen accompanied him. The Count de Prado alone possessed the privilege of being seated when attending the sovereign; a mark of distinguished regard and predilection. To him Joseph appeared to communicate all his confidential discourse, while the other individuals in attendance remained standing behind him. Even the Duke de Cadaval, though the sole person of that high rank in the kingdom of Portugal, (there being no other since the extinction of the dukedom of Aveiro,) was never permitted to sit down in company with the king. After the Count de Prado, the two Counts of Cantineida and of Arcos, both sons of the Marquis de Marialva, whose name always brought Gil Blas before my imagination, enjoyed, in 1772, the highest place in Joseph's personal favour. The Count de Cantineida was the only nobleman in the kingdom, allowed by special grace from the crown to drive in a coach and six, with which equipage the king himself had presented him.

The memorable earthquake of the first of November, 1755, had impressed on almost every part of Lisbon the most awful traces of its existence and ravages, at the time when I visited that capital. Many edifices still remained exactly in the condition that they were left by it, presenting such scenes of devastation and destruction as would then have been vainly sought for elsewhere in any part of Europe. Among them, the ancient palace of the dukes of Braganza, which was built on a commanding eminence in the centre of the metropolis, and the cathedral of Lisbon, stood conspicuous. Both these majestic structures hourly threatened to crush the tenant, or the devotee, who ventured to enter them. Yet the former pile was inhabited by various families or individuals who sought shelter under the tottering roof; and superstition or devotion had consecrated chapels in the latter, amidst the ruins of altars and domes, where masses were daily celebrated. I was peculiarly led to visit the cathedral, by the hope of finding the tomb of Camoens, the celebrated Portuguese poet, whose body, as I had been assured, was there interred. But I could discover no proofs of any such interment, though I made every enquiry; and I have reason to believe, after all the researches in my power, that, as he unquestionably expired in a public hospital, of a disease which, from its contagious nature, resembled the plague, he was thrown into a common grave, with a number of other dead bodies. It is certain that no monument was ever erected to his memory.

A striking and a melancholy conformity exists between the destiny of the two most illustrious men of genius, whom Spain and Portugal have produced in modern ages—I mean Cervantes and Camoens; a conformity which reflects no honour on those countries, nor on the sovereigns and ministers who thus abandoned them to the rigours of adversity. Both served on the expeditions undertaken against the Mahomedans, in the capacity of private soldiers, and both were wounded. Camoens lost an eye before the town of Ceuta, in

Morocco, and Cervantes lost his left hand at the celebrated battle of Lepanto, gained by Don John of Austria, in 1571, over the Turks. Each of them underwent captivity, shipwreck, and all the calamities of adverse fortune. Returning to their native country, both were admired and deserted. John the Third and Sebastian, kings of Portugal, seem to have done as little to ameliorate the condition of Camoens, as Philip the Second and Third, the sovereigns of Spain, did for Cervantes. Each of them attained to an advanced age, amidst the pressure of diseases, penury, and privations. Camoens breathed his last at Lisbon, in 1579, at about sixty-two years of age, in an hospital, reproaching his countrymen, as is asserted, for their cruel neglect. Cervantes, extenuated by the progress of a dropsy, which was rendered more severe by want, preserved his constitutional gaiety of disposition to the last moments of his existence; expired, it may be almost said, with the pen in his hand; and seemed to triumph over dissolution by the elasticity and energy of his mind. He died at Madrid, in 1616; a year which likewise deprived the world of Shakspeare! The author of the "Lusiad," and the writer of "Don Quixote," were both thrown into the ground without even the decencies of an ordinary funeral; nor can the spot where either of their remains are deposited be even ascertained at the present time. It is impossible to consider these facts without emotions of mingled concern and indignation. Yet Dante, Tasso, and Galileo, among the Italians; Spenser, Otway, and Chatterton, among us, appear to have experienced scarcely a milder fate.

If I could not discover the place of Camoens' interment, I at least found out the grave and tombstone of the author of "Tom Jones." Fielding, who terminated his life, as is well known, at Lisbon, in 1754, of a complication of disorders, at little more than forty-seven years of age, lies buried in the cemetery appropriated to the English factory. I visited his grave, which was already nearly concealed by weeds and nettles. Though he did not suffer the extremity of distress, under which Camoens and Cervantes terminated their lives, yet his extravagance, a quality so commonly characteristic of men distinguished by talents, embittered the evening of his days. Fielding, Richardson, and Le Sage, seem to have attained the highest eminence in that seductive species of writing unknown to antiquity, which we denominate *novels*. Crebillon, Marivaux, and Smollett, only occupy the second place. Voltaire and Rousseau, however beautiful may be their compositions in this line, are rather satirical or philosophical moralists, than novelists. "Don Quixote" is a work *sui generis*, and not amenable to ordinary rules. "Gil Blas" seems to stand alone, and will probably be read with avidity in every age, and every country. Though the scene lies in Spain, and the characters are Spaniards, the manners are universal; and true to nature equally in Madrid, in Paris, or in London. Richardson and Fielding are more national, and cannot be read with the same delight on the banks of the Seine, or of the Tiber, as on those of the Thames; though the former writer transports us to Bologna, in his *Sir Charles Grandison*. Fielding never attempts to carry us out of England, and his actors are all aborigines. Foreigners neither can taste his works, nor will he ever attain to the fame of Richardson, beyond the limits of his own country. *Clementina* and *Clarissa* will penetrate, where *Sophia Western* and *Parson Adams* never can be known or appreciated. *Joseph Andrews* and *Amelia* may be considered, in point of composition, to Fielding what *Pamela* is to Richardson.

The late Alderman Cadell, who was one of the most intelligent, honourable, and superior men of his profession, told me that his predecessor, Millar, the bookseller, bought Fielding's *Amelia* of the author; giving him, for the copyright, eight hundred pounds; a great sum at that time. After making the purchase, Millar showed the manuscript to Sir Andrew Mitchell, who subsequently filled the post of British minister at Berlin; requesting to have his opinion of the work. Sir Andrew observed to him, that it bore the indelible marks of Fielding's genius, and was a fine performance; but, nevertheless, far beneath "Tom Jones;" finally advising him to get rid of it as soon as he could. Millar did not neglect the counsel, though he was too able a man to divulge the opinion delivered by his friend. On the contrary, at the first sale which he made to the trade, he said, "Gentlemen, I have several works to put up, for which I shall be glad if you will bid: but as to *Amelia*, every copy is already bespoke." This manœuvre had its effect. All the booksellers were anxious to get their names put down for copies of it, and the edition, though very large, was immediately sold.

All the most interesting particulars of the earthquake of 1755, have been recounted to me by many of those persons who shared in, and survived the horrors of that calamitous day, on which near forty thousand persons were believed to have perished. They agreed, that if it had taken place in the middle of the night, when the fires were in general extinguished, and when the darkness would have prevented the greater part of the inhabitants from quitting their houses before daybreak, not a fourth part of the lives would have been lost, nor a fourth of the destruction have followed. Prodigious numbers were swept off from the quays, by the sudden rise of the Tagus, and the conflagration, which succeeded the earthquake, spread even greater devastation than did that convulsion of nature. The first shock, which came on about forty minutes after nine in the morning, seemed to be horizontal in its direction or movement; but the second shock was perpendicular or vertical, throwing up the pavement of the streets to the height of forty and fifty feet into the air. Near an hour intervened between the two concussions. The king, queen, and royal family, by good fortune, were not at the palace in Lisbon, but at Belem, which stands near two miles lower down, on the same side of the river. As the apartments which they inhabited were all built on the ground, his majesty leaped out of the window of his chamber into the garden, on first perceiving the shock; while the three princesses, his daughters, who were either not yet risen, or not dressed, followed him, wrapped in the bed clothes.

Lisbon has, in all ages, been subject to the awful visitation and ravages of earthquakes. History commemorates several, during the lapse of the last six centuries, which have successively laid that capital in ruins, and buried or engulfed a large part of the population. The most destructive earthquake known in modern times, previous to the year 1755, happened in February, 1522, soon after the decease of Emanuel, in the first year of the reign of his son, John the Third. The concussions of the earth then lasted during eight days; but do not appear to have produced a conflagration as ruinous or extensive as that which took place under Joseph; though more than fifteen hundred houses, besides churches, palaces, and public edifices of every kind, were destroyed. Thirty thousand persons perished in Lisbon alone; while Santarem, Almerin, and many other places, were swallowed up, together with their inhabitants. John the Third, his queen, and the royal family, were compelled to encamp in the fields, under tents, just as Joseph did, in November, 1755. Great as these convulsions of nature were, they may, nevertheless, be esteemed slight, both in their extent and in their effects, if compared with those which desolated Calabria, in more recent periods, as late as the year 1783.

It is evident that the earthquake of 1755 ran in a kind of vein, principally ravaging a circle or space of about four to five miles, which was reduced to a state of desolation, by the fire that followed it. The "Alfama," or ancient Moorish city, situate higher up the river, as well as the suburb of Belem, extending lower down the Tagus, though both may be said to form a part of Lisbon, nearly as Wapping and Westminster constitute portions of London, yet received, comparatively, little injury. The principal edifices, and even the houses in both, remained, if not unshaken, yet undemolished. In 1772, rather more than half the space originally laid waste by the earthquake and fire had been already rebuilt. Some of the new streets might even vie, in regularity and magnificence, with those of any capital in Europe; forming an astonishing contrast with the filth, antiquity, and barbarism, characteristic of the eastern extremity, or "Alfama."

The family of Braganza has not produced, even down to the present time, any sovereign endowed with talents such as distinguished the two kings, John the Second, and Emanuel, who reigned over the Portuguese in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The reign of Joseph may be more properly denominated the administration of the Conde d'Œyras, created afterwards Marquis de Pombal, than it can be characterised by any other description. The name of this minister was Sebastian Joseph Carvalho. His birth, noble, but not illustrious, would never have opened him a way to power, if it had not been aided by extraordinary talents. Maria Anna of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Leopold the First, and queen of John the Fifth, recommended him to her son Joseph; who, on his accession to the throne, in 1750, named Carvalho secretary for foreign affairs. His own abilities achieved the rest. On him Joseph seemed to have devolved the exclusive and absolute government of the state; nor was he unworthy of that selection. At the time that I saw him, he had attained his seventy-third year; but age appeared neither to have diminished the vigour, freshness, nor activity of his faculties. In his person he was very tall and slender; his face long, pale, meagre, and full of intelligence. He was so unpopular, and so many attempts had been made to assassinate him, that he never went out without guards. Even in the streets of Lisbon, his carriage was always accompanied or surrounded by a detachment of cavalry, with their swords drawn for his protection. He was, indeed, not less odious to the nobility and clergy than to the people; perhaps even more so; one of the great objects of his policy, during more than twenty years, having been to reduce the aristocratic and ecclesiastical privileges, of every kind, to a strict dependence on the crown and government.

In 1772, the state prisons were full of unfortunate victims. The tower of Belem, the fort of the Bougie, situate at the mouth of the Tagus, and the castle of St. Julien, placed at the northern entrance of that river, were all crowded with prisoners, of which a great proportion were Jesuits, arrested in 1758, or in 1763, by the minister. The subterranean casemates of the castle of St. Julien contained above a hundred individuals, who could be clearly discerned, by persons walking on the ramparts of the fortress, through the iron gratings which admitted some light to these gloomy abodes. I have, myself, beheld many of them, at the depth of fifty or sixty feet below me, pacing to and fro; most of whom being Jesuits, were habited in the dress of the order. They excited great commiseration.

In extenuation, if not in justification of the first minister, and of Joseph, it must, however, be admitted, that the national character of the Portuguese, at once bigoted, sanguinary, and vindictive, demanded a severe government. They were neither to be reformed, enlightened, nor coerced, by gentle and palliative remedies. At the decease of John the Fifth, the streets of Lisbon, even in the most frequented quarters, exhibited perpetual scenes of violence and of murder, during the night. Dead bodies, stabbed, and covered with wounds, were left exposed in the squares and public places. But, before 1772, the police, introduced and rigorously enforced by the Marquis de Pombal, had almost extinguished these enormities; and had rendered the capital nearly as secure as London. During my residence there, of many weeks, such was the vigilance of the patrole, that only one assassination was committed; and I have returned home, alone, on foot, at the latest hours, without danger or apprehension. Nor were the cares of the first minister limited to the mere protection of the metropolis. Its re-edification, salubrity, and improvement in every sense, occupied his capacious mind. Lisbon might truly be said to rise from its ashes, as ancient Rome did under Augustus, renewed and beautified. The education of the young nobility formed, likewise, a distinguished object of his regard. A college, founded solely for their benefit, at an immense expense, was already nearly completed. I visited it, as I did the manufactures of silk, of lace, of ivory, and many others, carrying on under his auspices. All these bespoke a great and elevated understanding, intent on ameliorating the order of things, and animated by very salutary or enlarged views. But the greater number of the Marquis de Pombal's institutions, edifices, and fabrics, being incomplete, demanded time or funds for their entire accomplishment. The detestation in which he was held, impeded their progress; nor was it doubted, that as soon as the present queen, then Princess of Brazil, should succeed to the throne, her superstition, or her prejudices, would overturn all that Joseph and his minister had done, to introduce improvements or reforms into Portugal. The event justified this prediction.

Joseph's reign, which had been marked by earthquakes, conspiracies, and war, was regarded by the Portuguese nation, not without some apparent reason, as a most

calamitous period. Yet, if we compare the misfortunes of that time with those which have succeeded, when the sovereign, the royal family, and the principal nobility, have been compelled to abandon their native country, in order to seek an asylum in South America, while the capital and the provinces have been occupied, overrun, and plundered, by a revolutionary enemy of the most rapacious description; how comparatively tolerable were the evils endured under Joseph, when placed near those to which Portugal has been subjected under his daughter. They may be said to have equaled, if they did not exceed, between 1807 and 1810, the degradation and subversion which followed the death of Sebastian in the sixteenth century, when Philip the Second rendered himself master of the kingdom. Having mentioned Sebastian, I shall say a few words on the history of that unfortunate prince. It is well known that he perished or disappeared in the famous battle of Arzila, on the coast of Barbary, fought on the 4th of August, 1578. I have seen, in the royal palace at Cintra, a little open court or balcony, adjoining one of the rooms of state, in which was constructed a stone chair or seat, coated with a sort of coarse porcelain, a bench of the same materials extending on each side. In that chair, while his ministers sat round him, Sebastian, as constant tradition asserts, held the memorable council in which the enterprise against Morocco was resolved on, contrary to the advice and opinions of his more prudent counsellors. That he was no more seen after the day of the battle of Arzila, by the Portuguese, is certain; but it is not absolutely ascertained beyond all doubt that he perished there. His body was never found, or at least was never identified, and I have conversed with very judicious men at Lisbon, who inclined to believe that the individual who appeared at Venice in 1598, asserting himself to be Sebastian, was really that prince.

Joseph had one sister named Barbara, who was married at seventeen years of age to Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, youngest of the sons of Philip the Fifth, king of Spain, by his first queen, and who afterwards succeeded him in the Spanish throne. This princess, who seems to have been entirely under the dominion of superstition and of music, before she quitted Lisbon, in order to become the wife of Ferdinand, in 1729, having repaired to the church of the "Madre de Dios," or Mother of God, situated on the banks of the Tagus, in the suburbs, there made a solemn offering to the Virgin of the rich dress, laces, and valuable jewels, which she had worn at the ceremony of her espousals. I was induced to visit the church for the purpose of viewing this magnificent sacrifice, or renunciation of female ornament. The image was habited from head to foot in the finest lace, the stomacher, necklace, and ear-rings, being altogether composed of brilliants. Lady Wortley Montagu remarks in one of her letters written from some part of Germany, I believe from Cologne, that in her time, as early as 1717, or 1718, the knavery of the priests had already removed, in most or in many of the catholic churches, the precious stones which devotees had presented to the saints, substituting paste or other imitations in their place. This assertion may have been well founded relative to Germany, but was not true in Portugal at a much later period. I viewed these diamonds, by permission of the priests, very closely, through the medium of a glass case, in which the Virgin herself was enclosed; and I have not the slightest doubt that they were the identical jewels presented by the princess on the above mentioned occasion. At the feet of his mother, secured within the same case, lay a waxen figure of the infant Jesus, wrapt in similar attire, and reposing in a cradle of solid silver. How long these costly articles of dress may have remained unremoved in the church of the "Madre de Dios," since I saw them, I cannot pretend to say; but we may presume that the prince regent, when he embarked for Rio Janeiro, did not leave them behind for the Duchess of Abrantes, or the revolutionary rapacity of the French generals, who would no more have spared them than the elder Dionysius respected the golden beard of Esculapius, or the mantle of Jupiter.

THE COURT OF FRANCE.

I passed a great part of the years 1775 and 1776 in France, not long after the decease of Louis the Fifteenth, a sovereign whose character and actions always appeared to me to be depreciated and undervalued by the French, nearly in the same proportion that they have elevated those of Louis the Fourteenth above their just standard. Like his predecessor, he succeeded to the crown while in childhood; but he had not the same advantages as Louis the Fourteenth enjoyed, whose mother, Anne of Austria, watched with maternal solicitude over his preservation. Louis the Fifteenth, who survived both his parents, was left during the regency of Philip, Duke of Orleans, principally to the care of Fleury, Bishop of Frejus, who obtained over his pupil an early and almost an unbounded ascendant. The regency lasted above eight years, and there is no period of time since the abdication of James the Second in 1689, during which France and England have been so closely united by political ties. George the First, and the regent duke, both dreaded a pretender; one in the son of James, the other in Philip the Fifth, King of Spain. Impelled by this apprehension, the two princes equally made the policy and interests of their respective countries subordinate to their personal objects of acquisition or ambition. Philip, Duke of Orleans, was undoubtedly one of the most immoral and profligate men whom we have beheld in modern ages. The orgies of the "Palais Royal," probably exceeded in depravity, as well as in enormity, every thing of the same kind ever acted, even in France. The incestuous fables of antiquity, and the unnatural amours of Cyniras and Myrrha, which we read with horror in Ovid, were believed to have been realised in the persons of the Duchess de Berri, and the Abbess de Chelles, with their own father. But, notwithstanding the disgust excited by such scenes of infamous turpitude, we must acknowledge that the regent displayed some of the greatest endowments and talents, fitted both for the cabinet and for the field. His descendant, who performed so detestable a part in the late French revolution, only resembled him in his vices. He inherited neither the distinguished personal courage, nor the ardour for knowledge, nor the military skill, nor the aptitude for public business, nor the elevated mind of the regent, who, if he had not been restrained by some considerations of goodness, or some emotions of affection, might easily have acted by Louis the Fifteenth as we suppose that Richard, Duke of Gloucester, did by Edward the Fifth; or, as we know that the late Duke of Orleans acted by Louis the Sixteenth and his queen. To the regent, whose life was terminated in the arms of the Duchess de Valori, abbreviated by his excesses, succeeded the short and feeble ministry of the Duke of Bourbon, comprising scarcely three years; but which produced one event peculiarly interesting to the young king, and to France—I mean his marriage.

There is no instance in the last, or present century, of any female attaining so great an elevation, as that of Mademoiselle de Leczinska to the throne of France: for we cannot justly reckon the second marriage of the Czar Peter with Catherine, the Livonian peasant, as an exception. Muscovy could scarcely then be considered as forming a portion of the European system, nor were its sovereigns altogether subjected to our usages. That the daughter of an expatriated Polish nobleman or palatine, whom Charles the Twelfth of Sweden had nominally forced upon the Poles as their king during a few years; but who was in fact only a needy exiled adventurer, driven by necessity to take shelter in an obscure provincial town of Alsace, and destitute of territories, or almost of support; that a princess, if such she might be properly denominated, who could hardly be thought a suitable match for one of the petty sovereigns on the banks of the Elbe, or the Rhine, should have been selected for the consort of a King of France, may assuredly be considered as one of the most singular caprices of fortune. Its singularity becomes augmented, when we reflect that the young monarch was already not only betrothed to the daughter of Philip the Fifth, his uncle, King of Spain; but that the princess destined to share his throne and bed, had long resided in France, the nuptials being only delayed till the two parties should attain a proper age. Yet, in defiance of this impediment, did the Duke of Bourbon venture to send back Philip's daughter to Madrid; and I met her at Lisbon near half a century afterwards, become Queen of Portugal, transported from the banks of the Seine to those of the Tagus; while a native of Poland, brought up in obscurity, and hardly accounted among the female candidates for an European crown, supplied her place. The motive assigned for so extraordinary a proceeding on the part of the Duke of Bourbon, was his apprehension that the young king, whose delicate constitution seemed scarcely to promise his attaining to manhood, should die without issue.

I have been assured by persons conversant in the secret history of the early part of Louis the Fifteenth's reign, that when the Duke of Bourbon determined on dissolving the unconsummated marriage between the young king and Philip's daughter, he found himself under the greatest embarrassment whom to substitute in her room. He had a sister, Mademoiselle de Sens, born in 1705, whose age and personal accomplishments rendered her a fit bride for Louis. She then resided at the abbey of Fontevraud in Anjou, under the protection of the abbess, and it was natural for the duke to desire to raise her to the throne. But he was himself enslaved to the celebrated Marchioness de Prie, his mistress, who wished to have the merit of naming the future queen, in whose household, and about whose person, she aspired to occupy a distinguished situation. On the other hand, they both equally dreaded giving a wife to their sovereign, whose charms, talents, or ambition, might impel her to assume an empire over his mind. Louis, then only entering on his sixteenth year, brought up in great seclusion, scarcely initiated in public business, and though not destitute of talents, yet indolent, of very reserved habits, modest, and diffident of himself, would not improbably, like his uncle Philip the Fifth, be governed by a queen of energy or spirit. Before the choice fell therefore on the Duke of Bourbon's sister, it behoved the marchioness to ascertain whether, if selected for so great an elevation, she would probably manifest ductility of character, gratitude, and attachment towards the person who principally raised her to that eminence. In order to obtain satisfaction on a point so important, Madame de Prie determined to procure an interview with Mademoiselle de Sens, to whom she was unknown by person, though not by reputation. Assuming therefore a fictitious name, she repaired to Fontevraud, and having been presented to her, found means to turn the conversation on the Marchioness de Prie. Unconscious that the stranger to whom she addressed her discourse was the marchioness herself; the princess gave full scope to her antipathy towards a woman whom she considered as exercising a pernicious influence over her brother's mind. This disclosure of her sentiments at once stopped the further prosecution of Madame de Prie's plan for placing her on the French throne, and compelled her to turn her views to another quarter.

The Duke of Bourbon, not discouraged by the obstacle which difference of religion imposed, next embraced the extraordinary measure of demanding for his master the hand of an English princess; and he named, as the object of his selection, the eldest grand-daughter of George the First, Anne, who afterwards married William the Fourth, Prince of Orange. This event took place in 1725. However strong might be the objection arising from her profession of the protestant faith, which she must necessarily have renounced, in order to ascend the throne of France, yet the offer was alluring; and Henrietta, sister of Charles the Second, had married Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis the Fourteenth, after Charles's restoration. But George the First, though gratified by the proposition of seeing one of his female descendants wear the French crown, yet was too wise to accept it; well knowing that such an alliance, however splendid in itself, or whatever political advantages it might seem to present, would irritate and disgust all the adherents of the succession in the house of Hanover. Thus foiled in two attempts to dispose of Louis the Fifteenth's hand, and firmly resolved on effecting his marriage without delay, Madame de Prie cast her eyes on Maria Leczinska, the daughter of Stanislaus. She was then living with her father, at Weissembourg, in Alsace; a town situate not far from the Rhine, on the frontier of Germany, though in the dominions of France, where the titular King of Poland resided in as much obscurity as Charles the Second lived in the preceding century at Cologne, during the protectorate of Cromwell. So little expectation did he entertain of matching his daughter with a crowned head, that he had already lent a favourable ear to the proposals of a private nobleman, a subject of France, the Count d'Estrees, who offered her marriage. Stanislaus accepted the offer, but desired to delay its accomplishment till he could procure, if possible, the honours of a duchess, at the court of Versailles, for Mademoiselle de Leczinska.

With that view, he actually made applications to obtain a brevet of duke for the Count d'Estrees, his destined son-in-law, though without success, fortune reserving for her the first diadem in Europe. Her principal recommendation consisted in her want of personal attractions, the humility of her condition, and the obligation to gratitude which she must naturally feel for the authors of so wonderful a change in her fortune. In fact, nature had neither bestowed on her beauty, elegance of manners, nor intellectual endowments of any kind. Even youth she could scarcely be said to possess, as she was twenty-three years of age, while her destined husband was only sixteen. We know not which to admire most, the singularity of such a choice, or the passive apathy displayed by Louis, while his minister and Madame de Prie thus disposed of his person. Maria Leczinska brought him nothing, as a portion, on the day of her nuptials, except modesty, virtue, and goodness of heart. Yet the young king, during eleven or twelve years after his marriage, exhibited a pattern of conjugal fidelity which stands strongly contrasted with Louis the Fourteenth's dissolute amours, at the same period of life, though Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip the Fourth, could boast of much superior personal charms to the Polish princess. The Duchess de la Valiere, Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Fontanges, disputed for the possession of Louis the Fourteenth's youth. It was not till the afternoon and evening of his successor's life, that he became enamoured of the Duchess de Chateau-roux, and finally sunk into the arms of the Marchioness de Pompadour, and of the Countess du Barry.

The Duke de Bourbon's and Madame de Prie's period of power proved nevertheless of short duration. He was banished in 1726 to Chantilly; and at that point of time commences Cardinal Fleury's administration. It lasted nearly as long as Richelieu's, namely, about seventeen years; and though Fleury was far inferior in strength of character, resources, and energy, to his predecessor, yet may France justly feel for him equal gratitude. Pacific, economical, unostentatious, and mild, he seemed made to heal the wounds inflicted on their country by Louis the Fourteenth and the regent. If Richelieu, as we are assured from cotemporary authority, ventured to raise his eyes to Anne of Austria, and to make her propositions of a libertine nature, it is equally a fact, however incredible it may appear, that Fleury, then above seventy years of age, carried his presumption still farther with respect to Maria Leczinska. I shall not, from motives of delicacy, relate the particulars. That princess, conscious nevertheless of the ascendant which the cardinal had obtained over her husband, possessed too much prudence to communicate to him, in the first instance, the subject of her complaint She wisely preferred making a confidant of her father. To Stanislaus she therefore revealed the temerity of the aged minister, and besought him to give her his advice for her conduct, particularly on the propriety of her acquainting Louis with the circumstance. Stanislaus exhorted her, in reply, to bury the secret for ever in her own bosom; observing, at the same time, that sovereign princesses are placed on such an eminence as almost to render it impossible for any disrespectful propositions to be made them, unless they encourage, to a certain degree, such advances. The queen was discreet enough to adopt this judicious and paternal counsel. If I had not received the anecdote here related from a person whose intimacy with the individuals composing the court of France at that time, joined to his rank and high character, left no doubt of its authenticity, I should not venture to recount the fact.

To Louis the Fifteenth France stands indebted for the acquisition of Lorrain, a territory of such inestimable value as to mock calculation; perhaps surpassing in real importance any augmentation of the French dominions made by arms within the three last centuries. Henry the Second had conquered Metz, Toul, and Verdun, from the German empire, besides reannexing Calais, so long held by the English princes. The counties of Bourg and Bresse, covering the borders on the side of Savoy, were gained by Henry the Fourth. His son, Louis the Thirteenth, or more properly to speak, the Cardinal de Richelieu, added Rousillon and Cerdagne, situate at one extremity of the kingdom, towards Catalonia; while in another quarter he reduced Artois and Alsace to the French obedience. Lastly, Louis the Fourteenth, in the course of his long, ambitious, and sanguinary career, exceeding in duration seventy years, not only enlarged or strengthened his frontier along the Rhine, but augmented his territories by the addition of Franche Comté, and of a vast portion of Flanders. Yet may we justly doubt whether any of these acquisitions conferred such strength and security as the possession of Lorrain. When we reflect on the beauty and extent of that fine province, stretching into the midst of France, and separating Champagne from Burgundy, contiguous on the east of Germany, while on the west its limits approached Paris itself;—we must own that the French are ungrateful to the memory of a prince who permanently retained such a tract of country. It affixed the seal to every preceding effort made by their kings, for the security, greatness, and protection of France, leaving no object of real and wise ambition unaccomplished. Nor can we too severely censure the inert or parsimonious and narrow policy of Walpole, in permitting Cardinal Fleury to illustrate his administration by such an act. France did not indeed instantly take possession in her own name of the duchies of Lorrain and Bar. Fortune, after raising Maria Leczinska to the throne of France, conferred on her father, in recompense for his ideal Polish crown, those fertile provinces, the enjoyment and revenues of which were secured to him for his life. Such a substitution was in fact exchanging the armour of Diomed for that of Glaucus; a barren sceptre for one of gold.

Stanislaus, when this event took place in 1736, was already nearly sixty, and he remained during thirty years Duke of Lorrain. His administration, mild, beneficent, and liberal, rendered him beloved by his new subjects. He embellished Nancy, the capital; but he held his court and residence principally at Luneville, where he expired in consequence of a singular accident, having been burnt to death. Charles, King of Navarre, surnamed the Bad, perished nearly in the same manner, about four centuries earlier, at Pampeluna. The late Lady Mary Churchill, Sir Robert Walpole's daughter, who then resided with her husband at Luneville, has more than once recounted to me all the particulars of Stanislaus' end. Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, who lived in habits of intimacy with him, dined at his villa of Bon Secours, a short distance from Luneville, on the day preceding the catastrophe which terminated his life. She assured me, that though extremely bent with age and infirmities, being then near eighty-nine years old, he retained both his faculties and his good humour. Naturally gallant, he had a nominal mistress, the Marchioness de Boufflers, who occupied a part of the palace of Luneville, and to whom he was much attached, though he manifested neither jealousy nor dissatisfaction at her preference of a younger rival. His own chancellor had contrived to insinuate himself into Madame de Boufflers' favour, a fact of which the king was not ignorant. Taking leave of her one evening, when retiring to his apartment, after embracing her, "*Mon chancelier*," added he, "*vous dira le reste;*" a jocose allusion to the words with which, as is well known, the French sovereigns, when holding a bed of justice, always finish their harangues. Stanislaus, during the last years of his life, withdrew to rest every night at nine o'clock, and his departure constituted the signal for commencing faro. All the persons of both sexes, composing his court and household, then sat down to that infatuating game, which was continued without intermission to a late hour. But a circumstance seemingly incredible is, that the rage for it became such as to attract by degrees to the table all the domestics of the palace, down to the very turnspits or scullions, who, crowding round, staked their *ecus* on the cards over the heads of the company. Such a fact sufficiently proves the relaxation of manners which prevailed in the court of Lorrain, under Stanislaus.

His death, as Lady Mary Churchill related it to me, took place in February, 1766, in the following manner: The old king, who, like the Poles and Germans, was much addicted to smoking tobacco, usually finished several pipes, every day. Being alone, in an undress, while endeavouring to knock out the ashes from his pipe, he set fire to his gown; and his valet de chambre, who alone exercised the privilege of entering his apartment, had unfortunately just gone into the town of Luneville. His cries were not immediately heard; but when they reached the officer stationed on guard in the outward room, he flew to the king's assistance—and having contrived to throw him down on the floor, the flames were speedily extinguished. He might even have survived and recovered the accident, if it had not been accompanied with a singular circumstance. Stanislaus, who had become devout during the last years of his life, as a penance for his transgressions, constantly wore under his shirt, next to his flesh, a "reliquaire," or girdle, made of silver, having points on the inside from space to space. These points becoming heated, and being pressed into his body, while in the act of extinguishing the fire, caused a number of wounds or sores—the discharge from which, at his advanced period of life, proved too severe for his enfeebled constitution. Conscious that his end approached, and only a short time before it took place, he expressed a warm desire to see Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary. They having immediately waited on him, the king received them with great complacency, and with perfect self-possession—took leave of them most cheerfully, remarked the singularity of his fortune throughout life, and added, alluding to the strange manner of his death, "*Il ne manquoit qu'une pareille mort, pour un avanturier comme moi.*" He soon afterwards expired, retaining his senses and understanding almost to the last moments of his existence.

If Louis the Fifteenth, by the peace of 1736, acquired Lorrain for France, he covered himself and his country with military glory, during the war that commenced in 1741, on the death of the Emperor Charles the Sixth. Fleury was no more; he and Walpole having finished their political careers nearly about the same time. History can present, in no period of the world, an instance of a first minister commencing his administration, like Fleury, at seventy-three years of age, and retaining his power till he was ninety. Such a fact must indeed be considered as an exception to the general laws of nature, moral, as well as physical. Cardinal Ximenes, in Spain, who approached the nearest to him, died at eighty-one. In 1744, the year after Fleury's decease, Louis was seized, at Metz, with a fever, which nearly proved fatal. Had he expired at that time, as was expected to happen every moment during several successive days, his memory would have been embalmed in the hearts of his subjects, and of mankind. Never were more ardent or more universal vows offered up to Heaven by the Roman people, for the recovery of Germanicus, than were made by the French nation, for his restoration! They were unfortunately heard, and we are forced to exclaim with Juvenal,

> "Provida Pompeio dederat campania Febres
> Optandas: sed multæ urbes, et publica vota
> Vicerunt."

Though Louis, like Pompey, survived these testimonies of popular favour, yet, during the whole course of that war, down to its termination in 1748, he continued to deserve, and to retain the affections of the nation. Four brilliant and triumphant campaigns, in one of which he was personally present, rendered him master of all the Austrian Netherlands. The military trophies of Marlborough, erected forty years earlier on the same plains, were lost at Fontenoy, at Roucoux, and at Lafeldt. Greater by his moderation than even by his conquests, he gave peace to Europe, at Aix-la-Chapelle, when Holland lay open to his attack; and when Mr. Pelham, who was then at the head of the councils of England, possessed neither pecuniary nor military resources for maintaining the contest. Louis the Fourteenth may undoubtedly have inspired more terror at certain periods of his reign, but never excited more respect than did his successor at the conclusion of the great war, which took place on the accession of Maria Theresa.

MARSHAL SAXE.

It forms a curious subject of reflection, that the armies of France, during this splendid portion of Louis the Fifteenth's reign, when he thus overran the Low Countries, were commanded by foreigners. To Conde, Turenne, and Luxembourg, had succeeded Catinat, Vendome, Boufflers, and Villars: but these last generals left no successors. In 1734, Villars, at near fourscore, remained the sole survivor of those illustrious commanders, who, from Rocroi down to Denain, from 1643 to 1712, had carried victory over so many countries of Europe. An Englishman, the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James the Second, by Arabella Churchill, sister

of the great Duke of Marlborough, was placed at the heal of the French forces on the Rhine, in 1734; while a German and a Dane subjected Flanders to Louis the Fifteenth, between 1743 and 1748. Marshal Saxe, the former of these generals, attained a military reputation hardly exceeded by any individual in modern times. Lowendahl, the other, was immortalised by the capture of Bergen-op-Zoom, then regarded as the most impregnable fortress on the continent. Both survived the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle only a few years. I have been in the apartment of the palace of Chambord, near Blois, where Marshal Saxe expired, in November, 1750—extenuated by pleasures which had enervated his Herculean frame, and produced his premature end, at fifty-four years of age. The natural son of Augustus the Second, King of Poland, and Elector of Saxony, he inherited from his father an extraordinary degree of bodily strength, but, like Milo, in antiquity,

"Viribus ille
Confisus perilit, admirandisque Lacertis."

At Chambord, where he lived in a magnificent style, he constantly entertained a company of comedians, as if he had been a sovereign prince. Mademoiselle de Chantilly, an actress in high reputation at Paris, having, from her personal beauty, no less than from her theatrical merit, attracted the marshal's attention; he caused proposals to be made her for repairing to Chambord to perform on his theatre; but she, who was already married to Favard, an actor on the French stage, knowing the marshal's designs on her person, rejected all his offers. In this dilemma, and determined to gain possession of her, he applied to Monsieur de Berruyer, then *lieutenant de police*, requesting him to compel her to visit Chambord. Berruyer, desirous of obliging Marshal Saxe, made use of every argument, and enforced them by very ample pecuniary offers. Finding, however, all his exertions fruitless, he sent her a *lettre de cachet*, ordering her immediately to prison, or to Chambord. We must own that this atrocious abuse of power, which reminds us of Appius Claudius and Virginia, in the consular ages of Rome, excites indignation against a government capable of having recourse to such expedients, in order to gratify the depraved and licentious appetites of an exhausted voluptuary. Thus pressed between imprisonment and the sacrifice of her person, she preferred the latter expedient, as many other women might have done under her circumstances, without perhaps incurring either any deep degree of culpability, or exciting any strong emotions of moral reprobation. Pity, indeed, rather than condemnation, arises in the mind of every liberal man, on such a recital. Arriving at Chambord, she was forced to gratify the marshal's desires. It is difficult to relate the sequel of the story, without involuntarily wounding decorum: yet, may the moral that it contains almost apologise for such a deviation, or in some degree even demand it. Mademoiselle de Chantilly having been reluctantly conducted to the marshal's bed, afterwards expressed herself with some contempt. Piqued at the insinuation, he had recourse to expedients for recruiting, or resuscitating his decayed powers. The auxiliary proved too powerful for the principal, and produced his death within a short time: a dissolution of which Mademoiselle de Chantilly formed the cause. He expired nearly in the same manner as the regent Duke of Orleans had done, about twenty-five years earlier—a prince to whom, both in his virtues, his endowments of mind, and his defects or vices, Marshal Saxe exhibited some analogy.

Louis the Fifteenth not only occupied the most distinguished place among the European sovereigns and powers, during the period of nearly eight years, which intervened between the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle and the commencement of the war of 1756; and, for a considerable time subsequent to that rupture, every success was on the side of France. Beyond the Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, in Germany, as well as on the French coasts and shores, her arms maintained their ascendency. Mezerai, or Voltaire, might have expatiated with exultation and pleasure on the events of Minorca, of Ticonderoga, of Braddock's defeat in Virginia, of Closter-seven, of St. Cas, and of Rochfort; as, on the other hand, assuredly neither Hume nor Smollett could have derived, from the narration of those unfortunate or disgraceful transactions, any subject of triumph. That Louis, no less than his people, sunk under the energies of the first Mr. Pitt, between 1759 and 1762, must be admitted: but all the achievements of that great minister, in both hemispheres, on the land and on the water, from the Philippines to Cuba, and from Cape Breton to Senegal, were sacrificed at the peace of Fontainbleau. We seemed to have humbled the two branches of the house of Bourbon, only to reconstruct their fallen power—restoring all that we ought in wisdom to have retained, and retaining or acquiring all that in policy we should have surrendered to France and Spain. Witness Canada and Florida, which we preserved! Witness the Havana, Martinique, Guadaloupe, and so many other islands or settlements which we ceded—not to include in the list, Manilla, a capture unknown to the British ministry who signed the treaty, and of which the ransom has never been paid, down to the present moment! Well might "Junius" exclaim, that the ambassador who subscribed such unbecoming conditions, must have sold his country! Well might scandal, no doubt unjustly, assert, that the Princess Dowager of Wales received for herself, as a present, from the court of Versa... a hundred thousand pounds; and that the first minister, Lord Bute, retained for his share ninety-six thousand! Even the popularity of George the Third, sustained by the most irreproachable and exemplary display of private virtues, could not stand the shock of such a peace—which covered him with as much obloquy as that of Utrecht had inflicted on Queen Anne.

France, from 1763 to 1770, repaired her losses; and while her councils were guided by the vigorous, as well as enterprising mind of Choiseul, Louis the Fifteenth, however vanquished he might have been in the preceding contest, reappeared with at least as much dignity on the theatre of Europe as Louis the Fourteenth had done after the war of the succession. Choiseul, secure on the side of Flanders and of Germany, by the alliance subsisting with the house of Austria since 1756, extended succours to the Polish insurgents against Catherine the Second; laid the foundations of the Swedish revolution, which was effected by Gustavus the Third, in 1772; and reduced, to the obedience of his master, the island of Corsica, nearly about the time when that country gave birth to a man whose relentless and insatiable ambition or vengeance has equally laid waste the territory of France, and polluted by his crimes, or converted into a desert, the most flourishing kingdoms of the continent. The universal abhorrence excited by his atrocities, renders it unnecessary to name a monster, whose very existence, and, still more, whose favoured place of retreat, an island on the delicious shore of Tuscany, midway between Leghorn and Toulon, surrounded by the splendour of a prince, seem to reproach the justice, no less than the policy, of the European powers.

Louis the Fifteenth, like his predecessor, survived his only son; justifying the Roman poet's remark on the evils that accompany and characterise longevity, when he says,—

"Hæc data pœna diu viventibus, ut renovata
Semper clade domus, multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore, et nigra veste senescant."

The Dauphin Louis died at Fontainbleau, towards the end of 1765, at the age of about thirty-six. Whether we consider his death abstractedly, with reference to his character and mental qualities, or whether we try it by the calamitous reign of his son, which may be said, without a metaphor, to have brought France to the block; we must be compelled to regard the dauphin's premature end, as one of the most unfortunate events which could have taken place for the French monarchy, and for the house of Bourbon. It was produced, as I have been assured by persons who had frequent access to him, and who enjoyed a distinguished place in his confidence, from the effect of medicines which he took, in order to repel or to disperse an eruption that appeared near his mouth. He was supposed to have caught the disorder from his wife, the dauphiness, a princess of Saxony, daughter of Augustus the Third, King of Poland, who had a violent scorbutic humour in her blood. Malignity proceeded so far as even to accuse the king his father of having caused the dauphin's death, by administering to him slow poison; a circumstance principally founded on the state of extenuation and languor to which he was reduced, during the long malady that brought him to the grave; but for which atrocious imputation not the slightest foundation existed in truth.

Louis the Fifteenth, though naturally indolent, as well as dissolute, and though he became, like Tiberius, profligate towards the close of his life, manifested no cruelty, nor systematic atrocity of character. He neither resembled Louis the Eleventh, nor Bonaparte. His son possessed firmness of mind, and a solid understanding, cultivated by polite letters. For the society of men distinguished by talents of any kind, the dauphin displayed as strong a partiality, as the king betrayed an aversion, throughout his whole reign. Devout, and in some degree tinctured with bigotry, he nevertheless sought occasions of conversing with individuals known to have embraced ideas adverse to the catholic faith, as well as subversive of revealed religion. With David Hume, then secretary to the English embassy at Paris, and at the summit of his literary reputation, or, as the "Heroic Epistle" says, "drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise," the dauphin, not a great while before his decease, had a long conversation, principally on points connected with philosophical disquisition. When Hume was presented to him, "I know," said he, "that you hold very free opinions on matters connected with revelation; but my principles are fixed, and therefore speak out to me; for otherwise I should only be conversing with a man in a mask." He was the third dauphin in hereditary descent, who had attained to manhood without ascending the French throne, within the short space of fifty-four years. His death was followed, at no long interval of time, by that of the dauphiness, his widow, and the queen, his mother; leaving Louis the Fifteenth, at nearly sixty, surrounded by his daughters and his grandchildren.

Unquestionably, the four last years of his reign were passed in a manner worthy of Sardanapalus; oblivious of his public duties, insensible to national glory, and lost to every sentiment of private virtue, or even of decorum. From the instant that, dismissing Choiseul from his councils, and rejecting the favourable opportunity offered him by the dispute which arose between England and Spain, relative to the Falkland islands, for recovering the honour, as well as the territories, lost by France during the preceding war; he abandoned himself to pleasures no longer suited to his age: from that moment, he became an object of contempt and opprobrium to his own subjects. Unfortunately for his fame, he has been tried and estimated by this inglorious portion of his life. Yet, even while the Dukes of Aiguillon and of Richelieu directed public affairs, while the great seal of France was entrusted to Maupeou, while the finances were abandoned to the Abbe Terray, and while a woman of the most libertine description, Madame du Barry, presided over his looser hours, he at least exerted some proofs of vigour in his treatment of the parliaments of his kingdom, whom he controlled and banished: unlike his yielding successor, who suffered himself to be overwhelmed under the progressive effects of popular innovation.

When we compare the concluding years of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, from 1712 to 1715, with the termination of his great grandson's life, from 1770 to 1774, we shall see that the court was alike, in both instances, completely under female control. It would, indeed, be as unjust to place Madame du Barry in competition with Madame du Maintenon, as to elevate Thais or Campaspe to a level with Aspasia, or with Livia. Yet did the palace and court of the former prince exhibit as degrading a scene of mingled hypocrisy, bigotry, and superstition, as Versailles displayed a spectacle of debauch and licentious pleasure, under the latter sovereign. If it were permitted to cite as authority for this assertion, the "*Pucelle*" of Voltaire; a poem no less captivating from its wit than dangerous from its spirit and tendency—but the historical portraits scattered throughout which production are sketched with admirable ability, by a master hand—we might there behold the ignominious figure which "the Phœnix of the Bourbons" presented in the evening of his life, surrounded by devotees, priests, and monks,

"Hercule en froc, et Priape en soutane."

Louis the Fifteenth, during his last years, excites, nevertheless, more disgust, because it is unqualified by any sentiment of pity or of respect. His death, which took place under these circumstances, was hailed by the French as the era of their liberation from a yoke equally disgraceful and severe: while the new reign awakened,

in a nation characterised by its superficial or sanguine frame of mind, the most extravagant visions of future felicity. We may, however, safely assume that Louis the Fifteenth, who had refused to join Charles the Third of Spain, in 1770, when every circumstance invited him to a rupture with England; and who was known to have taken an unalterable determination of terminating his life in peace; we may be assured that such a prince, at sixty-eight or seventy, would not have sent La Fayette and Rochambeau across the Atlantic, there to imbibe the principles of rebellion and republicanism, with which they returned to inoculate France, and to subvert the throne. Louis the Sixteenth, only four years after his accession, in 1778, embraced, though against his own judgment, this pernicious and improvident measure, from which, in an eminent degree, flowed the destruction of his house. So true it is, that—

"Evertere domos totas, optantibus ipsis,
Di faciles."

We cannot reflect, without some surprise, that Louis the Fifteenth manifested more attention, during his last illness, to the well-being and support of Madame du Barry, his mistress, after his decease, than his predecessor displayed for Madame du Maintenon, to whom he had been united above thirty years, by the solemn ties of marriage. Scarron's widow possessed nothing as her own individual property, on the first of September, 1715, when Louis the Fourteenth breathed his last, except the estate of Maintenon, in the vicinity of Paris, which she had purchased, and a pension from the crown, of two thousand louis-d'ors a year; while the former, besides the immense pecuniary gratifications which she had received from her royal lover during the period of her favour, was presented by him with the beautiful chateau and estate of Lusienne, situate near Marly. Yet Louis the Fourteenth, before he expired, contented himself with only recommending his future widow to the protection of the Duke of Orleans. His successor, on the contrary, at an early period of his disorder, after expressing the utmost anxiety respecting his mistress, delivered into the Duke d'Aiguillon's hands, confidentially for her use, in the event of his decease, a portfolio containing in notes the sum of three millions of livres, or about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling. The duke, with the true spirit of a courtier, carried this deposite to the new king.

At sixty-four, Louis the Fifteenth died of the small-pox, at Versailles; as his grandfather, the dauphin, only son of Louis the Fourteenth, was carried off at the palace of Meudon, by the same malady, in 1711. While any reasonable expectations of his recovery were entertained, Madame du Barry continued her attendance about his person; every idea of the nature of his disease being studiously concealed from him: nor was he permitted to regard himself in a looking-glass, lest he should discover the change effected in his countenance by the pustules which covered his face. The Duke de Richelieu even kept guard at the door of his bed-chamber, to prevent the intrusion of any priest or ecclesiastic who might procure admission, and, by warning him of his danger, awaken his apprehensions of eternity. But no sooner was his alarming situation understood, and the apparent improbability of his surviving the attack of so malignant a distemper became disseminated abroad, than Madame Louisa of France, the king's youngest daughter, who had taken the veil as a carmelite nun, quitting the convent at which she was prioress at St. Denis, repaired to Versailles. With irresistible importunity she demanded admittance to her father, whom she admonished of his perilous state, and impending dissolution: he was already sinking under the ravages of the disease, which left no hope of his surmounting its violence. Madame du Barry had been sent away some days before, to Lusienne. The king expired in a narrow white bed, placed between two windows of his apartment, which were constantly kept open on account of the heat of the weather, though the season of the year was by no means advanced, it being only the tenth day of May, 1774. These particulars have all been related to me, not long after they took place, by a gentleman, one of his pages, who attended him throughout the whole course of his disorder.

It is obvious, after a consideration of these facts, that the successor of Louis the Fifteenth must have ascended the throne under the most favourable auspices. To the majesty of the first European crown, he added the brilliancy of youth, not having yet completed his twentieth year. But, though young, he possessed neither the graces, the activity, nor the elasticity of mind usually characteristic of that period of life. Heavy, inert, inclined to corpulency, and destitute of all aptitude for any exercise of the body except hunting, he seemed like James the First of England, unfit for appearing in the field. His manners were shy; a natural result of his neglected education, which made Madame du Barry commonly call him, during his grandfather's life, "*Le gros garçon, mal elevé.*" Yet never did any prince manifest more rectitude of intention, greater probity, or a warmer desire to advance the felicity of his people. Nor was his understanding by any means inadequate to fulfilling those beneficent designs. He even endeavoured, at an early period of his reign, to repair the want of preceding instruction by intense private application. For geography he displayed an uncommon passion; and it is well known that none of his ministers equaled him in that branch of knowledge. Before 1778, when the French cabinet embraced the injudicious determination of aiding the Americans by sending out D'Estaign with a fleet to their support, the king had rendered himself so perfect a master of the topography of the trans-Atlantic continent, that, from the river St. Lawrence to the southern extremity of Florida, not a head-land, a bay, a river, or almost an inlet, was unknown to him. Warmly attached to the queen his wife, and indisposed to connections of gallantry, his nuptial fidelity could admit of no dispute; and, in all the relations of domestic life, he might be esteemed not only blameless, but meritorious. George the Third could hardly lay claim to higher moral esteem and approbation, in his private character.

Impressed with deep sentiments of filial piety and of respect for the memory as well as for the precepts or advice of his father the dauphin, he selected his ministers in compliance with that prince's written instructions, which he had carefully preserved and religiously obeyed. Those instructions impelled him to place the Count de Maurepas at the head of the new administration, though that nobleman had then attained a very advanced period of life. He was indeed as old as the Cardinal de Fleury, when he assumed the management of affairs, having attained his seventy-third year in 1774, and having passed the preceding twenty-five years in exile, at Bourges, the obscure capital of the central and secluded province of Berri. It may however be justly questioned, whether in this choice Louis the Sixteenth was fortunate. Maurepas, though a man of superior talents, who preserved in age all the freshness of his intellect, yet plunged his country into the alliance with America, which proved eventually, at no great distance of time, the leading source of all the revolutionary calamities that have desolated France. In his selection of Vergennes for the foreign department, the king apparently manifested more discernment. I was at Stockholm, in June, 1774, when the courier who brought the intelligence of Louis the Fifteenth's death, delivered to Monsieur de Vergennes, then the French ambassador at the court of Sweden, letters recalling him to Paris in order to form a member of the cabinet. Happily for themselves neither Maurepas nor Vergennes survived to witness the commencement of the revolution.

If a combination of almost all those qualities or endowments, which in a private station conciliate esteem and excite respect, could have secured to Louis the Sixteenth a tranquil reign, he might justly have pretended to that felicity. But, unfortunately, he wanted the bolder and more affirmative features of the mind which confirm dominion, repress or extinguish innovation, retain the various classes of subjects in their respective orbits, inspire becoming apprehension, and preserve the throne from insult or attack. These defects had not indeed become apparent to the nation at large, as early as 1776; but they were not the less obvious to such individuals as had access to his person and court. Perhaps, had he succeeded in more tranquil times, or if he had been the immediate successor of Louis the Fourteenth—under whom, although the monarchy was convulsed and had been almost overturned by foreign enemies towards the conclusion of that reign, yet the monarchical principle and power remained firmly rooted in public opinion—he might have maintained himself in his elevation. But, even before the commencement of the American war, Voltaire, Rousseau, and their disciples, had undermined both the foundations of the throne and of the altar, by inculcating philosophical principles, calculated in their results to propel the inferior ranks upon the upper orders of society. A spirit of disquisition, of discontent, of complaint, and of reform, which pervaded not only the mass of the French population, but which had infected the army, the navy, and, however strange it may seem, the church itself, menaced the most alarming consequences. Henry the Fourth and Sully would have anticipated and suppressed it in the birth. Louis the Thirteenth and Richelieu would have combated and vanquished it in the field. Louis the Fourteenth and Louvois would have either dispersed or overawed and intimidated it by measures of vigour. Even the regent duke, Fleury, or Choiseul, would not have supinely allowed it to mature its destructive powers, till it burst into a conflagration.

If ever France stood in need of a strong and even a severe ruler, it was at the death of Louis the Fifteenth; when the person of the prince, and the throne itself, were alike, although from different causes, fallen into universal contempt. A man of energy, who had possessed military talents, and who, instead of breaking the household troops, disarming the sovereign authority, and then imprudently convoking the states general, would have mounted on horseback, placed a strong garrison in the Bastile, arrested the first instigators to sedition, sent the Duke of Orleans to the castle of Vincennes, and put himself at the head of his army in the last resort against his rebellious subjects;—such a king might have defied the revolution. But Louis the Sixteenth laboured under a double inaptitude, moral and physical. He was the only monarch since Philip of Valois, if not the single instance that occurs since Hugh Capet, the founder of the third dynasty, who never had on any occasion appeared in person among his soldiers. Louis the Fifteenth and his son the dauphin, though neither of them were distinguished by martial ardour, yet assisted in the field, made a campaign in the Netherlands, and were stationed by Marshal Saxe in such a manner at the battle of Fontenoy, as at least to be spectators of, if not participators in, the victory gained on that memorable day. Their ill-fated descendant could never be propelled into such exertions, and he even betrayed a dislike towards showing himself at the peaceful ceremony of a review.

His personal courage itself, whatever flattery may assert, or candour may suggest, was problematical. That he displayed considerable presence of mind, calmness, and contempt of death, when surrounded by a furious populace, in October, 1789, at Versailles, and in July, 1792, at the Tuileries, cannot be disputed: but, on the scaffold, in January, 1793, for the performance of which last act he must nevertheless have been prepared, by all the aids of reflection, and all the supports of religion, he did not comport himself with the serenity and self-possession that characterised Charles the First, and Mary, Queen of Scots, when laying down their heads on the block. It must however be admitted on the other hand, that the guillotine, which was only an atrocious revolutionary engine, invented not so much to abbreviate the sufferings of the condemned individual, as to facilitate the despatch of a number of victims with certainty, in a shorter space of time, bereaved death of all its grace and dignity. I have likewise seen and read very strong attestations to the firmness displayed by the King of France in his last moments. On the 26th of January, 1793, the day on which the official account of his execution arrived in London, being alone with the Duke of Dorset, who was then lord steward at St. James's palace, he received a note, which he immediately showed me, and which I copied on the spot. It contained these words—

"*Paris, 21st January, 12 o'clock.*

"The unfortunate Louis is no more. He suffered death this morning, at ten o'clock, with the most heroic courage."

"*To the Duke of Dorset.*"

The note had no signature, but the duke told me that he knew both the handwriting and the writer. Yet I have been assured that Louis attempted to resist or impede the executioners, who, impatient for obvious reasons to finish the performance, used a degree of violence, threw him down forcibly on the plank, in which act his

face was torn, and finally thrust him under the guillotine. Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth each exhibited in turn, one, the heroism of an elevated mind, superior to death; the other, the calm resignation of a saint and a martyr, under the same circumstances. Even the Duke of Orleans himself, covered as he was with crimes and turpitudes, yet derived from despair a species of affirmative courage, hurried to the place of execution, ascended the scaffold with rapidity, and rushed upon his fate.

In the summer of 1776, when I quitted France, Marie Antoinette may be said to have reached the summit of her beauty and of her popularity. Her favour with the nation at large declined from the period of her brother the Emperor Joseph the Second's visit to Paris, in 1777; after which interview between them, her enemies, with equal falsity and malignity, accused her of sacrificing both the treasures and the interests of the French monarchy to her Austrian connections. Her personal charms, which Burke has overrated, consisted more in her elevated manner, lofty demeanour, and graces of deportment, all which announced a queen, than in her features or countenance, which wanted softness and regularity. She had besides weak or rather inflamed eyes; but her complexion, which was dazzling, aided by youth, and all the decorations of dress, in which ornaments she displayed great taste, imposed on the beholder. In the national estimation her greatest defect at this period of life consisted in her sterility, she having been married full six years without giving any apparent prospect of issue. But Anne of Austria had remained nearly two and twenty years under the same reproach, before she brought into the world Louis the Fourteenth. The Count de Provence was likewise destitute of any children, though, as early as 1771, he had espoused a daughter of the King of Sardinia, while the Count d'Artois, youngest of the three brothers, married to another princess of Savoy, was already become a father. His son, born in 1775, had been created Duke d'Angouleme. Both the king and the Count de Provence were then generally regarded, in different ways, as equally inapt for the purposes of marriage. It had nevertheless been ascertained that Louis the Sixteenth laboured under no impediment for perpetuating his race, except a slight defect in his physical organisation, easily susceptible of relief by a surgical operation, but to undergo which he for a long time manifested great repugnance. The importance of the case, and the pressing instances which were made to him, having at length, however, surmounted his scruples, he submitted to it; and the queen lay in of a daughter in December, 1778, whose unmerited sufferings, filial piety, and virtues, have justly endeared her to all Europe. But Marie Antoinette did not, till several years later, produce a dauphin.

Of the three royal brothers, the Count d'Artois had been cast by nature in the most graceful mould. All the dignity of Louis the Fourteenth had exclusively descended to him. His elder brother, the Count de Provence, who resembled the king in his person, was less known to the nation, in 1776, than either of the others. Moderate in his character, and of retired habits; possessing a strong mind, but destitute of brilliant or of dangerous talents, he approved himself on all occasions the most submissive of subjects. Both the younger princes resided constantly at Versailles, in a part of the royal palace; accompanied the king whenever he repaired to Compiegne or to Fontainbleau; commonly attended him at mass, as well as to the chase, and never absented themselves, even on an excursion to Paris, without his permission. Philip, Duke de Chartres, too well known to us by his vindictive and criminal political intrigues, which at a more recent period have conducted in so great a degree to the subversion of the house of Bourbon, was already fallen, at the time of which I speak, under the public condemnation or contempt. He had then been married several years, to the sole daughter and heiress of the Duke de Penthiévre, last male of the illegitimate descendants of Louis the Fourteenth; and the popular voice accused him of having plunged the Prince de Lamballe, his brother-in-law, the Duke de Penthiévre's only son, into the debaucheries which terminated his life in the flower of his age. That young prince espoused, at a very early period, one of the princesses of Carignan, collaterally descended from the house of Savoy, whose tragical end in 1792 forms a revolting feature of the great act of blood, denominated "the French revolution."

As the Prince de Lamballe left no issue, the Duke de Chartres was asserted to have accelerated, or rather to have produced his death, from the sordid, as well as detestable motive of inheriting, in right of his consort, the vast estates of Penthiévre. However destitute of proof, and perhaps even of just foundation, may have been this imputation, yet the character and notorious profligacy of the duke obtained for it universal belief. Affecting to emulate the regent Duke of Orleans, his great grandfather's example, whose portrait was always suspended close to his bed, he only imitated that prince in the licentious depravity of his manners, and the abandoned nature of his amours. The regent, whether in Italy, where he was wounded in 1706, fighting desperately in the trenches before Turin, in Spain, where he commanded the French armies with distinguished lustre, or at home, while conducting the helm of affairs, during the minority of Louis the Fifteenth—whatever vices he displayed, redeemed them in some measure by his valour, loyalty, and capacity. His degenerate descendant incurred the abhorrence of all Europe, overturned the throne of France, perished by the axe, and may be esteemed the most atrocious, as well as flagitious individual who has arisen in modern ages, for the calamity of mankind, with the single exception of Bonaparte.

ENGLAND—LORD TEMPLE.

Returning to England in the summer of 1776, I went down soon afterwards on a visit to Lord Nugent, at Gosfield in Essex, a seat which has since, in the revolutionary events of the present times, afforded a temporary asylum to the representative of the Capetian line, when expelled from a country over which his ancestors had reigned in uninterrupted male succession for above eight hundred years! When I visited Gosfield, among the guests who attracted most attention might justly be reckoned the late Lord Temple, then far advanced in life, and very infirm. In his person he was tall and large, though not inclined to corpulency. A disorder, the seat of which lay in his ribs, bending him almost double, compelled him, in walking, to make use of a sort of crutch; but his mind seemed exempt from any decay. His conversation was animated, brilliant, and full of entertainment. Notwithstanding the nick-name of "Squire Gawky," which he had obtained in the satirical, or party productions of those times, and which we may presume was not given him without good reason; he had nevertheless the air and appearance of a man of high condition, when he appeared with the insignia and decorations of the Garter, seated at table. It is well known that George the Second, who, though he generally yielded to ministerial violence or importunity, yet manifested often great reluctance and even ill humour in his manner of compliance on these occasions, strongly disliked Lord Temple. Being however compelled, in consequence of political arrangements very repugnant to his feelings, to invest that nobleman with the order of the Garter, the king took so little pains to conceal his aversion, both to the individual and to the act, that instead of placing the riband decorously over the shoulder of the new knight, his majesty, averting his head, and muttering indistinctly some expressions of dissatisfaction, threw it across him, and turned his back at the same instant, in the rudest manner.

George the Third, on such occasions, possessed or exerted more restraint over his passions than did his grandfather. Yet even he did not always execute the commands of his minister, where they were disagreeable or revolting to him, without displaying some reluctance. I have been assured from high cotemporary authority, that at the ceremony of investing the present Marquis Camden with the order of the Garter, after his return from being lord-lieutenant of Ireland, his majesty, who felt no little unwillingness to confer it on him, betrayed a considerable degree of ill humour in his countenance and manner. However, as he knew that it must be performed, Mr. Pitt having pertinaciously insisted on it, the king took the riband in his hand, and turning to a person present, before the new knight approached, asked of him, if he knew Lord Camden's Christian name. The person, after enquiring, informed him that it was John Jeffreys.—"What! what!" replied the king; "John Jeffreys! the first knight of the Garter, I believe, that ever was called John Jeffreys." The aversion of George the Second towards Lord Temple, originated partly in personal, but more from political motives or feelings. His present majesty's disinclination to confer the Garter on Lord Camden, probably arose merely from considering his descent, though most honourable and respectable, as not sufficiently illustrious. But the great talents and qualities of the first earl had diffused a lustre over the name of Pratt. In the eye of reason and of true philosophy, such a father conferred more dignity on his issue, than to have derived their origin from Nell Gwynn, or from Mademoiselle de la Querouaille, or from Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, by a prince like Charles the Second. We might exclaim with Pope on the occasion:

> "What, though thy ancient but ignoble blood
> Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood!"

Yet might the sovereign, when conferring the Garter, justly consider the pretensions of a duke of St. Albans as higher than those of Earl Camden; although he was the heir and representative of a man who united in his legal and public character some of the most shining qualities that can elevate or adorn human nature. To these endowments of the father, the son originally owed the dignity of the peerage which devolved on him. To Mr. Pitt's friendship he was subsequently indebted for the distinction of the Garter.

LORD NUGENT.

Lord Nugent was created an Irish earl, during the time that I was at Gosfield, having antecedently been raised to the title of Viscount Clare. He formed a striking contrast to Lord Temple, in his manners and address. Of an athletic frame, and a vigorous constitution, though very far advanced in years, he was exempt from infirmity; possessing a stentorian voice, with great animal spirits, and vast powers of conversation. He was indeed a man of very considerable natural abilities, though not of a very cultivated mind. His talents seemed more adapted to active than to speculative life; to the drawing-room, or the house of commons, than to the closet. Having sat in many parliaments, he spoke fluently, as well as with energy and force; was accounted a good debater, and possessed a species of eloquence altogether unembarrassed by any false modesty or timidity. In the progress of a long life, he had raised himself from a private gentleman of an ancient family in Ireland, and a considerable patrimonial fortune, to an Irish earldom; which dignity, together with his name, he procured to devolve on the late Marquis of Buckingham, then Mr. Grenville, who had married his only daughter. They were both likewise at Gosfield, during the time of which I speak, and Lord Nugent having gone up to town for the purpose of kissing the king's hand upon his new creation, returned from thence on the following day, as we were seated at table after dinner. The object of his visit to St. James's was well known by every one present; but he immediately announced it as soon as he had taken his place, by filling out a glass of wine, and toasting his daughter's health as Lady Mary Grenville.

Lord Nugent, when young, had occupied a distinguished place in the favour of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and was more than once destined to have filled an office in some of those imaginary administrations, commemorated by Doddington, which were perpetually fabricated at Leicester house, during the long interval between the accession of George the Second, and his royal highness's decease, in 1751. The prince died considerably in his debt; nor was the sum so due ever liquidated, unless we consider the offices and dignities conferred on Lord Nugent by George the Third at different periods of his reign, as having been in the nature of a retribution for loans made to his father. In return for these marks of royal favour, he presented verses to the queen, accompanying a piece of Irish stuff, which her majesty graciously accepted. Both the poetry and the manufacture were satirically said to be Irish stuff. They began, if I recollect right,

> "Could poor Ierne gifts afford,
> Worthy the mistress of her lord,
> Of sculptur'd gold a costly frame,
> Just emblem of her worth should flame."

But Lord Nugent's muse will never rank him with Prior, nor even with Lyttleton and Chesterfield. He was a better courtier than a poet, and he had always been distinguished by the other sex. Glover, when speaking of

him says, "Nugent, a jovial and voluptuous Irishman, who had left popery, for the protestant religion, money, and widows." His first wife, Lady Amelia Plunket, daughter of the Earl of Fingal, brought him only one son, Colonel Nugent, who died many years before his father. Mrs. Knight, sister and heiress of the celebrated Craggs, secretary of state under George the First, buried in Westminster Abbey, (and who is immortalised by Pope's epitaph on him, more perhaps than by his talents or his actions,) was Lord Nugent's second wife. She brought him neither felicity nor issue, but she brought him the house and estate at Gosfield, one of the finest domains in Essex. To the late Countess Dowager of Berkely he gave his hand in a third marriage, though not under fortunate auspices, nor in a happy hour. The late Marchioness of Buckingham was the only issue of this match, recognised by Lord Nugent. But his devotion to the sex, which remained proof to all trials, animated him even to the close of life. Lord Temple and he both composed verses after this time, addressed to the same object. I believe it was in the month of August, 1776, that these aged peers presented some couplets of their respective compositions, to the late Duchess of Gordon, then in the meridian of her charms, when Lord Temple having entertained her and the duke at Stow, lighted up the grotto for her reception. Lord Nugent, to a perfect knowledge of the world, joined a coarse and often licentious, but natural, strong, and ready wit, which no place nor company prevented him from indulging, and the effect of which was augmented by an Irish accent that never forsook him. It is well known, that when a bill was introduced into the house of commons, for better watching the metropolis, in order to contribute towards effecting which object one of the clauses went to propose, that watchmen should be compelled to sleep during the day time; Lord Nugent, with admirable humour, got up and desired that "he might be personally included in the provisions of the bill, being frequently so tormented with the gout, as to be unable to sleep either by day or by night."

While I am on this subject, I cannot resist relating a frolic, which rendered Lord Nugent, or rather Mr. Nugent, he being then a commoner, not a little distinguished, towards the end of George the Second's reign. George, Earl of Bristol, eldest of the three sons of the famous Lord Hervey, whom Pope has, very unjustly, transmitted to posterity, as "Lord Fanny," and as "Sporus," like his father, inclined to a degree of effeminacy in his person, manners, and dress. Probably, these characteristics of deportment, while they exposed him to some animadversion or ridicule, led to a supposition that they were connected with want of spirit, and that he would not promptly resent insult. Certain it is that Mr. Nugent, then a man of consideration, fortune, and fashion, living in the highest company of the metropolis, being one evening at Lord Temple's house, in Pall-Mall, where a splendid assembly of both sexes was collected—laid a singular bet with Lord Temple, that he would spit in the Earl of Bristol's hat. The wager was accepted, and Mr. Nugent instantly set about its accomplishment. For this purpose, as he passed Lord Bristol, who stood in the door-way of one of the apartments, very richly dressed, holding his hat under his arm, with the inside uppermost—Mr. Nugent, turning round as if to spit, and affecting not to perceive Lord Bristol, performed that act in his hat.

Pretending the utmost concern and distress at the unintentional rudeness that he had committed, Mr. Nugent made a thousand apologies to the earl for his indecorum, and entreated to be allowed to wipe off the affront with his pocket handkerchief; but, Lord Bristol calmly taking out his own, used it for that purpose—besought Mr. Nugent not to be discomposed; assured him that he was not discomposed himself—wiped the inside of his hat, and then replacing it as before, under his arm, asked Mr. Nugent whether he had any further occasion for it in the same way? Having so done, the earl, without changing a muscle of his countenance, or manifesting any irritation, quitted the place where he stood, sat down to play with the party he usually made at cards, finished his two or three rubbers, and returned home. Mr. Nugent, after triumphantly winning his bet, considered the matter as terminated. But in this supposition he counted without his host. Early on the following morning, before he was risen, he received a note, similar in its nature and contents to that which Gil Blas tells us he delivered to his master, Don Mathias de Sylva; but, with the summons contained in which, Mr. Nugent did not manifest the same careless promptitude to comply, as the Spanish grandee exhibited, in the novel of Le Sage. The note acquainted him, that Lord Bristol expected and demanded satisfaction for the insult of the preceding night, without delay—naming time, as well as place. An instant answer was required.

Mr. Nugent now perceived that he had involved himself in a very serious affair of honour, where he had only meant to gratify a wanton moment of frolic. However personally brave, he felt that the exertion of his courage, in order to cover or justify a premeditated insult, which no sophistry could warrant or excuse, would only aggravate his offence. Under this impression, having determined therefore to make reparation, he wrote to Lord Bristol, offering every possible apology for the act committed—which, he admitted, would be inexcusable, if it had been meant as an affront. But, as the best extenuation of so gross a seeming violation of all decorum, he added, that it did not arise from the most remote intention of insulting the earl, the whole matter having originated in a bet. He concluded by professing his readiness to ask pardon in the most ample manner, requesting that the business might not produce any further consequences. To this application Lord Bristol replied, that, though he was disposed readily to admit, and to accept the proffered reparation—yet, as the affront had been committed in public company, so must the exacted apology be made; and he named the club-room at White's, as the place where he would receive it from Mr. Nugent. Not, however, by any means, Lord Bristol added, from him only—for, as he now understood that the act itself owed its rise to a wager, it became clear that there must be another person implicated in the transaction. He insisted therefore on knowing the name of that individual, from whom, as a participator in the frolic, he should equally exact an apology—and declaring that on no other conditions would he relinquish his right to demand personal satisfaction. In consequence of so peremptory a requisition, Mr. Nugent owned that Lord Temple was the person to whom he had alluded; and both the gentlemen were finally reduced to comply with the terms, by asking pardon, in the club-room at White's. Lord Bristol then declared himself satisfied, and the business at an end.

LORD MARK KERR, AND LORD STAIR.

The late Lord Sackville told me, that when young, he was well acquainted with Lord Mark Kerr, a nobleman whose person, being, like Lord Bristol's, cast by nature in a very delicate mould, sometimes subjected him, among strangers, to insults, from a supposition that a man of so feminine a figure would not be prone to resent an affront. In this calculation they were, however, egregiously deceived, he being a person of decided courage. Shortly after the battle of Dettingen, during the summer of the year 1743, the Earl of Stair, then commanding the British forces in Germany, under George the Second, entertained at his table several French officers, who had been taken prisoners in that engagement. A numerous company sat down to dinner, in the tent of the commander in chief, among whom was Lord Mark, who, being son to the Marquis of Lothian, and nearly related to Lord Stair, acted as one of his aides-du-camp. Lord Sackville was present on the occasion. A difference of opinion having arisen during the repast, on some point, which was maintained by one of the French officers with great pertinacity, Lord Mark Kerr, in a very gentle tone of voice, ventured to set him right on the matter of fact. But the Frenchman, unconscious of his quality, and perhaps thinking that a frame so delicate did not enclose a high spirit, contradicted him in the most gross terms, such as are neither used nor submitted to among gentlemen. The circumstance took place so near to Lord Stair, as unavoidably to attract his attention. No notice whatever was taken of it at the time, and after dinner the company adjourned to another tent, where coffee was served. Lord Mark coming in about a quarter of an hour later than the others, Lord Stair no sooner observed him, than, calling him aside, "Nephew," said he, "I think it is impossible for you to pass by the affront that you received from the French officer at my table. You must demand satisfaction, however much I regret the necessity for it." "Oh, my lord," answered Lord Mark, with his characteristic gentleness of manner, "you need not be under any uneasiness on that subject. We have already fought. I ran him through the body. He died on the spot, and they are at this moment about to bury him. I knew too well what I owed to myself, and I was too well convinced of your lordship's way of thinking, to lose a moment in calling the officer to account."

LONDON—DRESS.

I passed the ensuing winter of 1776–7, in London—a period which is now so distant, and the manners, as well as the inhabitants of the metropolis, have undergone since that time so total a change, that they no longer preserve almost any similarity. The sinister events of the American war had already begun to shed a degree of political gloom over the capital and the kingdom; but this cloud bore no comparison with the terror and alarm that pervaded the firmest minds, in 1792 and 1793, after the first burst of the French revolution, and the commencement of the continental war in Flanders. In 1777, we in fact only contended for empire and dominion. No fears of subversion, extinction, and subjugation to foreign violence, or revolutionary arts, interrupted the general tranquillity of society. It was subjected, indeed, to other fetters, from which we have since emancipated ourselves,—those of dress, etiquette, and form. The lapse of two centuries could scarcely have produced a greater alteration in these particulars than have been made by about forty years. That costume, which is now confined to the levee, or the drawing-room, was then worn by persons of condition, with few exceptions, every where, and every day. Mr. Fox and his friends, who might be said to dictate to the town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons, and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first threw a sort of discredit on dress. From the house of commons, and the clubs in St. James's street, the contagion spread through the private assemblies of London. But, though gradually undermined, and insensibly perishing of an atrophy, dress never totally fell, till the era of Jacobinism and of equality, in 1793 and 1794. It was then that pantaloons, cropped hair, and shoe-strings, as well as the total abolition of buckles and ruffles, together with the disuse of hair-powder, characterised the men: while ladies, having cut off those tresses, which had done so much execution, and one lock of which, purloined, gave rise to the finest model of mock-heroic poetry which our own or any other language can boast—exhibited heads rounded "*à la victime, et à la guillotine*," as if ready for the stroke of the axe. A drapery, more suited to the climate of Greece or of Italy than to the temperature of an island situate in the fifty-first degree of latitude—classic, elegant, luxurious, and picturesque, but ill calculated to protect against damp, cold, and fogs, superseded the ancient female attire of Great Britain, finally leveling or obliterating almost all external distinction between the highest and the lowest of the sex, in this country. Perhaps, with all its encumbrances, penalties, and inconveniences, it will be found necessary, at some not very distant period, to revive, in a certain degree, the empire of dress.

MRS. MONTAGUE.

At the time of which I speak, the "Gens de Lettres," or "Blue Stockings," as they were commonly denominated, formed a very numerous, powerful, compact phalanx, in the midst of London. Into this society, the two publications which I had recently given to the world—one on the northern kingdoms of Europe, the other on the history of France under the race of Valois—however destitute of merit they might be, yet facilitated and procured my admission. Mrs. Montague was then the Madame du Deffand of the English capital; and her house constituted the central point of union, for all those persons who already were known, or who emulated to become known, by their talents and productions. Her supremacy, unlike that of Madame du Deffand, was indeed established on more solid foundations than those of intellect, and rested on more tangible materials, than any with which Shakspeare himself could furnish her. Though she had not as yet begun to construct the splendid mansion, in which she afterwards resided, near Portman square, she lived in a very elegant house in Hill street. Impressed, probably, from the suggestions of her own knowledge of the world, with a deep conviction of that great truth laid down by Moliere, which no man of letters ever disputed, that "Le vrai Amphytrion est celui,

chez qui l'on dine," Mrs. Montague was accustomed to open her house to a large company of both sexes, whom she frequently entertained at dinner. A service of plate and a table plentifully covered, disposed her guests to admire the splendour of her fortune, not less than the lustre of her talents. She had found the same results flowing from the same causes, during the visit that she made to Paris, after the peace of 1763, where she displayed to the astonished literati of that metropolis the extent of her pecuniary as well as of her mental resources. As this topic formed one of the subjects most gratifying to her, she was easily induced to launch out on it, with much apparent complacency. The eulogiums lavished on her repasts, and the astonishment expressed at the magnitude of her income, which appeared prodigiously augmented by being transformed from pounds sterling into French livres, seemed to have afforded her as much gratification as the panegyrics bestowed upon the "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare."

Mrs. Montague, in 1776, verged towards her sixtieth year; but her person, which was thin, spare, and in good preservation, gave her an appearance of less antiquity. From the infirmities often attendant on advanced life, she seemed to be almost wholly exempt. All the lines of her countenance bespoke intelligence, and her eyes were accommodated to her cast of features, which had in them something satirical and severe, rather than amiable or inviting. She possessed great natural cheerfulness, and a flow of animal spirits; loved to talk, and talked well on almost every subject: led the conversation, and was qualified to preside in her circle, whatever subject of discourse was started: but her manner was more dictatorial and sententious than conciliating or diffident. There was nothing feminine about her; and though her opinions were usually just, as well as delivered in language suited to give them force, yet the organ which conveyed them was not soft or harmonious. Destitute of taste in disposing the ornaments of her dress, she nevertheless studied or affected those aids, more than would seem to have become a woman possessing a philosophic mind, intent on higher pursuits than the toilet. Even when approaching to fourscore, this female weakness still accompanied her; nor could she relinquish her diamond necklace and bows, which, like Sir William Draper's "blushing riband," commemorated by "Junius," formed of evenings the perpetual ornament of her emaciated person. I used to think that these glittering appendages of opulence sometimes helped to dazzle the disputants, whom her arguments might not always convince, or her literary reputation intimidate. That reputation had not as yet received the rude attack made on it by Dr. Johnson at a subsequent period, when he appears to have treated with much irreverence her "Essay on Shakspeare," if we may believe his biographer, Boswell. Notwithstanding the defects and weaknesses that I have enumerated, she possessed a masculine understanding, enlightened, cultivated, and expanded by the acquaintance of men, as well as of books. Many of the most illustrious persons in rank, no less than in ability, under the reigns of George the Second and Third, had been her correspondents, friends, companions, and admirers. Pulteney, Earl of Bath, whose portrait hung over the chimney-piece in her drawing-room, and George, the first Lord Lyttleton, so eminent for his genius, were among the number. She was constantly surrounded by all that was distinguished for attainments or talents, male or female, English or foreign; and it would be almost ungrateful in me not to acknowledge the gratification derived from the conversation and intercourse of such a society.

MRS. VESEY.

Though Mrs. Montague occupied the first place among the "*beaux esprits*" at this period, she was not a female without competitors for so eminent a distinction. Mrs. Vesey might indeed be said to hold the second rank; but, unlike Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse at Paris, who raised a separate literary standard from Madame du Deffand, Mrs. Vesey only aspired to follow at an humble distance the brilliant track of Mrs. Montague. The former rather seemed desirous to assemble persons of celebrity and talents, under her roof, or at her table, than assumed or pretended to form one of them, herself. Though not lodged with the same magnificence as Mrs. Montague, yet she entertained with less form, as well as less ostentation. Mrs. Vesey's repasts were at once more select, and more delicate. Farther advanced in life than Mrs. Montague, she possessed no personal advantages of manner, and studied no ornaments of dress. Simplicity, accompanied by a sort of oblivious inattention to things passing under her very sight, characterised her. In absence of mind, indeed, she might almost be said to equal the Duke de Brancas, chamberlain to Anne of Austria, relative to whose continual violation of common rules Madame de Sevigne has consigned to us so many amusing anecdotes. With Mrs. Vesey this forgetfulness extended to such a point that she sometimes hardly remembered her own name. It will scarcely be credited, that she could declaim against second marriages to a lady of quality who had been twice married, and though Mr. Vesey was her own second husband. When at last reminded of the circumstance, she only exclaimed, "Bless me, my dear, I had quite forgotten it!" There was, indeed, some decay of mind in such want of recollection. Her sister-in-law, who lived in the same house with her, and who formed, physically as well as morally, a perfect contrast to Mrs. Vesey, superintended all domestic arrangements. From their opposite figures, qualities, and endowments, the one was called "body," the other "mind."

MRS. THRALE—DR. JOHNSON.

In these two houses might then be seen many or most of the persons of both sexes, eminent for literary attainments, or celebrity of any kind. Mrs. Thrale, still better known by the name of Mrs. Piozzi, was to be met with frequently in this society, followed or attended by Mr. Thrale, and by Dr. Johnson. Of the former, it is unnecessary to say any thing; and relative to the last, after the laboured minute portraits which have been drawn of him under every attitude, what is it possible to say new? I will freely confess that his rugged exterior and garb, his uncouth gestures, his convolutions and distortions, when added to the rude or dogmatical manner in which he delivered his opinions and decisions on every point, rendered him so disagreeable in company, and so oppressive in conversation, that all the superiority of his talents could not make full amends, in my estimation, for these defects. In his anger, or even in the warmth of argument, where he met with opposition, he often respected neither age, rank, nor sex; and the usages of polished life imposed a very inadequate restraint on his expressions, or his feelings. What are we to think of a man, who, by the testimony of his own biographer, denominated Lord Russel and Algernon Sidney "rascals:" qualified Pennant by the epithet of a "dog," because in his political opinions he was a whig; gave to Fielding the appellations of "a blockhead, and a barren rascal;" and in speaking of King William the Third, always termed him "a scoundrel?" If not irascible, he was certainly dictatorial, coarse, and sometimes almost impracticable. Those whom he could not always vanquish by the force of his intellect, by the depth and range of his arguments, and by the compass of his gigantic faculties, he silenced by rudeness; and I have myself, more than once, stood in the predicament which I here describe. Yet, no sooner was he withdrawn, and with him had disappeared these personal imperfections, than the sublime attainments of his mind left their full effect on the audience; for such the whole assembly might be in some measure esteemed, while he was present. His beautiful compositions, both prose and poetical, the unquestionable benevolence and philanthropy of his character, his laborious and useful, as well as voluminous and toilsome productions, when added to his literary fame and pre-eminence; all these combined qualities so overbore or subdued the few who ventured to contend with him, that submission or silence formed the only protection, and the ordinary refuge to which they had recourse.

We never can enough regret, that a man who possessed such poetic talents as are displayed in his two imitations of Juvenal, "London," and the "Vanity of Human Wishes," should have neglected that branch of composition in which he might have attained to such comprehensive eminence. If Pope's imitations of Horace have more suavity, delicacy, and taste, than Johnson's productions can boast; the latter breathe a spirit of sublime and severe morality, mingled with a philosophic grandeur of thought, which is equally captivating as it is impressive and instructive. How admirable is his picture of Charles the Twelfth, as opposed to that of Hannibal! How fine the comparison between Wolsey and Sejanus! What can exceed the judgment shown in selecting Charles the Seventh, the Bavarian emperor of 1741, as opposed to the Xerxes of the Roman satirist! The English language offers, perhaps, nothing more chaste, correct, and yet harmonious, than these verses, which are free from any pedantry, or affectation of learning. The fact however is, that Johnson did not dare to yield to the seductions of the muse, or to abandon himself to the inspiration of poetry. He was compelled to restrain his efforts to the more temperate walk of prose, however capable he felt himself to be of emulating Addison, or Gray, or Pope. It is well known that he was constitutionally subject to a melancholy morbid humour, which, advancing with his years, approached on certain occasions to something like alienation of mind. Well aware of this infirmity, he was apprehensive of its effects. Topham Beauclerk, who lived in great intimacy with him, often expressed to him the astonishment and regret naturally excited by his apparent neglect of such poetic powers as nature had conferred on him. Johnson heard him in silence, or made little reply to these remonstrances. But, on Mr. Beauclerk's making the same remark to Mr. Thrale, that gentleman immediately answered, that "the real reason why Johnson did not apply his faculties to poetry, was, that he dared not trust himself in such a pursuit, his mind not being equal to the species of inspiration which verse demands; though in the walk of prose composition, whether moral, philological, or biographical, he could continue his labours without apprehension of any injurious consequences."

If, nevertheless, after rendering due homage to his paramount abilities, which no testimony of mine can affect, I might venture to criticise so eminent a person, as having been deficient in any particular branch of information and polite knowledge, I should say that his deficiency lay in history. Boswell has very aptly compared his understanding to an intellectual mill, into which subjects were thrown, in order to be ground or pulverised. And Mrs. Piozzi somewhere remarks, in better language than I can do it by memory, that "his mind resembled a royal pleasure-garden, within whose ample dimensions every thing subservient to dignity, beauty, or utility, was to be found, from the stately cedar down to the lowliest plant or herb." That this assertion, if loosely and generally taken, is perfectly just, no person can dispute who knew him. That he was even thoroughly conversant in the modern history of Europe, for the last two or three centuries, is incontestable; and still less will it be denied, that he intimately knew all the classic periods of Greek and Roman story, most of which he had studied or perused in the original writers. But these attainments he shared with many of his cotemporaries. In the history of Europe during the middle ages, by which I mean, from the destruction of the Roman empire in the west, in the year 476, through the ten centuries that elapsed before the revival of letters, I always thought him very imperfectly versed; if not, on some portions, uninformed and ignorant. To have compared his knowledge on these subjects with the information which Gibbon or Robertson possessed, would have been an insult to truth. And, as far as I could ever presume to form an opinion, he was much below either Burke or Fox in all general historical information.

Even as a biographer, which constitutes a minor species of history, Johnson, however masterly, profound, and acute in all that relates to criticism, to discrimination, and to dissection of literary merit, has always appeared to me to have wanted many essential qualities, or to have evinced great inaccuracy and neglect. I do not mean to speak of his prejudices and political partialities, which hardly allow him to do justice to Milton, or to Addison, because the one was a republican, and the other a whig; just as he calls Hampden "the zealot of rebellion:" I allude to errors that could only have arisen from an ignorance of facts with which he might and ought to have been acquainted. What shall we say, when we find him telling us that Stepney, the poet, "was invited into public life by the Duke of Dorset?" The event in question must have taken place about 1683, towards the end of Charles the Second's reign. But the creation of the dukedom of Dorset only originated under George the First, in 1720. In like manner he informs us, that Prior published, about 1706, "a volume of poems, with the encomiastic character of his

deceased patron, the Duke of Dorset!" No doubt he means to speak of Charles, Earl of Dorset, who died nearly at that time. His mistakes, or his omissions and defect of information in the life of that distinguished nobleman, are much more gross. Johnson makes him succeed in 1674 to James Cranfield, second Earl of Middlesex, his uncle, who was already dead many years antecedent. It was the third Earl of Middlesex, Lionel, to whose estates and title the Earl of Dorset succeeded, or was raised by Charles the Second. On all the interesting particulars of his marriages, his private life, and his decease, relative to which objects curiosity must be so naturally and warmly excited, the biographer is either silent or misinformed. I may be told that these inaccuracies, chiefly chronological, are of little moment. So is it, whether the great Duke of Marlborough died in 1722 or 1723. But he who undertakes to compose an account of Churchill's life, is bound to know, and accurately to relate, all the leading facts that attended or distinguished it. Johnson, we may be assured, would have been, himself, the first to detect and to expose such errors in another writer.

Mrs. Thrale always appeared to me to possess at least as much information, a mind as cultivated, and more brilliancy of intellect, than Mrs. Montague; but she did not descend among men from such an eminence, and she talked much more, as well as more unguardedly, on every subject. She was the provider, and the conductress of Johnson, who lived almost constantly under her roof, or, more properly, under that of Mr. Thrale, both in town and at Streatham. He did not, however, spare her, more than other women, in his attacks, if she courted or provoked his animadversion. As little did he appear to respect or to manage Garrick, who frequently made one of the assembly. His presence always diffused a gaiety over the room; but he seemed to shrink from too near a contact with Johnson, whose superiority of mind, added to the roughness and closeness of his hugs, reduced Garrick to act on the defensive. Mrs. Carter, so well known by her erudition, the Madame Dacier of England; from her religious cast of character, and gravity of deportment, no less than from her intellectual acquirements, was more formed to impose some check on the asperity or eccentricities of Johnson. Dr. Burney, and his daughter, the author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," though both were generally present, I always thought, rather avoided than solicited notice. Horace Walpole, whenever he appeared there, enriched and illuminated the conversation, by anecdotes, personal and historical; many of which were rendered more curious or interesting, from his having himself witnessed their existence, or received them from his father, Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Joshua Reynolds, precluded by his deafness from mixing in or contributing to general conversation, his trumpet held up to his ear, was gratified by the attention of those who addressed to him their discourse; a notice which the resources of his mind enabled him to repay with interest.

Mrs. Chapone, under one of the most repulsive exteriors that any woman ever possessed, concealed very superior attainments, and extensive knowledge. Burke, though occupied in the toils of parliamentary discussion, and of ministerial attack, which left him little leisure to bestow on literary men or subjects, yet sometimes unbent his faculties among persons, adapted by nature to unfold the powers of delighting and instructing, with which genius and study had enriched him. His presence was, however, more coveted than enjoyed. Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Shipley, afterwards married to Sir William Jones, might be frequently seen there. The Abbe Raynal, who passed that winter in London, was readily admitted, and eagerly courted. It must be confessed that the variety of his information, and the facility, as well as readiness, with which he communicated the stores of his exuberant memory, would have rendered him a valuable accession to any circle: but his loquacity generally fatigued even those whom it delighted and improved. The present Lord Erskine, who, thirty years later, attained to the great seal, had not yet commenced his career of jurisprudence. But the versatility of his talents, the energy of his character, and the vivacity of his conversation, sufficiently manifested, even at that time, the effect which such a union of qualities might produce, when powerfully urged and impelled towards one object. Happily for himself, he did not want the strongest impulse, arising from domestic pledges and embarrassments, well calculated to call out every faculty of the mind. It is curious to reflect, that if he had been born one step higher; if, instead of being the younger son of a Scotish earl, his father had been a marquis, he never could have been called to the bar. His endowments, however great, assuredly would not, in any other profession, have raised him to the peerage, to fortune, and to fame. His celebrity, indeed, if we may believe Mr. Fox's biographer, had not extended across the Straits of Dover, even in 1802, when the Corsican first consul appears not to have known his name.

Mrs. Boscawen, though inferior in literary reputation to Mrs. Montague, and perhaps possessed of less general information, yet conciliated more good will. She had an historical turn of mind; and, in the course of a long life passed among the upper circles of society, she had collected and retained a number of curious or interesting anecdotes of her own times. Mr. Pepys, now Sir William Pepys, to whose acquaintance and partiality I was not a little indebted, for facilitating my entrance into this assembly of distinguished persons, is the last individual whom I shall enumerate. To a mind adorned with classic images, and conversant with classic authors, he united great colloquial powers. The friend of the first Lord Lyttelton, of Sir James Macdonald, and of Topham Beauclerk, he was in principle a stanch whig; and as Johnson might be justly esteemed a violent as well as a bigoted tory, much political sparring occasionally took place between them, in the progress of which many sparks of historical or philosophical fire were elicited on both sides.

Though literary reputation, or acknowledged talents and celebrity of some kind, seemed to constitute the primary title to a place in those conversations, from which every species of play was altogether excluded; yet rank and beauty were to be found there, and contributed to render them interesting in the highest degree. The late Duchess Dowager of Portland, grand-daughter of the Lord-treasurer Oxford, herself a woman of distinguished taste in various branches of art, was a frequent visitant. It was impossible to look on her, without reflecting that while still in early childhood, she had been the object of Swift's poetic attention, and the subject of Prior's expiring muse. I have seen the Duchess of Devonshire, then in the first bloom of youth, hanging on the sentences that fell from Johnson's lips, and contending for the nearest place to his chair. All the cynic moroseness of the philosopher and the moralist seemed to dissolve under so flattering an approach; to the gratification and distinction resulting from which, he was nothing less than insensible. We may see in Boswell, how tractable, gentle, and accommodating he became, while at Inverary, seated between the Duke and Duchess of Argyle.

LITERARY SOCIETY OF PARIS.

It is natural to ask, whether the literary society of London, at the period of which I am speaking, could enter into any competition for extent of talents, and superiority of attainments, with the society of Paris, that met at the apartments of Madame du Deffand, and of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, under the reigns of Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth. In other words, whether the persons who formed the assemblies, in the English capital, can support a comparison for ability and for fame with those who were accustomed to meet in the French metropolis. If I were to presume to give an opinion on this question, I should have no hesitation in saying, that neither in the period of its duration, nor in the number, merit, or intellectual eminence of the principal members, can the English society be held upon any parity, scarcely, indeed, in any comparison, with that of France. The latter assemblies may be said to have lasted near half a century, from 1725 or 1730, down to 1775 or 1780; either in the houses of Madame du Deffand, or of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, or in both. The "blue stocking" assemblies at Mrs. Montague's and Mrs. Vesey's, remained in their brilliant state only for about fifteen years, from 1770 to 1785. Before the last of those periods, Mrs. Vesey had yielded to the progress of time and of infirmity, while Mrs. Thrale, then become Mrs. Piozzi, had removed from the banks of the Thames to those of the Arno.

Mrs. Montague, indeed, survived, and her dinners, as well as her assemblies, were perpetuated to a very late period of her life; but the charm and the impulse that propelled them had disappeared. They were principally supported by, and they fell with, the giant talents of Johnson, who formed the nucleus, round which all the subordinate members revolved. It became impossible, after his decease in 1786, to supply his place. Burke, as I have already observed, had more powerful avocations, and aspired to other honours and emoluments, than those which mere literary distinction could bestow on him. Hume, and Adam Smith, men of superior endowments, who might have contributed to support such a society, had retired to Scotland, or were already dead. Robertson, Lord Kaimes, and Lord Monboddo, resided at Edinburgh; only visiting London occasionally, on business or for recreation. Gibbon, I believe, never emulated to be a member of these assemblies, and never attended them. He too, like Burke, looked more to politics than to letters, for his substantial recompense; being at once a member of the house of commons, and a lord of trade. Perhaps, indeed, the freedom of Hume's and of Gibbon's printed opinions on subjects connected with religion, might have rendered their admission difficult, or their society distasteful, to the principal persons who composed these parties; where nothing like a relaxation on points so serious found protection or support. Johnson, who, as we know, had so great a repugnance to every species of scepticism on matters of religious belief, that, when composing his dictionary, he would not cite Hobbes, the celebrated philosopher, as an authority for any word or expression used by that writer, merely because he held Hobbes's principles in aversion—Johnson, who blamed Tyers for only doing justice to Hume, upon parts of his character wholly unconnected with his writings, and who said, that "he should just as soon have thought of praising a mad dog;" he would hardly have remained in the same room with Hume and Gibbon; though when taken once by a sort of surprise, he did not refuse to dine in company with Wilkes, of whom he had, nevertheless, previously said, that "he would as soon dine with Jack Ketch, as with Jack Wilkes."

The case was widely different in Paris, where no political pursuits distracted men of letters; and where infidelity, or even materialism, far from exciting alienation, would rather have conduced to recommend to notice the persons professing such tenets. Among the constellation of eminent men and women, who met at Madame du Deffand's, and at Mademoiselle l'Espinasse's, the greater number were indeed avowedly "*des esprits forts*;" in other words, freethinkers, who, not content with being so themselves, endeavoured to make proselytes by their writings. It is evident, therefore, that the circle in London was, from various causes, necessarily much more contracted than in France, where every person distinguished by talents, with few exceptions, commonly resided altogether in the capital. For Voltaire was virtually banished beyond the French confines, by the government, and lived in the territory of Geneva, more by constraint than by choice or inclination. Rousseau was a Genevese by birth, who only visited Paris from time to time; sometimes resident in its vicinity, often a wanderer, proscribed and fugitive. After stating these facts, which may explain the causes of the superiority of the literary society, or assemblies of Paris, over those of London, it would be idle to contest that they altogether eclipsed ours, in almost every point of genius, science, and intellectual attainment. Who, in fact, met at Mrs. Montague's, or at Mrs. Vesey's, that can compete with the names of Maupertuis, Helvetius, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Voltaire, Madame du Chatelet, the Marquis d'Argens, Mademoiselle de Launay, the President Henault, D'Alembert, Diderot, Condamine, the Duchess de Choiseul, Marmontel, Raynal, the Duke de Nivernois, Marivaux, the Abbé Barthelemi, Turgot, Condorcet, and so many other illustrious persons of both sexes, who composed the literati of the French metropolis? We can scarcely be said to have any thing to oppose to such a cloud of eminent persons, except the single name of Johnson.

There seems, indeed, to be something in the national character of the French—at least there was so previous to the temporary extinction of the ancient monarchy, and the reign of the Jacobinism or military despotism—more congenial to these mixed assemblies of persons of literary endowments, than is found among us. From the middle of the seventeenth century, as long ago as

the regency of Anne of Austria, we find that such meetings existed at Paris, and enjoyed a great degree of celebrity. The hotel de Rambouillet, as early as 1650, constituted the point of re-union for all the individuals, of both sexes, distinguished in the career of letters. Catherine de Vivonne, (the Madame du Deffand of that period,) Marchioness of Rambouillet, presided at them; an eminence for which she was qualified, by the elegance of her taste and the superiority of her mind. In her house, which became a sort of Academy, the productions of the time were appreciated and passed in review. Dying in 1665, she was succeeded by Henrietta de Coligny, Countess de la Suze; who, though with inferior reputation, continued to assemble the wits and "beaux esprits" at her hotel. Her high birth, her extraordinary beauty, and her poetic talents, attracted to her circle every person eminent in the metropolis. It was on her that the four classic lines were composed;

"Quæ dea sublimi vehitur per inania curru?
An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa venit?
Si genus inspicias, Juno: si scripta, Minerva:
Si spectes oculos, mater amoris erit."

Subsequent to her decease in 1673, these conversations seem to have languished for nearly fifty years, till they were revived and reanimated by the Duchess du Maine, a princess of the royal blood, grand-daughter of the great Conde, married to the Duke du Maine, natural son of Louis the Fourteenth. After her release from the castle of Dijon, to which fortress she had been committed by the regent Duke of Orleans in 1717, for her participation in the conspiracy of Prince Celamare, about the year 1722 she began to assemble persons of literary celebrity under her roof, in whose society she passed the greater part of her leisure. These meetings which were principally held, not in the capital, but at the palace of Seaux, about four leagues south of Paris, continued to exist down to the Duchess du Maine's decease in 1753, and were attended by many of the persons of both sexes who afterwards formed the circles at Madame du Deffand's, and at Mademoiselle l'Espinasse's apartments. During the same period of time, Madame de Tencin, sister to the cardinal of that name, one of the most captivating women in France, the Aspasia of that country, received at her hotel, the "*gens de lettres*," and may be said to have rivaled the Duchess du Maine as the protectress of taste and polite knowledge.

Nothing of a similar nature or description appears to have existed in London, between the restoration of Charles the Second in 1660 and the conclusion of the century, except the society that met at the house of the famous Hortensia Mancini, Duchess de Mazarin, niece to the cardinal of that name, who, from 1667, to the period of her death in 1699 was accustomed to receive at her apartments the literati of both sexes. St. Evremond, an exile, a foreigner, and a fugitive, like herself, constituted the principal support and the ornament of these parties; where the Chevalier de Grammont, so well known by the memoirs published under his name, was likewise to be found. It is curious to remark, that the first "blue stocking" assemblies, and I believe the only meetings deserving that name which have ever been held in London down to those of which we have been speaking, were set on foot by natives of France, expatriated and resident here. For neither the letters, nor the writings, of Addison, Gay, Steele, Swift, or Pope, indicate that any such meetings existed, from 1700 down to the beginning of the present reign. Lady Wortley Montague, Lady Hervey, the Duchess of Queensbury, and various other females distinguished by their talents no less than by their high rank, adorned that period of time; but they do not appear to have emulated the line which Mrs. Montague so successfully undertook, though they occasionally received in their drawing-rooms the wits and poets of the reigns of Queen Anne, of George the First, and George the Second. Foreigners have indeed with reason reproached the English, as too much attracted by the love of play to clubs composed exclusively of men, to be capable of relishing a mixed society, where researches of taste and literature constitute the basis and central point of union.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

I quitted England in the summer of 1777, and made some stay at the Hague, where I was presented by our ambassador, Sir Joseph Yorke, to the Prince of Orange, with whom I afterwards had the honour to sup at "the palace in the wood," as well as to meet him in private society. This prince has become so well known to us, since his precipitate retreat from Holland in the winter of 1795, by his long residence in England, that it is unnecessary to enter into any minute details relative to his character and qualities. Even at the period to which I allude, he neither inspired public respect nor excited private regard. His person, destitute of dignity, corresponded with his manners, which were shy, awkward, and altogether unfitted to his high situation as stadtholder. If he displayed no glaring vices, he either did not or could not conceal many weaknesses, calculated to injure him in the estimation of mankind. A constitutional somnolency, which increased with the progress of age, was too frequently accompanied by excesses still more injurious or fatal to his reputation; I mean those of the table, particularly of wine. I have seen him at the Hague of an evening, in a large company at Sir Joseph Yorke's, in the situation that I here describe. In vigour, ability, or resources of mind, such as might enable him successfully to struggle, like William the Third, with difficult or tumultuous times, he was utterly deficient. If William the Fifth had possessed the energies of that great prince, we should neither have been engaged in war with Holland, as happened towards the close of 1780, nor would the stadtholderate have been overturned in 1795, and the Seven Provinces, which successfully resisted all the power of Philip the Second, have ultimately sunk into an enslaved province of the Corsican ruler of France.

The reception of the late Prince of Orange by George the Third, when he sought refuge in this country from the French invasion, in 1795, was no less affectionate, hospitable, and cordial, than the treatment which James the Second experienced in 1689, from Louis the Fourteenth. If James, justly expelled by his English subjects for tyranny, political and religious, was lodged at the castle of St. Germain, and treated with royal honours by the French monarch, William was equally placed in the palace at Hampton Court. The princes of the royal family, and the nation at large, vied in demonstrations of respect, compassion, and attention, towards him. The Princess of Orange, a woman of a far more elevated, correct and manly character than her husband, experienced as generous and as kind a welcome from the King and Queen of Great Britain, as Mary of Modena, the consort of James, received in France. Of a stature exceeding the height of ordinary women, she extremely resembled in her figure the late King of Prussia, Frederick William the Second, her brother, who was cast by nature in the same colossal mould. Fortune, which had persecuted her in Holland, did not prove more favourable to her in England. Her second son, Prince Frederick of Orange, a young man who excited the liveliest expectations, and gave promise of many virtues, had entered into the Austrian service, after his father's expulsion from Holland. By his mother he was regarded with peculiar predilection, as formed to support the honour of the houses of Nassau and Brandenburgh, from both which he equally descended. Exemplary in the discharge of all his military duties, to this principle his premature death was to be attributed, which took place at Venice, in January, 1799, occasioned by a malignant distemper or fever, caught in consequence of visiting the sick soldiers confined in the hospitals of that city.

His Britannic majesty first read the account of it at the queen's house, in one of the French newspapers, on Thursday night, the thirty-first of January, 1799. Shocked at the intelligence, and not being quite sure of its authenticity, he put the newspaper in his pocket, and taking the queen aside, communicated it to her with much concern. As the probabilities were greatly in favour of its truth, or rather, as no doubt could reasonably be entertained on the point, they agreed not to delay announcing it to the Prince and Princess of Orange, who might otherwise receive so melancholy a notification through the channel of the English diurnal publications, or even from common fame. This determination they executed on the following day, at the queen's house, where they detained the prince and princess for two or three weeks, till the violence of the emotions occasioned by the loss of their son had subsided. Some faint hopes, indeed, were entertained during eight or ten days after the arrival of the intelligence, that it might prove either premature or untrue. It was, however, soon fully confirmed. All mankind agreed that Prince Frederick eminently possessed talents, honour, and courage. His unfortunate father, after arriving in this country under a dark political cloud, and after residing here many years, without acquiring the public esteem, or redeeming his public character, finally and precipitately quitted England under a still darker cloud; only to bury himself in the obscurity of Germany, there to expire, forgotten and almost unknown. Such has been the destiny, in our time, of the representative of that august house, which, in the sixteenth century, while it conducted the armies of Holland, opposed and humbled Spain; and which, in the seventeenth century, affixed limits to the ambition of France, under Louis the Fourteenth. A Corsican adventurer has since enslaved, plundered, and conscribed during many years, the country in whose councils Barnevelt, the two De Witts, and Heinsius, once presided; for which Van Tromp and Ruyter fought, conquered, and fell; and where the spirit of freedom seemed to have animated every individual, when the Duke of Alva overran and desolated those provinces. It is in making these reflections on the modern Dutch, and contrasting their conduct with the heroism of their ancestors, that we involuntarily exclaim with Goldsmith:—

"Gods! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!"

PRINCE LOUIS.

At the time when I visited the Hague, in July, 1777, Prince Louis, one of the brothers of the then reigning Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, and commander in chief of the Dutch forces, enjoyed a much higher place in the public consideration than the stadtholder. I have rarely seen, in the course of my life, a man of more enormous bodily dimensions. William, Duke of Cumberland, son of George the Second, whose corpulency was extreme, fell, nevertheless, far short of him in bulk. But this prodigious mass of flesh, which it was natural to suppose would enervate or enfeeble the powers of his mind, seemed neither to have rendered him indolent or inactive. The strength of his character, and the solidity of his talents, while they supplied in some measure the defects of the Prince of Orange, animated and impelled the vast machine that he inhabited. Prince Louis manifested no somnolency when in company, nor was he ever betrayed at table into excesses injurious to his reputation. On the parade, and in his military capacity, he displayed equal animation and professional knowledge. Attached to the interests of the house of Orange, and to those of Great Britain, he became naturally obnoxious to the French faction in Holland, which finally effected his removal from the post that he held in the service of the republic, and compelled him to retire out of the Dutch dominions, a few years later than the period of which I am speaking. He died, I believe, in 1788. His dismission and departure prepared the way for the overthrow of the stadtholderate, notwithstanding the temporary triumph of the late Duke of Brunswick, and the capture of Amsterdam, effected in the summer of 1787, by the Prussian forces.

PRINCE FERDINAND.

His brother, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who commanded the allied army with so much reputation, during the "Seven Years' War," from 1757 down to 1763, and who occupied at that time so distinguished a rank in the history of Europe, was unquestionably an able general and a good tactician; but by no means endowed with superior talents of any kind. In order to have secured the degree of fame that he had acquired in the field, it may be asserted that he ought not to have survived his last campaign, as Juvenal says of Marius, that he should have breathed his last immediately after his victory over the Cimbri.

"Cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru."

For, Prince Ferdinand soon afterwards abandoned himself to the doctrines and reveries of the *Illuminés*, who, it is well known, obtained such an ascendant about that time in Germany. They reduced his mind to a degree of imbecility which could only excite compassion. It will hardly be believed, that before the year 1773 he was so subjugated by them as frequently to pass many hours of the night in churchyards, engaged in evoking, and attempting to raise apparitions. They practised successfully on his credulity, making him conceive that he beheld spectres, or aerial forms. These occupations,

which afforded sufficient proofs of intellectual decline, having impelled the great Frederick, whose sound understanding despised the *Illuminés*, to dismiss Prince Ferdinand from his situation in the Prussian service, he then retired to Magdeburgh, of the chapter of which secularised archbishopric he was dean.

In that city he principally resided till his decease, divested of any military command, in a sort of retreat; but keeping a good table, and receiving strangers occasionally who visited Magdeburgh. His income, a considerable part of which consisted in a pension from the crown of Great Britain, enabled him to maintain an establishment becoming his rank. Mr. Osborn, an intimate friend of mine, now, I regret, no more, who was about that time minister of England at the court of Dresden, being well acquainted with Prince Ferdinand, used frequently to dine with him. The prince, who treated him with great regard, wishing to make a proselyte of him, one day proposed that they should go together to a certain churchyard, on that same night, promising him that a ghost would infallibly appear to them. Mr. Osborn agreed to accede to the proposal, and to accompany his serene highness to the scene of these supernatural exhibitions, provided that he would order six grenadiers, their pieces loaded with ball-cartridge, to attend them—and would enjoin the grenadiers to fire upon whatever object might assume the appearance of a ghost. But, the prince by no means relished the idea, and the party therefore did not take place. Of the accuracy of this anecdote, I can have no doubt, as it was related to me by Mr. Osborn himself, whose honour and veracity were indisputable. Prince Ferdinand continued till the period of his death, in July, 1792, to be a dupe and a convert of the *Illuminés*.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Sir Joseph Yorke, afterwards created Lord Dover, maintained a distinguished rank among the members of the corps diplomatique, in 1777, at the Hague. His table, splendid and hospitable, was open to strangers of every country. Educated under Horace Lord Walpole, and the first Lord Hampden, his manners and address had in them something formal and ceremonious; but, the vigilance and ability which he displayed during above five and twenty years that he was ambassador of England to the states-general, more than compensated for these defects of external deportment. Never, perhaps, at any period of modern time, except by Sir William Temple, under Charles the Second, were the interests of Great Britain so zealously yet temperately sustained, as by him, for whom the stadtholder felt and expressed a sort of filial regard. In 1777, the English sovereign and nation still continued to preserve an ascendency in the Dutch councils, till the augmenting misfortunes and accumulated disgraces of the American war, finally enabling France to obtain a predominating influence, compelled Lord North to recall Sir Joseph Yorke from the Hague.

SIR THOMAS WROUGHTON.

With another of his majesty's foreign ministers, Mr. Wroughton, who became afterwards Sir Thomas Wroughton, I passed a considerable part of the summer of 1778, in the court and capital of Poland. Warsaw, destined to become, in more recent periods, the theatre of carnage and revolution, then enjoyed a delusive calm, while Austria, Saxony, and Prussia, were involved in war relative to the Bavarian succession. Wroughton, at the time of which I speak, was about forty-six. He had been very handsome in his youth, and, though grown somewhat corpulent, still preserved many of the graces and much of the activity of that period of life. His education, if it had not given him a very cultivated mind, had completely fitted him for the world; and a residence of more than twenty years at the two courts of Poland and Russia, in a public character, rendered his conversation, upon all points connected with the history of the north of Europe, no less entertaining than informing. From him I learned a number of curious facts respecting the two Russian empresses, Elizabeth and Catherine, which, though they assuredly would have been transmitted to posterity by Brantome, cannot, without violating decorum, be commemorated in the present age.

THE COURT OF RUSSIA.

Sir Thomas Wroughton was sent, at three or four and twenty, to Petersburgh, where he subsequently became British consul, during the reign of the former of those princesses. No man was better acquainted with her character, as well as with the political intrigues which distinguished the concluding years of Elizabeth's life. He assured me that she died a victim to her own excesses, and almost with a saucer of cherry-brandy at her lips—it having been found impossible, by any injunctions of her physicians, to prevent the female attendants about her person and bed from indulging her in this pernicious gratification. The last princess of the Stuart line who reigned in this country, has been accused of a similar passion, if we may believe the secret history of that time, or trust to the couplet which was affixed to the pedestal of her statue in front of St. Paul's, by the satirical wits of 1714. The Empress Elizabeth's amours were such as the Messalinas and Faustinas of antiquity are asserted to have carried on in the capital of the Roman world, without delicacy, shame, or restraint. Suetonius might have found it difficult to relate, and Juvenal as impossible to exaggerate, the particulars of Elizabeth's gallantries.

Of Catherine, Sir Thomas Wroughton always spoke with admiration and respect, though with freedom. To her notice he was greatly indebted for his elevation in life, she having been instrumental in procuring him the appointment of consul to Petersburgh. As he was in the flower of his age at that time, and of an imposing figure, he attracted her attention, and was honoured by her with such distinguishing marks of predilection, as to draw upon him the resentment of the grand duke, her husband, who, when he ascended the throne, early in 1762, by the name of Peter the Third, obtained during his short reign, Wroughton's removal from Russia. He was then sent, by orders from his own court, to Dresden, as minister to Augustus the Third, elector of Saxony, in his capacity of King of Poland; and he accompanied or followed that monarch from Saxony to Warsaw, in the last visit that Augustus made to his Polish dominions. As Wroughton had become an object of Peter's unconcealed dislike or jealousy, and as Catherine had distinguished him by personal attentions of the most flattering nature, it was not an improbable supposition, that she might have carried to the utmost extent her preference of him. But he always assured me, even in moments of the greatest confidence and unreserve, that he had never violated for an instant the limits of the most profound respect towards her, nor had ever received from her encouragement for such presumption on his part. "Count Poniatowski," said he, "was her lover, I was only her humble friend and servant."

He told me that the first time he ever heard the name of Orloff mentioned, or ever saw the officer who afterwards became, as Prince Orloff, the avowed favourite of Catherine in every sense, was on the following occasion. Crossing the court of the winter palace at Petersburgh, some time during the year 1760, the grand duchess, who leaned on his arm, pointed out to him a young man in the uniform of the Russian guards, then in the act of saluting her with his spontoon, and added, "*Vous voyez ce beau jeune homme? Le connaissez-vous?*" Wroughton replying in the negative, "*Il s'appelle Orloff*," said Catherine, "*Croiriez-vous qu'il a eu la hardiesse de me faire l'amour?*" "*Il est bien hardi, madame*," answered he, smiling. The conversation proceeded no further, but it remained deeply imprinted upon Wroughton's recollection, who from that moment silently anticipated the future favour of Orloff. Sir Thomas Wroughton always spoke to me of Catherine's participation or acquiescence in the death of Peter the Third, as involuntary, reluctant, and the result of an insurmountable necessity. He even considered her knowledge of the destruction of the unfortunate Emperor Ivan, who was stabbed by his own guards at Schluesselbourg, in 1764, with a view to prevent his being liberated by Mirowitsch, as exceedingly problematical. But he believed, in common with all Poland, that Catherine had found means to entrap, and to transfer to Petersburgh, the Princess Tarrakanoff, a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, where, as was asserted, she had perished in prison, by the waters of the river Neva entering the room in which she was confined. There can be no doubt that Alexis Orloff, so well known in the annals of Catherine's reign, who then commanded the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, became on that occasion the instrument of her vengeance, or rather of her apprehensions, by enticing on board his ship, in the port of Leghorn, the unhappy female in question. This accusation, sustained by many strong facts, and apparent proofs, narrated at great length, has since been submitted to the tribunal of Europe, in "*La Vie de Catherine Seconde*," by Castera, published in 1797, soon after the empress's decease. Sir John Dick, who at the time of the supposed princess's seizure by Alexis Orloff, was British consul at Leghorn, is named in the work to which I allude as having been an accomplice in the act of ensnaring and carrying her off to the Russian admiral's ship. His wife is likewise charged with a participation in so foul a conspiracy.

I lived during several years in habits of familiar acquaintance with Sir John Dick, who retained, at fourscore, all the activity of middle life, together with the perfect possession of his memory and faculties. He was an agreeable, entertaining, and well-bred man, who had seen much of the world. Dining in a large company at Mr. Thomas Hope's, in Berkeley square, on Sunday, the 10th of February, 1799, I sat by Sir John Dick, and well knowing his intimacy with Alexis Orloff, I enquired of him where the count then was; "He is," answered Sir John Dick, "at present at Leipsic, from which place he wrote to me only three weeks ago. The Emperor Paul commanded him to travel, after having made him and Prince Baratinskoi, both of whom assisted in the termination of Peter the Third's life, assist likewise at the funeral ceremonies of that prince. They held the pall, and actually mounted guard over the body, in the church of the citadel of Petersburgh, remaining the whole night with the corpse. Alexis went through this function with perfect composure." Encouraged by the frankness of this reply, I ventured to ask him if he had read the narrative of the Princess Tarrakanoff's seizure, related in "*La Vie de Catherine Seconde?*" "I have certainly perused it," said he, "and not without some concern, as I am there accused by name, no less than my wife, of having been a party to the act of transporting by violence, a young, unsuspecting, and innocent princess, on board the Russian fleet. I will relate to you, as a man of veracity, all the part that I took, and all I know, relative to the pretended princess in question; who is there asserted to have been a daughter of Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, by Alexis Razoumoffsky.

"During the time that the Russian squadron lay in the harbour of Leghorn in 1771, Alexis Orloff, who was the admiral, resided frequently, if not principally, at Pisa, where he hired a splendid house. One morning, about eleven o'clock, a Cossack, who was in his service, and who acted as his courier, arrived at my door, charged with a message to inform me that his master, with some company, in three carriages, meant to dine with me on that day. I accordingly ordered a dinner to be prepared for his reception. When he arrived, he brought with him a lady whom he introduced to my wife and to myself, but he never named her, only calling her, "*Questa Dama*." She was by no means handsome, though genteel in her figure, apparently about thirty years of age; and had the air of a person who had suffered in her health. There seemed something mysterious about her which excited my curiosity, but which I could not penetrate. Considering her with attention, it struck me forcibly that I had seen her before, and in England. Being determined, if possible, to satisfy myself on this point, as we stood leaning against the chimney-piece in my drawing-room, before dinner, I said to her, 'I believe ma'am, you speak English.' 'I speak only one little,' answered she. We sat down to dinner, and after the repast, Alexis Orloff proposed to my wife and to another lady who was there present, to accompany him and the female stranger on board his ship. They both declining it, Orloff took her with him in the evening. The boom, or chain was then stretched across the harbour; but a boat came from the Russian admiral's ship, into which he put the lady, and accompanied her himself safe on board.

"On the ensuing morning, when Orloff came on shore, he proceeded to my house. His eyes were violently inflamed, and his whole countenance betrayed much agitation. Without explaining to me the cause or the reason of this disorder, he owned that he had passed a very unpleasant night, and he requested me to let him have some of the most amusing books in my library, in order to divert the lady who was on board his ship. I never saw her again, but I know that soon afterwards she was sent by Alexis, in a frigate to Cron-

stadt, where, without being ever landed, she was transferred up the Neva to the fortress of Schlusselbourg, at the mouth of the lake Ladoga. Catherine there confined her in the very room that Peter the Third had caused to be constructed, with intent to shut up herself in it. The lady unquestionably died in that prison of chagrin, but she was not drowned by the waters of the Neva coming into her apartment, as is asserted in '*La Vie de Catherine Seconde.*'

"Having stated to you," continued Sir John Dick, "these circumstances, I will now inform you, who, and of what description, was the lady in question. Far from being, as is pretended, a daughter of Elizabeth, empress of Russia, her Father was a baker of Nuremberg, in Franconia. If, on this point, my testimony should appear to you doubtful or suspicious, the present Margrave of Anspach, who is in this country, and who knew her well, is ready to testify the same fact. She was a woman of pleasure, during a short time, both in Paris, and here in London; at which last mentioned city, she had picked up a few words of English. Prince Nicholas Radzivil, who was driven out of Poland by the Russians, having met with her, made her his mistress and carried her with him into Italy. In order to revenge himself on Catherine, who had expelled him from his native country, and confiscated his immense estates in Lithuania, he resolved on calling her the Princess Tarrakanoff, pretending that she was Elizabeth's daughter. Such she was in fact considered to be by many who saw her, and the report acquiring strength soon reached Petersburgh. Catherine, naturally alarmed at the existence of a female pretender, who might lay claim to the very throne of Russia, and being informed that Prince Radzivil asserted her right to the empire as a legitimate daughter of Elizabeth, by Razoumoffsky to whom she had been secretly married, thought that not a moment was to be lost in securing the person of so dangerous a rival. She issued private orders therefore, to Alexis Orloff, enjoining him to gain possession of the pretended princess, at all events, and by every possible means, either of money or of violence. To so great a height did the empress's apprehensions rise, that Orloff avowed to me, he had received the positive commands of her majesty, to pursue her even to Ragusa if necessary, where it was understood she had retired; to demand her from the government of that small republic, and if they should refuse to give her up, to bombard the city and to lay it in ashes. But Alexis found means to entrap or to entice her without either disturbance or hostility. He treated her as his mistress while he resided at Pisa, and while she lay on board his ship at Leghorn. These are all the particulars that I know relative to her, and all the share that I had in her detention, or her misfortunes."

It is probable that this recital, however natural and plausible it may appear, or however true it may be in point of fact, will by no means carry conviction to every mind. I confess that it neither produced that sentiment in me, at the time when Sir John Dick related it, nor, on the fullest consideration, am I thoroughly persuaded that the person in question was not the daughter of Elizabeth. It seems to be universally admitted, and I have always been so assured, that the empress did privately espouse Razoumoffsky; that she had by him, between the years 1740 and 1745, various children; one of whom was brought up and called the Princess or Countess Tarrakanoff. Prince Radzivil might, as is asserted in "*La Vie de Catherine Seconde*," have contrived means to carry her off; and after accompanying her to Rome, might there have quitted or deserted her. It is unquestionable, even by Sir John Dick's account, that Catherine dreaded her, and that Orloff, by her orders, decoyed, ensnared, and made himself master of the person of this unfortunate female. But that, in order to effect his base and barbarous purpose, Orloff actually married her, or pretended so to do; that she passed several days under Sir John Dick's roof, in amusement and dissipation, that "the consul, his wife, and the wife of Rear Admiral Greig, took their seats by her in the barge, which conveyed her on board the Russian squadron;" finally, that a British consul would dishonour himself, his sovereign, and his nation, by openly facilitating so perfidious an act;—all these assertions of Castera, and many others relative to her treatment on board Orloff's ship, appear to me wholly undeserving of credit. They are, indeed, completely disproved by Sir John Dick's narrative to me, unless we suppose him utterly devoid of truth and honour. On the other hand, that he should have remained silent under such a charge, made in the face of all Europe, without attempting to repel or to disprove it in as public a manner as it was brought forward, seems almost like a negative admission of its veracity. His denial of the accusation given in private conversation to me, could not redeem his character to the world at large. Sir John, we may likewise remember, lay under personal obligations to Catherine the Second, who had conferred on him one of the Russian orders of knighthood, and from his connection with whom, while Orloff lay at Leghorn with her fleet, he had derived great pecuniary advantages. The manner in which Alexis treated him, by bringing to his house a stranger whom he never announced to Sir John, or to his wife, by name, and with whom he lived as his mistress; these facts seem to imply great subservience on the part of the British consul, and will probably induce us to pause before we give implicit belief to his assertions. I leave, however, the decision on this point to every man's own opinion.

But was the lady in question the daughter of Elizabeth, or not? It seems to me impossible, for want of evidence, to reply satisfactorily to the question. I confess, however, that I think it more probable she should have been, as Sir John Dick asserted, a German woman whom Prince Radzivil had instructed or induced to assume the name and title of Princess Tarrakanoff. It is even very difficult altogether to condemn the Empress Catherine, for endeavouring to get possession of her person. For, had she passed over to Ragusa, and from thence into the Ottoman dominions, she would have been, when once in the hands of the Turks, with whom Russia was at war, a most dangerous competitor for the throne. We must recollect that Catherine herself had attained the imperial dignity by a revolution, and the consequent destruction of her husband, without any right of descent. To *her*, an impostor was nearly as formidable as a rightful pretender to the crown. The history of the false Demetrius, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, so famous in the Muscovite annals, might justly inspire her with apprehension. Similar scenes might be renewed under her own reign, in the interior of that vast empire. Pugatcheff had long been considered, by a great part of the Russian people, as the Emperor Peter the Third. These considerations must, at least in a political point of view, justify Catherine for taking measures to prevent the lady in question from being made an instrument in the hands of vindictive or ambitious individuals to accomplish their projects of vengeance against herself. In the eyes of morality and of humanity, the whole reign and administration of that empress, however brilliant and imposing it may appear through the medium of Voltaire's or of the Prince de Ligne's writings, cannot bear a close examination, or support a severe scrutiny.

We shall find it equally difficult to palliate her conduct relative to the first grand Duchess of Russia, wife of Paul, who is believed to have perished, by Catherine's directions or permission, in a manner still more tragical than the pretended Princess Tarrakanoff. I have seen the grand duchess in question at the drawing-room at Peterhoff, in 1774, soon after her marriage. She was by birth a princess of Hesse Darmstadt, having been chosen in preference to two of her sisters, who accompanied her on the journey from Germany to Russia. They must have been very deficient in personal attractions, if Paul's selection resulted from her superiority in that respect above her sisters. I have rarely beheld a young person less favoured by nature. She had a scorbutic humour in her face, nor did her countenance indicate either intelligence or dignity; but she was said to be amiable and pleasing in her manners. That she died during the course of her confinement after lying-in, about two years subsequent to her marriage, is certain; and it is equally indisputable, that imputations of the heaviest nature were on that occasion revived against the Empress Catherine, accusing her as the author of the grand duchess's death. I shall recount the particulars of her end, on the testimony of two princes of Hesse Philipstahl, who were allied to her by consanguinity, and whom I met at Vienna in the beginning of 1778, at Marshal Haddick's, as well as at other houses in that capital. They came to seek service under Maria Theresa, and seemed to have no delicacy or reserve in relating the story, than a recent transaction. Their account was nearly as follows:

Wilhelmina, Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, who, on her marriage with Paul, assumed the name of Natalia Alexiewna, proved with child in 1775, to the great joy of Catherine, as well as of the empire at large, which anxiously expected an heir. Unfortunately for the grand duchess, though she went her full time, yet she had so long and dangerous a labour, that not only the child of which she was delivered died in the birth, but she was herself declared, by the physicians and surgeons who attended her, to have received so much injury as to be incapable of ever again producing children, even if she should ultimately recover. The case was of serious consequence to Russia, as Paul having neither brother nor sister, heirs were indispensable to the welfare of the state. On the point being submitted to the empress and a few select advisers, as a political question, after mature discussion it was finally determined to sacrifice her to the public interest, by quietly putting her out of the way. One great impediment remained however to be surmounted. Paul was known to be not only attached in the warmest manner to his wife, but his principles of morality and humanity would not, it was believed, permit him to sanction such an act. In fact, when the idea was first suggested to him, though indirectly and ambiguously, he manifested the utmost indignation as well as horror. With a view to extinguish all emotions of that nature in his bosom, and to induce him to consent to the deed, the persons who were employed for the purpose assailed him, therefore, by other arguments and motives than those of state policy or necessity. "Your imperial highness then imagines," said they, "that the grand duchess was true to your bed, and that the child which she brought into the world was yours?" On his answering in the affirmative, they assured him that she had carried on a criminal intrigue with one of the handsomest as well as most accomplished young noblemen about the court. Paul still continuing nevertheless incredulous, they put into his hands various of her own letters, and those of her lover, which, as they asserted, had been discovered or intercepted, containing unequivocal proofs of mutual intercourse, sufficient to convince the grand duke of her infidelity. He then abandoned her to her fate, and the medical attendants having received proper instructions, completed the rest in a manner equally effectual and expeditious.

Such was the account given by the Princess of Hesse Philipstahl; and a circumstance which augments its probability is, that the nobleman himself, who was accused of being the lover of the grand duchess, then resided at Vienna—to which city he had been sent, as common report affirmed, by Catherine, on the complaints of her son, immediately after the death of the unfortunate princess in question. I knew him intimately, during a long time, while at Vienna. He since filled the post of envoy from the Empress of Russia, at an Italian court, where he was believed to have carried his temerity and his success even higher than he had done at Petersburgh. Few men whom I have ever seen or known were more formed by nature to be beloved by women. His figure was advantageous; his manners, though lofty, yet were gay and captivating, whenever he desired to conciliate good will; and his countenance, which somewhat resembled that of a Calmuc, had in it, nevertheless, an air of great distinction, spirit, and intelligence. He had served in the Russian fleet, under Alexis Orloff; was present at the memorable victory of Tschisme, on the coast of Natolia, in 1770, where the Turkish squadron in that bay was destroyed—and had acquired, under Admirals Elphinstone and Greig, not only a knowledge of naval tactics, but of the English language likewise, which he spoke with admirable ease and fluency. When we contemplate the history of the imperial family of Russia, from the reign of Peter the first, inclusive, down to the present time, we shall find nothing in the story above related, either improbable in itself, or inconsistent with the measures to which the sovereigns of that empire have continually had recourse, under similar circumstances, in various intances.

If Catherine did not hesitate, by the commission of a crime, to render her son a widower, she was at least determined to lose no time in providing him a second wife. For this purpose, she applied, almost immediately after the removal of the unfortunate grand duchess, to the great Frederick, King of Prussia, requesting him to select

for Paul, a German princess, to supply the vacancy occasioned in her family, by death. She even sketched out, with her own hand, the prominent qualites of person and of mind, which she considered as principally requisite in the object of his choice. This delicate commission Frederick executed with great ability; and, having fully sounded the ground, he recommended the Princess Sophia of Wirtemberg to the empress, for her future daughter-in-law. It was perhaps impossible to have made a more judicious selection for such a dangerous eminence, which frequently conducted to a convent, to Siberia, or to a grave. She was not quite seventeen years of age; and she possessed, besides the graces of youth, personal attractions, well calculated to retain the grand duke's affections. Her understanding solid, and her deportment blameless, secured universal esteem—while at the same time she neither displayed such talents, energy of character, or ambition, as could render her an object of Catherine's apprehension. Paul, accompanied by Marshal Romanzoff, whose victories over the Turks have rendered him so justly celebrated, was sent by Catherine, in 1776, to Berlin, where Frederick, after contributing to procure him a wife, entertained him at Potsdam, in the most splendid manner.

At one of these entertainments, given, if I recollect right, in the new palace near *Sans Souci*, in the midst of the dinner a large piece of the ceiling fell down on the table, involving the room and the company in dust, confusion, and astonishment—not unlike the accident which Fundanius relates as happening at Nasidienus's supper. The king, with admirable presence of mind, instantly throwing his arms round Paul, who sat next him, held the grand duke closely embraced, without suffering him to stir, till the cause, as well as the consequences of the disaster, were ascertained. When it was discovered to have arisen only from a defect in the plaster of the ceiling, and to have been altogether casual, a courier was immediately despatched to Petersburgh, stating the particulars to Catherine, assuring her at the same time that her son was in perfect safety. We cannot help admiring the quickness of Frederick's perception, which, ignorant as he was from what cause so unusual and alarming an event originated, led him, without a moment's delay, to participate the danger and the misfortune, if such existed, with the grand duke. In fact, they must have perished together, if they perished at all. The malignity of mankind would unquestionably have suspected or attributed treachery of some kind, had any fatal accident, in which the king was not enveloped, befallen his guest. Frederick, by his promptitude, obviated the possibility of misrepresentation, either at Petersburgh or in any other of the courts of Europe.

During the first ten or fifteen years of the reign of Catherine the Second, it was commonly believed; and in Poland, where men ventured to state their opinions in conversation with more freedom than they dared to do in Russia, I have heard it often maintained in private society, that the Grand Duke Paul would, sooner or later, disappear, as Peter the Third did, in 1762, and as the unfortunate Emperor Ivan did, in 1764. If Catherine had dreaded her son, such an event might have been not improbable: but she knew him, and did not fear him. The strongest mark of her superiority to all apprehension from his machinations, or efforts to ascend the Russian throne before his time, was the permission which she gave him to travel over Germany, France, and Italy. Peter the First never extended such a degree of emancipation to his son, the Czarowitz Alexis. Paul was accompanied on his tour by the grand duchess, for whom he then manifested the utmost fondness—though the testimonies which he gave her of his affection were not always regulated by delicacy or propriety. Sir William Hamilton told me, that when Paul arrived at Naples, in 1782, he had the honour to accompany the grand duke and duchess, on their excursions round that city, in order to view Portici, Pompeii, and the other principal objects of curiosity, visited by travellers. "The first time," said Sir William, "that I was with them in a coach, we had not proceeded far, when Paul, as if unconscious that I was present, throwing his arms about the grand duchess, began to kiss her with as much warmth as he could have shown if they had been alone, and newly married. I was somewhat embarrassed at this unusual display of matrimonial attachment, hardly knowing which way to direct my view, for there was no other person with us in the carriage—and as I sat opposite to their imperial highnesses, I could not easily avoid seeing all that passed, though I affected to look through the glass, at the objects without. At length, the grand duke, addressing himself to me, said, '*Monsieur le chevalier, j'aime beaucoup ma femme.*' It was impossible not to credit the assertion, after the proofs which he had just exhibited. But we had not proceeded a mile further, when he recommenced the same demonstrations of attachment, which he repeated many times before we arrived at Portici—usually observing to me, each time, '*Vous voyez que j'aime beaucoup ma femme.*' I could only express my satisfaction at his felicity, concealing my astonishment at the testimonies of it which I had witnessed." It would have been happy for this violent and infatuated prince, if he had never ascended the Russian throne, but had always continued in the state of political annihilation to which his mother had reduced him, and in which she retained him to the end of her life.

The pretended Princess Tarrakanoff, and the first Grand Duchess of Russia, were not the only females of high rank whom Catherine the Second is accused of having caused to be put out of life. Augusta Caroline, eldest daughter of the late celebrated Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, who fell at Auerstadt, is supposed to have perished in a manner equally mysterious, and, as some persons believe, not less tragical. This princess, who was born towards the end of the year 1764, before she attained the age of sixteen, was married to the present king, at that time Prince of Wirtemberg. He was then about twenty-six years old, and might be considered as eventual presumptive heir to his uncle, the reigning Duke of Wirtemberg, Charles Eugene, who had no issue. When I was at the court of Brunswick, in the autumn of 1777, at which time the princess was near thirteen, I saw her more than once, in the apartments of her mother. She had a very fair complexion, light hair, pleasing features, and an interesting figure. Some years after her marriage, she accompanied the prince, her husband, into Russia, when he entered into the military service of that crown—to the heir of which, as has been already stated, his sister was married. They resided for some time at Petersburgh, or in other parts of the Russian empire; but in 1787 he quitted Catherine's service and dominions, leaving his wife behind, of whose conduct, it was asserted, he had great reason to complain. They had then three children living, two sons and a daughter, whom the empress permitted him to take away, when he withdrew from her employ; but she retained the princess under her own protection. At the end of a year or two, it was notified to the Prince of Wirtemberg, as well as to the Duke of Brunswick, by order of the empress, that the wife of the one, and the daughter of the other, was no more. The duke, her father, immediately demanded in the most pressing terms that her body might be delivered up to him: but this request was never granted, nor did he even receive any such authentic proofs of her decease, and still less of the circumstances attending it, as could satisfy him on the subject. Doubts were not only entertained whether she died a natural death, but it remained questionable whether she did not still survive, and was not existing in Siberia, or in the polar deserts, like many other illustrious exiles of her own family, who had been banished thither by the Empress Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne in 1741, on the deposition of Ivan.

In May, 1797, the Princess Royal of England was married to the Prince of Wirtemberg, who, before the conclusion of that year, became duke by the decease of Frederick Eugene, his father. Early in the summer of 1798, a gentleman conversing with me on the subject of the first Princess of Wirtemberg's death, assured me that he had seen and perused all the papers relative to her imprisonment and decease, which, at the desire of the prince, and by his authority, had been transmitted to George the Third, who, after a full inspection of them, became perfectly convinced of his having had no part in that dark and melancholy transaction; lastly, he gave it as his opinion, that Catherine had alone caused her to be poisoned, unless her decease resulted from natural causes.

"Frederick William, reigning Duke of Wirtemberg," said he, "entered when young, as is well known, into the Prussian service. Old Frederick liked and distinguished him. Wishing to attach him to the house of Brandenburgh by permanent ties, and considering him as a man of promising abilities, the king himself set on foot, and finally concluded, his marriage with the eldest daughter of his own favourite nephew and general, the Duke of Brunswick. This event took place in 1780. About five years afterwards, Frederick being disposed to form a second alliance with the family at Wirtemberg, by marrying his great nephew, the present King of Prussia, as soon as his age would allow, with the Princess Elizabeth, sister to the prince, despatched him to Petersburgh for that purpose. His instructions were, to apply to the grand duchess, who was likewise his sister, for the exertion of her influence at the court of Stutgard, in order to prevail on the duke to promise his niece to the eventual heir of the Prussian monarchy. This negotiation was however rendered unsuccessful by the demand which the Emperor Joseph the Second made, about the same time, of the Princess Elizabeth of Wirtemberg, for his nephew, Francis, hereditary Prince of Tuscany, now Emperor of Austria; a marriage which was actually accomplished early in 1788.

"When the Prince of Wirtemberg arrived in the capital of the Russian empire, this alliance above mentioned was already settled; or at least was too far advanced to be overturned by his interference. After making therefore every effort in his power, through the grand duchess, to prevent its accomplishment, and finding these exertions fruitless, he returned to Potsdam. Whether Frederick suspected any duplicity or insincerity on his part, or whether it was the result merely of disappointment, it is certain that he received the prince very coldly; and the Empress of Russia having soon afterwards invited him into her service, he quitted that of Prussia, and revisited Petersburgh. She employed him in the war that began in 1787, against the Turks, and he commanded one of the three armies which took the field. The van, consisting of forty thousand men, was entrusted to him. He is said to have displayed great military talent, to have distinguished himself much, and to have rendered essential services to Catherine.

"At the time that he entered the Russian service, he carried the princess his wife with him to Petersburgh, as well as the two sons and daughter which she had brought him. Being in the flower of her youth, endowed with many amiable qualities of mind and deportment, she soon became a favourite of Catherine, in whose society and intimate confidence she occupied a distinguished place. It can hardly however excite astonishment, that such an intercourse should have been calculated to corrupt her morals. The court and palace of the empress were scenes of dissipation and licentiousness. Yet, when the prince went to serve against the Turks, he, of necessity, left his wife exposed to all these temptations. In effect, during his absence, she conducted herself so imprudently, that when he returned, after the conclusion of the campaign, to Petersburgh, he found himself under a necessity of adopting some strong measures respecting her. Being placed in this painful situation, he wrote to her father, the Duke of Brunswick, informing him of his daughter's misconduct, and consulting him on the mode of action proper to be pursued under those circumstances. It was agreed between them, that as a preliminary step she should be removed out of Russia, and the prince accordingly demanded Catherine's permission to quit her dominions, together with his wife and his family. The empress allowed him to retire, and to take with him his children, but she peremptorily refused to permit him to carry his consort back to Germany. All remonstrance proving vain, the princess therefore remained behind, and he quitted Petersburgh, with his sons and daughter, to return to Wirtemberg.

"About a fortnight after his departure, the princess, without any reason assigned, was sent by the order of Catherine to the castle of Lhode, about two hundred miles from Petersburgh; but in what part or province of that vast empire I am unable to assert. There, it seems, under close confinement, she remained about eighteen months; but all her German attendants, male and female, were withdrawn from her. At the end of that time, the prince received letters from the empress, informing him that his wife was dead of a hemorrhage. Similar information was conveyed by Catherine to the Duke of Brunswick, the unfortunate princess's father. No particulars were stated; nor, as far as appears, were any other circumstances ever known respecting her. Thus situated, the Duke of Brunswick, conscious that

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PART I. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 14, 1837. NO. 7.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

he could neither bring his daughter to life, nor call the empress to account, acquiesced patiently in the calamity; but, during some years, he did not communicate to the duchess his wife the intelligence of her daughter's death. She, therefore, remaining in ignorance of the catastrophe, continued to believe that the princess was still confined at Lhode, or existing somewhere in the deserts of Russia. The duchess used even to speak of her as being alive in Siberia, and this fact will account for the universality of the report."

If the account given me by Sir John Dick, relative to the supposed Princess Tarrakanoff, left many circumstances dark and unexplained in the history of that female, it must be owned that, after considering this narrative, no less uncertainty still pervades the story of the Princess of Wirtemberg. It is natural to ask, why did Catherine cause the princess to be imprisoned, or poisoned? Her gallantries, however culpable or notorious they might be, yet constituted no crime against the Empress of Russia; who exhibited in her own conduct, an example of emancipation from all restraint and decorum on the article of female irregularities of deportment. It was the prince, her husband, whom she had dishonoured and incensed. What proof is adduced, except assertion, that he did not know of the intentions of Catherine to confine and banish her? In the case of the two emperors, Peter the Third and Ivan, as well as in the instances of the pretended Princess Tarrakanoff, and of the first Grand Duchess of Russia, the motives for her commission of a crime, by depriving them of life, are obvious. But none such appear in the instance before us. There are, moreover, other particulars which may lead us to hesitate in forming a decisive opinion on the subject. The death of the Princess of Wirtemberg at Lhode, was announced and stated in all the German almanacs, printed by authority, to have taken place on "the 27th September, 1788." Her husband remained a widower near eight years after that event, before he attempted to obtain the hand of the princess royal of Great Britain. During so long a period of time, he seems to have adopted no measures for repelling the calumnious reports circulated all over Europe, of his participation in the death of his wife: reports which, however false, yet had made the most unfavourable impression, even in England. It is true that George the Third became perfectly convinced of his innocence, before he consented to the union of the prince with his eldest daughter. But, though the king yielded to the proofs brought upon this point, yet it is well known that he did it with reluctance and hesitation; rather giving way to the princess's avowed wishes on the subject, than himself desiring, or approving, the match. So far indeed was he from pushing forward the alliance, that I know from good authority, he offered the princess, after all the preliminaries were adjusted, and the marriage was fixed, to break it off, if she chose to decline it; taking on himself, personally, the whole responsibility of its failure. Certain it is, that the negotiation advanced much more rapidly after the decease of the empress, and on the 18th of May, 1797, the nuptials were solemnised. Over the nature, as well as over the author, of the first Princess of Wirtemberg's death, a deep or impenetrable veil is drawn. We must leave it to time to unfold, if it does not rather remain, as is more probable, for ever problematical.

PRINCESSES OF THE BRUNSWICK FAMILY.

Before I quit this subject, I cannot help remarking, that during the course of the eighteenth century, the family of Brunswick, in its different branches, produced no less than five princesses, who exhibited in succession the most conspicuous examples of human infelicity. The first of them was Sophia of Brunswick Zell, married to George the First; who, for her alledged but unproved gallantries with Count Konigsmark, was confined nearly forty years, at the sequestered seat of Ahlden, in the electorate of Hanover, where she expired in 1726. Charlotte-Christina of Brunswick Blankenberg, who espoused in 1711, the Czarowitz Alexis, only son of Peter the Great, a princess endowed by nature with almost every amiable and estimable quality of body and of mind—equally beautiful and virtuous—fell a victim, in the flower of her youth, to the ferocious treatment that she experienced from her husband. She died at Petersburgh, in child-bed, at twenty-one years of age, in 1715; lamented by the whole empire, except by Alexis, whose brutal character rendered him incapable of appreciating her value. Brunswick Wolfenbuttel furnished the next instance, in the person of Elizabeth, married in 1765, to the late King of Prussia, then only prince royal; divorced four years afterwards, for her irregularities; confined at Stettin, where I have seen her in 1774; and who, I believe, still survives, forgotten and unknown, in some part of the Prussian dominions, after having witnessed the temporary subversion of her own house, and the calamaties inflicted on that of Brandenburgh, by Bonaparte. Caroline Matilda of Brunswick Lunenburg, posthumous daughter of Frederick, late Prince of Wales, and sister of George the Third, is the fourth in this enumeration. Banished by a revolution from Denmark, in 1772, effected in the name of Christian the Seventh, her imbecile husband; she only survived it about three years, terminating her short career, in the prime of life, at Zell, in 1775. Augusta Caroline, of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, whose melancholy history, and whose ambiguous end, we have been surveying, closes the list. It must be esteemed singular, that in the lapse of scarcely a hundred years, such a fatality should seem to have marked so many females of that illustrious family.

AN APPARITION STORY.

In the autumn of 1778, I visited Dresden for the second time: a court which was rendered peculiarly agreeable to the English at that period, by the hospitality and polished manners of his majesty's minister to Saxony, Sir John Stepney; one of the finest gentlemen who has been employed on foreign missions, during the course of the present reign. Dresden was then a place where the Illuminés had made a deep and general impression on the public mind; Schrepfer having chosen it, only a few years earlier, for the scene of his famous exhibition of the apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe. Having given, in a former work, some account of that extraordinary imposition, I shall not resume the subject here; but I cannot help relating another somewhat similar story, which was told me, during my residence in Dresden, by the Count de Felkesheim. He was a Livonian gentlemen, settled in Saxony, of a very improved understanding, equally superior to credulity as to superstition. Being together in the month of October, 1778, and our discourse accidentally turning on the character and performances of Schrepfer—"I have conversed," said he to me, "with several of the individuals who were present at the scene of the spectre or phantom, presented by him in the gallery of the palace of the Duke of Courland. They all agreed in their account of the leading particulars. Though I do not pretend to explain by what process or machinery that business was conducted, I have always considered him as an artful impostor, and his audience as dupes. Yet am I not so decidedly sceptical on the possibility of supernatural appearances, as to treat them with ridicule, because they may seem to be unphilosophical. I received my education in the University of Konigsberg, where I had the advantage of attending lectures in ethics, and moral philosophy, delivered by a professor who was esteemed a very superior man in those branches of science. He had, nevertheless, though an ecclesiastic, the reputation of being tinctured with incredulity, on various points connected with revealed religion. When, therefore, it became necessary for him, in the course of his lectures, to treat on the nature of spirit as detached from matter, to discuss the immortality of the soul, and to enter on the doctrine of a future state, I listened, with more than ordinary attention, to his opinions. In speaking of all these mysterious subjects, there appeared to me to be so visible an embarrassment, both in his language and his expressions, that I felt the strongest curiosity to question him further respecting them. Finding myself alone with him soon afterwards, I ventured to state to him my remarks on his deportment, and I entreated him to tell me if they were well founded, or only imaginary suggestions."

"The hesitation which you noticed," answered he, "resulted from the conflict that takes place within me, when I am attempting to convey my ideas on a subject where my understanding is at variance with the testimony of my senses. I am, equally from reason and reflection, disposed to consider with incredulity and contempt, the existence of apparitions. But, an appearance which I have witnessed with my own eyes, as far as they, or any of the perceptions can be confided in; and which has even received a sort of subsequent confirmation from other circumstances connected with the original fact, leaves me in that state of scepticism and suspense which pervaded my discourse. I will communicate to you its cause. Having been brought up to the profession of the church, I was presented by Frederick William the First, late King of Prussia, to a small benefice, situated in the interior of the country, at a considerable distance south of Konigsberg. I repaired thither in order to take possession of my living, and found a very neat parsonage house, where I passed the night in the bed-chamber which had been occupied by my predecessor. It was in the longest days of summer; and on the following morning, which was Sunday, while lying awake, the curtains of the bed being undrawn, and it being broad daylight, I beheld the figure of a man, habited in a sort of loose gown, standing at a reading desk, on which lay a large book, the leaves of which he appeared to turn over at intervals. On each side of him stood a little boy, in whose faces he looked earnestly from time to time, and as he looked, he seemed always to heave a deep sigh. His countenance, pale and disconsolate, indicated severe distress of mind. I had the most perfect view of these objects; but, being impressed with too much terror and apprehension to rise, or to address myself to the appearances before me, I remained for some minutes a silent and breathless spectator, without uttering a word, or altering my position. At length the man closed the book, and then taking the children, one in each hand, he led them slowly across the room; my eyes eagerly following him, till the three figures gradually disappeared, or were lost behind an iron stove, which stood at the farthest corner of the apartment.

"However deeply and awfully I was affected by the sight which I had witnessed, and however incapable I was of explaining it to my own satisfaction, yet I recovered sufficiently the possession of my mind to get up; and, having hastily dressed myself, I left the house. The sun was long risen, and directing my steps to the church, I found that it was open; but the sexton had quitted it, and on entering the chancel, my mind and imagination were so strongly impressed by the scene which had recently passed, that I endeavoured to dissipate the recollection, by considering the objects around me. In almost all the Lutheran churches of the Prussian dominions, it is an established usage to hang up against the walls of some part of the building, the portraits of the successive pastors or clergymen, who had held the living. A number of these paintings, rudely performed, was suspended in one of the aisles. But I had no sooner fixed my eyes on the last in the range, which was the portrait of my immediate predecessor, than they became riveted to the object; as I instantly recognised the same face which I had beheld in my bed-chamber, though not clouded by the same deep expression of melancholy or distress.

"The sexton entered, as I was still contemplating this interesting head, and I immediately began a conversation with him, on the subject of the persons who had preceded me in the living. He remembered several incumbents, concerning whom, respectively, I made various enquiries, till I concluded by the last, relative to whose history I was particularly inquisitive. 'We considered him,' said the sexton 'as one of the most learned and amiable men who have ever resided among us. His charities and benevolence endeared him to all his parishioners, who will long lament his loss. But he was carried off in the middle of his days, by a lingering illness, the cause of which has given rise to many unpleasant

reports among us, and which still form matter of conjecture. It is however commonly believed, that he died of a broken heart.' My curiosity being still more warmly excited by the mention of this circumstance, I eagerly pressed him to disclose to me what he knew or had heard on the subject. 'Nothing respecting it,' answered he, 'is absolutely known, but scandal had propagated a story of his having formed a criminal connection with a young woman of the neighbourhood, by whom, it was even asserted, that he had two sons. As a confirmation of the report, I know that there certainly were two children, who have been seen at the parsonage; boys of about four or five years old. But they suddenly disappeared, some time before the decease of their supposed father; though to what place they are sent, or what is become of them, we are wholly ignorant. It is equally certain, that the surmises and unfavourable opinions formed respecting this mysterious business, which must necessarily have reached him, precipitated, if they did not produce, the disorder of which our late pastor died: but he is gone to his account, and we are bound to think charitably of the departed.'

"It is unnecessary to say with what emotions I listened to this relation, which recalled to my imagination, and seemed to give proof of the existence, of all that I had seen. Yet, unwilling to suffer my mind to become enslaved by phantoms which might have been the effect of error or deception, I neither communicated to the sexton the circumstance which I had just witnessed, nor even permitted myself to quit the chamber where it had taken place. I continued to lodge there, without ever again witnessing any similar appearance; and the recollection itself insensibly began to wear away as the autumn advanced. When the approach of winter rendered it necessary to light fires through the house, I ordered the iron stove that stood in the room, and behind which the figure which I had beheld, together with the two boys, seemed to disappear, to be heated for the purpose of warming the apartment. Some difficulty was experienced in making the attempt, the stove not only smoking intolerably, but emitting a most offensive smell. Having, therefore, sent for a blacksmith to inspect and repair it, he discovered, in the inside, at the farthest extremity, the bones of two small human bodies, corresponding perfectly in size, as well as in other respects, with the description given me by the sexton, of the two boys who had been seen at the parsonage. This last circumstance completed my astonishment, and appeared to confer a sort of reality on an appearance, which might otherwise have been considered as a delusion of the senses. I resigned the living, quitted the place, and returned to Konigsberg: but it has produced upon my mind the deepest impression, and has, in its effects, given rise to that uncertainty and contradiction of sentiment which you remarked in my late discourse." Such was Count Felkesheim's story, which, from its singularity, appeared to me deserving of commemoration, in whatever contempt we may justly hold similar anecdotes.

SIR WILLIAM AND LADY HAMILTON.

One of the most interesting portions of my life was the time that I passed at Naples, in the summer of 1779. Sir William Hamilton, his majesty's minister, constituted in himself the greatest source of entertainment, no less than of instruction, which that capital then afforded to strangers. He honoured me with his friendship, which he continued to the end of his life. In his person, though tall and meagre, with a dark complexion, a very aquiline nose, and a figure which always reminded me of Rolando in "Gil Blas," he had nevertheless such an air of intelligence blended with distinction in his countenance, as powerfully attracted and conciliated every beholder. His mother, Lady Archibald Hamilton, enjoyed, as is well known, a very distinguished place in the favour of Frederick, late Prince of Wales, and Sir William himself was brought up from early life with his present majesty, to whom he became, after his accession to the crown, an equerry. At a very early period he entered into the army, and was at the battle of Fontenoy, as well as, I think, at that of La Feldt. I wish that it were possible to relate with delicacy an anecdote that he recounted to me of the former action. "We were exposed," said he, "on that occasion, as is well known, to a very severe and murderous fire of artillery for a long time, without the power of moving; so peremptory were the orders issued, that we should remain on the ground where we were stationed. The cannon balls, from time to time, swept away whole files, and produced sensations by no means agreeable, even among the firmest persons present. I had then an opportunity of seeing exemplified the physical effects of fear on the human body. Many of the British grenadiers, though capable of actively facing death in any shape, and ardently desirous to march against the enemy, yet experienced, internally and involuntarily, the most violent pains. Unable to support them, pressed by an irresistible necessity, and compelled to remain fixed in the same place, several of them *se détroussoient, présentoient le derriere aux canons de l'ennemi, et firent feu*; thus endeavouring to exhibit a proof of their contempt for the very danger of which they felt within themselves the strongest sensations."

The versatility of Sir William Hamilton's character constituted one of the most interesting features of his composition. Endowed with a superior understanding, a philosophic mind, and a strong inclination to the study of many branches of science, or of polite letters, which, as is well known, he cultivated with distinguished success; he was equally keen as a sportsman in all the exercises of the field. After being actively occupied in studying the phenomena of Vesuvius, like the elder Pliny, or in exploring the antiquities of Pompeii and of Stabia, with as much enthusiasm as Pausanias did those of ancient Greece; he would pass whole days, and almost weeks, with the King of Naples, either hunting or shooting in the royal woods, or more laboriously engaged in an open boat, exposed to the rays of a burning sun, harpooning fish in the bay of Castellamare. When beyond seventy years of age, he preserved undiminished his love of these sports, particularly of fishing, which he followed with great ardour, thus mingling pursuits or passions of the mind and of the body, rarely united in the same man. I have seen him, not more than two years before his decease, perform the "tarantela," an Apulian dance, which, as it is undoubtedly a copy of the bacchant amusements of antiquity, demanded no slender portion of animal strength and spirits. The occasion was so remarkable that I am induced to relate the particulars. Intelligence of the glorious victory obtained by the English fleet under Lord Nelson, before Copenhagen, arrived in London, on Wednesday the 15th of April, 1801. Sir William Hamilton then resided in Piccadilly. About ten o'clock that evening I went to his house with Sir John Macpherson. We found assembled there the Dukes of Gordon and Queensbury, Lord William Gordon, Monsieur de Calonne, Mr. Charles Greville, Sir William's nephew, the Duke de Noia, a Neapolitan nobleman; Mr. Kemble, the celebrated comedian, and his wife; the Reverend Mr. Nelson, now earl of that name, with some other persons. Lady Hamilton, inspired by the recent success of Lord Nelson against the Danes, of which victory he had transmitted her, with his remaining hand, all the particulars as they occurred, from the 1st up to the 8th of April, the day when the despatches came away; after playing on the harpsichord, and accompanying it with her voice, undertook to dance the "tarantela."

Sir William began it with her, and maintained the conflict, for such it might well be esteemed, for some minutes. When unable longer to continue it, the Duke de Noia succeeded to his place; but he, too, though near forty years younger than Sir William, soon gave in, from extenuation. Lady Hamilton then sent for her own maid servant, who being likewise presently exhausted, after a short time, another female attendant, a Copt, perfectly black, whom Lord Nelson had presented her, on his return from Egypt, relieved her companion. It would be difficult to convey any adequate idea of this dance; but the fandango and seguedilla of the Spaniards, present an image of it. Madame de Stael has likewise attempted to describe it, and has made "Corinna" perform it at a ball in Rome, with the Prince of Amalfi, a Neapolitan, for her partner; but she has softened down the voluptuous features that render it too powerful over the imagination and the senses. Yet she admits the "Melange de pudeur et de volupté," inherent in the exhibition, which conveyed an idea of the Bayadéres or Indian dancing girls. Madame de Stael's "Corinna" could not be more familiar with the attitudes of the antique statues, than was Lady Hamilton, nor more capable of transporting the spectators to Herculaneum, by her accurate and picturesque imitation of the models there left us, with which she seemed at times to identify herself. Castanets, and the tambour de basque, constitute essential accompaniments of the performance, which, at its termination, from the physical exertions necessary, left her in a state of dissolution, like the Delphic priestess overcome by the inspiration of Apollo, or, perhaps, more like Semelé, as Corregio has painted her, after her interviews with Jove. We must recollect that the two performers are supposed to be a satyr and a nymph, or rather a faun and a bacchante. It was certainly not of a nature to be performed, except before a select company, as the screams, attitudes, starts, and embraces, with which it was intermingled, gave it a peculiar character. I mentioned it principally in order to show Sir William Hamilton's activity and gaiety at that advanced period of life. Though a finished courtier, he preserved such an independence of manner, without any mixture of servility or adulation, as seemed eminently to qualify him for the diplomatic profession. His conversation offered a rich diversity of anecdote. With these qualifications, it cannot excite wonder that he formed the delight and ornament of the court of Naples. No foreign minister, not even the family ambassadors of France and Spain, resident there, enjoyed in so eminent a degree the favour or affection of his Sicilian majesty. Nor was the attachment of that prince to Sir William merely limited to hunting or fishing parties. He gave the English envoy many solid proofs of sincere regard; a regard that extended to the British crown and nation. One striking instance of this partiality took place in June, 1779, while I was at Naples. The King of Spain, Charles the Third, having written confidentially to his son Ferdinand, that he should probably be induced soon to take part with Louis the Sixteenth, by entering into a war with Great Britain, as he effectively did immediately afterwards, the King of Naples, though enjoined by his father to secrecy, communicated the letter itself to Sir William Hamilton. He even accompanied the disclosure, with the assurance of his deep regret at the adoption of such a line of policy; and his own firm determination never to enter into the combination against England, though himself a prince of the house of Bourbon, and included in "the family compact" by name. Sir William transmitted the king's communication, as well as his assurance on the point, without delay to Lord North, then first minister. I received this anecdote from himself at Naples.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES.

It was in Sir William's and the first Lady Hamilton's company, that I learned a number of curious as well as authentic particulars, relative to the King and Queen of Naples. Ferdinand the Fourth was then in the twenty-ninth year of his age; tall, muscular, and active in his frame, capable of immense fatigue, and apparently formed for long life. His features were coarse and harsh, his nose immoderately long, like that of his father and brother, Charles the Third and Charles the Fourth, Kings of Spain: but, nevertheless, though the component parts of his face might separately be esteemed ugly, the general expression of his countenance had in it something intelligent, and even agreeable. There was an unpolished simplicity, or rather a rude nature, in his manner, attitudes, deportment, and conversation, which pleased for a double reason; on account of its own intrinsic claim to be liked, and as being rarely found on a throne, where we naturally expect disguise, artifice, and habits of concealment. If he conversed little with strangers, he seemed at least, when he talked, always to say what he thought; and he betrayed no defect of natural understanding, though he was altogether destitute of that elegance and art which frequently veil the want of information. He always reminded me of a rustic, elevated by fortune or accident to a crown; but it was an amiable, honest, sensible, well-intentioned rustic, not altogether unworthy of such an elevation.

The Queen of Naples, who was not quite twenty-seven years old at this time, seemed much better fitted to represent the majesty of the throne, and to do the honours of a court. Though neither possessing beauty of face, nor loveliness of person, yet was she not absolutely deficient in either respect; and if her figure might be esteemed too large, still it wanted neither grace, dignity, nor even attractions. She is the only queen whom I ever saw weep in public, before a crowd of both sexes, assembled in her own palace, on a gala day. The

festival on which I was presented to her, happened to be the anniversary of the loss of her eldest son, who expired exactly a year before, in 1778. He was a very fine boy, of promising expectations, to whom his mother was passionately attached. The ignorance of the Neapolitan physicians, as it was believed, had caused his death; for, being seized with a violent sickness and pain in his stomach, from which, an emetic, promptly administered, might probably have relieved him, they had the imprudence to bleed him, and thereby brought on fatal convulsions. Such was the queen's distress, at the recollection of the event which had taken place on this painful anniversary, that she was unable to repress her emotions. In the presence-chamber of the palace at Naples, she stood under a canopy, her right hand held out to the nobility and coutiers, as they approached to kiss it—holding in her left a handkerchief with which she perpetually wiped her eyes, that were suffused in tears. It was difficult not to be favourably impressed towards a princess capable of giving such an involuntary testimony of her maternal tenderness, in a place and situation where it was impossible to suspect her of artifice or affectation.

Having drawn this imperfect outline of the King and Queen of Naples, from my own personal observations, I shall enumerate some of the particulars respecting them, which I collected in the course of conversation from Sir William or Lady Hamilton. I mean, his first wife, who was a most accomplished and superior woman.

"No European sovereign, without exception," said Sir William, "has been so ill educated as the King of Naples. He is not even master of any language, except Italian, without making a painful effort; and his ordinary Italian is a Neapolitan dialect, such as the lowest of his subjects, the lazaroni, speak in their intercourse with each other. It is true that he understands French, and converses in it when indispensable—but he rarely reads any French author, and still more rarely attempts to write in that language. All the correspondence that takes place between him and his father, the King of Spain, is carried on in the common Neapolitan jargon. They write very frequently and largely to each other; but seldom does this intercourse embrace political subjects: their letters, of which I have seen numbers, being filled with accounts of the quantity and variety of the game respectively killed by them, in which the great ambition of each prince is to exceed the other. Ferdinand, indeed, who scarcely ever reads, considers as the greatest of misfortunes, a rainy day, when the weather proves too bad for him to go out to the chase. On such occasions, recourse is had to every expedient by which time may be killed, in order to dissipate his majesty's ennui, even to the most puerile and childish pastimes. The king's education was systematically neglected: for Charles the Third, alarmed at the imbecility of his eldest son, Philip, Duke of Calabria, who, on account of his recognised debility of understanding, was wholly set aside from the right of succession, strictly ordered, at his departure for Spain, in 1759, that this, his third son, should not be compelled to apply to any severe studies, or be made to exert any close application of mind.

"I have frequently seen the unfortunate Duke of Calabria, who has only been dead a few years, and who was, by his birth, heir to the Spanish monarchy. He attained to manhood, and was treated with certain distinctions, having chamberlains placed about him in constant attendance, who watched him with unremitting attention—as, otherwise, he would have committed a thousand excesses. Care was particularly taken to keep him from having any connection with the other sex, for which he manifested the strongest propensity; but it became at last impossible to prevent him altogether from attempting to emancipate himself in this respect. He has many times eluded the vigilance of his keepers, and on seeing ladies pass through the apartments of the palace, would attack them with the same impetuosity as Pan or the satyrs are described by Ovid, when pursuing the nymphs, and with the same intentions. More than one lady of the court has been critically rescued from his embraces. On particular days of the year, he was allowed to hold a sort of court, or levee, when the foreign ministers repaired to his apartments, to pay their compliments to him: but his greatest amusement consisted in having his hand held up by his attendants, while gloves were put upon it, one larger than another, to the number of fifteen or sixteen. His death was justly considered as a fortunate event, under such circumstances of incurable imbecility.

"Before the present king fully attained his seventeenth year, the Marquis Tanucci, then prime minister, by directions sent from the court of Madrid, provided him a wife. The Archduchess Josepha, one of the daughters of the Empress Maria Theresa, being selected for Queen of Naples, and being represented to young Ferdinand as a princess equally amiable in her mind as she was agreeable in her person, he expected her arrival with great pleasure, mingled even with some impatience. So much more severely was it natural that he should feel the melancholy intelligence, when it arrived from Vienna, that she was dead of the small-pox. In fact, he manifested as much concern at the event as could perhaps be expected in a prince of his disposition, and at his time of life, for the death of a person whom he had never seen. But, a circumstance which greatly augmented his chagrin on the occasion was, its being considered indispensable for him not to take his usual diversion of hunting or fishing, on the day that the account reached Naples. Ferdinand reluctantly submitted to such a painful and unusual renunciation: but, having consented to it from a sense of decorum, he immediately set about endeavouring to amuse himself within doors, in the best manner that circumstances would admit—an attempt in which he was aided by the noblemen in waiting about his person. They began therefore with billiards, a game which his majesty likes, and at which he plays with skill. When they had continued it for some time, leap-frog was tried, to which succeeded various other feats of agility or gambols. At length, one of the gentlemen, more ingenious than the others, proposed to celebrate the funeral of the deceased archduchess. The idea, far from shocking the king, appeared to him, and to the whole company, as most entertaining; and no reflections, either on the indecorum, or want of apparent humanity in the proceeding, interposed to prevent its immediate realisation. Having selected one of the chamberlains, as proper, from his youth and feminine appearance, to represent the princess, they habited him in a manner suitable to the mournful occasion, laid him out on an open bier, according to the Neapolitan custom at interments—and in order to render the ceremony more appropriate, as well as more accurately correct, they marked his face and hands with chocolate drops, which were designed to imitate the pustules of the small-pox. All the apparatus being ready, the funeral procession began, and proceeded through the principal apartments of the palace at Portici, Ferdinand officiating as chief mourner. Having heard of the archduchess's decease, I had gone thither on that day, in order to make my condolence privately to his majesty on the misfortune; and entering at the time, I became an eye-witness of this extraordinary scene, which, in any other country of Europe, would be considered as incredible, and would not obtain belief.

"The Archduchess Caroline being substituted in place of her sister, and being soon afterwards conducted from Vienna to Naples, the king advanced in person as far as the 'Portella,' where the Neapolitan and papal territories divide, in order to receive his new bride. She was then not sixteen years old, and though she could not by any means be esteemed handsome, yet she possessed many charms. Ferdinand manifested on his part neither ardour nor indifference for the queen. On the morning after his nuptials, which took place in the beginning of May, 1768, when the weather was very warm, he rose at an early hour, and went out as usual to the chase, leaving his young wife in bed. Those courtiers who accompanied him having enquired of his majesty how he liked her, '*Dormè com un amazzata,*' replied he, '*et suda com un porco.*' Such an answer would be esteemed any where, except at Naples, most indecorous; but here we are familiarised to far greater violations of propriety and decency. Those acts and functions which are never mentioned in England, and which are there studiously concealed even by the vulgar, here are openly performed. When the king has made a hearty meal, and feels an inclination to retire, he commonly communicates that intention to the noblemen around him in waiting, and selects the favoured individuals, whom, as a mark of predilection, he chooses shall attend him. '*Sono ben pransato,*' says he, laying his hand on his belly, '*Adesso bisogna un buona panchiata.*' The persons thus preferred then accompany his majesty, stand respectfully around him, and amuse him by their conversation during the performance."

However strong this fact may appear, and however repugnant to our ideas of decency, it has been for successive centuries perfectly consonant to the manners of the Italians in general, and scarcely less so to those of the French. D'Aubigné, a grave writer in the "Memoirs of his own Life," does not hesitate to relate, in the most circumstantial manner, the narrow escape which Henry the Fourth, his master, had of being knocked on the head while engaged in this necessary function. Nay, D'Aubigné composed a "quatrain" on the adventure, which he has transmitted to posterity. The story is so naturally related, and is so characteristic of the nation, that I cannot resist giving it in the words of the author, which I shall not however venture to translate. Henry, who was then only King of Navarre, having effected his escape from Paris, in 1575, on which occasion D'Aubigné accompanied him, they passed the river Seine at Poissy, and soon afterwards stopped to refresh themselves in a village. Here, says D'Aubigné, "the king *étant allé faire ses affaires dans un tet à cochons, une vieille, qui le surprit en cet état, lui aureit fendue la tête par derrière, d'un coup de serpe, sans moi qui parai le coup.*" It is clear, from this circumstance, that D'Aubigné must have been close to his royal master at the time. Then follows the ludicrous epitaph which he made for the occasion, on a supposition that the old woman had killed the king.

"Cy git un roi, grand par merveille,
Qui mourut comme Dieu permet,
D'un coup de serpe d'une vieille,
Ainsi qu'il chioit dans un tet."

His predecessor, Henry the Third, it is well known, was stabbed in the belly, of which wound he died, in 1589, while sitting on the *chaise percée*, in which indecorous situation he did not scruple to give audience to Clement, the regicide monk, who assassinated him. Marshal Suwarrow, in our own time, received his aide-du-camp and his general officers precisely in a similar manner. Madame de Maintenon, as the Duke de St. Simon informs us, thought those moments so precious that she commonly accompanied Louis the Fourteenth to the "garderobe." So did Louvois, when minister of state. The Duke de Vendome, while commanding the armies of France in Spain and Italy, at the commencement of the last century, was accustomed to receive the greatest personages on public business, in the same situation. We have Cardinal Alberoni's authority for this fact. If we read the account written by Du Bois, of the last illness of Louis the Thirteenth, we may there see what humiliating functions Anne of Austria performed for that prince in the course of his malady, over which an English writer, more fastidious, would have drawn a veil. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and the palatine Duchess of Orleans, though women of the highest birth and rank, as well as of unimpeached conduct, conceal nothing on these points in their writings. The former, speaking of the Duchess of Orleans, her stepmother, second wife of Gaston, brother of Louis the Thirteenth, says, "She had contracted a singular habit of always running into another room, *pour se placer sur la chaise percée*, when dinner was announced. As she never failed in this particular, the grand maitre, or lord steward of Gaston's household, who performed the ceremony of summoning their royal highnesses to table, observed, smelling to his baton of office, that there must certainly be either senna or rhubarb in its composition, as it invariably produced the effect of sending the duchess to the garderobe." I have myself seen the late electress dowager of Saxony, daughter of the Emperor Charles the Seventh, at her own palace, in the suburbs of Dresden, rise from the table where she was playing, when the room has been full of company of both sexes, lay down her cards, retire for a few minutes, during which time the game was suspended, and then return, observing to those near her, "*J' ai pris medecine aujourd'hui.*" These circumstances sufficiently prove that Ferdinand, however gross his manners or language seem to us, by no means shocked the feelings or excited the disgust of his own courtiers.

"In all the exercises or exertions of the body that demand vigour and address," continued Sir William, "the King of Naples excels. He might have contended for the prize at the public games of ancient Greece, at

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Ellis, or at Olympia, with no ordinary prospect of success. He likes, in particular, wrestling; and having heard that a young Irish gentleman of the name of Bourke, who visited Naples not long since, was an expert wrestler, he caused it to be signified that he should like to try a fall with that foreigner; but Bourke had the good sense to decline a contest for the honours of the palæstra with a crowned head. He dances violently at the court balls; on one of which occasions, some years ago, I witnessed a scene truly original, as well as comic. When his brother-in-law, the Emperor Joseph, being on his travels, arrived here, a superb ball was given in honour of his visit, at which entertainment, however, he declined mixing personally in the dance. While his imperial majesty was standing near the dancers, engaged in conversation with me, Ferdinand having gone down the set, and being in a most profuse state of perspiration, pulled open his waistcoat; then taking Joseph's hand, he applied it suddenly to his own shirt behind, exclaiming, at the same time, '*Sentité qui fratello mio.*' The emperor instantly withdrew his hand, not without manifesting great discomposure, and the two sovereigns remained for a few seconds looking in each other's faces. Surprise was equally painted in the features of both; for as the one had never before been invited to try such an experiment, so the other had never found any individual who did not esteem himself honoured by the familiarity. I had no little difficulty to restrain the muscles of my countenance on the occasion.

"Joseph, who held his brother-in-law's understanding in great contempt, endeavoured to assume over him the sort of superiority arrogated by a strong, over a weak mind. But Ferdinand, though confessedly his inferior in cultivation and refinement, was by no means disposed to adopt his political opinions or ideas. He even manifested, in various conversations, and on many occasions, that, defective as his education had been, he possessed as much plain sense, and even acute discernment, as the emperor, or his brother Leopold, grand duke of Tuscany. Joseph did not indeed inspire any very high admiration by his deportment, or general conduct, while he remained at Naples. He was irritable, and even irascible, where he should have shown good humour, or command of temper. I accompanied him to the summit of Vesuvius, and with concern saw him break his cane over the shoulders of the guide, Bartolomeo, for some slight offence which he had given his imperial majesty.

"Ferdinand's passions are all swallowed up in his rage for the pleasures of the field, hunting, shooting, and fishing; for this last diversion, peculiarly adapted to the climate of Naples, must be included in the number. He thinks no fatigue and no privations too great for its indulgence. The quantity of game, by which I principally mean deer, wild boars of all ages, and stags of every kind, preserved in the royal woods or parks at Astruni, at Caserta, Caccia Bella, and other places, exceeds belief. And the slaughter made of them in some of the hunting parties is equally beyond credibility. I have frequently seen a heap, composed only of the offal or bowels, reaching as high as my head, and many feet in circumference. The king rarely misses a shot, but when he is tired with killing, then commences another operation. He next dissects the principal pieces of game, of which he sends presents to favoured courtiers, or distributes it among his attendants. In order to perform this part of the diversion, he strips, puts on a flannel dress, takes the knife in hand, and, with inconceivable dexterity, cuts up the animal. No carcass-butcher in Smithfield can exceed him in anatomical ability: but he is frequently besmeared with blood from head to foot, before he has finished, and exhibits an extraordinary spectacle not easily to be imagined. The queen herself is sometimes obliged to be present at the scene, though more, as may be supposed, in compliance with the king's wish than from her own inclination. He is equally indefatigable on the water, in harpooning or in catching fish, particularly the pecce spada, or sword-fish; and he neither regards heat, nor cold, nor hunger, nor danger. On these occasions he is usually or always attended by a number of chosen Liparots, natives of the Lipari Islands, who have been in all ages most expert sailors, divers, and fishermen.

"It is thus that Ferdinand passes the greatest portion of his time; while the potentates of Germany, England, France, and Spain, are engaged in war. Not that he is indifferent to the felicity of his subjects, or regardless of the security and prosperity of his dominions. On the contrary, his heart, which is animated with the best emotions towards his people, impels him to manifest it by all his measures: but his defects of education, render him shy, embarrassed, and awkward; nor have his ministers any wish to awaken, or to invigorate, the faculties of his mind. Neither Tanucci, who governed Naples during his minority, nor Sambuca, the present first minister, desire to see him assume an active part in the administration of public affairs. The chevalier Acton, who is at the head of the marine, has, however, begun to put the Neapolitan navy in a more respectable condition than it has been for several centuries. Already it affords some protection to the coasts of Calabria and of Sicily, which have been perpetually infested by the Algerines, Tunisians, and other pirates, who were accustomed to land, and to carry off whole villages into slavery, precisely as Dragut and Barbarossa did, two hundred years ago. Such calamities are, even now, by no means unusual. It is a fact, that I narrowly escaped myself some time since, in one of my maritime excursions round the southern provinces of the kingdom, being surprised in a sparonara, while lying close under Cape Spartivento. Lady Hamilton was of the party, and those barbarians would not have respected my official character, and still less would they have regarded the reclamations of this government.

"The power of the Neapolitan kings is, moreover, fettered by many impediments which would be very difficult to surmount, even for a prince of the greatest talents, or of the most vigorous character. In Apulia, as well as in Calabria and Sicily, the great feudal barons still retain privileges that render them almost independent of the crown, and which they consider as imprescriptible, having constituted their birthright for ages, under the various dynasties that have reigned over this beautiful country. The church enjoys revenues and immunities, not less incompatible in many respects with civil order and obedience. But Ferdinand is greatly beloved by his people, who know, and who do justice to, his good intentions. He is even far more popular than the queen. The princess, who possesses an active mind, and very considerable parts, as well as ambition and love of power, has assumed a share in the administration, for which she is by no means unqualified: yet is she less esteemed than her husband, who, if he is not ardently attached to her as a wife, treats her at least with great consideration, kindness, and confidence. They live together in conjugal union, though her majesty is not exempt from the frailties and weaknesses of her sex. Indeed, the air, manners, and society of this capital, are all very inimical to female virtue. From the time of the first Jane, queen of Naples, so famous in the annals of gallantry, down to the present day, these countries have exhibited scenes of dissolute pleasures, or rather, of unrestrained licentiousness. They will probably ever so remain. Yet," concluded Sir William, "if I were compelled to be a king, I would choose Naples for my kingdom. Here, a crown has fewer thorns than in any other country. His very want of political power ensures his repose; and the storms which desolate Europe pass over his head. Placed at the extremity of Italy, he is removed out of the way of contest and hostility. A delicious climate, shores to which the Romans retired when masters of the world, in order to enjoy a luxury unattainable elsewhere, and which are still covered with the remains of Roman splendour, or Grecian magnificence; all the productions of the Levant, which are to be found here, blended with those of the Mediterranean; a splendid capital, palaces, wood, game, every thing seems assembled in this enchanting bay, that can conduce to human enjoyment. Such is the favoured position, and the enviable lot of Ferdinand the Fourth." Such, indeed, as here described, it might be considered without exaggeration in 1779; though during the awful convulsions which have shaken Europe since that period, produced by the French revolution, his situation has undergone a material change.

CRIMES OF THE ITALIANS.

The impunity with which the great nobility perpetrated the most atrocious crimes, and the facility that they found in evading enquiry, or eluding justice, constituted, at that time, one of the worst features of the Neapolitan administration. Lady Hamilton, who had been several years resident at Naples, where she died not long afterwards, related to me various instances illustrative of this fact. "Some time ago," said she, "a Sicilian lady of high rank was, by order of the court, brought prisoner here from that island. She had committed so many assassinations or murders, that her own relations, having denounced her, called on the government to arrest the further course of her crimes. It was believed that she had despatched ten or twelve persons, by the dagger or by poison; particularly by that species of poison denominated *aqua tophana*. I had the curiosity to visit her during her confinement. She received me in her bed, sat up, conversed with great cheerfulness, offered me chocolate and other refreshments, and seemed to be perfectly at her ease. In her person she was delicate, feminine, and agreeable, her manners polite and gentle. Her age did not exceed three or four and twenty. From her deportment, one could not have suspected her to be capable of such atrocities. Though her guilt was unquestionable, she was not put to death. Confinement for life, in a convent of a severe order, together with certain acts of religious mortification or penance, which they are compelled to undergo;—these constitute the punishments usually inflicted here on culprits of high birth."

The vicinity of the northern provinces of the kingdom of Naples to the papal territories, and the ease with which malefactors of both countries respectively gained an asylum, by passing the frontier, opened another door to the commission of the most flagitious acts. Conversing one day at Pontico on this subject with Lady Hamilton, she related to me the following story, which I shall endeavour to give in her own words. "About the year 1743, a person of the name of Ogilvie, an Irishman by birth, who practised surgery with great reputation at Rome, and who resided not far from the 'Piazzi di Spagna,' in that city, being in bed, was called up to attend some strangers who demanded his professional assistance. They stopped before his house in a coach, and on going to the door he found too men masked, by whom he was desired to accompany them immediately, as the case which brought them admitted of no delay, and not to omit taking with him his lancets. He complied, and got into the coach; but no sooner had they quitted the street in which he resided, than they informed him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged, the person to whom they were about to conduct him being a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was indispensable to conceal. To this requisition he likewise submitted; and after having driven through a number of streets, apparently with a view to prevent his forming any accurate idea of the part of the city to which he was conducted, the carriage at length stopped. The two gentlemen, his companions, then alighted, and each taking him by the arm, conducted him into a house. Ascending a narrow staircase, they entered an apartment, where he was released from the bandage tied over his eyes. One of them next acquainted him, that it being necessary to put out of life a lady who had dishonoured her family, they had chosen him to perform the office, knowing his professional skill; that he would find her in the adjoining chamber, prepared to submit to her fate, and that he must open her veins with as much expedition as possible; a service, for the execution of which he should receive a liberal recompense.

"Ogilvie at first peremptorily refused to commit an act so highly repugnant to his feelings. But the two strangers assured him, with solemn denunciations of vengeance, that his refusal could only prove fatal to himself, without affording the slightest assistance to the object of his compassion; that her doom was irrevocable, and that unless he chose to participate a similar fate, he must submit to execute the office imposed on him. Thus situated, and finding all entreaty or remonstrance vain, he entered the room, where he found a lady of a most interesting figure and appearance, apparently in the bloom of youth. She was habited in a loose undress; and immediately afterwards a female attendant placed before her a large tub filled with warm water, in which she immersed her legs. Far from opposing any impediment to the act which she knew he was sent to perform, the lady assured him of her perfect resignation, entreating him to put the sentence passed on her into execution with as little delay as possible. She added, that she was aware no pardon could he hoped for from those who had devoted her to death, which alone could expiate her

trespass; felicitating herself that his humanity would abbreviate her sufferings, and soon terminate their duration.

"After a short conflict with his own mind, perceiving no means of extrication or of escape, either for the lady or for himself; being, moreover, urged to expedite his work by the two persons without, who, impatient at his reluctance, threatened to exercise violence on him, if he procrastinated, Ogilvie took out his lancet, opened her veins, and bled her to death in a short time. The gentlemen, having carefully examined the body in order to ascertain that she was no more, after expressing their satisfaction, offered him a purse of *zechins* as a remuneration; but he declined all recompense, only requesting to be conveyed from a scene on which he could not reflect without horror. With this entreaty they complied, and having again applied a bandage to his eyes, they led him down the same staircase to the carriage. But, it being narrow, in descending the steps he contrived to leave on one or both of the walls, unperceived by his conductors, the marks of his fingers, which were stained with blood. After observing precautions similar to those used in bringing him thither from his own house, he was conducted home; and, at parting, the two masques charged him, if he valued his life, never to divulge, and, if possible, never to think on the past transaction. They added, that if he should embrace any measures, with a view to render it public, or to set on foot an enquiry into it, he should be infallibly immolated to their revenge. Having finally dismissed him at his own door, they drove off, leaving him to his reflections.

"On the subsequent morning, after great resolution, he determined, at whatever risk to his personal safety, not to participate, by concealing so enormous a crime. It formed, nevertheless, a delicate and difficult undertaking to substantiate the charge, as he remained altogether ignorant of the place to which he had been carried, or of the nature and quality of the lady whom he had deprived of life. Without suffering himself, however, to be deterred by these considerations, he waited on the secretary of the apostolic chamber, and acquainted him with every particular, adding, that if the government would extend to him protection, he did not despair of finding the house, and of bringing to light the perpetrators of the deed. Benedict the Fourteenth, (Lambertini,) who then occupied the papal chair, had no sooner received the information, than he immediately commenced the most active measures for discovering the offenders. A guard of the *sbirri*, or officers of justice, was appointed by his order to accompany Ogilvie, who, judging from various circumstances that he had been conveyed out of the city of Rome, began by visiting the villas scattered without the walls of that metropolis. His search proved ultimately successful. In the villa Papa Julio, constructed by Pope Julius the Third, (*del Monte*,) he found the bloody marks left on the wall by his fingers, at the same time that he recognised the apartment in which he had put to death the lady. The palace belonged to the Duke de Bracciano, the chief of which illustrious family, and his brother, had committed the murder, in the person of their own sister. They no sooner found that it was discovered than they fled to this city, where they easily eluded the pursuit of justice. After remaining here for some time, they obtained a pardon by the exertion of their powerful friends, on payment of a considerable fine to the apostolic chamber, and under the further condition of affixing over the chimney-piece of the room, where the crime had been perpetrated, a plate of copper, commemorating the transaction and their penitence. This plate, together with the inscription, still continued to exist there till within these few years."

THE STRASBURGH EXECUTIONER.

However extraordinary many circumstances of this story may appear, similar events or accounts have been circulated and believed in other countries of Europe. I have often been assured, both at Vienna, and in various places of the German empire, that an occurrence not less romantic, and more enigmatical in its nature, took place in 1774 or 1775; for some uncertainty prevailed as to the precise time when the fact was pretended to have happened. It is well known that the "bourreau," or public executioner of the city of Strasburgh, although that place has formed a part of the French monarchy ever since the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, yet was frequently employed during a great part of the last century, to execute the functions of his office, on the other side of the Rhine, in Swabia, in the territories of Baden, and in the Brisgaw, all which countries constitute a portion of Germany. Some persons who arrived at Strasburgh, about the period to which I have alluded, having repaired, as it is said, to the house of the executioner, during the night, demanded that he should instantly accompany them out of the town, in order to execute a criminal of condition, for which service he should, of course, receive a liberal remuneration. They particularly enjoined him to bring the heavy two-edged sword with which he was accustomed, in the discharge of his ordinary functions, to behead malefactors. Being placed in a carriage with his conductors, he passed the bridge over the river to Kehl, the first town on the eastern bank of the Rhine, where they acquainted him, that he had a considerable journey to perform, the object of which must be carefully concealed, as the person intended to be put to death was a person of great distinction. They added, that he must not oppose their taking proper precautions to prevent his knowing the place to which he was conveyed. He acquiesced, and allowed them to hoodwink him. On the second day they arrived at a moated castle, the drawbridge of which being lowered, they drove into the court. After waiting a considerable time, he was then conducted into a spacious hall, where stood a scaffold, hung with black cloth, and in the centre was placed a stool or chair. A female shortly made her appearance, habited in deep mourning, her face wholly concealed by a veil. She was led by two persons, who, when she was seated, having first tied her hands, next fastened her legs with cords. As far as he could form any judgment from her general figure, he considered her to have passed the period of youth. Not a word was uttered; neither did she make any complaints, nor attempt any resistance. When all the preparations for her execution were completed, on a signal given, he unsheathed the instrument of punishment, according to the practice adopted in the German empire, where the axe is rarely or never used for decapitation; and her head being forcibly held up by the hair, he severed it, at a single stroke, from the body. Without allowing him to remain more than a few minutes, he was then handsomely rewarded, conducted back to Kehl, by the same persons who had brought him to the place, and set down at the end of the bridge, leading to Strasburgh.

I have heard the question frequently agitated, during my residence in Germany, and many different opinions stated, relative to the lady thus asserted to have been put to death. The most generally adopted belief rested on the Princess of Tour and Taxis, Augusta Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Alexander, Prince of Wirtemberg. She had been married, at a very early period of life, to Charles Anselm, Prince of Tour and Taxis. Whether it proceeded from mutual incompatibility of character, or, as was commonly pretended, from the princess's intractable and ferocious disposition, the marriage proved eminently unfortunate in its results. She was accused of having repeatedly attempted to take away her husband's life, particularly while they were walking together near the castle of Donaustauff, on the high bank overhanging the Danube, when she endeavoured to precipitate him into the river. It is certain, that about the year 1773 or 1774, a final separation took place between them at the prince's solicitation. The reigning Duke of Wirtemberg, her brother, to whose custody she was consigned, caused her to be closely immured in a castle within his own dominions, where she was strictly guarded, no access being allowed to her. Of the last mentioned fact there is little doubt, but it may be considered as much more problematical whether she was the person put to death by the executioner of Strasburgh. I have dined in the autumn of 1788 with the Prince of Tour and Taxis, at the castle or seat of Donaustauff, near the northern bank of the Danube, a few miles from the city of Ratisbon. He was then forty-five years of age, and his wife was understood to be in confinement. I believe that her decease was not formally announced as having taken place till many years subsequent to 1788, but this circumstance by no means militates against the possibility of her having suffered by a more summary process, if her conduct had exposed her to merit it, and if it was thought proper to inflict upon her capital punishment. The private annals of the great houses and sovereigns of the German empire, if they were divulged, would furnish numerous instances of similar severity exercised in their own families during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Some of these stories might realise the tragical adventures commemorated by Boccace, or related by Margaret, Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis the First, in her "Tales," which last, however romantic some of them may appear, are not fictions, but faithful delineations of the gallantries or crimes that took place in the court of Pau where she resided, near the foot of the Pyrenees. Count Koningsmark fell a victim, at Hanover, to the resentment of Ernest Augustus, father of King George the First, and we know how narrowly the Great Frederick, afterwards King of Prussia, escaped falling by the same weapon which beheaded his companion Katt, arbitrarily sacrificed by Frederick William the First, for only endeavouring to facilitate the prince's evasion from his father's court.

COUNT AND COUNTESS PODOTSKI.

While I am engaged on the subject of extraordinary events, I shall record one more fact, which may appear equally curious with either of the stories that I have just recounted. During the first winter that I passed at Vienna, in 1778, I became acquainted with the Count and Countess Podotski. She was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of high rank whom I have seen on the continent. Her husband, a great Polish nobleman, hereditary cup-bearer, or "grand echanson" of the crown, had become in some measure an Austrian subject, in consequence of the first partition of Poland, which took place in 1772. His patrimonial estates lying principally in that southern portion of the kingdom which fell to the share of Maria Theresa, he of course repaired frequently to Vienna, between which capital and Warsaw he divided his time. During the winter of 1776, as the Count and Countess Podotski were on their way from Vienna to Cracow, the wolves which abound in the Carpathian mountains, rendered more than ordinarily bold and ferocious in consequence of the severity of the season, descending in great numbers, began to follow the carriage between the two little towns of Oswiezk and Zator; the latter of which places is only a few leagues distant from Cracow. Of two servants who attended him, one had been sent forward to Zator, for the purpose of procuring post horses. The other, a *Heyduc*, to whom he was much attached on account of his fidelity, finding the wolves rapidly gaining ground on them, rode up and exhorted the count to permit him to abandon to these animals his horse, as such a prey would naturally arrest their impetuosity, and allow time for the count and countess to reach Zator. Podotski immediately agreed to the proposal, and the Heyduc, mounting behind the carriage, left his horse, who was soon overtaken and torn in a thousand pieces.

They continued their journey meanwhile with all possible speed, in the hope of getting to the town, from which they were at an inconsiderable distance. But their horses were bad, and the wolves become more ravenous, as well as eager, by having tasted blood, already were nearly up with them. In this extremity the Heyduc said to his master, "There is only one way left to save us. We shall all be devoured in a few minutes. I am ready to sacrifice myself, by going to meet the wolves, if you will swear to be a father to my wife and children. I shall be destroyed, but while they are occupied in falling upon me, you may escape." Podotski, after a moment's reluctance to accept such an offer, pressed, nevertheless, by the prospect of imminent destruction to them all, and seeing no prospect of any other means of extrication, consented, and assured him that if he were capable of devoting himself for their common preservation, his family should find in him a constant protector. The Heyduc instantly descending, advanced to meet the wolves, who surrounded and soon despatched him. But his magnanimous sacrifice of himself, by checking the ardour of their pursuit, allowed Count Podotski time to reach the gates of Zator in safety. I ought not to omit that the Heyduc was a dissident, or protestant, while his master professed the catholic religion; a circumstance which greatly added to the merit and effect of the sacrifice. I believe Count Podotski most religiously fulfilled his engagement to befriend the family of his faithful servant. For the honour of human nature, we ought not to suppose it possible that he could fail on such a point. I cannot say that I

have heard him relate this story himself, but I have received it from these persons who knew its authenticity, and who recounted it to me at Vienna, while the count was engaged in the same room at play, in the hotel of the French ambassador, the Baron de Breteuil, only about two years after it took place. An instance of more prompt, cool, and generous self-devotion, is perhaps not to be found in the history of mankind, nor ought its value to be in any degree diminished by the consideration, that even if the Heyduc had not acted as he did, they must all probably have perished together.

FLORENCE.

If Naples, in 1779, offered a number of enchanting objects to the imagination and the senses, Florence, where I likewise passed a considerable time in the same year, presented others not less captivating to the mind. The "Palazzo Vecchio," once inhabited by the elder Cosmo and by Lorenzo de Medicis; names which will be for ever venerated; the chapel of St. Lorenzo, where reposed the remains of so many princes of that illustrious family, whose monuments were adorned by the hand of Michael Angelo; the gallery constructed for the reception of all those masterpieces of ancient and of modern genius which taste and expense had collected in the lapse of ages; even the surrounding scenery, the river Arno, Fiesolé, Vallombrosa, and every object awakened classic or poetic recollections. Sir Horace Mann, who was then the British minister at the court of Tuscany, had outlived the extinction of the house of Medicis, for which race of princes, however, he seemed to preserve the same predilection which Brantome always manifests for the family of Valois. He remembered and personally knew the last grand duke of the Medicean line, John Gaston, who died in 1737, and, in consequence of whose decease without issue, those beautiful countries, constituting his dominions, were finally transferred to a prince of Lorrain.

Conversing one day with Sir Horace Mann on this topic, which always excited his regret, "John Gaston," observed he to me, "was one of the most superior and accomplished men whom the present century has witnessed, if his immoderate pursuit of pleasures had not enervated his mind and debilitated his frame. He became, long before his death, incapable of continuing his family; but that inability did not produce its extinction. A sort of fatality seemed to overhang the house of Medicis, and to render ineffectual all the measures adopted for its prolongation. When the fact became perfectly ascertained that John Gaston could not perpetuate his line, the Cardinal Hippolito de Medicis, his uncle, was selected for that purpose, and a dispensation from his ecclesiastical vows was obtained from the papal see. The only and the indispensable object of the marriage being the attainment of heirs male to the grand duchy, in order to prevent its seizure by foreign violence or its incorporation with the Austrian, French, or Spanish monarchies, all Italy was searched to find a young and handsome princess, from whom might be expected a numerous family. A princess of Mirandola, on whom the selection fell, seemed to unite every requisite qualification. The nuptials were solemnised, and the bridegroom being of a feeble constitution, as well as advanced in life, it was plainly insinuated to the lady, that for reasons of state necessity, connected with the very political existence of Tuscany under the reigning house, she must produce an heir. The most agreeable youths and pages about the court were purposely thrown in her way, and every facility was furnished that might conduce to the accomplishment of the object. But so sacredly did she observe the marriage vow, that no seductions could make an impression on her, and she remained without issue. Her husband died, and was followed by John Gaston. France having acquired Lorrain, and Don Carlos being made sovereign of Naples, Tuscany was delivered over, as a conquered or forfeited country, to Francis, Duke of Lorrain. But no sooner had these events taken place, than Hippolito's widow, who had surmounted every temptation to inconstancy during his life, gave the reins to her inclination, and brought into the world two or three children within a few years. It was thus that Florence, the repository of so many invaluable monuments of Greek and Roman sculpture, collected during successive centuries by the princes of Medicis, passed into the Austrian family." Sir Horace little foresaw at that time the new revolutions impending over Tuscany about to issue from the volcano of the French revolution.

That beautiful country, the cradle of the fine arts in 1779, under the mild and parental government of the Grand Duke Leopold, enjoyed a great degree of felicity as well as prosperity; perhaps as much, or more than at any period of its history, either when a commonwealth or under the house of Medicis. While his father, Francis, retained the sovereignty of Tuscany, it was considered only as a detached province of the Austrian monarchy, rarely visited, and the internal administration of which Francis committed to Germans or to subjects of Lorrain. But with the accession of Leopold, Florence assumed a new aspect, and though he occasionally repaired to Vienna in order to pay his duty to the Empress Maria Theresa, his mother, yet he was not partial to the climate or manners of Austria. He loved the banks of the Arno, dividing his time between the occupations of civil government, the education of his numerous family, which he superintended in person with great care, and the researches of natural philosophy, particularly chemistry, for which last mentioned pursuit, like the Emperor Francis, he nourished a strong predilection. In imitation of other royal philosophers, ancient and modern, with the single exception, I believe, of the great Frederick, King of Prussia, he sought in the gratifications of female society the best relief from the toils and cares of state. The Countess Cowper was at this time distinguished by his attachment, and the exertion of his interest with Joseph the Second, his brother, procured her husband, Lord Cowper, to be created soon afterwards a prince of the German empire; an honour which, I believe, had not been conferred on any English subject since the beginning of the last century, when John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, was raised to the dignity of Prince of Mildenheim, by the Emperor Joseph the First, after the memorable victory of Blenheim.

THE PRETENDER.

Among the objects of mingled curiosity and compassion, which Florence presented in 1779, to the view of an Englishman, was the Chevalier de St. George; or, as we commonly denominate him, the Pretender. It was impossible to contemplate him without making many reflections on his own destiny, and on the condition of the infatuated family of which he was the representative. Neither ancient nor modern history presents the example of a line of princes so eminently unfortunate during a succession of ages! The calamities which overwhelmed the house of Bourbon, awful as they must be esteemed, have been comprised within the space of five and twenty years; but, from James the First of Scotland, murdered in the most inhuman manner, at Perth, in 1437, down to the last of his descendants, with only the two exceptions of James the First of England, and Charles the Second, all the others perished by the hand of the executioner, or by violent and premature death, or in exile, maintained by foreign contribution. It was not, however, merely when considered as the grandson of James the Second, and the inheritor of the pretensions of the Stuarts, that the Chevalier de St. George excited an interest in the mind of every reflecting spectator. By his mother, he descended from the celebrated John Sobieski, King of Poland, who was his maternal great grandfather; the first Chevalier de St. George having carried off from Inspruck, about the year 1716, and married, Clementina Sobieski, daughter and heiress of Prince James Sobieski, whom Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden, meditated, some years earlier, to have placed on the Polish throne. In right of that princess, her son succeeded to very considerable patrimonial estates situated in Poland; the produce of which formed a much more solid source of support than the precarious allowance or donations, made and withdrawn as circumstances impelled, by the French and Spanish crowns, or by the apostolic see. Clement the Fourteenth (Ganganelli), when he refused to continue to the chevalier the public honours previously enjoyed by his father and himself at Rome, where they had a canopy decorated with the royal arms of Great Britain erected over their box in the theatre, retrenched likewise the pecuniary appointments, antecedently paid him out of the treasury of St. Peter. Nor do I believe that they were restored by Pius the Sixth, after his election to the papal chair in 1775: but, the Pretender's income at the time of which I speak, might be estimated at more than five thousand pounds sterling; a sum fully adequate, at Florence, to maintain an establishment becoming his situation.

His faculties, even in their zenith, appear to have been very moderate: but his valour, though not heroic, was never, I believe, called in question by the Scots, during his campaign in 1745 and 1746; as that of Charles the Second had been doubted in 1652, at the battle of Worcester; and as James the Second's courage was questioned, on various occasions, both as lord high admiral on the water, and on the land. Charles the First is indeed the only prince of the Stuart race, after their accession to the English throne, whose bravery, conspicuously displayed at Edge Hill, at Newbury, at Naseby, and in many other battles or encounters, equally sustained him in the last act of his life, on the scaffold. In 1779, Charles Edward exhibited to the world a very humiliating spectacle. At the theatre, where he appeared almost every evening, he was led in by his domestics, who laid him down on a species of sofa, in the back part of his box; while the Countess d'Albany, his consort, occupied the front seat during the whole performance. Count Alfieri, a man singularly eccentric in his mind, habits, and manners; her "*cavaliero servente*," always attended on her in public, according to the established usages of society throughout Italy. As, for obvious reasons, English subjects could not be presented to a man who still laid claim to the British crown, no opportunity of distinctly seeing the Chevalier de St. George, offered itself, except across the theatre: and even there he lay concealed, as I have already observed, on account of his infirmities, rarely coming forward to view.

Being desirous, nevertheless, to obtain a more accurate idea of his face and person than could be acquired at such a distance, I took my station, one evening, at the head of a private staircase near the door, by which, when the performance closed, he quitted the play-house. Previous to my leaving England, in 1777, his majesty had been pleased, at the application of Lord Robert Manners, who then commanded the third regiment of dragoon guards, to give me a lieutenant's commission; and Lord Robert had allowed me to wear his uniform, which I had on at the time. The present General Manners, now first equerry to the king, then a cornet in his father's regiment, dressed in the same uniform, and actuated by a similar curiosity, accompanied me. As soon as the chevalier approached near enough to distinguish the English regimental, he instantly stopped, gently shook off the two servants who supported him, one on each side, and taking off his hat, politely saluted us. He then passed on to his carriage, sustained by the two attendants, as he descended the staircase. I could not help, as I looked at him, recollecting the series of dangers and escapes which he underwent or effected, for successive months among the Hebrides, after his defeat at Culloden: a chain of adventures which has no parallel among modern nations, except in those equally extraordinary hardships which distinguished the flight of Charles the Second from Worcester; or in the romantic extremities to which Stanislaus, King of Poland, was reduced in 1734, after his evasion and flight from Dantzic. Mrs. Lane gave the former of those princes the same noble proofs of disinterested devotion which Flora Macdonald displayed towards the Pretender; and both were eminently indebted, for their final preservation, to female honour or loyalty. Charles Edward's complexion was dark, and he manifestly bore the same family resemblance to his grandfather, James the Second, that his Britannic majesty's countenance presents to George the First, or to the late king. On the occasion just related, he wore, besides the decorations of the order of the Garter, a velvet great coat, which his infirm health rendered necessary even in summer, on coming out of the theatre; and a cocked hat, the sides of which were half drawn up with gold twist. His whole figure, paralytic and debilitated, presented the appearance of great bodily decay.

The strength of his mind had likewise become extinct at this time; and with the decline of his intellectual powers, the suavity of his temper forsaking him, he became irritable, morose, and intractable, particularly in his family. An unhappy propensity to wine, which he gratified to excess, while it enervated his system, rendered him frequently an object of pity or of contempt, when in public, divesting him of that dignity which would otherwise have always accompanied the represent-

ative of so many kings. His misfortunes, exile, and anomalous situation, aggravated by mortifications of various kinds which he had undergone, both in France and at Rome, probably induced him to have recourse to the grape, for procuring oblivion, or temporary felicity. That melancholy indulgence extinguished the last hope which fortune ever tendered him, of ascending the throne of England, justly forfeited by the tyranny and imbecile bigotry of James the Second.

I know from high authority, that as late as the year 1770, the Duke de Choiseul, then first minister of France, not deterred by the ill success of the attempts made in 1715, and in 1745, meditated to undertake a third effort for restoring the house of Stuart. His enterprising spirit led him to profit of the dispute which arose between the English and Spanish crowns, respecting the possession of the Falkland Islands, in order to accomplish the object. As the first step towards it, he despatched a private emissary to Rome, who signified to Charles Edward the duke's desire of seeing him immediately at Paris. He complied, and arrived in that city with the utmost privacy. Having announced it to Choiseul, the minister fixed the same night, at twelve o'clock, when he and the Marshal de Broglio would be ready to receive the Pretender, and lay before him their plan for an invasion of England. The Hotel de Choiseul was named for the interview, to which place he was enjoined to repair in a hackney-coach, disguised and without any attendant. At the appointed time, the duke and marshal, furnished with the requisite papers and instructions drawn up for his conduct on the expedition, were ready; but, after waiting a full hour, expecting his appearance every instant, when the clock struck one, they concluded that some unforeseen accident must have intervened to prevent his arrival. Under this impression they were preparing to separate, when the noise of wheels was heard in the court-yard; and a few moments afterwards the Pretender entered the room, in a state of such intoxication as to be utterly incapable even of ordinary conversation. Disgusted, as well as indignant at this disgraceful conduct, and well convinced that no expedition undertaken for the restoration of a man so lost to every sense of decency or self interest, could be crowned with success, Choiseul, without hesitation, sent him next morning a peremptory order to quit the French dominions. The Pretender returned to Italy; and the nobleman who related to me these particulars, being in company with the late Duke of Gloucester, in 1770, while walking together in the streets of Genoa, met the Chevalier de St. George, then on his way back from France to Rome. The Duke de Choiseul was soon afterwards dismissed by Louis the Fifteenth—new principles of policy were adopted in the cabinet of Versailles—the contest respecting the Falkland Islands being accommodated, peace continued to subsist between the courts of France and England: while Charles Edward, driven by the mortifications which he experienced at Rome to abandon that city, sought refuge at Florence; where he finished, in January, 1784, his inglorious career, as James the Second had done in 1701, at the palace of St. Germain, in the vicinity of Paris.

COUNTESS D'ALBANY.

Louisa, Countess d'Albany, his consort, merited a more agreeable partner, and might, herself, have graced a throne. When I saw her at Florence, though she had been long married, she was not quite twenty-seven years of age. Her person was formed on a small scale, with a fair complexion, delicate features, and lively, as well as attractive manners. Born Princess of Stolberg, she excited great admirarion on her first arrival from Germany, but in 1779, no hope of issue by the chevalier could be any longer entertained, and their mutual infelicity had attained to such a height that she made various ineffectual attempts to obtain a separation. The French court may indeed be censured for not having earlier negotiated and concluded the Pretender's marriage, if it was desired to perpetuate the Stuart line of claimants. When Charles Edward espoused Louisa, Princess of Stolberg, he was past his fiftieth year, broken in constitution, and debilitated by excesses of many kinds. After his decease, she quitted Italy, and finally established herself at Paris. In the year 1787, I have passed the evening at her residence, the Hotel de Bourgogne, situate in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where she supported an elegant establishment. Her person then still retained many pretensions to beauty; and her deportment, unassuming, but dignified, set off her attractions. In one of the apartments stood a canopy, with a chair of state, on which were displayed the royal arms of Great Britain; and every piece of plate, down to the very tea-spoons, was ornamented in a similar manner. Some of the more massy pieces, which were said to have belonged to Mary of Modena, James the Second's queen, seemed to revive the extinct recollections of the revolution of 1688. A numerous company, both English and French, male and female, was assembled under her roof, by all of whom she was addressed only as Countess d'Albany; but her own domestics, when serving her, invariably gave her the title of majesty. The honours of a queen were in like manner paid her by the nuns of all those convents in Paris which she was accustomed to visit on certain holydays or festivals. She continued to reside in the capital of France, till the calamitous progress of the French revolution compelling her to abandon that country, she repaired to London, where she found not only personal protection, but new resources in the liberality and bounty of George the Third.

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA.

While I am engaged on the adventures of the Stuart family, I shall commemorate a fact, which will probably, on perusal, impress every reader with as much astonishment as I experienced, myself, at first hearing it. Dining at the present Earl of Hardwick's, in London, with a large company, in June, 1796, among the persons present, was the late Sir John Dalrymple, known by his "History of England," and "State Papers." The conversation turning on historical subjects, he assured us that the Princess Sophia, mother of King George the First, who only failed in ascending the throne of Great Britain in her own person, by dying about seven weeks before Queen Anne, was, nevertheless, a determined Jacobite in her political principles. On our expressing the amazement which such an assertion was calculated to produce, he declared, that while he was occupied in looking over the chest in Kensington palace, from which, in the beginning of the present reign, he took the state papers that he had given to the world; he found a bundle of letters, marked on the back, in King William's own handwriting, "Letters of the Electress Sophia to the court of St. Germain's." Having perused them, he ascertained that Sophia was really engaged in close correspondence with James the Second, and attached to his interests, in opposition to those of William. Lord Rochford, who had procured for Sir John Dalrymple permission from his majesty to examine and publish the papers in question, being then secretary of state, he immediately communicated to that nobleman his discovery, requesting at the same time his lordship's opinion on the propriety of giving to the world the letters of the Electress Sophia. "Publish them by all means, Jack," answered he. Thus empowered, from such authority, Dalrymple destined them for the press: but, before he had time to get the letters copied, Lord Rochford sent to him, desiring to have them delivered back to himself, in order that he might submit them to his majesty's inspection; he having, on more mature reflection, judged it proper to take the king's pleasure on a matter of such delicacy and singularity. Dalrymple returned them therefore to Lord Rochford, who carried them to the queen's house, and presented the bundle to his majesty. But, they were neither restored, nor was even any allusion to them ever made in conversation by the king; he no doubt conceiving it more judicious to commit such documents to the flames, than to permit their publication. However extraordinary this anecdote may appear, it ought not to surprise, on full consideration, that Sophia should feel the warmest attachment to James the Second. He was very nearly related to her by consanguinity; her mother, Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, and Charles the First, his father, being brother and sister. Nor could Sophia, during many years subsequent to the revolution of 1688, nourish the slightest expectation of being called to the British throne, while the Princess Anne and her issue interposed between the house of Brunswick and that succession. It was not till after the death of William, the young Duke of Gloucester, in 1700, when the Princess Sophia and her descendants being named by act of parliament to succeed eventually to the crown of Great Britain, as the nearest protestant heirs of the royal line, her interests from that time became opposed to the right of blood existing in the Stuart race.

PRINCE CHARLES OF LORRAIN.

Brussels, where I made a short stay in the summer of the same year, 1779, exhibited another prince in a state of corporal and mental infirmity, not less calculated to excite pity than the Pretender. The Austrian Netherlands were at that time administered, as they had been almost ever since the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, by Prince Charles of Lorrain. His double alliance, both by consanguinity and by marriage, with the Emperor Francis and Maria Theresa, being brother to the former, and having married the sister of the latter sovereign—these qualities and pretensions, rather than any mental endowments, civil or military, had raised him to the government of the Low Countries, the most enviable delegation of sovereign power then existing in Europe. Neither Hungary, nor the Milanese, nor Sicily, nor Sardinia, nor Ireland, nor Norway, could enter into any political competition with the rich provinces of Flanders, Hainault, and Brabant. Brussels constituted one of the most pleasing, as well as elegant courts of the continent; its local position, almost central between Germany, Holland, France, and England, rendering it far more important, in a diplomatic point of view, than either Turin, Warsaw, or Naples; perhaps even than Copenhagen, or Stockholm. Prince Charles of Lorrain, having been bred to the profession of arms from his early youth, and possessing an athletic frame of body, with unquestionable personal courage, had more than once nominally commanded the Austrian armies. His passage of the Rhine, in 1744, and his irruption into Alsace, acquired him a degree of reputation, which he by no means afterwards preserved during the memorable "seven years' war." To Frederick, King of Prussia, he was indeed a most unequal antagonist, as that great prince sufficiently proved at the battle of Lissa, in December, 1757, where he defeated the Austrians, and on many other occasions. When I was presented to Prince Charles, in August, 1779, he might be regarded as performing the last of the seven ages of man, and as sinking fast into "mere oblivion." At this levee he seemed apparently unconscious of any thing beyond the mere ceremony of the hour—even his speech and articulation being rendered very indistinct by a paralytic affection. He expired in the following summer, at his palace in the vicinity of Brussels, regretted by the Flemings for his moderation; and was succeeded in the government general of the Netherlands, by the Archduchess Christina, the favourite daughter of the Empress Queen Maria Theresa.

ENGLAND.

Never did a deeper political gloom overspread England than in the autumn of 1779, when I arrived in London from the continent. I question whether at the time of the destruction of the ships of war lying in the Medway, burnt by the Dutch, under Charles the Second—or after the defeat of the English and Dutch fleets by the French, off Beachy-Head, in 1690, under William and Mary, which constitute two of the most calamitous epochs in our history—greater despondency, consternation, and general dissatisfaction, prevailed throughout the kingdom. The disgraceful naval campaign of 1778, in which Keppel's engagement off Ushant forms the principal or only feature, had been succeeded by another year of hostilities, still more humiliating to Great Britain. D'Orvilliers, at the head of the fleets of France and Spain, rode master of the channel for a considerable time; and the total want of enterprise, or of information, on their part, alone saved the town, as well as the dock-yards at Plymouth, from falling into the enemy's possession. Not only was the place in want of many indispensable articles requisite to repel an attack; even flints for supplying the muskets, however incredible the fact may appear, were deficient. Sir Charles Hardy, who commanded our fleet, inferior in numbers, and unapprised of the enemy's approach to the coast of England, remained quietly cruising in the Atlantic, while they thus menaced our shores. Happily, the defect of intelligence, or of mutual confidence, in the combined squadrons, supplied every ministerial neglect, and extricated the country from a calamity which, had it taken place, must have shaken not only the admistration, but would have convulsed the throne itself. Faction did not, however, less pervade the navy, where the respective adherents of Keppel and of Palliser carried

their reciprocal rancour to the utmost height. The American war, after four unsuccessful campaigns, began to grow odious to the nation—while the administration, depressed under the weight of a contest to which the talents of the great Earl of Chatham might have been found unequal, did not manifest or exert the energy demanded by the nature of the emergency. Even the king, notwithstanding a display of private virtues, which since Charles the First had not been exhibited by any sovereign of Great Britain, not even by William the Third, yet fully participated in the unpopularity of his ministers. As he was supposed to feel a more than common interest in the reduction of his revolted subjects, so he was believed to exert a more than ordinary personal influence over the cabinet which directed the operations of the war.

ADMIRAL BYRON.

After the return of Lord Howe, in 1778, from his unsuccessful campaigns in America, the supreme naval command on that coast, as well as in the West Indies, devolved on Admiral Byron. He was a brother of Lord Byron, whose duel with Mr. Chaworth rendered him unfortunately conspicuous in the journals of the house of peers. At an early period of his life, having been wrecked on the desert coast of Patagonia, not far from Cape Horn, with Captain Cheap, in the "Wager" frigate, he there endured inconceivable hardships, during a great length of time. An intrepid and skilful, no less than experienced naval officer, he was nevertheless deficient in the judgment, promptitude, and decision of character, requisite for conducting the operations of a numerous fleet. On the element of the water, an evil destiny seemed invariably to accompany him, from his first expedition under Commodore Anson, down to the close of his professional life. So well was this fact known in the navy, that the sailors bestowed on him the name of "foul-weather Jack," and esteemed themselves certain of stormy weather whenever they sailed under his command. From the time of his leaving England, in 1778, till his return about two years afterwards, all the tempests of the deep seemed to have conspired against him. No man could less say with Æolus, or rather with Holstenius,

"*Ventorumque* facis tempestatumque potentem;"

Virgil having written the line,

"*Nimborumque* facis tempestatumque potentem."

During the action which Byron fought with D'Estaign, in July, 1779, off Grenada, all the characteristic valour of the British was displayed, not only by the crews, but by the captains and their commander. Yet the honours of the day were divided, while the advantages of it were reaped by France, though the slaughter of men on the side of the French prodigiously exceeded our loss. But the West India Islands, one after another, fell into the enemy's hands; and after the surrender of Grenada, when D'Estaign quitted Martinico, to carry the arms of Louis the Sixteenth against Savannah, he triumphantly swept the coast of America. We must reluctantly confess that the navy of England, at this period of the present reign, had sunk to a point of depression hardly conceivable, when compared with the times of Hawke, Saunders, and Boscawen—or if placed near the still more splendid period of Jervis, Duncan, and Nelson. We may incline to attribute so extraordinary a contrast to the errors or inability of Lord North's administration: the popular voice, I well know, sanctioned that accusation—but its cause lay principally in the nature of the contest, which, depressing the national energy, unnerved the British spirit, and allowed France, during near four years, from 1778 to 1782, aided by Spain, to make such exertions as acquired them a temporary ascendant on the ocean. Byron, recalled from his command, soon afterwards revisited England, and his name occurs no more in our naval history; but it has derived new celebrity in the present times, from the poetic eminence to which his grandson has attained, by productions emulating the fame of Spenser, of Gray, of Mason, and of Scott.

LORD RODNEY.

To Byron, succeeded Rodney, who fills so distinguished a place during the unfortunate period of the American war: a naval commander as much distinguished by the prosperous fatality which attended him as Byron seemed to be under the influence of an unlucky planet. Cardinal Mazarin, who, before he employed any individual, always asked, "*Est-il heureux?*" had he been first minister of England, might have selected Rodney for active service, upon that principle, from among all the admirals in the navy. His person was more elegant than seemed to become his rough profession. There was even something that approached to delicacy and effeminacy in his figure; but no man manifested a more temperate and steady courage, in action. I had the honour to live in great personal intimacy with him, and have often heard him declare, that superiority to fear was not in him the physical effect of constitution—on the contrary, no man being more sensible by nature, to that passion, than himself: but that he surmounted it from the considerations of honour and public duty. Like the famous Marshal Villars, he justly incurred the reputation of being "*glorieux et bavard;*" making himself frequently the theme of his own discourse. He talked much and freely upon every subject; concealed nothing in the course of conversation, regardless who were present, and dealt his censures, as well as his praises, with imprudent liberality—qualities which necessarily procured him many enemies, particularly in his own profession. Throughout his whole life, two passions, both highly injurious to his repose, women and play, carried him into many excesses. It was universally believed that he had been distinguished in his youth by the personal attachment of the Princess Amelia, daughter of George the Second, who displayed the same partiality for Rodney which her cousin, the Princess Amelia of Prussia, manifested for Trenck. A living evidence of the former connection existed, unless fame had recourse to fiction for support. But, detraction in every age, from Elizabeth down to the present times, has not spared the most illustrious females.

The love of play had proved more ruinous in its effects to Rodney, and that indulgence compelled him, after quitting England, to take refuge in Paris. So great was his pecuniary distress while he resided in the French capital, as to induce him to send over his second wife to London, early in 1777, with the view of procuring a subscription to be opened among the members of the club at White's, for his relief. Lady Rodney finding it, however, impracticable to raise any supplies from that source, after much ineffectual solicitation among Sir George's former friends, finally renounced the attempt. The old Marshal de Biron having soon afterwards, by an act of liberality, enabled Rodney to revisit his country, he made the strongest applications to the admiralty, for employment. His private circumstances, indeed, imperiously demanded every exertion, when he was named, towards the autumn of 1779, to command the expedition then fitting out at Portsmouth, for the West Indies. I passed much time with him, at his residence in Cleveland row, St. James's, down to the very moment of his departure. Naturally sanguine and confident, he anticipated in his daily conversation, with a sort of certainty, the future success which he should obtain over the enemy; and he had not only already conceived, but he had delineated on paper, the naval manœuvre of breaking, or intersecting the line, to which he afterwards was indebted, in an eminent degree, for his brilliant victory over De Grasse—a manœuvre then new in maritime tactics, though now become familiar to us; and which Nelson practised with so much effect, in the battle of the Nile, as well as on other occasions. Rodney possessed no superior parts; but, unlike Keppel, his enterprising spirit always impelled him rather to risk, than to act with caution, when in presence of the enemy. The ardour of his character supplied, in some degree, the physical defects of his health and constitution, already impaired by various causes—while his happy audacity, directed by the nautical skill of others, controlled by science, and propelled by favourable circumstances, at length enabled him to dissipate the gloom that had so long overhung our naval annals, at the same time that he covered himself with great personal glory.

LORD LYTTELTON.

The ministry sustained about this time a diminution of strength and a loss of talents in the house of peers, which an administration so unpopular could ill afford, by the defection of Lord Lyttelton, who suddenly went over to the side of opposition. His decease, not less sudden in its nature, took place immediately afterwards. He was a man of very considerable parliamentary abilities, who, notwithstanding the many glaring vices of his private character, might have made a conspicuous political figure, if he had not been carried off in the prime of life. His father, the first Lord Lyttelton, well known as an historian and a poet, derived not less respect from the elevation of his mind, and his many domestic virtues. The second Lord Lyttelton, by the profligacy of his conduct, and the abuse of his talents, seemed to emulate Dryden's Duke of Buckingham, or Pope's Duke of Wharton; both of whom he resembled in the superiority of his natural endowments, as well as in the peculiarity of his end. Villiers, the "Zimri" of Dryden's poem of "Absalom and Achitophel," after exhausting his health, and squandering his immense fortune in every species of excess or riot, expired, as is well known, at a wretched tenement on his own estate near Helmsley, in Yorkshire, abandoned by all his former admirers. Wharton, who acted a part under George the First, hardly less distinguished or eccentric than Villiers had performed under Charles the Second, terminated his equally extraordinary career, exiled and attainted, among the Pyrenees, in an obscure monastery of Catalonia, worn out by his pursuit of pleasures. Lyttelton, when scarcely thirty-six, breathed his last at a country house near Epsom, called Pit Place, from its situation in a chalk pit, where he witnessed, as he conceived, a supernatural appearance.

Having gone down there for purposes of recreation, with a gay party of both sexes, several individuals among whom I personally knew, he had retired to bed, when a noise which resembled the fluttering of a dove or pigeon, heard at his chamber window, attracted his attention. He then saw, or thought he saw, a female figure, which, approaching the foot of the bed, announced to him that in three days precisely from that time he should be called from this state of existence. In whatever manner the supposed intimation was conveyed, whether by sound or by impression, it is certain that Lord Lyttelton considered the circumstance as real; that he mentioned it as such to those persons who were in the house with him; that it deeply affected his mind, and that he died on the third night, at the predicted hour. About four years afterwards, in the year 1783, dining at Pit Place, I had the curiosity to visit the bed-chamber, where the casement window, at which, as Lord Lyttelton asserted, the dove appeared to flutter, was pointed out to me. And at his stepmother's, the dowager Lady Lyttelton's, in Portugal street, Grosvenor square, who, being a woman of very lively imagination, lent an implicit faith to all the supernatural facts which were supposed to have accompanied or produced Lord Lyttelton's end, I have frequently seen a painting, which she herself executed in 1780, expressly to commemorate the event. It hung in a conspicuous part of her drawing-room. There, the dove appears at the window, while a female figure, habited in white, stands at the bed foot, announcing to Lord Lyttelton his dissolution. Every part of the picture was faithfully designed after the description given her by the valet de chambre who attended him, to whom his master related all the circumstances. This man assured Lady Lyttelton that, on the night indicated, Lord Lyttelton, who, notwithstanding his endeavours to surmount the impression, had suffered under great depression of spirits during the three preceding days, retired to bed before twelve o'clock. Having ordered the valet to mix him some rhubarb, he sat up in the bed, apparently in health, intending to swallow the medicine; but being in want of a tea-spoon, which the servant had neglected to bring, his master, with a strong expression of impatience, sent him to bring a spoon. He was not absent from the room more than the space of a minute; but when he returned, Lord Lyttelton, who had fallen back, lay motionless in that attitude. No efforts to restore animation were attended with success. Whether, therefore, his death was occasioned by any new attack upon his nerves, or happened in consequence of an apoplectic or other seizure, must remain matter of uncertainty and conjecture.

It is however to be observed, that the Lyttelton family, either from constitutional nervous irritability, or from other causes, was peculiarly susceptible of impressions similar to the shock which seems to have produced Lord Lyttelton's end. His father, though a man of very distinguished talents, manifested great credulity, as I

have been assured, on the subject of apparitions: and his cousin, Miss Lyttelton, who married the present Sir Richard Hoare, died in a way somewhat similar, about four years later, at Stourhead. The second Lord Lyttelton's life had likewise been of a nature and description so licentious, not to say abandoned, as to subject him continually to the keenest reproaches of an accusing conscience. This domestic spectre, which accompanied him every where, was known to have given rise, while on his travels, particularly at Lyons, to scenes greatly resembling his last moments. Among the females who had been the objects and the victims of his temporary attachment, was a Mrs. Dawson, whose fortune, as well as her honour and reputation, fell a sacrifice to her passion. Being soon forsaken by him, she did not long survive; and distress of mind was known to have accelerated, if not to have produced, her death. It was her image which haunted his pillow, and was supposed by him to have announced his approaching dissolution at Pit Place.

RIOTS OF 1780.

Lord North, who had presided during ten years at the head of administration, continued in the spring of 1780 to struggle with the utmost difficulty through the sixth session of parliament, against a numerous and augmenting opposition in both houses. His resignation, anxiously anticipated, seemed to be inevitable, and even imminent: but the ministerial disgraces, as well as the triumphs of the adverse party, were equally obliterated in a calamity which, for the time of its duration, absorbed all attention—I mean the riots of June, 1780. No event in our annals bears any analogy with the scene then exhibited in the capital, except the fire of London, under Charles the Second. Even that misfortune wanted some of the melancholy and sanguinary features which characterised the tumults in question. During the conflagration of 1666, whatever stories may have been invented by party rage, or commemorated on public monuments, by religious antipathy, the inhabitants had only to contend with the progress of a devouring element. In 1780, the flames were originally kindled, as well as rendered far more destructive, by a populace of the lowest and vilest description, who carried with them, wherever they moved, the materials of universal ruin. It was only in their blood, by the interposition of an overwhelming military force, that the convulsion became finally arrested; and that London, after being desolated by fire, was rescued from plunder, bankruptcy, and subversion. Even the French revolution, which from July, 1789, down to April, 1814, either under the forms of a republic, or of a military despotism, has presented to mankind a pattern of every crime revolting and degrading to human nature, yet did not produce in the capital of France any similar outrages. At Lyons, it must be admitted that Collot d'Herbois, in 1793, exercised the most savage vengeance on the buildings of the city, as well as on the unfortunate inhabitants. But neither Robespierre nor Bonaparte, though the former converted the metropolis into a charnel-house, and though the vengeance, or atrocious ambition, of the latter adventurer has covered Europe with human bones, from the Tagus to the Moskwa, yet ever directed their destructive efforts against the public and private edifices of Paris.

I was personally present at many of the most tremendous effects of the popular fury, on the memorable 7th of June, the night on which it attained its highest point. About nine o'clock on that evening, accompanied by three other gentlemen, who, as well as myself, were alarmed at the accounts brought in every moment of the outrages committed, and of the still greater acts of violence meditated, as soon as darkness should favour and facilitate their further progress, we set out from Portland place, in order to view the scene. Having got into a hackney-coach, we drove to Bloomsbury square; attracted to that spot by a rumour generally spread, that Lord Mansfield's residence, situate at the northeast corner, was either already burnt, or destined for destruction. Hart street and Great Russell street each presented to the view, as we passed, large fires composed of furniture taken from the houses of magistrates, or other obnoxious individuals. Quitting the coach, we crossed the square, and had scarcely got under the wall of Bedford House, when we heard the door of Lord Mansfield's house burst open with violence. In a few minutes, all the contents of the apartments being precipitated from the windows, were piled up, and wrapped in flames. A file of foot-soldiers arriving, drew up near the blazing pile; but, without either attempting to quench the fire, or impede the mob, who were indeed far too numerous to admit of their being dispersed, or even intimidated, by a small detachment of infantry. The populace remained masters, while we, after surveying the spectacle for a short time, moved on into Holborn, where Mr. Langdale's dwelling house and warehouses afforded a more appalling picture of devastation. They were altogether enveloped in smoke and flame. In front had assembled an immense multitude of both sexes, many of whom were females, and not a few held infants in their arms. All appeared to be, like ourselves, attracted as spectators solely by curiosity, without taking any part in the acts of violence. The kennel of the street ran down with spirituous liquors, and numbers of the populace were already intoxicated with this beverage. So little disposition, however, did they manifest to riot or pillage, that it would have been difficult to conceive who were the authors and perpetrators of such enormous mischief, if we had not distinctly seen at the windows of the house, men who, while the floors and rooms were on fire, calmly tore down the furniture, and threw it into the street, or tossed it into the flames. They experienced no kind of opposition during a considerable time that we remained at this place; but a party of the horse-guards arriving, the terrified crowd instantly began to disperse, and we, anxious to gratify our farther curiosity, continued our progress on foot, along Holborn, towards Fleet Market.

I would in vain attempt adequately to describe the spectacle which presented itself when we reached the declivity of the hill close to St. Andrew's church. The other house and magazines of Mr. Langdale, who, as a catholic, had been selected for the blind vengeance of the mob, situated in the hollow near the north end of Fleet Market, threw up into the air a pinnacle of flame resembling a volcano. Such was the beautiful and brilliant effect of the illumination, that St. Andrew's church appeared to be almost scorched by the heat of so prodigious a body of fire, and the figures on the clock were as distinctly perceptible as at noon day. It resembled, indeed, a tower, rather than a private building, in a state of conflagration, and would have inspired the beholder with a sentiment of admiration allied to pleasure, if it had been possible to separate the object from its causes and its consequences. The wind did not, however, augment its rage on this occasion, for the night was serene and the sky unclouded, except when it became obscured by the volumes of smoke which from time to time produced a temporary darkness. The mob which completely blocked up the whole street in every part, and in all directions, prevented our approaching within fifty or sixty yards of the building, but the populace, though still principally composed of persons allured by curiosity, yet evidently began here to assume a more disorderly and ferocious character. Troops, either horse or foot, we still saw none; nor in the midst of this combination of tumult, terror, and violence, had the ordinary police ceased to continue its functions. While we stood by the wall of St. Andrew's churchyard, a watchman with his lantern in his hand passed us, calling the hour, as if in a time of profound tranquillity.

Finding it altogether impracticable to force our way any further down Holborn Hill, and hearing that the Fleet prison had been set on fire, we penetrated through a number of narrow lanes behind St. Andrew's church, and presently found ourselves in the middle of Fleet Market. Here the same destruction raged, but in a different stage of its progress. Mr. Langdale's houses were already at the height of their demolition; the Fleet prison, on the contrary, was only beginning to blaze, and the sparks or flaming particles that filled the air, fell so thick upon us on every side as to render unsafe its immediate vicinity; meanwhile we began to hear the platoons discharged on the other side of the river towards St. George's Fields, and were informed that a considerable number of the rioters had been killed on Blackfriars Bridge, which was occupied by the troops. On approaching it we beheld the King's Bench prison completely wrapt in flames. It exhibited a sublime sight, and we might be said there to stand in a central point, from whence London offered on every side, before as well as behind us, the picture of a city sacked and abandoned to a ferocious enemy. The shouts of the populace, the cries of women, the crackling of the fires, the blaze reflected in the stream of the Thames, and the irregular firing which was kept up both in St. George's Fields as well as towards the quarter of the Mansion House and the Bank,—all these sounds or images combined, left scarcely any thing for the imagination to supply, presenting to the view every recollection which the classic descriptions in Virgil or in Tacitus have impressed on the mind in youth, but which I so little expected to see exemplified in the capital of Great Britain.

Not yet satisfied, and hearing that an obstinate conflict was going on at the Bank between the soldiery and the rioters, we determined if possible to reach that spot. We accordingly proceeded through St. Paul's churchyard towards it, and had advanced without impediment to the Poultry, within about sixty paces of the Mansion House, when our progress was stopped by a sentinel, who acquainted us that the mob had been repulsed in their attempt upon the Bank, but that we could penetrate no further in that direction, as his orders were peremptory not to suffer the passage of any person. Cheapside, silent and empty, unlike the streets that we had visited, presented neither the appearance of tumult nor of confusion, though to the east, west and south, all was disorder. This contrast formed not the least striking circumstance of the moment. Prevented thus from approaching any nearer to the Bank, satiated in some measure with the scenes which we had witnessed, and wearied by so long a peregrination, which, from our first alighting near Bloomsbury square, had all been performed on foot, we resolved to return to the west end of the town. On Ludgate Hill we were fortunate enough to find a hackney-coach, which conveyed us safely back about four o'clock in the morning.

It is impossible for the most prejudiced person, without violating truth, to accuse the opposition of having had any participation, as a body, direct or indirect, in these outrages. They were, indeed, themselves, individually, the objects of popular prejudice and violence, not less than the ministers, Sir George Saville's house in Leicester square having been one of the first assailed and plundered by the mob. Devonshire house, in Piccadilly, menaced with the same fate, was considered as so insecure that the Duchess of Devonshire, yielding to her fears, did not venture to remain in it after dusk for a considerable time. She took refuge at Lord Clermont's, in Berkeley square, where she deemed herself safe from attack, and lay down for successive nights on a sofa or a small tent bed, placed in the drawing-room. Many other persons of both sexes of the highest rank either quitted their own dwellings, or sent their most valuable effects and jewels into the country. The first minister, Lord North, passed that alarming night at his official residence in Downing street, accompanied by a few friends who had repaired thither to offer him their personal aid, if circumstances should render it necessary for his protection.

One of those gentlemen, Sir John Macpherson, has often recounted to me the particulars of that memorable evening, which I shall give in his own words, and which will be perused with no common interest. "A day or two before the 7th of June," said he, "Count Maltzan, then the Prussian minister at our court, called on me, and informed me that the mob had determined to attack the Bank. He added, that the fact had come to his knowledge through an authentic channel, on the accuracy of which I might depend. Having conveyed this intelligence immediately to Lord North, I received on the morning of that day an intimation to be at his house in Downing street at dinner. When I got there I found Mr. Eden, (since created Lord Auckland), the honourable General Simon Fraser, the honourable John St. John, and Colonel North, afterwards Earl of Guilford. Mr. Brummell, Lord North's private secretary, who lived likewise in the same street, was in attendance, but did not make one of the company. We sat down at table, and dinner had scarcely been removed, when Downing square, through which there is an outlet, became thronged with people, who manifested a disposition, or rather a determination, to proceed to acts of outrage. Lord North, with his habitual good humour, observed to me, 'You see, Macpherson, here is much confusion. Who commands the upper tier?' 'I do,' answered Colonel North, 'and I have got twenty or more grenadiers well armed, stationed above stairs, who are ready on the first order to fire upon the mob.' General Fraser sat silent, while Mr. Eden, whose house was situated on the opposite

side of the square, only remarked calmly to Colonel North, that if the grenadiers fired, their shot would probably enter his windows. The tumult without still continuing, and it being uncertain from one minute to another whether the populace might not proceed to extremities, Lord North said to me, 'What is to be done, Macpherson?' 'My opinion,' answered I, 'is to send out two or three persons, who, mixing among the crowd, may acquaint them that there are troops posted in the house, ready, without waiting for the riot act being read, to fire on them the instant that they commit any outrage, exhorting them at the same time, for their own sakes, to disperse peaceably without delay. 'But,' added I, *nous parlons de la guerre, devant Annibal*, 'here sits General Fraser, who knows far better than any of us what is wisest to be done, and who has not yet opened his mouth.' The populace continued to fill the little square, and became very noisy, but they never attempted to force the street door. Mr. St. John held a pistol in his hand, and Lord North, who never lost any occasion of jesting, exclaimed, 'I am not half so much afraid of the mob as of Jack St. John's pistol.' By degrees, as the evening advanced, the people, informed from various quarters that there were soldiers posted in the house, ready to fire if they committed any violence, began to cool, and afterwards gradually to disperse without further effort. We then sat down again quietly at the table, and finished our wine.

"Night coming on, and the capital presenting a scene of tumult or conflagration in many various quarters, Lord North, accompanied by us all, mounted to the top of the house, where we beheld London blazing in seven places, and could hear the platoons regularly firing in various directions. 'What is your opinion of the remedy for this evil?' said Lord North to me. 'I should try, my lord,' answered I, 'to effect a junction, or to open some communication with the heads of opposition for the protection of the country.' 'You talk,' replied he, 'as if the thing could be done; but it is not practicable.' I know, however, that a day or two afterwards, notwithstanding the opinion so given by Lord North, he and Mr. Fox personally met behind the scenes at the opera-house in the Haymarket, at eleven in the forenoon. They held a conference there, but of the nature of the conversation which passed between them I am wholly ignorant." Such was Sir John Macpherson's account of the circumstances to which he was an eye-witness at that moment of public calamity.

Lord George Germain, like the first minister, having assembled some friends, barricaded the passages and entrance to his house in Pall Mall, which was very susceptible of defence, after which he coolly waited for the attack of the populace. But the rioters were too well informed of the precautions taken to make any attempt on him. Even the king himself remained on foot during the far greater part of that memorable night, which he passed between Buckingham house and the royal manège contiguous, into the latter of which buildings a detachment of the horse-guards had been early admitted, who were ready to have sallied out upon the insurgents. No man who knows the steadiness and firmness which his majesty has since displayed in the most trying situations, when his person has been exposed to danger, can doubt that he would have given on that occasion, had it been unfortunately necessary, the strongest proofs of courage. He would not have acted the part which Louis the Sixteenth exhibited on the 10th of August, 1792, when, under similar circumstances, surrounded by a savage mob, instead of defending himself to the last extremity, he abandoned the defence of his palace and of his family to take refuge in the national assembly. George the Third had embraced the resolution of repelling force by force in case of necessity, and of perishing in support of the laws, of civil order, and of regular government, rather than survive their extinction. But, happily, no attempt was made by the populace to attack any part of the queen's house or offices.

Various were the opinions and assertions hazarded relative to the numbers that perished in the riots between the third and the seventh of June, 1780; but as no certain data can be obtained beyond the official returns of killed and wounded, the amount must always remain matter of conjecture. Probably it far exceeded the computation commonly made, and from the concurring testimony of those persons who were most competent to form a sound judgment, I believe it would not have been overrated at seven hundred individuals killed and wounded. The slaughter was most considerable at the King's Bench, at the Bank, and on Blackfriars Bridge. Colonel de Burgh, a son of the Earl of Clanrickard, commanded one of the regiments sent to St. George's Fields. All the troops did their duty, notwithstanding the efforts which the populace exerted to seduce them, by calling on them as protestants, and invoking their aid or their protection. Many of the soldiers, in reply to these blandishments, exclaimed, that they would not hurt the mob. A great nobleman, now alive, who, like myself, was a spectator of all the scenes of devastation committed on that night, told me that he felt strong doubts whether De Burgh's regiment would actually draw the trigger. Impressed with that conviction, he mentioned his apprehensions on the point, to the colonel, who instantly replied, that he knew his men, and could rely on their prompt obedience. The event justified his confidence; for no sooner had he given the word of command to fire, than leveling their firelocks, they soon compelled the rioters to seek their safety in immediate dispersion. If the "gardes Françaises," in 1789, had behaved like our regular troops in 1780, the French revolution might have been suppressed in its birth, and Europe would not have groaned during fourteen years under the accumulated calamities inflicted on it by Bonaparte. But the difference of character between the two sovereigns of Great Britain and of France, constituted one great cause of the different fate that attended the two monarchies. George the Third, when attacked, prepared to defend his throne, his family, his country, and the constitution entrusted to his care. They were, in fact, saved by his decision. Louis the Sixteenth tamely abandoned all to a ferocious Jacobin populace, who sent him to the scaffold. No man of courage or of principle could have quitted the former prince. It was impossible to save or to rescue the latter ill-fated, yielding, and passive monarch.

Many of the rioters who fell at Blackfriars Bridge, or in its vicinity, where the slaughter was most considerable, were immediately thrown over into the Thames by their companions. The carnage which took place at the Bank likewise was great, though not of very long duration, and in order to conceal as much as possible the magnitude of the number, as well as the names of the persons who perished, similar precautions were taken. All the dead bodies being carried away during the night, were precipitated into the river. Even the impressions made by the musket balls on the houses opposite to the Bank, were as much as possible erased next morning, and the buildings whitewashed. Government and the rioters seem to have felt an equal disposition, by drawing a veil over the extent of the calamity, to bury it in profound darkness. To Colonel Holroyd, since deservedly raised to the British peerage as Lord Sheffield, and to his regiment of militia, the country was eminently indebted for repelling the fury of the mob at the Bank; where, during some moments, the conflict seemed doubtful, and the assailants had nearly forced an entrance. Lord Algernon Percy, now Earl of Beverley, marched likewise at the head of the Northumberland militia, to the same spot. Their arrival, together with the energy, promptitude, and decision, which Colonel Holroyd manifested, principally conduced to ensure the safety of that great national establishment. Numbers concealed their wounds in order to evade discovery of the part which they had taken in the disorders of the capital. It is however indisputable, that almost all who perished were of a low and obscure description.

If the populace had been conducted by leaders of system or ability, London must have been fundamentally overturned on that night. The Bank, the India House, and the shops of the great bankers, would in that case have been early attacked, instead of throwing away their rage, as they did, on the popish chapels, private houses, and prisons. When they began, after their first fury had exhausted itself, to direct their blows more systematically and skilfully, the time for action was passed. Government, which was accused with reason of having appeared supine during the first days of June, awoke early enough to preserve the metropolis and public credit from sustaining the last shock of popular violence. In fact, from the instant that the three bridges over the Thames were occupied by regular troops, the danger was at an end. This awful convulsion, which, on Wednesday, the *seventh* of June, seemed to menace the destruction of every thing, was so completely quelled, and so suddenly extinguished, that on the *eighth*, hardly a spark survived of the popular effervescence. Some few persons, of the borough of Southwark, attempted to repeat the outrages of Wednesday, but they were easily and immediately quelled by the military force. Never was a contrast exhibited more striking, than between those two evenings, in the same city! The patroles of cavalry, stationed in the squares and great streets, throughout the west end of the town, gave London the aspect of a garrison; while the camp which was immediately afterwards formed in St. James's Park afforded a picturesque landscape; both sides of the canal, from the queen's house down to the vicinity of the horse-guards, being covered with tents and troops.

The common danger which united all parties for the time, extinguished, or at least suspended in some measure, even the virulence of political enmity. Alarmed at the prospect of impending destruction, some of the principal leaders of the opposition repaired, unasked, to St. James's, under pretence of offering their services to the administration; nearly as the Dukes of Somerset and Argyle had done in the last days of July, 1714, when Queen Anne lay insensible, near her end. The Marquis of Rockingham hearing that a privy council was summoned to meet on the 7th of June, which all who enjoyed seats at that board were invited to attend, made his appearance in an undress, his hair disordered, and with testimonies of great consternation. Nor did he, when seated at the table where the king was present, spare the ministers, for having, as he asserted, by their negligence or want of timely energy, allowed the assemblage of people to take place in St George's Fields, which original meeting led to all the subsequent outrages. It is nevertheless incontestable, that, to the decision manifested by his majesty on that occasion, the safety of the metropolis, and its extrication from all the calamities that impended over it, was principally or solely to be ascribed. Elizabeth, or William the Third, could not have displayed more calm and systematic courage in the highest sense of the term, than George the Third exhibited in so trying a moment. Far from throwing himself for support or guidance on his cabinet, as a prince of feeble character would have done, he came forward and exhibited an example of self-devotion to his ministers.

It is well known that at the council to which I have alluded, the king assisted in person. The great question was there discussed, on which hinged the protection and preservation of the capital, a question respecting which the first legal characters were divided, and on which Lord Mansfield himself was with reason accused of never having clearly expressed his opinion up to that time. Doubts existed, whether persons riotously collected together and committing outrages or infractions of the peace, however great, might legally be fired on by the military power, without staying previously to read the riot act. Lord Bathurst, president of the council, and Sir Fletcher Norton, speaker of the house of commons, who were both present, on being appealed to for their opinion, declared that "a soldier was not less a citizen because he was a soldier, and consequently that he might repel force by force;" but no minister would sign the order for the purpose. In this emergency, when every moment was precious, Mr. Wedderburn, since successively raised to the dignity of a baron and of an earl of Great Britain, who was then attorney-general, having been called in to the council table and ordered by the king to deliver his official opinion on the point, stated in the most precise terms, that any such assemblage might be dispersed by military force without waiting for forms or reading the act in question. "Is that your declaration of the law, as attorney-general!" said the king. Wedderburn answering decidedly in the affirmative, "Then so let it be done," rejoined his majesty. The attorney-general drew up the order immediately, which the king signed, and on which Lord Amherst acted the same evening. The complete suppression of the riots followed in the course of a few hours. Never had any people a greater obligation to the judicious intrepidity of their sovereign!

Nor ought we to deny the merit due to Wedderburn, for having with so much decision cut the gordian knot, which the lord chief justice of the king's bench either could not or would not untie. His inexplicit declarations on the subject involuntarily remind us of the accusations leveled against him by "Junius," when, speaking of

Lord Mansfield, he says, "Besides his natural timidity, it makes part of his political plan never to be known to recommend violent measures. When the guards are called forth to murder their fellow subjects, it is not by the ostensible advice of Lord Mansfield." Here we see him, in 1780, acting precisely as he had done twelve years earlier, in 1768. Nor is it a less curious and extraordinary fact, that the very exertion by which the king preserved London in June, 1780, from suffering the utmost extremities of violence and pillage, constitutes, *as a principle*, the subject of "Junius's severest reflections upon him in March 1770." "Did his majesty," says he, "consult the laws of this country, when he permitted his secretary of state to declare, that whenever the civil magistrate is trifled with, a military force must be sent for, *without the delay of a moment*, and effectually employed?" So true is it, that at every period of his life, the king manifested the same consistency of character, and superiority to personal apprehension. When, nevertheless, we reflect that, in 1768, a magistrate of the county of Surrey had been capitally accused and brought to trial, for ordering the soldiery to fire on rioters engaged in the most violent acts of outrage in St. George's Fields, though the riot act had been twice read, we cannot be surprised at the apprehension displayed by Lord Mansfield, to sanction and authorise the same proceeding in 1780. The sovereign alone, as first magistrate, impelled by the awful nature of the emergency, and he only, could have taken upon him so serious a responsibility.

No individual manifested more abhorrence of the rioters, or exposed himself by his declarations on that subject to more personal danger, than Burke; whom his enemies accused of having been brought up in the tenets or principles of the Romish faith. This conduct did him great honour, and proved him superior to the meanness of party. His house in the broad sanctuary, Westminster, was threatened, but not attacked. Fox contented himself with condemning the authors of the disorders, but took no active part in their suppression. On the contrary, he refused to lend any personal support to government, when pressed in the house of commons to co-operate for the extrication of the capital; though Burke, who was there present, loudly expressed his wish for unanimity and association in that moment of national distress. It is impossible not to recollect, that as they thus diverged in different lines during the riots of 1780, so in 1792, twelve years later, they exhibited a similar diversity of conduct; Burke lending his powerful aid to prop monarchical government, while Fox remained the advocate of republicanism, and the apologist of the French revolution. Wilkes, who in the early part of his majesty's reign had made so glorious a resistance to general warrants, displayed as manly a resistance to popular violence, during the whole progress of the riots; and had he filled the chair of chief magistrate, instead of Kennett, would unquestionably, by his vigour, have prevented many or all the disgraceful scenes which took place in the capital.

All the proofs given by opposition, of their detestation of these calamitous exhibitions of popular fury, did not, however, produce complete conviction. Many persons still believed that some of the parliamentary leaders secretly fomented, or privately encouraged, the rioters. Suspicions were thrown on the Earl of Shelburne, probably with great injustice. The natural expectation of producing a change in ministry, was imagined to suspend or supersede, in certain minds, every other consideration; and it was even pretended, though on very insufficient grounds, that peers did not scruple to take an active part in the worst excesses of the night of the seventh of June. Public clamour selected the Earl of Effingham in particular as an object of accusation. It was generally asserted, that he had mingled with the rioters on Blackfriar's Bridge; that he had there been mortally wounded, and his body afterwards thrown into the river, by those of his own party; but, not till he had been identified and recognised by his dress, particularly by his laced ruffles. Those who were acquainted with that nobleman, and who knew his style of dress, instantly detected the absurdity, as well as falsity of the charge; for no man was ever less distinguished by any ornaments of apparel. His sudden disappearance from London, where he certainly had been seen at the commencement of the riots; the general ignorance in which people remained of the place to which he had withdrawn; and his known, as well as violent, dislike to the admistration;—all these circumstances conduced, nevertheless, to maintain the delusion for a considerable time. At the beginning of the ensuing winter, he reappeared in the house of lords, in his usual health, and stated to his acquaintance, that early in June, he had gone down to his seat of Grainge Hall in Yorkshire, where he had ever since resided. Such persons as still remained incredulous, explained his absence by saying, that he had been hurt or wounded on the 7th of June; but it is probable that the report originated altogether in calumny.

Lord George Gordon, the primary author of these outrages, was not taken into custody till two or three days after they had been suppressed. Ministers were reproached with not having committed him to the Tower on the second of June, when he assembled, harangued, and excited the mob to extort compliance with their demands from the house of commons. But the attempt to seize, and to send him to prison, at a time when every avenue to the house was thronged with multitudes, when the lobby overflowed with them, and when the doors of the house itself might have been, every instant, forced in; would have formed an imprudent, not to say a dangerous, experiment. It is difficult to find any instance in our annals, when parliament received a grosser insult; or when the members composing both houses incurred a greater risk of falling victims to popular violence. The mobs of 1641, and the following year, under Charles the First, directed their rage against the sovereign and his principal advisers, not against the representatives of the nation. Cromwell, when, in 1653, he drove out and dissolved the rump parliament, offered no outrage to their persons, but simply broke up the legislative assembly by a military force. The tumults in 1733, when Sir Robert Walpole first attempted to introduce excise laws, seem to form the nearest approach or similarity to the proceedings in 1780; but, *longo intervallo*.

It cannot be doubted, that if the populace had forced their way into the house of commons, Lord George would not have survived to recount the exploit. Many members who were there present, justly indignant at his conduct, threatened him with instant death, as soon as any of the rioters should burst open the doors. The late Earl of Caernarvon, then Mr. Henry Herbert, followed him close, with that avowed determination; and General Murray, uncle to the present Duke of Athol, a man whom I intimately knew, and who, when incensed, was capable of executing the most desperate resolution, held his sword ready to pass it through Lord George's body, on the first irruption of the mob. It will always remain disputable, whether ambition, fanaticism, or alienation of mind, contributed most to the part which he acted, in assembling and inciting the people to acts of violence. That he was not insensible to the political consideration which he obtained from his personal influence over so vast a multitude, cannot be questioned. To religious enthusiasm or conviction, something may perhaps be fairly attributed; but, more must be laid to the deranged state of his understanding, though no circumstance in his conduct or deportment could possibly subject him to be considered as insane. He appears in fact to have been perfectly master of himself, and in possession of all his faculties during every stage of the riots: nor is it to be imagined that he either foresaw or intended any of the outrages which were committed after the second of June. But he had put in motion a machine, of which he could not regulate or restrain the movements: and, unquestionably, the mob which set fire to London, was of a far more savage, as well as atrocious, description, than the original assemblage of people who met in St. George's Fields. The late Lord Rodney, who was then an officer in the Guards, told me, that having been sent on the night of the 7th of June, to the defence of the Bank of England, at the head of a detachment of his regiment, he there found Lord George Gordon, who appeared anxiously endeavouring, by expostulation, to induce the people to retire. As soon as Lord George saw Captain Rodney, he strongly expressed his concern at the acts of violence committed, adding, that he was ready to take his stand by Captain Rodney's side, and to expose his person to the utmost risk, in order to resist such proceedings. Rodney, who distrusted, however, his sincerity, and justly considered him as the original cause of all the calamities, declined any communication with him; only exhorting him, if he wished to stop the further effusion of blood, and to prevent the destruction of the bank, to exert himself in dispersing the furious crowd. But, whatever might be his inclination, he was altogether destitute of the power. The military force alone saved the bank from being plundered, and prevented the temporary subversion of the national credit.

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

I knew Lord George Gordon well, and I once accompanied him from a party where we met, in Lower Grosvenor street, at the late Lord Elcho's, to Ranelaugh, in the summer of 1782, in his own coach: in his person: he was thin, his features regular, and his complexion pale. His manners were gentle, his conversation agreeable, and he had the appearance, as well as the deportment, of a man of quality. There was, however, something in his cast of countenance and mode of expression, that indicated cunning, or a perverted understanding, or both. His whole income consisted, I believe, in an annuity of six hundred pounds a year, paid him by the Duke of Gordon, his brother. It forms a singular subject of reflection, that after involving London in all the horrors of insurrection and anarchy, he should have escaped any punishment for these proceedings, which cost the lives of so many individuals, and the demolition of so many edifices; while he expiated, by a rigorous imprisonment to the end of his days, in Newgate, the publication of a libel on the late unfortunate Queen of France, who, herself, perished on the scaffold. He exhibited the strongest attestation of the sincerity of his conversion to Judaism, by submitting to one of the most painful ceremonies or acts enjoined by the Mosaic law. The operation, which was performed at Birmingham, confined him to his chamber, if not to his bed, for a considerable time; and he preserved with great care the sanguinary proofs of his having undergone the amputation. Few individuals occupy a more conspicuous, or a more unfortunate place in the annals of their country, under the reign of George the Third. He will rank in history with Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, the incendiaries of the Plantagenet times; or with Kett, so memorable under Edward the Sixth.

THE HURRICANE OF 1780.

The elements seemed to conspire with all the foreign enemies of Great Britain, at this period; the hurricane of October, 1780, which took place in the West Indies, being one of the most tremendous in its nature, as well as violent in its effects, commemorated in the course of the eighteenth century. Though its destructive rage spread devastation in a greater or less degree over the whole chain of the Caribbee Islands, yet Barbadoes experienced its greatest fury, together with the severest loss of lives and property. A friend of mine, General James Cunningham, was then governor of the colony. He has related to me, that after remaining above ground as long as it was practicable with safety, he, accompanied by a number of his family and domestics, took refuge in a small cellar, several feet lower than the level of the street, at Bridge Town, the capital of the settlement. Here, indeed, they found themselves secure from the danger of being crushed under the ruins of the house which they had just quitted, or from being borne off and swept away by the force of the wind. But they were soon assailed by two new misfortunes, against which they could provide no sufficient remedy. The first inconvenience arose from the severe cold which they endured; the climate having changed, in the course of a few hours, from intense heat, to a contrary extreme. The other evil, which was of a still more alarming nature, threatened their destruction, from the rain which flowed in upon them in great quantity, as it fell in torrents. While they remained in this deplorable situation, up to their knees in water, doubtful whether to continue in the cellar, where about twenty of them, huddled together, were crowded into a very narrow space; or whether to attempt reaching some more secure shelter; a tall athletic negro of General Cunningham's family, who lay upon him, in a posture which did not admit of his moving, said to the general, "Massa, if I not make water, I die." "Do it then, in God's name," answered he. The negro had no sooner received this permission, than instantly availing himself of it, he bedewed the general, from the nape of his neck to the very shoes; much as we are taught to believe, in the manner of a Hottentot priest, when celebrating the nuptial ceremony. "But," added Cunningham, when relating the story, "never did I experience a

more grateful sensation than was produced by this warm libation, which seemed to animate my frozen frame, and to revivify my body. I regretted when it stopped, and I derived from it essential service in the horrors of that indescribable night."

The situation of the negro, impelled by a necessity paramount to all respect or restraint, reminds me of a fact somewhat similar, which took place at the palace of Sans Souci. The great Frederick, in a select society, having been one day more elevated and convivial than usual after dinner, was induced by the gaiety of the conversation, to prolong the accustomed limits of the repast, and to detain his guests to a late hour. His majesty furnished, himself, the chief share of the entertainment, by the brilliancy of his sallies; but he forgot, unfortunately, that his guests were men. One of them, an old general, who was often among the persons invited to the royal table, but whose powers of retention had suffered in the course of twelve campaigns; anticipated with extreme impatience the moment when the king, by rising, would permit of his quitting the apartment. In this hope and expectation he long supported, with unshaken fortitude, one of the most pressing demands of nature. Overcome at length, and yielding to a power stronger than himself, he suddenly rose from his chair, and exclaiming, "*Sire, tout est grand dans votre majesté, jusqu' à la vessie même. Sire, je me meurs,*" ran out of the room. Frederick was charmed with the ingenuity of the compliment, and laughed heartily at the general's distress, which might however have proved fatal to him. Tycho Brahe's death was caused by a precisely similar act of imprudent respect.

SIR FLETCHER NORTON.

Parliament having been dissolved early in September, I was elected one of the members of Hindon in the county of Wilts; and the new house of commons meeting towards the end of October, the first debate turned on the choice of a speaker. Lord George Germain, not Lord North, commenced the proceedings on that evening, and performed the principal part. It was not intended by ministers, that Sir Fletcher Norton, who, during near eleven years, ever since the resignation of Sir John Cust, in January, 1770, had filled the chair, should reoccupy it in the new parliament. He had given umbrage during the session of 1777, both to the sovereign, and to the administration, by a memorable speech which he addressed to the king, while standing in his official capacity, at the bar of the house of peers. And though the admonition or exhortation that he thought proper then to use, relative to the economical expenditure of the money voted by the house of commons, had met with the approbation of the country at large, yet it unquestionably produced his eventual exclusion from the employment of speaker. Lord North having tried the ground at St. James's, found his majesty determined upon the point. Conscious, nevertheless, that it would be highly unpopular to place his intended dismission on such a basis, ministers availed themselves of Sir Fletcher's ill state of health, which had considerably impeded the progress of public business in the preceding session, as forming a sufficient cause for removal. While, therefore, they passed high eulogiums on his ability and talents, they lamented that infirmities of body rendered it improper to ask of him, or to accept from him, a continuance of his public services. Sir Fletcher, however, rising in his place, and speaking from the opposition bench, while he was sustained by that powerful and numerous phalanx, endeavoured to point out the latent enmity, as well as the obvious nullity, of the ministerial arguments. He affected, it is true, to disclaim any wish of being again placed in the speaker's chair—but he took care to accompany the declaration, by an assertion of his perfect physical capacity to meet its duties and fatigues. His appearance seemed indeed to present the aspect of a man who, though somewhat declined in years, did not manifest any tokens of decay. All the personal attacks leveled by Norton's friends, on the opposition side of the house, at Lord North, could neither induce nor provoke the first minister to open his lips on the occasion. He remained profoundly silent. But Mr. Rigby, unintimidated by the clamours of Sir Fletcher's adherents, after boldly avowing that he was dismissed for his political trespasses, justified his exclusion from the chair, on parliamentary or on ministerial grounds. Cornwall was chosen speaker, by a very large majority.

Sir Fletcher Norton, though perhaps justly accused, as a professional man, of preferring profit to conscientious delicacy of principle, and though denominated in the coarse satires or caricatures of that day by the epithet of "Sir Bullface Doublefee," yet possessed eminent parliamentary, as well as legal talents. Far from suffering in his capacity as speaker by a comparison either with his immediate predecessor or successor in that high office, he must be considered as very superior to both. The chair of the house of commons, during the whole course of the eighteenth century, was never filled with less dignity or energy than by Sir John Cust, whom Wilkes treats in his letters with the most contemptuous irony, or the most mortifying insult. Cornwall possessed every physical quality requisite to ornament the place; a sonorous voice, a manly, as well as imposing figure, and a commanding deportment: but his best ministerial recommendation to the office, consisted in the connection subsisting between him and Mr. Charles Jenkinson, then secretary of war, which the marriage of the former gentleman with the sister of the latter, had cemented. After his election, Cornwall gave little satisfaction, and had recourse to the narcotic virtues of porter for enabling him to sustain its fatigue; an auxiliary which sometimes becoming too powerful for the principal who called in its assistance, produced inconveniences. The "Rolliad," alluding to the speaker's chair, as it was filled in 1784, says,

"There Cornwall sits, and ah! compelled by fate,
Must sit for ever through the long debate;
Save when compelled by nature's sovereign will,
Sometimes to empty, and sometimes to fill."——
——"Like sad Prometheus fastened to the rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock;
In vain the powers of strengthening porter tries,
And nods to *Bellamy* for fresh supplies."

We may here remark, as a curious fact, that Sir Fletcher's dismission from the office of speaker, conducted him within eighteen months to the dignity of the peerage, an elevation which he owed solely to the jealousies and rivalities that arose between Lord Rockingham and Lord Shelburne, as soon as they got into power; whereas Cornwall, his successful competitor, after presiding more than eight years in the house of commons, died without ever entering the house of lords. It was thus that Dunning reached that goal, while Wallace missed it. So much does the disposition of events, which in common language we denominate fortune, regulate the affairs of men, in defiance of Juvenal's

"Nos te,
Nos facimus, fortuna, deam, cæloque locamus."

THE NAVY.

Little consolation can be derived during this gloomy period of our history, from carrying our view beyond the metropolis to the extremities of the empire, or from considering the operations of the war by sea and land. As Geary had succeeded to the command of the channel fleet, by Hardy's death, so Darby took the same command soon afterwards, in consequence of Geary's resignation. None of these names will be pronounced with enthusiasm by posterity. Admiral Barrington, by his repulse of D'Estaign at St. Lucie, acquired the only renown gained on the ocean, from the commencement of hostilities in July, 1778, till the period when Rodney was sent out to the West Indies. The disgraceful disputes that arose between Keppel and Palliser, which, after convulsing the navy and dividing the kingdom, began insensibly to fall into oblivion, were again revived during the short time that the house of commons remained sitting before the Christmas recess. In consequence of Sir Hugh Palliser's appointment to the government of Greenwich hospital, the events of the 27th July, 1778, were discussed anew, with all the acrimony of party. Sir Hugh, in his defence, read at the table of the house a paper, the length, dullness and insipidity of which put the patience of his auditors, as I well remember, to a severe trial. I have, however, always considered him as an able, meritorious, and calumniated naval officer, who fell a sacrifice to ministerial unpopularity. Lord North, with whom not to be defeated constituted a sort of victory, and who generally contented himself with half triumphs, after defending Palliser with his usual ability, and with more than his common animation, having thus rescued him from the fangs of his enemies, aimed at no further advantage, but moved for an adjournment early in December.

HOLLAND.

As if to complete the climax of our national misfortunes at this humiliating period, Holland was added to the number of our enemies, war being declared against the Seven United Provinces before the close of 1780, notwithstanding the repugnance equally felt at such a rupture by the King of Great Britain and the stadtholder. More than a century had then elapsed, since we had been engaged in hostilities with the Dutch, under the profligate reign of Charles the Second. During some portion of the intermediate time, the two countries had been governed by one prince, and one soul might be said to animate their counsels after the expulsion of James the Second, when their joint efforts were directed to stem the current of Louis the Fourteenth's arms in the Netherlands. Even subsequent to King William's decease, the United Provinces made common cause with his successor against France, under Marlborough: but the disgraceful termination of that great struggle, which lasted near ten years, dissevered England and Holland. After the peace of Utrecht, in 1712, no close nor cordial union subsisted between the cabinets of the Hague and of St. James's. The Dutch were, indeed, prevailed on to join George the Second as auxiliaries, though not as principals, in the war of 1743, undertaken to preserve Maria Theresa on the throne of her father, Charles the Sixth. Unfortunately, the English, Dutch, and Austrian armies, which, while conducted with the great talents of Eugene and Marlborough, had nearly driven Louis the Fourteenth to the last extremities, when led by Konigseck, and by William, Duke of Cumberland, were every where defeated on the same plains. Marshal Saxe demolished the barrier that protected Holland against the overwhelming power of France, and only the moderation or indolence of Louis the Fifteenth, which checked his conquests, gave peace to Europe in 1748, at Aix-la-Chapelle. That prince, had he been animated by the ambition of his predecessor, or by the spirit of conquest which impelled the French republic in 1795, might have entered Amsterdam, and have subjected the Zuyder zee to his dominion. Having escaped from this imminent peril, the Dutch remained neutral spectators of the contests which took place between us and France in 1756, when Flanders, which, for near a century, had constituted the palæstra of Europe, by a singular transition, became a country of repose, and the house of Austria, for the first time, joined her inveterate foe, the house of Bourbon. It was reserved for the calamitous era of the American war, which familiarised us with disgraces and reverses, to witness Holland openly ranged against Great Britain, under the banners of Louis the Sixteenth and Charles the Third. The opposition exulted at the declaration of hostilities between the two countries, as setting the seal to Lord North's ministerial embarrassments. Nor could it be denied, that the necessity for blockading the mouth of the Texel, and probably engaging the Dutch fleet at the entrance of their own ports, in the depressed as well as inferior state to which the British navy had then sunk, augmented the difficulties under which the administration laboured, while it increased the unpopularity of the sovereign.

POLITICS.

Yet never did any government make greater efforts to avert and avoid a rupture, than were exerted by Lord North's cabinet. Sir Joseph Yorke, who, by long residence in Holland, had become, in some measure, naturalised at the Hague, exhausted every art of diplomacy to stem the current of French and American politics. The stadtholder, no less than the majority of the people throughout the Seven United Provinces, nourished the warmest partiality towards Great Britain: but the Prince of Orange had lost the public respect which his high office ought to have excited, and the nation, immersed in narrow speculations of commercial advantage, displayed no spark of that public spirit, or of those great energies, which had operated such powerful effects against the second and third Philips, kings of Spain, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The pensionary, Van Berkel, acting under the impulse of Maurepas and of Vergennes, precipitated his countrymen on war with England, by signing a treaty with the

American insurgents, precisely as Madison, in the summer of 1812, commenced hostilities with us, by the suggestions of his Corsican director. Nor did Fox or Burke arraign more severely the measures of Lord North, as having produced the rupture that took place with Holland, than the leaders of the opposition in the house of commons inveighed against the line of conduct, on the part of ministers, which led to the late contest with America. Both wars arose principally from a similar cause; the apparently desperate, or highly alarming, condition of England. In 1780, we appeared to be rapidly sinking under the combination of European, Asiatic, and American foes. In 1812, Bonaparte, master of the continent from the frontiers of Portugal to those of Russia, prepared to consummate the subjugation of Europe by a march to Moscow. To Van Berkel, and to Madison, the occasion seemed equally favourable for the development of their rancorous enmity to the English government. The measures of the former minister led, at no distant period of time, in the space of about fifteen years, to the subjugation and subversion of the republic of Holland. Futurity will show whether the policy of Madison, if his base subservience to Bonaparte can merit the name, will prove more successful or beneficial, and how far the American president will justly challenge the future gratitude of his countrymen, more than the pensionary of Amsterdam merited the support of the Dutch.

MARIA THERESA.

Nearly about the same time, Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, expired at Vienna, after a reign of forty years, during which she had exhibited a memorable instance of the vicissitudes of fortune. Like Frederick, King of Prussia, she acceded in 1740; and a great portion of their lives was passed in mutual hostility. The strength of her mind, and the tenacity of her character, sustained her amidst difficulties which a woman of inferior resolution could not have surmounted. Since the death of Elizabeth, Queen of England, in 1603, Europe had not beheld any female on the throne, who united so many private virtues to so many great public endowments. Maria Theresa manifested a masculine mind, blended with feminine qualities calculated to conciliate universal affection. As a sovereign, she possessed far greater constancy and energy than had been exhibited by her father, the Emperor Charles the Sixth, or by her grandfather, Leopold the First. Charles, while resident in Spain, during "the war of the succession," displayed no endowments of character; and Leopold betrayed a want of every resource, when, in 1683, at the approach of the Grand Vizier, Cara Mustapha, he fled to Passau, leaving his capital and dominions to be ravaged or besieged by the Turks. The caution, experience, and moderation of Maria Theresa, restrained the pernicious activity of her son and successor, Joseph the Second. His accession to the dominions of the house of Austria forms an unfortunate era in the history of that family, and was one of the many concurring circumstances which eventually facilitated the progress of the French arms in the Netherlands, after the revolution.

Though sinking under the accumulated pressure of advancing age, as well as of disease and infirmity, Maria Theresa retained the possession of all her faculties nearly to the last moments of her life. Religion and resignation smoothed its close. Two of the archduchesses, her daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, who remained unmarried, constantly attended about her bed; but I have been assured that they could not prevail on their mother, though they earnestly entreated it, even a short time preceding her dissolution, to bequeath her blessing to the Archduchess Amelia, their sister. That princess, who had been married to Don Ferdinand, Duke of Parma, was supposed to have committed great irregularities of every kind. Only a short time before Maria Theresa breathed her last, having apparently fallen into a sort of insensibility, and her eyes being closed, one of the ladies near her person, in reply to an enquiry made respecting the state of the empress, answered that her majesty seemed to be asleep. "No," replied she, "I could sleep if I would indulge repose; but I am sensible of the near approach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep. I wish to meet my dissolution awake." There is nothing transmitted to us by antiquity finer than this answer, which is divested of all ostentation. Voltaire himself, cynic as he was, and always severe upon crowned heads, must have admired it. Even the great Frederick, who survived Maria Theresa near six years, though he met the approach of death with philosophy and fortitude, yet betrayed much reluctance, displayed some peevishness, and perhaps manifested a little affectation or vanity in the preparations for his departure. Neither Augustus, nor Vespasian, nor Adrian, though each of these emperors seems to have contemplated death with a steady countenance, and almost with a smiling look, yet manifested more perfect self-possession in the last act of life. Maria Theresa was as much superior in virtue to her cotemporary, Catherine the Second, as she fell beneath that princess in brilliancy of talents. In the arts of reigning, in courage, in benignity of disposition, and in solid endowments of understanding, the Austrian may dispute for superiority even with the Russian empress. Posterity will perhaps confer more admiration on the latter princess, but must reserve its moral approbation and esteem for the former sovereign.

PART THE SECOND.

FROM 1781 TO 1784.

I am now arrived, in the course of these memoirs, at the beginning of the year 1781. Before, however, we enter on the political events of that disastrous period, it seems indispensable that we should survey the character of the sovereign, of the cabinet ministers, of the leaders of opposition, and the principal persons in both houses of the new parliament. Great Britain did not then present the same august, majestic, and interesting spectacle to mankind, which we have since exhibited, even during the most disastrous moments of the late revolutionary war. The empire, under Lord North's administration, was shaken and convulsed in almost every quarter. Domestic faction pervaded all the departments of government, infected the navy, and manifested itself in every debate of either house of parliament. The English were discontented; the Scots were sullen; and the Irish had become clamorous for political as well as for commercial emancipation. A ministry, the members of which body did not always act in union, and still prosecuting a hopeless contest with America, whatever ability the individuals composing it might separately possess, yet inspired no public confidence in the success of their future measures. National credit began to droop under the expenses of a war carried on across the Atlantic, at an immense distance, while the commerce of the country suffered at least in an equal degree from the depredations of the enemy. Nor had Lord North provided, as Mr. Pitt afterwards did in 1786, any *sinking fund* for the gradual extinction of the taxes which he annually imposed.

The great continental powers looked on, either as unconcerned spectators, or as secret enemies. Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany, who had recently succeeded to the Bohemian and Hungarian thrones, imitating in this instance his mother's line of policy, and occupied with domestic reforms of various kinds, took indeed no open part. But, connected as he was with France, by his sister's marriage to Louis the Sixteenth, his inclinations might be supposed to lean towards the house of Bourbon. The great Frederick, sinking in years, as well as under the pressure of diseases and infirmities; satiated with military fame; attentive principally to the improvement of his dominions, and the augmentation of his revenue, always attached from disposition to the manners, language, and crown of France, beheld with satisfaction the augmenting difficulties of the English government. He had never forgiven Lord Bute for retaining, when first minister, the subsidy claimed by Prussia, in 1762, and he nourished a dislike to the country, which, as he perhaps justly conceived, had broken its faith with him on so important a point. Catherine the Second, ever anxious to throw a veil of glory over the tragical circumstances which placed her on the Russian throne, by aggrandising the Russian empire, and availing herself with ability of the distress of England, contending against so many adversaries, set up pretensions to a maritime exemption from the right of search, claimed and exercised by Great Britain in time of war. Placing herself at the head of the Baltic powers, in union with the courts of Copenhagen and Stockholm, which made common cause with her, she attempted to emancipate their navies from any further submission to the British flag. Lord North, unable to resent or to oppose the policy of Catherine by open force, temporised, and waited for more propitious times. Portugal alone, amidst the general hostility or defection of Europe, ventured to manifest her amicable disposition, and had the generosity to refuse to join the Baltic confederacy, or to accede to the armed neutrality of the northern states.

THE KING.

The king, at this period of his reign, was far advanced in his forty-third year. Though he came into the world at the term of seven months, a fact which is indisputable, as the late Duchess of Brunswick his sister's birth took place on the 11th of August, 1737, and that of his majesty on the 4th of June, 1738; yet nature had conferred on him a sound and vigorous frame of body. He was born in Norfolk house, St. James's square, where Frederick, Prince of Wales, then resided, who had been peremptorily ordered, only a short time before, to quit St. James's palace by George the Second. I saw, not much more than a year ago, the identical bed in which the Princess of Wales was delivered, now removed to the Duke of Norfolk's seat of Worksop, in the county of Nottingham, and it forcibly proves the rapid progress of domestic elegance and taste within the last eighty years. Except that the furniture is of green silk, the bed has nothing splendid about it, and would hardly be esteemed fit for the accommodation of a person of ordinary condition in the present times. A course of systematic abstinence and exercise had secured to George the Third the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted health down to the time of which I speak. So little had he been incommoded by sickness, or by indisposition of any kind, from the period of his accession till his memorable seizure in 1788, that scarcely was he ever compelled to absent himself on that account from a levee, a council, or a drawing-room, during eight and twenty years. One only exception to this remark occurred in the autumn of 1765, when he was attacked by a disorder that confined him for several weeks; relative to the nature and seat of which malady, though many conjectures and assertions have been hazarded in conversation, and even in print, no satisfactory information has ever been given to the world.

In the king's countenance, a physiognomist would have distinguished two principal characteristics: firmness, or as his enemies denominated it, obstinacy—tempered with benignity. The former expression was, however, indisputably more marked and prominent than the latter sentiment. He seemed to have a tendency to become corpulent, if he had not repressed it by systematic and unremitting temperance. On this subject I shall relate a fact, which was communicated to me by a friend, Sir John Macpherson, who received it from the great Earl of Mansfield, to whom the king himself mentioned it—forcibly demonstrating that strength of mind, renunciation of all excess, and dominion over his appetites, which have characterised George the Third at every period of his life. Conversing with William, Duke of Cumberland, his uncle, not long before that prince's death, in 1764, his majesty observed, that it was with concern he remarked the duke's augmenting corpulency. "I lament it not less, sir," replied he, "but it is constitutional; and I am much mistaken if your majesty will not become as large as myself, before you attain to my age." "It arises from your not using sufficient exercise," answered the king. "I use, nevertheless," said the duke, "constant and severe exercise of every kind. But there is another effort requisite, in order to repress this tendency, which is much more difficult to practise, and without which no exercise, however violent, will suffice: I mean great renunciation and temperance. Nothing else will prevent your majesty from growing to my size." The king made little reply: but the duke's words sunk deep, and produced a lasting impression on his mind. From that day, he formed the resolution, as he assured Lord Mansfield, of checking his constitutional inclination to corpulency, by unremitting restraint upon his appetite—a determination which he carried into complete effect, in defiance of every temptation.

Perhaps no sovereign, of whom history, ancient or modern, makes mention in any age of the earth, has exceeded him in the practice of this virtue. It is a fact, that during many years of his life, after coming up from

Kew, or from Windsor, often on horseback, and sometimes in heavy rain, to the queen's house, he has gone in a sedan chair to St. James's, dressed himself, held a levee, passed through all the forms of that long and tedious ceremony—for such it was in the way that he performed it—without leaving any individual in the circle unnoticed, and has afterwards assisted at a privy council, or given audience to his cabinet ministers and others, till five, and even sometimes till six o'clock. After so much fatigue of body and of mind, the only refreshment or sustenance that he usually took, consisted in a few slices of bread and butter and a dish of tea, which he sometimes swallowed as he walked up and down, previous to getting into his carriage in order to return into the country. His understanding, solid and sedate, qualified him admirably for business, though it was neither of a brilliant, lively, nor imposing description. But his manner did injustice to the endowments of his intellect—and, unfortunately, it was in public that these minute personal defects or imperfections became most conspicuous. Dr. Johnson, indeed, thought otherwise on the subject: for, after the conversation with which his majesty was pleased to honour that great literary character, in the library at the queen's house, in February, 1767, he passed the highest encomiums on the elegant manners of the sovereign. Boswell, in Johnson's Life, speaking of this circumstance, adds: "He said to Mr. Barnard, the librarian, 'Sir, they may talk of the king as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen.' And he afterwasds observed to Mr. Langton, 'Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis the Fourteenth, or Charles the Second.'"

Independent of the effect necessarily produced on Johnson's mind, by so unexpected and flattering a mark of royal condescension, which may well be imagined to have operated most favourably on the opinions of the moralist, he was perhaps, of all men, the least capable of estimating personal elegance of deportment. His vast intellectual powers lay in another line of discrimination. Had Johnson been now living, he might indeed witness the finest model of grace, dignity, ease, and affability, which the world has ever beheld, united in the same person. In him are really blended the majesty of Louis the Fourteenth, with the amenity of Charles the Second. But George the Third was altogether destitute of these ornamental and adventitious endowments. The oscillations of his body, the precipitation of his questions, none of which, it was said, would wait for an answer, and the hurry of his articulation, afforded, on the contrary, to little minds, or to malicious observers, who only saw him at a drawing-room, occasion for calling in question the soundness of his judgment, or the strength of his faculties. None of his ministers, however, and Mr. Fox, if possible, less than any other, entertained such an opinion. His whole reign forms, indeed, the best answer to the imputation. That he committed many errors, nourished many prejudices, formed many erroneous estimates, and frequently adhered too pertinaciously to his determinations, where he conceived, perhaps falsely, that they were founded in reason, or in justice—all these allegations may be admitted. Nor can the injurious effects to himself, and to his people, necessarily flowing in various instances from such defects of character and of administration, be altogether denied. But these infirmities, from which no man is exempt, cannot impugn his right to the affectionate veneration of posterity, for the inflexibie uprightness of his public conduct. And as little can they deprive him of the suffrages of the wise and good of every age, who will bear testimony to the expansion of his mind, and the invariable rectitude of his intentions.

It would, indeed, be difficult for history to produce an instance of any prince who has united and displayed on the throne, during near half a century, so many personal and private virtues. In the flower of youth, unmarried, endowed with a vigorous constitution, and surrounded with temptations to pleasure or indulgence of every kind, when he succeeded to the crown, he never yielded to these seductions. Not less affectionately attached to the queen, than Charles the First was to his consort, Henrietta Maria, he remained, nevertheless, altogether exempt from the uxoriousness which characterised his unfortunate predecessor, and which operated so fatally in the course of his reign.

Wilkes, in the papers of the "North Briton," and "Junius," always affected, by drawing comparisons between the two kings, to demonstrate the moral resemblance that existed between them; but the pretended similarity was only external, in matters of mere deportment, not of solid character. It must be apparent to every impartial person, who studies their respective reigns and line of political action, how superior was George the Third to Charles, on the three great points that constitute the essential difference between men. The first of these qualities was firmness of mind. To his weakness, not even to give it a severer epithet, in abandoning Lord Strafford to the rage of his enemies, we may trace all the misfortunes that accompanied Charles from that time, down to the close of life: misfortunes aggravated by the reproaches of his own conscience, for delivering up his minister a victim to popular violence. His present majesty neither deserted Lord Bute, when most unpopular, in 1763, nor the Duke of Grafton, amidst the tumults of March, 1769, nor Lord North in the more awful riots of June, 1780. As little did he turn his back on Lord George Germain, after the defeats of Saratoga, or of York Town, amidst the disasters of the American war. Far from recurring for support to his ministers, he constantly extended it to them—and never shrunk from personal risk, responsibility, or odium. His conduct on the memorable seventh of June, 1780, both at the council table, and during the course of that calamitous night which followed, will best exemplify the assertion. Charles, though personally brave in the field, and perfectly composed on the scaffold, was deficient in political courage, steadiness of temper, and tenacity of determination. These qualities formed the distinguishing characteristics of George the Third, who seems, when assailed by misfortunes, to have taken as his motto, the setiment of the Roman poet:

"Tu no cede malis; sed contra, audentior ito."

Nor does the balance incline less in his favour, when compared with his predecessor of the Stuart line, on the article of judgment. If any act of his present majesty's reign or government may seem to bear an analogy to the intemperate, vindictive, and pernicious attempt of Charles to seize on the five members of the house of commons, it was the order issued by a general warrant, to take Wilkes into custody. Nor shall I undertake the defence of that proceeding, which I have always considered as the least justifiable measure, in every sense, embraced since the king's accession to the throne. But, when he authorised it, in April, 1763, he had not completed his twenty-fifth year. Charles the First was above forty, at the time of his committing the rash act in question. That George the Third, if he had ever been reduced to take up arms against his subjects, might, from the partialities of parental affection, have committed an error similar to that of Charles, when he entrusted the command of his forces to Prince Rupert, I will even admit to be probable, reasoning from the external evidence afforded by the campaigns of 1793, 1794, and 1799. But no man who has followed the whole chain of events from 1760 down to 1810, can hesitate in pronouncing that, under circumstances the most appalling to the human mind, demanding equal fortitude and intellectual resources, he has displayed a degree of ability that we would vainly seek in the Stuart king's unfortunate administration, terminated by the scaffold.

It is however in moral principle and good faith, that the superiority of the one sovereign over the other becomes most irresistible, and forces the completest conviction. "Charles the First," says Junius, "lived and died a hypocrite." However severe we may esteem this sentence, we cannot contest that his insincerity formed a prominent feature of his character, and eminently conduced to his destruction. It was proved by a variety of facts, and it unquestionably deterred Cromwell, as well as others of the republican leaders, from exhibiting or anticipating the conduct of Monk. Unable to trust his most solemn assurances, they found no security for themselves, except in bringing him to the block. But George the Third exhibited a model of unshaken fidelity to his engagements—even those most repugnant to his own feelings, and most contrary to his own judgment. I could adduce many proofs of the fact. How magnanimous was his reception and treatment of Adams, in 1783,—a man personally obnoxious—when presented to him at his levee, as envoy from the American states! In terms the most conciliating, yet nobly frank, he avowed to that minister, with what reluctance he had consented to the separation of the transatlantic British colonies from his dominions. "But," added he, "their independence being now consummated, I shall be the last man in my kingdom to encourage its violation."

He acted in a similar manner when the preliminaries of peace were signed, in 1801, with France. No measure of state in the power of ministers to adopt, could have been, under the existing circumstances, less consonant to his ideas of safety, policy, and wisdom: a fact of which the cabinet was so perfectly aware, that Lord Hawkesbury affixed his signature to the articles, not only without the king's consent and approbation, but without his knowledge. It took place, as is well known, on the first of October, just as he was about to return from Weymouth to Windsor. The cabinet instantly sent off a messenger with the intelligence, who met the king at Andover, and the packet was brought to him as he stood in the drawing-room of the inn, engaged in conversation with the late Earl of Cardigan and two other noblemen. His majesty, wholly unsuspicious of the fact, and not expecting to receive any news of importance, ordered them not to leave the apartment, as they were preparing to do, in order that he might have time to peruse the despatch. But, on inspecting its contents, he betrayed so much surprise, both in his looks and gesture, that they were again about to quit his presence. The king then addressed them, and holding the letter open in his hand, "I have received surprising news," said he, "but it is no secret. Preliminaries of peace are signed with France. I knew nothing of it whatever; but since it is made, I sincerely wish it may prove a lasting peace."

Louis the Twelfth, King of France, surnamed in history "The father of his people," is said to have observed, that "if good faith were banished from among men, it should be found in the bosoms of princes." This sublime maxim or sentiment seems to have been inherent in the intellectual formation of George the Third. His coronation oath was ever present to his mind, and he dreaded the slightest infraction of that solemn compact made with his people, to which the Deity had been invoked as a party, far more than the loss of his crown or life. When Mr. Pitt, sustained by four of the cabinet ministers, made the experiment of forcing him to violate it, on the 29th of January, 1801, relative to the question of "catholic emancipation in Ireland," they instantly found themselves out of office. They unquestionably did not intend to resign; but having compelled the king no less than four times in the course of a few years to give way where the majority of his cabinet differed from him, they erroneously assumed that he would act in the same manner, where his conscience was concerned. Sustained, however, by his principles, he did not hesitate a moment in accepting their resignation, though he accompanied the acceptance with the most flattering testimonies, under his hand, of esteem and personal attachment. Uninstructed by such a warning, Lord Grenville, who had been one of the five cabinet members alluded to above, aided by Lord Grey, repeated the attempt six years later, after Fox's decease, with similar success. Charles the First did not manifest the same religious respect for the sanctity of his oaths and engagements. If his enemies in parliament and in the field could have reposed the unlimited confidence in him which George the Third challenged from his opponents, that unhappy prince might have died in his bed at Whitehall.

I will subjoin only one anecdote more, on a point so interesting, which vitally characterises the present king. Towards the end of the month of January, 1805, at a time when he was much occupied in preparations for the installation of the knights of the Garter, destined to take place on the approaching twenty-third of April, and while conversing on the subject with some persons of high rank at Windsor, one of them, a nobleman deservedly distinguished by his favour, said, "Sir, are not the new knights now meant to be installed obliged to take the sacrament before the ceremony?" Nothing could assuredly have been further from his idea or intention, than to have asked the question in a manner capable of implying any levity or irreverence. Nevertheless, his majesty instantly changed countenance, and assuming a severe look, after a moment or two of pause, "No," replied he, "that religious institution is not to be mixed with our profane ceremonies. Even at the time of my coronation I was very unwilling to take the sacrament.

But when they told me that it was indispensable, and that I must receive it, before I approached the communion table I took off the bauble from my head. The sacrament, my lord, is not to be profaned by our Gothic institutions." The severity of the king's manner, while he pronounced these words, impressed all present, and suspended for a short time the conversation. Never was any prince more religiously tenacious of his engagements or promises. Even the temporary privation of his intellect did not affect his regard to the assurances that he had given previous to such alienation of mind; nor, which is still more wonderful, obliterate them from his recollection. I know that, on his recovery from the severest visitations under which he has laboured, he has said to his minister, in the first moments of his convalescence; "Previous to my attack of illness, I made such and such promises; they must be effectuated." How deep a sense of honour, and how strong a moral principle, must have animated such a prince!

The education of George the Third had not been conducted or superintended in many respects with as much care as his birth and the great prospects to which he was heir should seem to have claimed from his predecessor. He was only between twelve and thirteen years of age when he lost his father, and the late king did not extend any very enlightened or affectionate attention to that important national object. Even his mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, appears to have been deeply sensible to the inefficacy of the various preceptors successively employed about her son. Other charges of a still more serious nature were preferred against some of the individuals entrusted with the formation of his principles, or who had constant access to him, as if they endeavoured to imbue him with arbitrary notions, and put into his hands authors known to have inculcated tyrannical maxims of government. These accusations, destitute of proof, and denied in the most peremptory manner at the time when they were made, in 1752 or 1753, by the princess dowager, rest on no solid foundations. If we wish to contemplate a portrait of the young Prince of Wales at seventeen years of age, drawn by his own mother in August, 1755, and communicated confidentially to a friend, we have it in Dodington's "Diary." She said, that "he was shy and backward; not a wild, dissipated boy, but good-natured and cheerful, with a serious cast upon the whole; that those about him knew him no more than if they had never seen him. That he was not quick, but with those he was acquainted, applicable and intelligent. His education had given her much pain. His book-learning she was no judge of, though she supposed it small or useless; but she hoped he might have been instructed in the general understanding of things." It is impossible to doubt the accuracy and fidelity of this picture, many features of which continued indelible throughout his whole reign.

In modern history he was tolerably well instructed, particularly in the annals of England and of France, as well as of Germany; but in classical knowledge, and all the compositions of antiquity, either of Greece or of Rome, historical as well as poetic, he was little conversant. So slight or imperfect was his acquaintance with Latin, that at forty it may be doubted if he could have construed a page of Cicero or of Ovid. He never delighted indeed in those branches of study, nor ever passed much of his time in sedentary occupations, calculated to improve his mind, after his accession to the crown. A newspaper, which he commonly took up after dinner, and over which, however interesting its contents might be, he usually fell asleep in less than half an hour, constituted the ordinary extent of his application. Nor ought we to wonder at this circumstance, if we consider how numerous were his avocations, and how little leisure the necessary perusal of public papers, despatches, and letters, could have left him for literary research. If, however, he did not possess a very cultivated understanding, he might, nevertheless, be justly considered as not deficient in accomplishments befitting his high station. He conversed with almost equal fluency, as all those who frequented the levee or the drawing-room could attest, in the English, French, and German languages; nor was he ignorant of Italian. He wrote with brevity, perspicuity, and facility. I have had opportunities to see or hear various of his confidential notes, addressed, during the period of the American war, to a nobleman high in office, some of which were written under very delicate circumstances. In all of them good sense, firmness, principle, consistency, and self-possession, were strongly marked through every line. In mechanics of all kinds, he delighted and indulged himself; a relaxation which seems somewhat unjustly to have excited much animadversion, and still more ridicule. But it cannot be denied, that during this period of his reign, and down to a later stage of it, the English people,—for I will not say the Scotish,—viewed all the failings of their sovereign with a microscopic eye, while they did injustice to his numerous excellences. They have, however, made him full amends since 1783, for their preceding severity.

For painting and architecture he showed a taste, the more admired, as his two immediate predecessors on the throne, altogether destitute of such a quality, extended neither favour nor protection to polite letters. Since Charles the First, no prince had expended such sums in the purchase of productions of art, or so liberally patronised artists of every kind. Music always constituted one of his favourite recreations, and towards this time of his life he began to take a pleasure in hunting, for which diversion he had not manifested in his youth so much partiality. But another occupation or passion which, from its beneficial tendency and results, as well as from the tranquil enjoyments annexed to it, might seem peculiarly analogous to his character and disposition, employed much of his thoughts, and no inconsiderable portion of his leisure. I mean, farming and agricultural pursuits. He may be said to have shown the way, and to have set the example, which has been since imitated by the late Duke of Bedford, Mr. Coke, Lord Somerville, Sir John Sinclair, and so many other distinguished persons. Even this inclination, however beneficial and laudable in all its results, yet exposed him to satirical reflections, which malignity or party spirit embodied in the form of caricatures.

Satisfied with the legitimate power entrusted to him by the British constitution, and deeply impressed with the sanctity as well as inviolability of the oath administered to him at his coronation, George the Third did not desire to pass the limits of his rightful prerogative. "The king," said Lord North frequently, "would live on bread and water to preserve the constitution of this country. He would sacrifice his life to maintain it inviolate." I know that such was his opinion of his sovereign, and Lord North could not err in forming a judgment on the point. But equally tenacious of his just pretensions, and firm in resisting popular violence or innovation, he never receded from any point, or abandoned any measure, under the impulse of personal apprehension. His courage was calm, temperate, and steady. It was constitutional and hereditary, but it was always sustained by conviction, sense of public duty, and religion. These sentiments inspired, accompanied, and upheld him in the most distressing moments of his reign. Though he had not, like George the First, commanded armies and made campaigns in Hungary, or on the Rhine; nor had he proved his valour in the field, like George the Second, who fought at Oudenarde in his youth, and at Dettingen in his age, yet he possessed no less bravery than his ancestors; while he joined to personal steadiness a quality still more rare, political resolution. After the attempt made to assassinate him, in 1787, by Margaret Nicholson, an attempt which only failed from the knife being worn so thin about the middle of the blade that it bent with the resistance of the king's waistcoat, instead of entering his body, as it would otherwise have done, he immediately held his levee with the most perfect composure. No person who was present on that day at St. James's, could have supposed that he had just escaped from so imminent a danger.

In November, 1795, when the pebble was thrown or discharged into the coach in which he was proceeding to Westminster to open the session of parliament, while surrounded by a most ferocious mob, who manifested a truly Jacobinical spirit, he exhibited a calmness and self-possession prepared for every event. Few of his subjects would have shown the presence of mind, and attention to every thing except himself, which pervaded his whole conduct on the evening of the 15th of May, 1800, at the time that Hadfield discharged a pistol over his head, in the theatre, loaded with two slugs. His whole anxiety was directed towards the queen, who, not having entered the box, might, he apprehended, on hearing of the event, be overcome by her surprise or emotions. The dramatic piece which was about to be represented commenced in a short space of time, precisely as if no accident had interrupted its performance: and so little were his nerves shaken, or his internal tranquillity disturbed by it, that he took his accustomed doze of three or four minutes between the conclusion of the play and the commencement of the farce, precisely as he would have done on any other night. This circumstance, which so strongly indicated his serenity, did not escape the notice of his attendants.

He received, during the course of his reign, innumerable anonymous letters, threatening his life, all which he treated with uniform indifference. A nobleman, who is now no more, and who, during many years, was frequently about his person, as well as much in his confidence, assured me that he had seen several of them, which his majesty showed him, particularly when at Weymouth. While residing there during successive seasons, he was warned, in the ambiguous manner already mentioned, not to ride out on particular days on certain roads, if he valued his safety: but the king never failed to mount his horse, and to take the very road indicated in the letter. Speaking on the subject to that nobleman, he said, "I very well know that any man who chooses to sacrifice his own life, may, whenever he pleases, take away mine, riding out, as I do continually, with a single equerry and a footman. I only hope, that whoever may attempt it, will not do it in a barbarous or brutal manner." When we reflect on his conduct under these circumstances, as well as during the tumults of March, 1769, and the riots of June, 1780;—and if we contrast it with the weak or pusillanimous deportment of Louis the Sixteenth, in July, 1789, when the French monarchy was virtually overturned, in October of the same year, at the time of his being carried prisoner from Versailles to Paris, or on the 10th of August, 1792, when he abandoned the Tuileries, to seek refuge in the national assembly;—we shall perceive the leading cause of the preservation of England, and of the destruction of France. To George the Third, considered in his kingly capacity, might well be applied the assertion,

"—— 'T is the last keystone
That makes the arch."——

He seemed as if raised up by Providence, in its bounty to mankind, like an impregnable mound, to arrest the fury of revolution and Jacobinism. How can we wonder that such a prince should prefer Pitt, notwithstanding the inflexibility of his character, and the intractability of his natural disposition, for first minister, rather than Fox, who was successively the eulogist of Washington, of Laurens, of Lafayette, of Condorcet, and all the saints or martyrs of French and American insurrection!

That George the Third did not display those great energies of mind, those arts of condescending popularity, and that assemblage of extraordinary endowments, which met in Elizabeth, and which rendered her at once the terror of Europe, and the idol of her own subjects, must be admitted. That he could not, like Charles the Second, balance the errors or the vices of his government, by the seduction of his manners, and induce his people, like that prince, to love his person, though they condemned his conduct, we shall as readily confess. That he had not the advantage of being brought up amidst privations and mortifications of every kind, like William the Third, nor was, like William, compelled, at his first entrance on public life, to extricate his country by arms from a powerful foreign invader:—that he did not nourish the profound ambition, or develope the deep policy and active military spirit of that illustrious sovereign, cannot be disputed. But, if he was less distinguished by talents than William, he exhibited greater virtues. He resembled, indeed, in the leading features of his character, more the Antonines than Trajan or Augustus; and excited greater respect than he awakened admiration. But ages may probably elapse before we shall again behold on the throne, a prince more qualified, on the whole, to dispense happiness, and more justly an object of universal affection, blended with esteem.

If we compare him, as it is natural to do, either in his public capacity, or in his private conduct, with his two immediate predecessors, who may, nevertheless, justly be considered, on a fair review of their characters, as amiable and excellent sovereigns, the comparison is highly flattering to George the Third. He possessed, indeed, some advantages not enjoyed by either of those

princes. His birth, which took place in this island, and that complete assimilation with the people of England, which can only result from the joint effect of habits, language, and education, gave him a superiority over them, and placed him upon higher ground. The two preceding kings were foreigners, who acceded, or who were called to the throne, at an advanced period of life. George the First had attained his fifty-third, and George the Second, his forty-fourth year, at their respective accessions. They naturally and necessarily considered Hanover as their native country, though fortune had transplanted them to another soil. Even their policy, their treaties, their wars, and all their measures, were warped by foreign predilections, to which they sacrificed the interests of Great Britain. From these prejudices the king, who had never visited his electoral dominions, nor knew Germany except by description, was exempt in a great degree. Less impetuous and irascible than his grandfather, he possessed, likewise, a more capacious mind, more command of temper, and better talents for government. In moderation, judgment, and vigour of intellect, he at least equaled George the First; while in every other quality of the heart, or of the understanding, he exceeded that monarch. In his private life, as a husband, a father, and a man, he was superior to either. The conduct of George the First in these relations, will not, indeed, bear a severe inspection. His treatment of the unfortunate Sophia of Zell, his wife, whom he immured during the greater part of her life in a solitary Hanoverian castle, cannot be easily reconciled to the feelings of justice, or even of humanity. As little did he consult decorum, or public opinion and morals, in bringing over with him from Hanover to this country his two German mistresses, Sophia, baroness Kilmanseck, and Melesina, princess of Eberstein, whom he respectively created, the one Countess of Darlington, and the other, Duchess of Kendal. We may see, in Mr. Walpole's "Reminiscences," how openly they were received here in that character. Charles the Second could not have observed less secrecy with respect to Lady Castlemaine, or the Duchess of Portsmouth, nor have manifested less scruple about raising them to the dignity of the British peerage. Even at sixty-seven years of age, George the First, it appears, was about to have formed a new connection of the same nature with Miss Brett, when he was carried off by an apoplectic stroke.

His son and successor displayed indeed the utmost affection for his queen, with whom he not only lived on terms of conjugal union, but whose loss he deplored with tears, and cherished the warmest respect for her memory. Yet he did not on that account restrain his inclinations for other women. Mrs. Howard, who became afterwards Countess of Suffolk, and Madame de Walmoden, better known as Countess of Yarmouth, the one previous and the other subsequent to Queen Caroline's decease, were both avowedly distinguished by the strongest marks of royal favour. The latter is accused, by popular report, of having made, on more than one occasion, a most unjustifiable use, or rather abuse, of her interest with the king. Even peerages were said to be sold and distributed for her pecuniary benefit: a charge that has been revived from the treasury bench in our time. George the Third exhibited a model of self-command and of continence at twenty-two, than which antiquity, Greek or Roman, can produce nothing more admirable in the persons of Alexander or of Scipio. It is well known that before his marriage he distinguished, by his partiality, Lady Sarah Lenox, then one of the most beautiful young women of high rank in the kingdom. Edward the Fourth, or Henry the Eighth, in his situation, regardless of consequences, would have married her, and placed her on the throne. Charles the Second, more licentious, would have endeavoured to seduce her. But the king, who, though he admired her, neither desired to make her his wife nor his mistress, subdued his passion by the strength of his reason, his principles, and his sense of public duty. When we reflect on these circumstances, we may say with Horace, addressing ourselves to the British nation,

"Quando ullum inveniet parem?"

After having faithfully portrayed, though in the seeming language of panegyric, the character of George the Third, it is impossible, nevertheless, without violating truth, to deny that at this time, far from being popular, he was not even an object of general affection. We may justly question whether Charles the Second, though one of the most unprincipled, profligate, and licentious sovereigns who ever reigned in this country; destitute of morals, sunk in dissolute pleasures, who tamely beheld his fleet burned by the Dutch in his own harbours, a pensioner of France, insensible to national glory, and regardless of the subjection of the continent to Louis the Fourteenth;—yet was ever so unpopular at any period of his reign. In order to explain this seeming paradox, and to show how a prince, who, apparently from his many private virtues, should have possessed the attachment of his subjects, was nevertheless considered, by a very large proportion of them, with contrary sentiments, we must review the principal features of his government. That retrospect will fully account for the circumstance, while it elucidates the events which followed the commencement of the year 1781.

To the confined plan of education, and sequestered mode of life which the king led, subsequent to the death of his father, before his own accession to the crown, may be justly traced and attributed, at least in part, many of the errors as well as misfortunes that mark the portion of the British annals, from 1760 down to the close of the American war. During near ten years which elapsed between the demise of Frederick, Prince of Wales, early in 1751, and the decease of George the Second, a period when the human mind is susceptible of such deep impressions, he remained in a state of almost absolute seclusion from his future people, and from the world. Constantly resident at Leicester house, or at Carlton house when he was in London, immured at Kew whenever he went to the country; perpetually under the eye of his mother and of Lord Bute, who acted in the closest unity of design, he saw comparatively few other persons; and those only chosen individuals of both sexes. They naturally obtained, and long preserved, a very firm ascendant over him. When he ascended the throne, though already arrived at manhood, his very person was hardly known, and his character was still less understood, beyond a narrow circle. Precautions, as is well ascertained, were even adopted by the princess dowager, to preclude, as much as possible, access to him: precautions which, to the extent of her ability, were redoubled after he became king. It will scarcely be believed, but it is nevertheless true, that in order to prevent his conversing with any persons, or receiving any written intimations, anonymous or otherwise, between the drawing-room and the door of Carlton house, when he was returning from thence to St. James's or to Buckingham house, after his evening visits to his mother, she never failed to accompany him till he got into his sedan chair. "Junius," in May, 1770, after invidiously comparing Edward the Second and Richard the Second, two of the weakest princes who ever reigned in this country, with George the Third, adds, when summing up the leading features of his character, "Secluded from the world, attached from his infancy to one set of persons and one set of ideas, he can neither open his heart to new connections, nor his mind to better information. A character of this sort is the soil fittest to produce that obstinate bigotry in politics and religion, which begins with a meritorious sacrifice of the understanding, and finally conducts the monarch and the martyr to the block."

A prince who had been endowed by nature with great energies of mind, would, no doubt, have soon liberated himself from such fetters. Yet we may remember that Louis the Fourteenth, who surely must be considered as a sovereign of very superior intellectual attainments, remained under the tutelage of his mother and his minister, of Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin, till even a later period of life than twenty-two. Nor did he then emancipate himself. It was death, that by carrying off the cardinal, allowed the king to display those qualities which have rendered so celebrated his name and reign. A prince, on the other hand, of a gay, social, dissipated, or convivial turn, would equally have burst through these impediments. But pleasure of every kind, in the common acceptation of the term, as meaning dissipation, presented scarcely any attractions for him even previous to his marriage. Stories were indeed generally circulated of his attachment to a young woman, a quakeress, about this time of his life, just as scandal, many years afterwards, whispered that he distinguished Lady Bridget Tollemache by his particular attentions. The former report was probably well founded, and the latter assertion was unquestionably true; but those persons who have enjoyed most opportunities of studying the king's character, will most incline to believe that in neither instance did he pass the limits of innocent gallantry, or occasional familiarity. As little was he to be seduced by the gratifications of the table, of wine, or of festivity. To all these allurements he seemed disinclined from natural constitution, moral and physical. His brother Edward, Duke of York, plunged on the contrary very early into every sort of excess. But the example, however calculated to operate it might seem, produced no effect on a prince, modest, reserved, continent, capable of great self-command, and seeking almost all his amusements within a narrow domestic circle.

Before he succeeded to the crown, Lord Bute constituted in fact almost his only constant companion and confidant. To him alone the heir-apparent unbosomed his thoughts; with him the prince rode, walked, read, and conversed. They were on horseback together, upon the 25th of October, 1760; not far from Kew, when the intelligence of George the Second's sudden death reached him, confirmed immediately afterwards by Mr. Pitt in person, who then presided at the head of his majesty's councils, or formed at least the soul of the cabinet. On receiving the information, they returned to the palace, where the new king remained during the whole day, and passed that night, not coming up to St. James's till the ensuing morning. Mr. Pitt having presented him a paper containing a few sentences, which he suggested it might be proper to pronounce on meeting the privy council, the king, after thanking him, replied, that he had already considered the subject, and had drawn up his intended address, to be delivered at the council table. The minister, who perceived that Lord Bute had anticipated him, made the unavoidable inference. It was indeed sufficiently obvious, that however his administration might nominally continue for some time, yet his influence and authority were eclipsed or superseded.

Lord Bute, though in his private character, if not irreproachable in all respects, yet at least decorous and correct, nor by any means deficient in abilities, appears to have been nevertheless a very unfit governor for such a prince. There exists even no doubt that George the Second opposed and disapproved his appointment to that important office; but the partiality and perseverance of the princess dowager prevailed over the old king's repugnance. The circumstance of Lord Bute's being a native of Scotland, exposed him necessarily to malevolent attacks of many kinds; a fact at which we who live in the present century ought not to wonder, when we reflect how few years had then elapsed since the rebellion of 1745. Wilkes and Churchill, the one in prose, the other in poetry, always leveled their keenest shafts against the mother and the minister of the young sovereign. His very virtues became matter of reproach, of ridicule, or of satire. "Junius," some years later, improving upon these first attempts to degrade him in the estimation of his subjects, condensed all the powers of declamation in his memorable "Letter to the King." Yet the nation at large, candid and just, appreciated him fairly on his own merits. During the most gloomy periods of his reign, while they lamented or reprobated the measures of his various administrations, from Lord Bute down to Lord North, with little variation or exception, they yet admitted his personal virtues to form no slender extenuation of his public errors or demerits. His exemplary discharge of every private duty, balanced in their estimate the misfortunes which his pertinacity, inflexibility, or injudicious selection of his confidential servants, had entailed upon the country and upon the empire.

PRINCE FREDERICK.

It is well known that George the Second, and his son Frederick, Prince of Wales, during several years previous to the decease of the latter, lived on terms of complete alienation, or rather of hostility. Scarcely, indeed, were any measures observed, or was any veil drawn, before their mutual recriminations. The prince expired suddenly, in the beginning of 1751, at Leicester house, in the arms of Desnoyèrs, the celebrated dancing-master, who being near his bedside, engaged in playing on the violin for his royal highness's amusement, supported him in his last moments. His end was ultimately caused by an internal abscess, that had long been forming, in consequence of a blow which he received in the side from a cricket-ball, while he was engaged in playing at that

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PART I. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 21, 1837. NO. 8.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

game, on the lawn at Cliefden house, in Buckinghamshire, where he then principally resided. It did not take place, however, for several months subsequent to the accident. A collection of matter having been produced, which burst in his throat, the discharge instantly suffocated him. The king, his father, though he never went once to visit him during the whole progress of his illness, sent however constantly to make enquiries, and received accounts every two hours of his state and condition. But he was so far from desiring Frederick's recovery, that on the contrary he considered such an event, if it should take place, as an object of the utmost regret. He did not even conceal his sentiments on the point; for I know from good authority, that the king being one day engaged in conversation with the Countess of Yarmouth, when the page entered, announcing that the prince was better—"There, now," said his majesty, turning to her, "I told you that he would not die." On the evening of his decease, the 20th of March, George the Second had repaired, according to his usual custom, to Lady Yarmouth's apartments, situated on the ground floor in St. James's palace, where a party of persons of distinction of both sexes generally assembled for the purpose. His majesty had just sat down to play, and was engaged at cards, when a page, despatched from Leicester house, arrived, bringing information that the prince was no more. He received the intelligence without testifying either emotion or surprise. Then rising, he crossed the room to Lady Yarmouth's table, who was likewise occupied at play, and leaning over her chair, said to her, in a low tone of voice, in German, "Fritz is dode." Freddy is dead. Having communicated it to her, he instantly withdrew. She followed him, the company broke up, and the news became public. These particulars were related to me by the late Lord Sackville, who made one of Lady Yarmouth's party, and heard the king announce to her his son's decease.

Frederick seems never to have enjoyed, from his early youth, a distinguished place in the affection of his father, whose partiality was reserved for his youngest son, William, Duke of Cumberland. During the last twelve years of Frederick's life, we know that he passed much of his time in anticipations of his future sovereignty, and in forming administrations, which, like his own reign, were destined never to be realised. Among the noblemen and gentlemen who occupied a high place in his favour or friendship, were Charles, Duke of Queensbury, the patron of Gay, who died in 1778; Mr. Spencer, brother to the second Duke of Marlborough, and commonly called Jack Spencer; Charles, Earl of Middlesex, afterwards Duke of Dorset, and his brother Lord John Sackville, together with Francis, Earl of Guilford. The personal resemblance that existed between Lord North (son of the last mentioned peer, who was subsequently first minister) and Prince George, was thought so striking as to excite much remark and pleasantry on the part of Frederick himself, who often jested on the subject with Lord Guilford, observing, that the world would think one of their wives had played her husband false, though it might be doubtful which of them lay under the imputation. Persons who may be disposed to refine upon the prince's observation, will perhaps likewise be struck with other points of physical similarity between George the Third and Lord North; in particular with the loss of sight, a privation common to both in the decline of life.

Lady Archibald Hamilton formed, during many years, the object of Frederick's avowed and particular attachment. In order to be near him, she resided in Pall-Mall, close to Carlton house, the prince having allowed her to construct a drawing-room, the windows of which commanded over the gardens of that palace, and the house itself communicated with them. Towards men of genius, his royal highness always affected to extend his protection. Glover, the writer of "Leonidas," enjoyed his confidence, though we may justly doubt how much of it was given to him as a member of parliament, the friend of Pulteney and Pitt; how much was extended to him as a poet. The prince showed uncommon deference for Pope, whom he visited at Twickenham, a circumstance to which that author alludes with natural pride, when, after enumerating the great or illustrious persons who honoured him with their regard and friendship, he subjoins—

> "And if yet higher the proud list should end,
> Still let me add, no follower, but a friend."

In force of character, steadiness, vigour of mind, and the qualities that fit men for government, even his friends considered the prince to be deficient. Nor was economy among the virtues that he displayed; he having before his decease contracted numerous debts to a large amount, which were never discharged. Even through the medium of Dodington's description, who was partial to Frederick's character and memory, we cannot conceive any very elevated idea of him. His court seems to have been the centre of cabal, torn by contending candidates for the guidance of his future imaginary reign. The Earl of Egmont, and Dodington himself, were avowedly at the head of two great hostile parties. In November, 1749, we find his royal highness in a secret conclave held at Carlton house, making all the financial dispositions proper to be adopted on the demise of the king, his father, and framing a new civil list. At the close of these mock deliberations, he binds the three assistants to abide by and support his plans—giving them his hand, and making them take hands with each other. The transaction, as narrated by Dodington, who was himself one of the party, reminds the reader of a similar convocation commemorated by Sallust, and is not unlike one of the scenes in "Venice Preserved." It was performed, however, after dinner, which may perhaps form its best apology. The diversions of the prince's court appear to us equally puerile. Three times, within thirteen months preceding his decease, Dodington accompanied him and the Princess of Wales to fortune-tellers—the last of which frolics took place scarcely nine weeks before his death. After one of these magical consultations, apparently dictated by anxiety to penetrate his future destiny, the party supped with Mrs. Cannon, the princess's midwife. Frederick used to go, disguised, to Hockley-in-the-Hole, to witness bull-baiting. Either Lord Middlesex, or Lord John Sackville, father to the late Duke of Dorset, were commonly his companions on such expeditions. As far as we are authorised from these premises to form a conclusion, his premature death before he ascended the throne ought not to excite any great national regret.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

George the Second, who survived the prince near ten years, died at last not less suddenly than his son, though at the advanced age of seventy-seven—a period attained by no sovereign in modern history, except Louis the Fourteenth. A rupture in some of the vessels, or in the membrane of the heart, carried him off in a few minutes. During his whole life, but particularly for a number of years before his decease, he had been subject to such constant palpitations about the region of the heart, especially after dinner, that he always took off his clothes, and reposed himself for an hour in bed, of an afternoon. In order to accommodate himself to this habit, or infirmity, Mr. Pitt, when, as secretary of state, he was sometimes necessitated to transact business with the king during the time that he lay down, always knelt on a cushion by the bedside—a mark of respect which contributed to render him not a little acceptable to his majesty. At his rising, George the Second dressed himself completely a second time, and commonly passed the evening at cards, with Lady Yarmouth, in a select party. His sight had greatly failed him, for some time preceding his decease. I have heard Mr. Fraser say, who was during many years under secretary of state, that in 1760, a few months before the king died, having occasion to present a paper to him for his signature, at Kensington, George the Second took the pen in his hand, and having, as he conceived, affixed his name to it, returned it to Fraser. But so defective was his vision, that he had neither dipped his pen in the ink, nor did he perceive that, of course, he had only drawn it over the paper, without making any impression. Fraser, aware of the king's blindness, yet unwilling to let his majesty perceive that he discovered it, said, "Sir, I have given you so bad a pen that it will not write. Allow me to present you a better for the purpose." Then dipping it himself in the ink, he returned it to the king, who, without making any remark, instantly signed the paper.

He was unquestionably an honest, well-intentioned, and good prince, of very moderate, but not mean talents; frugal in his expenses, from natural character. More inclined to avarice than any king of England since Henry the Seventh: irascible and hasty, but not vindictive in his temper. Imbued with a strong enmity to France, and as warm a predilection for Germany, he never enjoyed such felicity as when at Herenhausen, surrounded by his Hanoverian courtiers and subjects. William the Third, in like manner, seemed to taste much more happiness while hunting at Loo, in the sterile sands of Guelderland, than at Whitehall, or at Hampton court. At the battle of Dettingen, in 1743, it was well known that George the Second's horse, which was unruly, ran away with him to a considerable distance. General Cyrus Trapaud, then an ensign, by seizing the horse's bridle, enabled his majesty to dismount in safety. "Now that I am once on my legs," said he, "I am sure I shall not run away." Having enquired Trapaud's name, the king always distinguished him afterwards in military promotions. When incensed, either with his ministers or with his attendants, he was sometimes not master of his actions, nor attentive to preserve his dignity. On these occasions, his hat, and it is asserted, even his wig, became frequently the objects on which he expended his anger.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

Queen Coroline, by her address, her judicious compliances, and her activity of character, maintained, down to the time of her decease, in 1737, a great ascendant over him. She formed the chief conducting wire between the sovereign and his first minister. It is a fact, that Sir Robert Walpole and her majesty managed matters with so much art as to keep up a secret understanding by watch-words, even in the drawing-room, when and where George the Second was present. According to the king's temper, frame of mind, or practicability on the points which Sir Robert wished to carry, the queen signified to him whether to proceed, or to desist, on that particular day. This communication was so well preconcerted, and so delicately executed, as to be imperceptible by the by-standers. Sir Robert lost a most able and vigilant ally, when Queen Caroline died. Her decease was indeed a misfortune to her husband, to her children, and to the nation. She sacrificed her life to the desire of concealing her complaint—a rupture of the bowels—which might have been easily reduced, if she had not delayed the disclosure of it till a mortification took place. We have not possessed, since Elizabeth's death, a queen of more talent, capacity, and strength of understanding, than Caroline of Brandenburgh Anspach. Anne of Denmark, wife of James the First, was a woman of mean endowments, deficient in judgment, and of doubtful moral character. Henrietta Maria possessed great personal beauty, and graces of deportment; but she was violent, bigoted, and conduced, by her imprudent advice, to accelerate the ruin of Charles the First. Catherine of Braganza wanted every attraction of mind or of body. And Mary of Modena, however agreeable in her person, as well as correct in her conduct, she might be, was superstitious, and unfit for the throne of England, though she might have adorned a little Italian court. Mary, wife of William the Third, approached the nearest to Queen Caroline, but did not equal her in mental endowments.

MR. PITT.

At the time of his decease, George the Second certainly enjoyed great and universal popularity. But to Mr. Pitt, afterwards created Earl of Chatham, he was eminently indebted for this gratifying distinction at the close of life, when victory was said to have erected her

altar between his aged knees. The misfortunes and disgraces which preceded Pitt's entrance into office had in fact forced him upon the king, who, notwithstanding that minister's recognised talents, did not employ him without the utmost reluctance. The inglorious naval engagement in the Mediterranean, between Byng and La Galissoniere, for his conduct in which the former of those admirals suffered—the consequent loss of Minorca, the defeat of Braddock in Virginia, the repulse sustained before Ticonderoga, the ignominious capitulation of William, Duke of Cumberland, at Closter-Seven, and the disgraceful expedition against Rochefort—these ill-concerted, or ill-executed measures, at the commencement of the war of 1756, had not only brought the administration into contempt, but had much diminished the national affection borne towards the sovereign. From the period of Pitt's nomination to a place in the cabinet, success almost uniformly attended on the British arms. Though only occupying the post of secretary of state, he directed, or rather he dictated, the operations, at home and abroad. The treasury, the admiralty, the war office, all obeyed his orders with prompt and implicit submission. Lord Anson, and the Duke of Newcastle, sometimes, it is true, remonstrated, and often complained, but always finished by compliance. In the full career of Pitt's ministerial triumphs, George the Second died—an event which it is impossible not to consider as having been a great national misfortune, when we reflect on the nature of the peace which took place little more than two years afterwards, in November, 1762. Mr. Pitt, we may be assured, would have dictated far different terms to the two branches of the house of Bourbon. The new king did not indeed immediately dismiss so able and popular a statesman; but it was soon suspected that his administration, though it might languish, or continue for a few months, would not prove of long duration. Lord Bute had already secured the exclusive regard and favour of the young monarch.

LORD BUTE.

The late Mrs. Boscawen, widow of the admiral of that name, so distinguished in our naval annals, whose connections enabled her to collect many curious facts in the course of a long life, has often assured me that Lord Bute's first personal introduction to the Prince of Wales, originated in a very singular accident. That nobleman, as is well known, married the only daughter of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, by whom he had a very numerous family. She brought him eventually likewise a large landed property; but, as her father, Mr. Wortley, did not die till the year 1761, and as her brother, the eccentric Edward Wortley Montague, lived to a much later period, I believe down to 1777, Lord Bute, encumbered with a number of children, found his patrimonial fortune very unequal to maintain the figure befitting his rank in life. After passing some years in profound retirement, on his estate in the Isle of Bute, he revisited England, and took a house on the banks of the Thames. During his residence there, he was induced to visit Egham races, about 1747. But, as he either did not at that time keep a carriage, or did not use it to convey him to the race ground, he condescended to accompany a medical acquaintance—in other words, the apothecary that attended his lordship's family, who carried him there in his own chariot. Frederick, Prince of Wales, who then resided at Cliefden, honoured the races on that day with his presence, where a tent was pitched for his accommodation, and the reception of the princess, his consort. The weather proving rainy, it was proposed, in order to amuse his royal highness before his return home, to make a party at cards; but a difficulty occurred about finding persons of sufficient rank to sit down at the same table with him. While they remained under this embarrassment, somebody observed that Lord Bute had been seen on the race ground, who, as being an earl, would be peculiarly proper to make one of the prince's party. He was soon found, informed of the occasion which demanded his attendance, brought to the tent, and presented to Frederick. When the company broke up, Lord Bute thought of returning back to his own house—but his friend the apothecary had disappeared, and with him had disappeared the chariot in which his lordship had been brought to Egham races. The prince was no sooner made acquainted with the circumstance, than he insisted on Lord Bute's accompanying him to Cliefden, and there passing the night. He complied, rendered himself extremely acceptable to their royal highnesses, and thus laid the foundation, under a succeeding reign, of his political elevation, which flowed originally in some measure from this strange contingency.

Lord Bute, when young, possessed a very handsome person, of which advantage he was not insensible, and he used to pass many hours every day, as his enemies asserted, occupied in contemplating the symmetry of his own legs during his solitary walks by the side of the Thames. Even after he became an inmate at Cliefden, and at Leicester house, he frequently played the part of "Lothario," in the private theatricals exhibited for the amusement of their royal highnesses, by the late Duchess of Queensbury, a fact to which Wilkes alludes with malignant pleasantry, in more than one of his publications. To these external accomplishments he added a cultivated mind, illuminated by a taste for many branches of the fine arts and letters. For the study of botany he nourished a decided passion, which he gratified to the utmost, and in the indulgence of which predilection he manifested on some occasions a princely liberality. Of a disposition naturally retired and severe, he was not formed for an extensive commerce with mankind, or endowed by nature with talents for managing popular assemblies. Even in his family he was austere, harsh, difficult of access, and sometimes totally inaccessible to his own children. In the house of lords he neither displayed eloquence nor graciousness of manner. But he proved himself likewise deficient in a quality still more essential for a first minister, firmness of character. Yet with these political defects of mind, and of personal deportment, he undertook to displace and he aspired to succeed Mr. Pitt, at a moment when that minister had carried the glory of the British arms to an unexampled height, by sea and land. We cannot sufficiently regret that George the Third should not have contented himself with heaping honours and dignities on him, carefully excluding him from any political employment. Few princes, however, of whom history preserves any record, have manifested, at twenty-three, a judgment so superior to the natural partialities of youth. Even Elizabeth, though she placed Cecil at the head of her councils, yet committed her armies successively to Leicester and to Essex.

After an administration of about two years, passed either in the post of secretary of state, or as first lord of the treasury, during which time he brought the war with France and Spain to a conclusion, Lord Bute abandoning his royal master, quitted his situation, and again withdrew to privacy. No testimonies of national regret or of national esteem accompanied him at his departure from office. His magnificent residence in Berkeley square exposed him to very malignant comments respecting the means by which he had reared so expensive a pile. His enemies asserted that he could not possibly have possessed the ability, either from his patrimonial fortune or in consequence of his marriage, to erect such a structure. As little could he be supposed to have amassed wherewithal, during his very short administration, to suffice for its construction. The only satisfactory solution of the difficulty, therefore, lay in imagining that he had either received presents from France, or had made large purchases in the public funds, previous to the signature of the preliminaries. "Junius," addressing the Duke of Bedford, who signed that peace, in his letter of the "19th September, 1769," written within seven years afterwards, charges the duke in the most unequivocal terms with betraying and selling his country. "Your patrons," says he, "wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions without daring to insist upon any honourable condition for his sovereign. Their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity as for the welfare of his country, and they found him in the first rank of the nobility. Belleisle, Goree, Guadaloupe, St. Lucia, Martinique, the fishery, and the Havana, are glorious monuments of your grace's talents for negotiation. My lord, we are too well acquainted with your pecuniary character to think it possible that so many public sacrifices should have been made without some private compensations. Your conduct carries with it an internal evidence beyond all the legal proofs of a court of justice." No answer was ever made to this charge, either by the duke or by any of his friends, if we except Sir William Draper's vague and unauthorised letter of the "7th of October, 1769."

Dr. Musgrave, an English physician, who practised medicine at Paris, in 1763, and whose name has been known in the republic of letters by the publication of some tragedies of Euripides, did not scruple to assert publicly that the Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute received money from the French court, for aiding to effect the peace. I am acquainted with the individuals, gentlemen of the highest honour and most unimpeached veracity, to whom Dr. Musgrave himself related the circumstance at Paris, in 1764, almost immediately after the treaty of Fontainbleau. And if I do not name them it is only because they are still alive. Dr. Musgrave did not retract his accusation when he was examined at the bar of the house of commons some years afterwards, in the month of January, 1770, upon the same point. He maintained, on the contrary, his original assertion, which he supported by facts or circumstances calculated to authenticate its truth, though the house thought proper to declare it "frivolous and unworthy of credit." "Junius," writing in the month of May, 1770, says, "Through the whole proceedings of the house of commons, in this session, there is an apparent, a palpable consciousness of guilt, which has prevented their daring to assert their own dignity, where it has been immediately and grossly attacked. In the course of Dr. Musgrave's examination, he said every thing that can be conceived mortifying to individuals or offensive to the house. They voted his information frivolous, but they were awed by his firmness and integrity, and sunk under it." Dr. Musgrave resided in this country during the last years of his life, and died, I believe, at Exeter, in the summer of the year 1780.

Similar reflections, indeed, at different periods of our history, have been thrown not only upon ministers but even upon kings. Lord Clarendon, when chancellor, under Charles the Second, having, like Lord Bute, undertaken to build a magnificent house in London, soon after the sale of Dunkirk to Louis the Fourteenth, about 1664, it was named by the people "Dunkirk house," on the supposition of its having been raised by French money. No person can doubt of Charles the Second himself having received large sums from the court of Versailles for purposes inimical to the interests of his people. So did his successor, James the Second. Bribes were even confidently said and believed to have been given to various of the courtiers or favourites of William the Third, from the East India Company and other corporate bodies, in order to procure the consent or approbation of the sovereign to the renewal of their charters. The Duchess of Kendal, mistress of George the First, as well as Craggs, father of the secretary of state of the same name, and himself at the time postmaster general, together with other individuals about the court or person of that monarch, were either known or supposed to have been implicated in the transactions of the memorable South Sea year, 1720, when such immense sums were gained and lost in that ruinous speculation. Malignity did not spare the king himself, who, it was asserted, became a sharer in the acquisitions. Lord Bute, at the distance of half a century, is still believed to have rendered the treaty of Fontainbleau subservient to his private emolument; a supposition which was again renewed twenty years later, at the conclusion of the peace of 1783, against Lord Shelburne, with greater violence and with bolder affirmation. Such were the unfortunate results of the Earl of Bute's ministry, which must be considered as having given the first blow to the popularity enjoyed by the king at his accession to the throne.

It is an indisputable fact that Lord Bute, terrified or disgusted at the indications of resentment shown by the nation, forsook his master, and that he was not dismissed or abandoned by the sovereign. He was the first though not the last minister who, in the course of the present reign, exhibited that example of timidity, or weariness, or desertion. But his ostensible relinquishment of office by no means restored to the king the confidence or the affections of his subjects. Even when nominally divested of power, Lord Bute was still supposed to direct unseen the wheels of government. However false and unfounded might be this imputation, and such I have ever considered it, yet it operated with irresistible force. A cry of secret influence arose, more pernicious in its effects on the country at large than even the open accusations lately leveled against the incapacity or venality of the first minister. The Grenville administration, which succeeded, was stigmatised as being only a machine, the puppets of which were agitated by concealed wires. It is obvious that no imputation in the power of

malevolence to invent and circulate could be more calculated to prejudice the king in the estimation of his people. But it became further augmented by another topic of abuse and declamation, founded on the extraordinary degree of favour enjoyed by Lord Bute at Carlton house, and the predilection with which he was known to be regarded by the Princess Dowager of Wales. Satirical prints, generally dispersed throughout the kingdom, in which her royal highness was not at all spared, inflamed the public mind. Comparisons drawn from English history, particularly from the reign of Edward the Third, when the Queen Dowager Isabella, and Mortimer her favourite, were known or supposed to have lived in a criminal union, these allusions, which were disseminated in all the periodical works of the time, and particularly in the "North Briton," made a deep impression.

Even the filial deference and respect manifested by his majesty after his accession, down to the last moment of her life, towards his mother, was converted into a subject not only of censure but of accusation, as originating in unworthy motives. It cannot, however, be denied, that Lord Bute enjoyed a higher place in that princess's favour, if not in her affection, than seemed compatible with strict propriety. His visits to Carlton house, which were always performed in the evening, and the precautions taken to conceal his arrival, though they might, perhaps, have been dictated more by an apprehension of insult from the populace, to whom he was obnexious, than from any improper reasons, yet awakened suspicion. He commonly made use, on these occasions, of the sedan chair and the chairmen of Miss Vansittart, a lady who held a distinguished place in her royal highness's family. In order more effectually to elude notice, the curtains of the chair were close drawn. The repartee of Miss Chudleigh, afterwards better known as Duchess of Kingston, at that time a maid of honour at Carlton house, when reproached by her royal mistress for the irregularities of her conduct, obtained likewise much publicity. "*Votre altesse royale sait*," replied she, "*que chacune a son but*." As the king was accustomed to repair frequently of evenings to Carlton house, and there to pass a considerable time, the world supposed that the sovereign, his mother, and the ex-minister, met in order to concert and to compare their ideas, thus forming a sort of interior cabinet, which controlled and directed the ostensible administration.

That after having so precipitately thrown up the ministerial reins in 1763, Lord Bute felt desirous of again resuming his political power, I know from good authority. And that he was aided in the attempt by the princess, with all her influence, is equally matter of fact, but their joint efforts proved unavailing to effect the object. A nobleman, who was accustomed at that time to form one of the party which met at Carlton house, and who usually remained there while his majesty stayed, assured me that every measure had been concerted between her royal highness and Lord Bute, for the purpose of bringing him again into ministry. As the first necessary step towards its accomplishment, they agreed that he should endeavour to obtain permission to see the despatches, which were often sent to the king from the secretary of state, while he continued with his mother. On those occasions, when the green box containing letters or papers arrived, he always withdrew into another room, in order to peruse them at his ease. Lord Bute, as had been prearranged upon the messenger bringing a despatch, immediately took up two candles and proceeded before the king to the closet, expecting that his majesty, when they were alone together, would communicate to him its nature, and that he should thus begin again to transact business. But the king, unquestionably aware of the intention, and probably disgusted at the want of firmness which his minister had formerly shown, or from other unascertained causes, extinguished at once the hopes entertained from this project. When he came to the door of the room he stopped, took the candles out of Lord Bute's hand, and then dismissing him, shut the door, after which he proceeded to examine the despatches alone. Lord Bute returned to the company, and the experiment was never repeated.

If the selection of that nobleman for the office of first minister, and the dismission of Mr. Pitt, deprived the king of the affections of many loyal subjects, the terms upon which the treaty of Fontainbleau was concluded, early in 1763, by Lord Bute, excited the strongest sensations of general disapprobation throughout the country. I am old enough to remember the expressions of that condemnation which it is impossible not to admit were well founded. When we reflect that the navy of France had been nearly annihilated, as early as 1759, by Sir Edward Hawke, in the action at Quiberon; that Spain could make little or no opposition to us on the ocean; and that we were masters of Quebec, Montreal, together with all Canada, Cape Breton, Pondicherry, Goree, Belleisle, the Havana, and a large part of Cuba, besides the islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe, not to mention the capture of Manilla, which was not then known; while, on the other hand, the enemy, though they probably would have effected the conquest or reduction of Portugal in the course of the ensuing campaign, yet had taken nothing from us, which they had retained, except Minorca; when we consider these facts, what shall we say to a peace which restored to the two branches of the house of Bourbon every possession above enumerated, except Canada? for as to Cape Breton, when dismantled, it became only an useless desert; accepting, in exchange for so many valuable colonies or settlements in every quarter of the globe, the cession of the two Floridas from Spain, together with the restitution of Minorca by France. At the distance of more than half a century, when the passions and prejudices of the hour have ceased, we cannot consider such a treaty without astonishment and concern. Scarcely indeed does the peace of Utrecht justly awaken warmer feelings of indignation; for concluding which its authors were impeached, imprisoned, or compelled to fly their country. If Lord Bute escaped the fate of Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, he has not been more exempt than were those ministers from the censures of his cotemporaries and of posterity. Nor did Queen Anne perhaps sustain a greater loss of reputation and popularity by signing the treaty of Utrecht than George the Third suffered by concluding that of Fontainbleau. Its impolicy appears not less glaring, nor less obvious, than its defects of every other kind. The expulsion of the French from Canada, and of the Spaniards from Florida, by liberating the American colonies from all apprehension of foreign enemies, laid the inevitable foundation of their rebellion, and effected their subsequent emancipation from Great Britain within the space of twenty years. This necessary result of such measures, perfectly foreseen at the time, was pointed out by Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, as well as by others. The house of Bourbon, soon recovering from the wounds inflicted by Pitt, contested anew, with better success, for the empire of the sea. Neither the Havana, Belleisle, nor Manilla, have ever passed a second time under the power of the English. If we weigh these circumstances, we shall not wonder that motives unworthy of an upright minister, or of an able statesman, were attributed to Lord Bute. Nor shall we be surprised that the incapacity or errors of the administration diminished in no small degree the respect justly inspired by the private virtues of the sovereign.

The injudicious persecution of Wilkes completed the unpopularity which Lord Bute's person and measures had begun to produce throughout the nation. Whatever might have been the misconduct of Wilkes, and however deficient he might have appeared in those moral qualities which entitle to public respect, or even to individual approbation; yet, from the instant that he became an object of royal or ministerial resentment, on account of his attachment to the cause of freedom, he found protectors in the public. Neither his wit, his talents, nor his courage, could have raised him to political eminence, if he had not been singled out for severe, not to say unconstitutional, prosecution. The two secretaries of state, and the lord steward of the household, had they been hired by his worst enemies to injure their royal master in the esteem of his people, and to throw, as it were, upon *him* the odium of *their* violence, or incapacity, or ignorance, could not have done it more effectually than by the line of action which they adopted. Lord Talbot is consigned to eternal ridicule, (as Pope says that Cromwell is "damned to everlasting fame,") in that incomparable letter written by Wilkes to the late Earl Temple, descriptive of the entertaining duel fought at Bagshot, where the lord steward appears in the most contemptible point of view. The Earls of Egremont and Halifax, by issuing a general warrant for the seizure of Wilkes, and taking his person into custody, while they compromised the majesty of the crown, trampled on the liberties of the subject, and violated the essence of the English constitution. Men who commented with severity on these measures of impolitic resentment, arraigned them as more characteristic of the vindictive administration of James the Second than becoming the mild government of George the Third. Wilkes, nevertheless, wounded in a duel, repeatedly menaced with assassination, pursued by the house of commons, and outlawed by the court of king's bench, withdrew into France, where he insensibly sunk into oblivion. His very name, and his public merits, as well as his private sufferings, seemed to be equally forgotten by the nation during two or three years.

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

But the Duke of Grafton, who had become first minister after the extinction of the feeble administration of Lord Rockingham, appeared as if desirous to improve upon the errors, and to renew the most unpopular acts of his predecessor, Lord Bute. Instead of wisely extending the pardon of the crown to Mr. Wilkes, or treating him with magnanimous contempt, when he returned from Paris, the duke, in defiance of their past intimacy and familiarity, put in force the penalties of his sentence of outlawry, thus rendering him a second time the object of general compassion and protection. Rejected as a candidate to represent the city of London, he was elected member for the county of Middlesex. Assemblies of the people in St. George's Fields, whom it was esteemed necessary to repress by a military force, and in performing which service some individuals were killed or wounded, exasperated the nation against the author of such severities. The house of commons, adopting the principles as well as the enmities of the administration, expelled Wilkes from his seat, declared him ineligible to sit among them, and placed Colonel Luttrell in his room. While the pardon of the crown was extended to persons convicted of the most sanguinary outrages and riots during the election at Brentford, by measures of consummate incapacity, a popular individual was singled out for the whole vengeance of the government and the legislature. The tumults of London, in March, 1769, which menaced with insult or attack even the palace of the sovereign, bore no feeble resemblance to the riotous disorders that preceded the civil wars, under Charles the First. A hearse, followed by the mob, was driven into the court-yard of St. James's, decorated with insignia of the most humiliating or indecent description. I have always understood that the late Lord Mountmorris, then a very young man, was the person who on that occasion personated the executioner, holding an axe in his hands, and his face covered with a crape. The king's firmness did not however forsake him in the midst of the trying ebullitions of democratic rage. He remained calm and unmoved in the drawing-room, while the streets surrounding his residence echoed with the shouts of an enraged multitude, who seemed disposed to proceed to the greatest extremities. But the Duke of Grafton did not manifest equal constancy nor display the same resolution as his master. It seemed to be the fate of George the Third to be served by ministers as much his inferiors in personal and political courage as in every other moral or estimable quality.

JUNIUS.

Another opponent, still more formidable than Mr. Wilkes, had arisen amidst these convulsions of the capital and the country, who, from the place of his concealment, inflicted the severest wounds, and who seems to have eluded all discovery down to the present hour. It is obvious that I mean "Junius." This celebrated writer, whom the obtrusive and imprudent vanity of Sir William Draper, even more than his own matchless powers of composition, originally forced upon the notice of the public, appeared in January, 1769. His first letter, addressed to the printer of the "Public Advertiser," then a popular newspaper, depictures in the severest colours the situation of the country, dishonoured, as he asserts, in the eyes of foreign nations, disunited, oppressed, and ill-administered at home. Like Satan, when invoking his stupified and fallen associates, he seems to exclaim, while endeavouring to rouse the English nation from their political apathy,

"Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen."

The conclusion of his opening address operated with amazing effect, and can hardly be exceeded in energy. "If," says he, "by the immediate interposition of Providence, it were possible for us to escape a crisis so full of terror and despair, posterity will not believe the history of the present times. They will not believe it possible that their ancestors could have survived or recovered from so desperate a condition, while a duke of Grafton was prime minister; a lord North chancellor of the exchequer; a Weymouth and a Hillsborough secretaries of state; a Granby commander in chief; and Mansfield chief criminal judge of the kingdom." After transfixing with his keenest shafts the commander in chief of the forces, the lord chief justice of the king's bench, and the Duke of Bedford, he fastened like a vulture on the first minister. With an acrimony and ability that have perhaps never been equaled by any political writer, he endeavoured to point the public indignation equally against the person and the measures of the Duke of Grafton. Superior in beauty of diction, and all the elegance of literary composition to Lord Bolingbroke; not inferior to Swift in closeness as well as correctness of style, and in force of satire; the letters of "Junius" will be read as long as the English language endures. Nor did his pen, after exposing the want of spirit and energy in the government, respect even the majesty of the throne. In his memorable "Letter to the King," which cannot be perused without a mixture of admiration and indignation, he too successfully labours to render even the virtues of the sovereign suspicious and odious, while he attempts to degrade the royal character in the opinions of his subjects. The avidity with which these publications were then sought after and perused, is difficult to be conceived at the present time, and never was exceeded at any period of our history. "Junius" may indeed be justly reckoned among the leading causes which drove the Duke of Grafton from the helm of affairs.

I have been assured by persons of honour and veracity who were in the habit of continually seeing Mr. Bradshaw, then secretary of the treasury, and of knowing his private sentiments, that he made no secret to them of the agony into which the Duke of Grafton was thrown by these productions. Such was their effect and operation on his mind, as sometimes utterly to incapacitate him during whole days for the ministerial duties of his office. There are, nevertheless, many who believe and assert, that his sudden resignation was not so much produced by the attacks of "Junius," as it originated from another quarter. It has been pretended that the Princess Dowager of Wales, highly indignant at the mention made of her name in the examination and depositions of Dr. Musgrave at the bar of the house of commons, remonstrated strongly with the king on the supineness of his first minister, in permitting, or rather in not suppressing, such enquiries. However the fact may be, it is certain that at a moment when such an event was least expected, in January 1770, he resigned his office, giving, as Lord Bute had done before, another instance of ministerial dereliction, but not the last of the kind which has occurred in the course of the present reign. Lord North, who succeeded to his place, inherited likewise a considerable portion of his unpopularity.

Having mentioned the subject and the productions of "Junius," it seems impossible to dismiss them without making some allusion to their author. I have always considered that secret as the best kept of any in our time. It was indeed on many accounts, and for many reasons, a secret of the most perilous nature. For the offences given, and the wounds inflicted by his pen, were too deep and too severe to admit of forgiveness, when we reflect that living sovereigns and ministers formed the objects selected for his attack. I have been assured that the king, riding out in the year 1772, accompanied by General Desaguliers, said to him in conversation, "We know who 'Junius' is, and he will write no more." The general, who was too good a courtier to congratulate upon such a piece of intelligence, contented himself with bowing, and the discourse proceeded no further. Mrs. Shuttleworth, who was General Desaguliers's daughter, believed in the accuracy of this fact. If, however, the king had penetrated to the secret, I do not believe that the Duke of Grafton, or the first Lord Mansfield, had arrived at any certitude on the point, though their suspicions might be strongly directed towards some one individual. It is certain that Sir William Draper died in ignorance of his antagonist, and that he continued to express down to a very short time before his decease, which took place at Bath, his concern at the prospect of going out of life uninformed on the subject. Lord North either did not or professed not to know his name. The late Lord Temple protested the same ignorance. He must, nevertheless, have lain within a very narrow circle, for every evidence, internal and external, proves him to have been a person of pre-eminent parts, admirable information, high connections, living almost constantly in the metropolis, and in good company, ignorant of nothing which was done at St. James's, in the two houses of parliament, in the war office, or in the courts of law, and personally acquainted with many anecdotes or facts only to be attained by men moving in the first ranks of society. I do not speak of his classical attainments, because those might have been found among mere men of letters. "Junius" was a man of the world. Henry Sampson Woodfall, who printed the letters themselves, was ignorant of the name or quality of the writer, and remained so during his whole life. Who then, we repeat, was he?*

THE KING.

Even after the interval of four years which elapsed before the commencement of the American rebellion, though the nation enjoyed profound peace, together with all the advantages of commerce, augmenting opulence, and progressive prosperity, yet the sovereign was by no means popular. New sources of discontent, and imaginary or doubtful subjects of complaint, were ingeniously discovered. Lord Bute had indeed disappeared from the theatre of public life, and the Princess Dowager of Wales, whose supposed influence over her son rendered her always an object of attack, was no more. She expired in 1772, of a most painful disease, which she supported with uncommon firmness. But other names and figures succeeded to their pretended influence behind the curtain of state. Bradshaw, surnamed "the cream-coloured parasite," and Dyson, gave place to the superior ascendency of Jenkinson, who was accused of directing, unseen, the resolutions of the cabinet, and of possessing the interior secret as well as confidence of the crown. A prince, distinguished by almost every domestic virtue, animated by the noblest intentions, and by the warmest affection for his people, was represented as despotic, inflexible, vindictive, and disposed to govern by unconstitutional means or engines. His very pleasures, his tastes, and his private recreations, were traduced or satirised as bearing the same stamp and impression. Poetry lent her aid to expose these personal weaknesses, if such they were, to public animadversion or ridicule. The "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers," (attributed to one of the finest poetic writers of the period, Mason,) rivaled "Junius" in delicacy of invective, in its insulting irony, and in the severity of its imputations. Such appeared to be the state of public opinion, and such the prejudices generally entertained against the king throughout the nation, at the period when, in the summer of 1775, hostilities began on the American continent.

TAXING AMERICA.

That George the Third, from a very early period of his reign, had imbibed a deeply rooted opinion of the parliamentary right inherent in the mother country to tax her American colonies, and of the practicability, or rather the facility, of the attempt, if made, no well-informed man can entertain a doubt. As early as 1764, his majesty conversing with Mr. George Grenville, then first minister, on the subject of the finances, which, after the close of the triumphant "seven years' war," demanded economy, no less than ability, to re-establish; mentioned to him as one great resource, the measure of taxing America. Mr. Grenville replied that he had frequently revolved and thoroughly considered the proposition, which he believed to be not only difficult, but impracticable, and pregnant, if undertaken, with the most alarming consequences to the sovereign himself. These apprehensions, far however from intimidating or discouraging the king, made no impression on his mind; and, in a subsequent conversation with the same minister, his majesty gave him plainly to understand, that if he wanted either nerves or inclination to make the attempt, others could be found who were ready to undertake it. The words produced their full effect upon the person to whom they were addressed, and Mr. Grenville preferred endeavouring to realise the experiment, however hazardous he might esteem it, rather than allow it to be committed to other hands. It failed at that time, but was revived ten years later, with more serious national results, under Lord North's administration.

I have always considered the *principle* upon which that war commenced, and peculiarly as affecting the king, to have been not only defensible, but meritorious. It was not a war of prerogative, but a contest undertaken to maintain the right of parliament to impose taxes on British America. If George the Third would have separated the interests of his crown from those of the legislature, he might have made advantageous terms with his transatlantic subjects, but he disdained any compromise by which he must have dissevered himself from his parliament. Nor have I ever esteemed the political and military conductors of the American revolution as other than successful rebels of unquestionable courage, constancy, and ability, whatever eulogiums were conferred on them in the house of commons by Fox and Burke. I well know that the names of Franklin and of Washington have been consecrated by a very numerous part of the inhabitants of Great Britain. The former, if considered as a natural philosopher, a philanthropist, and a man of genius, doubtless may lay claim to universal esteem. Nor are the abstract pretensions of Washington less conspicuous as a general and a citizen of America. In both capacities he may rank with Cincinnatus, or with the younger Cato. But in the estimation of all who regard the parliamentary supremacy of the mother country over colonies which had been not merely planted, but likewise preserved, by the expenditure of British blood and treasure, as constituting an immutable principle; a sovereign who would not have maintained that supremacy, must have been unworthy of the sceptre.

The whole life of William the Third, from his attainment of manhood, down to the last moments of his existence, was passed in a continual struggle to preserve the liberties of his own country, or those of England, against arbitrary power. His name will ever be connected with constitutional freedom, and, as such, is cherished in our remembrance. But, does any person suppose that if William had reigned over the British Isles, at the period of the American rebellion, whatever love of civil liberty might animate him as a man, he would on that account have relinquished the rights of his parliament, and his crown—or would have tamely acquiesced in the refusal of his American subjects to contribute by indirect taxation to the general wants of the empire? Those who venture to form such a conclusion, must, as it appears to me, have very imperfectly studied the character, or appreciated the actions, of that illustrious prince.

The *wisdom* and *policy* of the American war may perhaps appear more doubtful. The attempt in the first instance to tax, and afterwards to reduce by force, a vast continent, separated from Great Britain by an immense ocean, inhabited by a people who were individually indebted many millions to the mother country, ardent for emancipation, and sufficiently unanimous in their resistance to the parent state to be able to call out into action nearly all the persons capable of bearing arms;—such an experiment, even if speculatively considered, would doubtless have impressed any wise statesman, as hazardous in itself, and of very uncertain issue. In the case before us, all these impediments acquired additional strength from other concurring circumstances. A large proportion of society here at home regarded the American rebellion with favourable eyes and secretly wished success to the cause, because they dreaded lest the British constitution itself would not long survive the increase of power and influence that the crown must necessarily derive from the subjugation of the colonies beyond the Atlantic. In both houses of parliament, a numerous, active, and increasing party openly maintained and justified the insurrection, rejoiced in their triumphs, and reprobated in theory, no less than in practice, the attempt to subjugate the revolted states. Even those who did not approve such political principles, yet saw in the war, if it should prove unsuccessful, a means of overturning the administration. The inability of Great Britain to send a military force sufficiently numerous for reducing

* In his "Posthumous Memoirs," the author, it will be recollected, inclines to the now generally received belief, that Junius was Sir Philip Francis.—*Ed. S. C. L.*

to obedience so many provinces, extending from the frontiers of Canada to the borders of Florida, compelled the government to obtain additional troops, by application to various of the German powers. From the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, in particular, many thousands were procured. These stipendiaries, though perhaps not more justly objects of moral or political condemnation than were the Swiss and Grison regiments permanently retained in the service of France, or the Scotish corps then serving in the pay of Holland—yet increased the popular cry, and furnished to the opposition subjects of obloquy or of declamation. That France must, sooner or later, interfere in favour of the Americans, was likewise obvious, because the French ministry, listening only to the narrow suggestions of national rivalry, did not, or would not, perceive that it could never be the wise policy of a despotic government to aid the cause of revolt, by sending forces out of the country, to imbibe principles of freedom, and resistance among rebels. It is an unquestionable fact, that the late unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth possessed enlargement of mind, and sound discernment, sufficient to feel this truth. He even objected strongly to the policy of detaching French troops to the assistance of Washington; and he was only overruled, in his opposition to the measure, by his deference for the counsels of Maurepas and Vergennes. France has since dearly paid, under Robespierre and Bonaparte, for her deviation from the dictates of wisdom as well as magnanimity, in thus supporting insurrection.

It is, however, in the conduct of that unfortunate contest that we must principally seek for the cause of its ill success. Near three years elapsed from the time of its commencement, before the court of Versailles ventured openly to interpose as an enemy. But the Howes appear to have been either lukewarm, or remiss, or negligent, or incapable. Lord North's selection of those two commanders excited, at the time, just condemnation, however brave, able, or meritorious they might individually be esteemed, as professional men. Their ardour in the cause itself was doubted; and still more questionable was their attachment to the administration. Never, perhaps, in the history of modern war, has an army, or a fleet, been more profusely supplied with every requisite for brilliant and efficient service than were the troops and ships sent out by Lord North's cabinet, in 1776, across the Atlantic. But the efforts abroad did not correspond with the exertions made at home. The energy and activity of a Wellington never animated that torpid mass. Neither vigilance, enterprise, nor co-operation, characterised the campaigns of 1776 and 1777. Dissipation, play, and relaxation of discipline, found their way into the British camp. New York became another Capua, though the genius and resources of Hannibal were not displayed by Sir William Howe. The defeat at Trenton, which was critically unfortunate, rescued the congress from the lowest state of depression. After Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, little rational probability of success remained; and when Clinton succeeded to the command of the army at New York, by the recall of Sir William Howe, the French were on the point of declaring in favour of the Americans. The loyalty and courage of Sir Henry Clinton were besides more distinguished than were his military talents. Even the British troops, engaged in a species of civil war, did not manifest the same eagerness or alacrity as when opposed to a foreign enemy, though they displayed in every engagement their accustomed steadiness and valour. The service itself, from the nature of the country, became severe, painful, and discouraging. Lakes, swamps, morasses, and almost impenetrable forests, presented at every step obstacles not easily overcome by the bravest soldiers. And though the scene of hostilities was successively shifted, from Boston to New York, thence to the banks of the Chesapeake and the Delaware, finally to the southern and central provinces—yet the results, however promising they might be at the commencement, proved always ultimately abortive. We have recently witnessed similar consequences flowing from nearly the same causes, during the progress of our second contest with America.

At home, a gradual and increasing discontent overspread the kingdom, pervaded all classes, and seemed to menace the administration with the effects of popular, or national resentment. The navy, divided into parties, no longer blocked the enemy's ports, or carried victory wherever it appeared, as it had done in the commencement of his majesty's reign. Our distant possessions, unprotected, fell into the hands of France or Spain. Even our commerce was intercepted, captured, and greatly diminished. Each year seemed to produce new foreign adversaries, and to augment the public embarrassements or distress. Ministers, who were neither vigorous, nor fortunate, nor popular, holding even their offices by a precarious tenure, inspired no confidence. The opposition, though diminished by the exertions which government had made to secure a majority in the lower house, on the convocation of a new parliament, was numerous, confident, able, and indefatigable. They saw, or believed they saw, the object of their grasp, at no great distance. Futurity presented to all men a most discouraging prospect; and peace appeared to be not only distant, but unattainable, except by such sacrifices of national revenue, territory, and honour, as could not be contemplated without a degree of dismay. America might be considered as lost, while our possessions in the East Indies seemed to be menaced with total subversion. Those who remember the period to which I allude, will not think the colours of this description either heightened or overcharged. At no moment of the revolutionary war, which we almost unintermittingly sustained against the French, from 1793 to 1814; neither in 1797, during the mutiny in the navy; nor in 1799, after the unsuccessful expedition to the Helder; nor in 1805, subsequent to the battle of Austerlitz; nor in 1809, when the Prussian monarchy fell at Auerstadt; nor in 1807, at the peace of Tilsit; nor when Sir John Moore was compelled, early in 1809, to re-embark at Corunna, and the whole Pyrenean peninsula seemed to lie prostrate at the feet of its Corsican master; though each of these eras unquestionably presents images of great national depression, did a deeper despondency prevail among all ranks of society, than towards the close of the American contest, as the administration of Lord North drew to its termination.

In the midst of so universal a dejection, the king remained altogether unmoved. Neither defeats, nor difficulties, nor the number of his foreign enemies, nor domestic opposition, unhinged his mind, or shook his resolution. Convinced that he could not abandon the struggle in which he was engaged, however arduous or doubtful might be the result, without renouncing his own birth-right, the interests of his crown, the supremacy of parliament, and the best portion of the British empire, he never vacillated, nor showed for a single moment any disposition to dismiss his ministers. Whatever irresolution, difference of opinion, or apprehension, might pervade the cabinet itself at certain moments, none of these sentiments agitated the sovereign. He only desired to abide the issue, and to maintain the contest. It is, perhaps, for posterity to decide on the degree of approbation or of blame, political and moral, which such a character and conduct, under such circumstances, may justly challenge: but even if we should incline to censure, or to condemn, we cannot help in some measure admiring it. As, however, his majesty's opinions and wishes were universally known or understood, a proportionate degree of unpopularity fell personally on him; and he was regarded as the vital principle which animated, sustained, and propelled the administration. When we consider this fact, in addition to all the preceding statements given of his measures since he acceded to the throne, we shall no longer wonder, that, in defiance of so many claims to the affectionate veneration of his people, he was nevertheless, at this period of his reign, by no means an object of general partiality or attachment.

LORD NORTH.

Lord North, who had already occupied the posts of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, during eleven years, was then in the full vigour of his faculties, having nearly accomplished the forty-ninth year of his age. In his person he was of the middle size, heavy, large, and much inclined to corpulency. There appeared in the cast and formation of his countenance, nay, even in his manner, so strong a resemblance to the royal family, that it was difficult not to perceive it. Like them, he had a fair complexion, regular features, light hair, with bushy eyebrows, and gray eyes, rather prominent in his head. His face might be indeed esteemed a caricature of the king—and those who remembered the intimacy which subsisted between Frederick, the late Prince of Wales, and the Earl as well as Countess of Guilford, Lord North's father and mother, to which allusion has already been made, found no difficulty in accounting, though perhaps very unjustly, for that similarity. He possessed an advantage, considered in his ministerial capacity, which neither of his two immediate predecessors, the Marquis of Rockingham, or the Duke of Grafton, could boast—and in which his three immediate successors in office, Lord Rockingham, Lord Shelburne, and the Duke of Portland, were equally deficient. I mean, that being not a peer, but a commoner, he had attained, in the course of years, that intimate knowledge of the house of commons, its formation, and the modes of conducting or influencing it as a body, which nothing can confer, except long habits of debate, and the necessity of personal attendance. His natural affability rendered him, besides, so accessible, and the communicativeness of his temper inclined him so much to conversation, that every member of the house found a facility in becoming known to him. Never indeed was a first minister less intrenched within the forms of his official situation. He seemed, on the contrary, always happy to throw aside his public character, and to relapse into an individual.

His tongue being too large for his mouth, rendered his articulation somewhat thick, though not at all indistinct. It is to this peculiarity or defect in his enunciation, that "Junius" alludes in one of his letters, written in January, 1770, when he says, after mentioning the Duke of Grafton's resignation, "the palm of ministerial firmness is now transferred to Lord North. He tells us so himself with the plenitude of the *ore rotundo*." He did not, however, bedew his hearers while addressing them, as Burnet tells us the Duke of Lauderdale, so well known under Charles the Second's reign, always did in consequence of the faulty conformation of his tongue. In parliament the deficiency of Lord North's sight was productive to him of many inconveniences. For even at the distance of a few feet he saw very imperfectly, and across the house he was unable to distinguish persons with any degree of certainty or accuracy. In speaking, walking, and every motion, it is not enough to say that he wanted grace; he was to the last degree awkward. It can hardly obtain belief, that, in a full house of commons, he took off, on the point of his sword, the wig of Mr. Welbore Ellis, and carried it a considerable way across the floor, without ever suspecting or perceiving it. The fact happened in this manner. Mr. Ellis, who was then treasurer of the navy, and well advanced towards his seventieth year, always sat at the lowest corner of the treasury bench, a few feet removed from Lord North. The latter having occasion to go down the house, previously laid his hand on his sword, holding the chafe of the scabbard forward, nearly in a horizontal direction. Mr. Ellis stooping at the same instant that the first minister rose, the point of the scabbard came exactly in contact with the treasurer of the navy's wig, which it completely took off, and bore away. The accident, however ludicrous, was wholly unseen by Lord North, who received the first intimation of it from the involuntary bursts of laughter that it occasioned in every quarter of the house. Mr. Ellis, however, without altering a muscle of his countenance, and preserving the most perfect gravity in the midst of the general convulsion, having received back his wig, readjusted it to his head, and waited patiently till the house had recovered from the effect of so extraordinary as well as ridiculous an occurrence.

In addition to this defect of sight, Lord North was subject likewise to a constitutional somnolency, which neither the animated declamations of Fox, nor the pathetic invocations of Burke, nor the hoarse menaces of Barré, could always prevent. It attacked him even on the treasury bench, sometimes with irresistible force. Nor was he altogether exempt from its influence when in private society. Having called on a lady of condition one evening, the charms of whose person and conversation were universally acknowledged at the time of which I am writing, he found her engaged in a violent altercation with her sister-in-law. Lord North, with his characteristic good humour, attempted to interpose his mediation, and to accommodate the quarrel; but they were not to be pacified without recurring to legal assistance. He consented, therefore, to wait till the lady of the house should return from her solicitor's chambers in Lincoln's Inn, which she promised to do without delay. Seating himself in an arm-chair before the fire, he soon

fell into a profound sleep, from which he was not awakened by the entrance of one of the maid servants, who seeing a corpulent man with a blue riband across his breast, asleep in her mistress's drawing-room, and being unacquainted with the first minister's person, ran down into the kitchen to give the alarm. Yet in defiance of all these physical infirmities, whenever he rose to reply in the house of commons, he displayed no want of recollection, presence of mind, or accuracy. He seldom or never took notes, trusting to his memory for retaining the principal facts which occurred during the preceding discussion. Sir Grey Cooper, however, who commonly sat on his left hand, supplied on particular occasions that deficiency.

Lord North was powerful, able, and fluent in debate, sometimes repelling the charges made against him with solid argument, but still more frequently eluding or blunting the weapons of his antagonists by the force of wit and humour. He rarely rose, however, to sublimity, though he possessed vast facility and command of language. When necessary, he could speak for a long time, apparently with great pathos, and yet disclose no fact, nor reveal any secret. An unalterable suavity and equality of temper, which was natural to him, enabled him to sustain, unmoved, the bitter sarcasms and severe accusations leveled at him from the opposition benches. They always seemed to sink into him like a cannon ball into a woolsack. Sometimes the coarse invectives of Alderman Sawbridge, or the fiery sallies of George Byng, roused him from his seeming apathy, and effected the object which the delicate irony or laboured attacks of more able adversaries had failed to produce. Once, and only once, during the time that I sat in parliament, I witnessed his rising to a pitch of the most generous indignation. Barré attracted this storm on himself, by the reproaches which he made the first minister for oppressing the people with taxes,—reproaches equally uncalled for by the occasion, as they were delivered with insulting asperity of language. The incident happened after the close of that memorable debate, when General Conway, on the 22d of February, 1782, may be said to have terminated the American war; administration only carrying the question by a single vote. Lord North alluding to this recent triumph of the opposition, said in reply to Barré, that "he presumed the division of that evening had inflamed the colonel's valour to such intemperate abuse," which he qualified with epithets of "insolent and brutal." The speaker interposing, mutual apologies were offered. Pitt and Tierney met on Putney Commons, in 1798, and exchanged shots for less provocation; but a duel between Lord North and Barr would have excited a sort of ridicule, the former seeing very imperfectly with both eyes, and the latter having only one defective eye. Besides, anger and resentment appeared to be foreign to Lord North's nature, and as if only put on occasionally to serve a particular purpose. He was, indeed, incapable of lasting enmity, though he felt and sometimes expressed contempt for those who abandoned him from mean and mercenary motives.

Baited, harassed, and worried, as he always was in parliament, during the latter years of his administration, he never manifested any impatience for the termination of the session; on the contrary, doubts were entertained among those who knew him best, whether he did not derive a gratification from keeping the house of commons sitting. That assembly presented in fact a theatre, where he attracted almost all attention, and where his abilities rendered him hardly less conspicuous than his ministerial situation. In opening *the budget*, he was esteemed peculiarly lucid, clear, and able. On that account it constituted a day of triumph to his friends and supporters, who exulted in the talent which he displayed whenever he exhibited the state of the national finances, or imposed new pecuniary burthens. I was twice present at his performance of this arduous task, first in 1781, and afterwards in the following year, when he executed it for the last time. Each performance appeared to me very deserving of the encomiums lavished on it, and if compared with the incapable manner in which *the budget* was opened by his successor, Lord John Cavendish, when he was chancellor of the exchequer, in 1783, I still continue of the same opinion. But Lord North could sustain no competition with the late Mr. Pitt, who on those as on all other occasions manifested a perspicuity, eloquence, and talent, altogether wonderful, which carried the audience along with him in every arithmetical statement, left no calculation obscure or ambiguous, and impressed the house at its close with tumultuous admiration.

Lord North could descend without effort, I might say with ease and dignity, from the highest offices of his public situation in the house of commons to the lowest duties of a private member. In the spring of the year 1781, when "the secret committee for enquiring into the causes of the war in the Carnatic," was appointed by ballot, I was named one of the scrutineers to examine the names of the persons chosen to compose it. The house being about to break up, we were standing round the table, when some voices called out the name of Lord North for a scrutineer. Far from declining to engage in such an occupation, which he might easily have done, on account of his official business and employments, he instantly repaired, with the members nominated, to one of the committee rooms. We sat till a late hour before the scrutiny was finished, and dined together up stairs. And if he made the worst scrutineer, he was certainly the pleasantest and best companion during the whole time. He possessed a classic mind, full of information, and always enlivened by wit as well as sweetened by good humour. When young, he had traveled over a considerable part of Europe, and he knew the continent well; he spoke French with facility, and was equally versed in the great writings of antiquity. Even during the last years of his life, when nearly or totally blind, and labouring under many infirmities, yet his equanimity of temper never forsook him, nor even his gaiety and powers of conversation. I have frequently seen him display the utmost cheerfulness under those circumstances so trying to human nature.

As a statesman, his enemies charged him with irresolution, but he might rather be taxed with indolence and procrastination than with want of decision. He naturally loved to postpone, though, when it became necessary to resolve, he could abide firmly by his determination. Never had any minister purer hands nor manifested less rapacity. In fact, he amassed no wealth after an administration of twelve years. When he quitted office, his circumstances were by no means opulent, and he had a numerous family. His adversaries reproached him likewise, that, though incapable of personally descending to unworthy means of enriching himself, he allowed peculations or abuses to be practised by those employed under him. Sawbridge, when speaking in his place as a member, alluding to this accusation, exclaimed with Cato, "Curse on his virtues, they 've undone his country!" A similar charge was made against the late Mr. Pitt, who, after having been first minister during almost his whole life, left only debts behind him. But it never entered into any man's mind, however inimical, to accuse either Lord North or Mr. Pitt of making undue purchases in the public funds, or of turning their ministerial information to private purposes of pecuniary emolument. They were known to be upright and disinterested. The great defect of Lord North's government arose from the easiness of his natural temper, which sometimes, perhaps, induced him to adopt or to defend measures that had not always the sanction of his judgment. Another, and perhaps a greater evil, arising from his facility and want of energy, was, that he did not, like the great Earl of Chatham, sufficiently coerce the other members of the cabinet, each of whom, under Lord North, might be said to form a sort of independent department. They were, in fact, rather his co-equals than his subordinates, as they ought to have been, and the public service often suffered from their want of union, or from their clashing interests and private animosities.

The want of political courage cannot justly be attributed to him. If we reflect that his administration equaled in length of time the aggregate of the five preceding ministers, namely, the first Mr. Pitt's, Lord Bute's, Mr. Grenville's, Lord Rockingham's, and the Duke of Grafton's; and if we consider how critical as well as perilous were the times, particularly during the reverses of the American war, and in the riots of June, 1780, which last convulsions might have appalled the stoutest mind, we shall not refuse him a just claim to the praise of ministerial firmness. Even his ultimate resignation in 1782, I am convinced, arose more from disgust and weariness, added to despair, than from personal fear, or from any defect of nerves. Though not unguarded in private conversation, or in debate, he was careless in many respects to a degree hardly credible. I have heard a member of his cabinet say, that it was dangerous to trust him with state papers, which he perpetually mislaid or forgot. A letter of the first political importance, addressed to him by the king, which he had lost, after a long search, was found lying wide open in the water-closet. A strong and mutual affection subsisted between his majesty and him, as was natural, after the many heavy storms that they had weathered together for so many years. This attachment on the part of the former, though shaken and interrupted when Lord North joined Mr. Fox, in 1783, yet revived in the royal bosom at a subsequent period, on Lord North becoming blind; a circumstance at which, when made known to him, his majesty expressed the deepest concern and sympathy. He did not then probably foresee that he should himself be visited with the same affliction,—a point of similarity between them which is not a little remarkable.

Besides his ministerial offices, Lord North was lord warden of the Cinque Ports, and Lady North enjoyed the rangership of Bushy Park. It was there, that surrounded by his family he appeared peculiarly an object of esteem and of attachment, divested of all form or ostentation, diffusing gaiety and good humour round him. Even those who opposed the minister involuntarily loved the man. I have had the honour to witness, and to participate of the scene that I here describe, and may say, as Pope does of Sir Robert Walpole,

> "Seen him I have, but in the social hour
> Of private converse, ill exchanged for power."

The Earl of Guilford, Lord North's father, attained to a very advanced age; I believe to eighty-six; and had nearly survived his son, only dying about two years before him. So that Lord North, like his predecessor, Sir Robert Walpole, remained a member of the house of commons during almost his whole life. Lord Guilford had been three times married; Dr. North, the present Bishop of Winchester, being his son by the second wife. Lord North sprung from his first marriage. The minister secured the reversion, if I may so term it, of the bishopric of Winchester for his brother, by a piece of address. For the archiepiscopal see of York having become vacant on the decease of Dr. Drummond, Lord North, who knew that the king had destined that high ecclesiastical promotion for Dr. Markham, then Bishop of Chester, determined nevertheless to ask it for Dr. North, Bishop of Worcester. Conscious that he should meet with a refusal, for which he was prepared, he ably made it subservient to the attainment of his real object, Winchester; a mitre that might be reasonably expected soon to drop, from the age and infirmities of its possessor, Dr. Thomas. When Lord North preferred his request, the king replied that it was impossible to gratify him, as the archbishopric of York must be conferred on the Bishop of Chester. The first minister insisted, but the sovereign remained firm; recapitulated the obligations which he owed to Dr. Markham, for his care of the Prince of Wales's education, and left no prospect of effecting any change in his resolution. "Your majesty, then," said Lord North, "will, I hope, have no objection to give my brother the see of Winchester, whenever it may become vacant?" "Oh, by all means," answered the king; "you may rely on it:" a promise which soon afterwards received its accomplishment.

I will conclude the subject of Lord North, on which I dwell with complacency, by observing, that though he cannot be esteemed a great statesman, in the most comprehensive sense, like the first or the second Mr. Pitt; though he was even a very unfortunate, as well as a most unpopular minister, during the far greater part of the whole course of his administration, yet he possessed distinguished claims to national esteem. The American war formed the weight which dragged him down; a load that would have sunk the great Lord Chatham himself, if he had attempted to lift it, notwithstanding his talents and popular favour. In the year 1758, when that eminent statesman was called to the direction of public affairs, not by the sovereign, but by the nation, he had only to conduct and point the energies of the country against France. His son, in 1793, beheld himself placed, as the champion of order, morals, religion, and monarchical government, in opposition to the most sanguinary and detestable republic, if it could be with justice entitled to that denomination, which ever arose among men. Both ministers were in some measure sustained and impelled by the very content. But Lord

North, who derived little support from his countrymen, and none from the nature of the war, could only look to the crown for protection against public clamour, in and out of parliament. In the distribution of honours and dignities, he was far more sparing than his successor; a fact of which we shall be convinced, if we compare the list of peerages created between 1770 and 1782, with those made by Mr. Pitt, when first minister, within the same portion of time, during any period of his administration. Nor was Lord North equally profuse of the public money as Mr. Pitt, whatever severity of censure he underwent for his extravagance or negligence in the management and expenditure of the finances. No impeachment of any subordinate minister, or of any member of his cabinet, ever took place for defalcation, or misapplication of sums which passed through his hands, as we witnessed in 1806. Yet the opposition in the lower house of parliament, during the whole progress of the American war, exceeded in numbers, and at least equaled in virulence, the minority which impeached Lord Melville.

As a man, considered in every private relation, even in his very weaknesses, Lord North was most amiable. In that point of view, his character will rise on a comparison with any first minister of Great Britain, during the course of the eighteenth century, not excepting Lord Godolphin, Mr. Pelham, or the Marquis of Rockingham. The two former were justly accused of a passion for play which accompanied them through life; a vice from which Lord North was wholly exempt. Burnet, who recounts the fact relative to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, says, "He loved gaming the most of any man of business I ever knew, and gave one reason for it; because it delivered him from the obligation to talk much." Dodington, when relating Mr. Pelham's attachment to the same gratification, adds, that he studiously concealed it with the utmost care. Lord North possessed better intellectual resources in himself. He possessed likewise the highest sources of enjoyment in his family, surrounded by his children. The Marquis of Rockingham was childless; and Lord Bute's fireside was not characterised by the same expansion of the heart, the same emancipation from all severity of form, or the same ebullitions of fancy and intellect. His immediate predecessor, the Duke of Grafton, respecting whom "Junius" observes, when speaking of his domestic qualities, "Your grace has now made the complete revolution of the political zodiac, from the scorpion in which you stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a virgin in the house of Bloomsbury;" the duke could stand no competition with Lord North in the endearing charities of life, where the minister becomes merged in the father, the husband, and the individual. If we would try to find his equal in these endowments and virtues, we must remount to Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, or to Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. Every beholder, while contemplating the monument where rest the remains of the great Earl of Chatham, or of the second Mr. Pitt, must be penetrated with emotions of admiration and respect; but all those who personally knew Lord North, or had ever mixed with him in society, while regarding his tomb, would involuntarily find their eyes suffused in tears.

LORD STORMONT.

The post of secretary of state for the northern department, was at that time filled by Lord Stormont, a nobleman who, having passed great part of his life in a diplomatic capacity on the continent, principally at the courts of Dresden and Vienna, necessarily possessed a considerable knowledge of the interests and politics of Europe. He had nevertheless manifested no great vigilance, nor displayed any superior penetration, during his recent embassy at Paris, where, it was commonly believed, he had been deceived by the protestations, or duped by the artifices, of Maurepas and of Vergennes, previous to the open interference of France in the affairs of America. His near alliance to the Earl of Mansfield, of whom he was the nephew and collateral heir, if it conferred no claim to popular favour, unquestionably conduced to render him more acceptable at St. James's. Even his enemies admitted him to possess application, and whenever he rose in the house of peers, he displayed a thorough acquaintance with the subject on which he spoke, together with great precision of language and force of argument.

THE EARL OF HILLSBOROUGH.

The Earl of Hillsborough, who held the southern department, wanted neither ability nor attention to public business; but his natural endowments, however solid, did not rise above mediocrity. He seemed to have owed his political as well as personal elevation in life, more to his good sense, penetration, and address, than to any intellectual superiority. I have seen him much embarrassed and disconcerted in the session of 1781, when called on officially in the house of lords to explain or to justify the measures adopted in Bengal; an embarrassment which arose from his ignorance of names, places, and circumstances in that quarter of the globe, with which, as secretary of state for the East Indies, he ought to have been acquainted. We must however recollect, that very few persons, except such as were locally connected with India, had then attained any accurate information respecting the company's affairs. Of this assertion I could adduce many proofs. In February, 1782, when Lord Shelburne, speaking in the house of peers, made allusion to "a king, or supreme rajah of the Mahrattas," he felt himself compelled to explain to their lordships the nature and narrow limits of that nominal sovereignty, with which, as well as with the office of "peshwa," or efficient ruler of the Mahratta empire, nine tenths of his audience were utterly unacquainted. I recollect the astonishment, not unmixed with some degree of ridicule, excited in the house of commons, on Governor Johnstone's first mention and description of the harbour of Trincomalé, in the island of Ceylon, a bay which probably till that occasion had never been heard of by the greater part of the county members. Though the irruption of Hyder Ali into the Carnatic, in 1780, powerfully awakened the national attention to the subject, it was Fox's memorable bill, followed at a short interval by Hastings' trial, that diffused over the whole kingdom an eagerness for oriental knowledge.

LORD GEORGE GERMAIN.

But Lord George Germain, who presided over the American department, attracted, from a variety of causes, far more public consideration, while he presented a fairer mark for parliamentary attack, or for popular declamation, than either of the other secretaries of state. His abilities, the circumstance of his being a member of the house of commons, even the events of his former life, when commanding the British forces in Germany; and, above all, the object of the war in which we were engaged; a war, that at the commencement of 1781, still professed to be the subjugation of the revolted colonies; these united circumstances rendered him, after Lord North, the most prominent person in administration. As I had the honour to enjoy a place in his friendship, and to live with him during the latter years of his life, on terms of great intimacy, I may pretend to have known him well. Nor will I deny that I am partial to his memory: but that partiality will never induce me to pervert or to misrepresent any fact; though I am aware that it may unintentionally bias my opinions. He had completed his sixty-fifth year at this time; but a frame of body naturally robust, and a vigorous constitution, secured him almost uninterrupted health, together with the enjoyment of all his faculties. In his person, which rose to near six feet, he was muscular, and capable of enduring much bodily as well as mental fatigue. His countenance indicated intellect, particularly his eye, the motions of which were quick and piercing. On first acquaintance, his manner and air impressed with an idea of proud reserve; but no man, in private society, unbent himself more, or manifested less self-importance. In the midst of his family—for he rarely dined from home—and in the company of a few select friends, he soon forgot the toils annexed to public life, the asperities of debate, and the vexations of office. Even after the latest nights in the house of commons, he always sat down to table, drank a pint of claret, and passed in review the incidents of the preceding evening. It was then that his conversation became most entertaining; seasoned with curious anecdotes collected during the course of a long life, passed in the highest circles, amidst the greatest affairs, in England, Ireland, Scotland, and on the continent, where he had served; embracing the secret history of the present and of the two late reigns.

Though Lord George Germain was so highly born, his education did not altogether correspond with his extraction, and he owed far more to nature than to cultivation. He had, indeed, been brought up in the college of Dublin; but he possessed little information derived from books, nor had he improved his mind by extensive reading in the course of subsequent years. Even after his retreat from public employment, in the decline of life, when at Drayton, where he had a fine library, he rarely opened an author, except for a short time on his return from coursing, shooting, riding, or other favourite exercises. He had visited Paris, when young, with his father, the Duke of Dorset, and the French language was familiar to him; but with Horace, Tacitus, or Cicero, he had formed little acquaintance. His initiation into public life, politics, and parliament, took place too early to admit of storing his mind with classic images or ideas. Though he was versed in English history since the time of Elizabeth, during which period of near two centuries some one of his immediate ancestors had almost always sat, and sometimes presided, in the councils of the sovereign, he was not conversant in our annals of an earlier date. But, on the other hand, he had witnessed much with his own eyes, he had heard still more from others, he seized with ease on whatever was submitted to his understanding, and he forgot nothing.

In business he was rapid, yet clear and accurate, rather negligent in his style, which was that of a gentleman and a man of the world, unstudied and frequently careless, even in his official despatches. But there was no obscurity or ambiguity in his compositions. Capable of application in cases of necessity, he nevertheless passed little time at the desk, or in the closet; and while secretary of state, under critical as well as perilous circumstances, when every courier brought, or might bring, accounts the most disastrous, no man who saw him at table, or of an evening in his drawing-room, would have suspected from his deportment and conversation that the responsibility of the American war reposed principally on his shoulders. More than one member of the cabinet was supposed to enjoy a greater degree of personal acceptability with the king; but none exercised the privilege of speaking with more freedom to him. Lord George seldom hazarded to ask favours, but when he undertook any cause, he never receded till he had obtained the object. Dr. Eliot, who then practised physic with some celebrity, and of whose medical skill Lord George entertained a high opinion, induced him to exert his interest at court for procuring the doctor to be created a baronet. The king, who disliked Eliot personally, and regarded his professional talents with as little partiality, displayed much repugnance to grant the request. Yielding, however, at last—"Well, my lord," said he, "since you desire it, let it be: but remember, he shall not be my physician." "No, sir," answered Lord George, bowing, "he shall be your majesty's baronet, and my physician." The king laughed, and Eliot was raised to the baronetage.

In the house of commons, down to the last hour that Lord George remained a member of that assembly, he was constantly the object of the severest and most pointed attacks of the opposition, who always hoped to force from his irritability the secret or the fact which he had vainly attempted to extort from the apathy and tranquillity of Lord North. In this endeavour they frequently succeeded, for Lord George, goaded by reproaches, often fictitious, frequently unjust, and always exaggerated, generally started up sooner or later, repelled the charges advanced, and in so doing sometimes put the adversary in possession of the very matter which they sought to discover. He spoke, as he wrote, without much premeditation, from the impulse of the occasion—in animated, rather than in correct language—with vehemence, but not without dignity. His voice was powerful, and his figure commanding; though he did not always thoroughly possess himself, nor display the coolness demanded by so trying a situation as that of American secretary. His opponents, who well knew, availed themselves of this defect in his formation of mind. On the other hand, the keenness of his sight gave him a prodigious advantage over Lord North, when in the house of commons. Lord George Germain had no sooner taken his seat on the treasury bench, than he pervaded with a glance of his eye the opposition benches, saw who attended, as well as who were absent, and

formed his conclusions accordingly on the business of the day. He used to say, that for those who were enabled to exercise this faculty every thing was to be seen in the house; where, on the contrary, nothing except declamation was to be gained by the ear. No man better understood the management of parliament—the prolongation or acceleration of a debate, according to the temper or the number of the members present—and every detail of official dexterity or address, requisite in conducting affairs submitted to a popular assembly. To all these arts of government, he had served two long and severe apprenticeships in Ireland, as secretary to his father, the Duke of Dorset, when successively lord lieutenant of that kingdom. In political courage and firmness he was not deficient. I have seen him in circumstances which sufficiently put those qualities to the proof, towards the close of the American war, when intelligence arrived of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at York Town,—a disaster of the most irreparable nature, the load of which fell almost exclusively on himself.

While summing up Lord George's character, it is so impossible not to think of the business at Minden, and consequently not to allude to it, that my silence on this subject would seem to imply my conviction of the justice of the sentence passed on him by the court martial. On the other hand, I feel how delicate and invidious a matter it is, on which to touch, even at the distance of more than half a century. Yet, as personal, and political courage, though altogther dissimilar, are commonly considered to have an intimate connection—as we are even with difficulty induced to allow or duly to estimate any virtues, however eminent, in a man whom we suppose to have been deficient in the former of those essential qualities—as general prejudice is certainly in Lord George's disfavour, and as I may claim to possess some information on the subject, I shall enter briefly into the disquisition.

I lay no stress on Lord George Germain's illustrious extraction, since we all know that the greatest houses have produced the most degenerate descendants; instances of which in point, to which I forbear alluding, have occurred in our own times. Pope justly exclaims,

> "What can ennoble slaves, or sots, or cowards!
> Alas! Not all the blood of all the Howards!"

It is, nevertheless, an incentive to noble achievements, when we descend from those who have performed such actions. The memorable letter of Edward, Earl of Dorset, describing his duel with Lord Bruce, under the reign of James the First, commemorated in the "Guardian;" and the celebrated song, beginning,

> "To all you ladies now on land,
> We men at sea indite;"

which was composed by Charles, Earl of Dorset, Lord George's grandfather, as we are assured, on the night before the engagement between the English fleet, and that of Holland, commanded by Opdam, under Charles the Second's reign,—these two productions, which are as universally known as the language in which they are written, sufficiently attest that he drew his lineage from men of courage. His maternal grandfather, Marshal Colyear, brother of the first Earl of Portmore, and governor of Namur, with whom Lord George passed much time in his youth, had grown gray in all the sieges and battles of the Low Countries, under William the Third. As soon as England took a part in the war occasioned by the accession of Maria Theresa, in 1743, Lord George was sent to the continent, where he served, if not with marked distinction, certainly without the slightest reproach, under the command of Lord Stair, and of his late Britannic majesty. In 1745, at the battle of Fontenoy, where a number of our officers fell, he received a musket-ball in the breast, and was thrown upon a wagon, with many others. He had preserved the uniform that he wore on that day, which I have seen and examined, bearing on it the mark of the ball, corresponding to the place where he was struck, and other holes in the skirts of the coat, perforated by bullets. During the domestic rebellion that followed the defeat of Fontenoy, being recalled to his own country, he accompanied William, Duke of Cumberland, from the commencement to the close of the insurrection in Scotland, where great commendation was bestowed on his services.

THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

The Earl of Sandwich, who had presided during ten years at the head of the admiralty, was universally admitted to possess eminent talents, great application to the duties of his office, and long acquaintance with public business. A distinguished votary of wit, conviviality, and pleasure, he had nevertheless been early initiated into political life; and was sent by Mr. Pelham, then first minister, as one of the plenipotentiaries in 1748, at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. In all his official functions he displayed perspicuity as well as despatch. No naval officer who stated his demand to the first lord of the admiralty, with becoming brevity, ever waited for an answer; and he was accustomed to say, "If any man will draw up his case, and put his name at the foot of the first page, I will give him an immediate reply; where he compels me to turn over the sheet he must wait my leisure." How laconically, yet forcibly, he could write, with what conciseness and severity blended, he exhibited in his memorable note to Mr. Eden, afterwards created Lord Auckland. That gentleman, when he quitted his political friends in 1786, in order to join Mr. Pitt, who sent him over to Paris for the purpose of negotiating the commercial treaty, addressed a circular letter to them, endeavouring to explain and to justify his line of conduct. Lord Sandwich, in answer to the letter that he received on the occasion, instantly wrote back these words, "Sir, your letter is before me, and it will presently be behind me. I remain, sir, your most humble servant." Polite, accessible, and endowed with great natural capacity, it might have been expected that he would acquire the public favour, in no less a degree than he enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign. But many causes conduced to render him an object of popular dislike or disapprobation; some of which were personal, others political. At an early period of his majesty's reign, Wilkes and Churchill combined their powers in order to expose his character to universal condemnation. The former, in his "Letter to the electors of Aylesbury," written from Paris, in October, 1764, designates Lord Sandwich, as "the most abandoned man of the age;" while Churchill, in his poem of the "Candidate," speaking of him, says:—

> "Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
> An agent like Lothario to his mind."

However unjust or exaggerated might be these accusations, yet we must own that the part he took in denouncing the "Essay on Woman," to the house of peers, laid him open to the charge of breach of confidence, and attracted towards him the severest animadversions of the author, whose pen inflicted the most incurable wounds. Though he had already attained, at this time, his sixty-second year, his licentious mode of life seemed more befitting a minister of Charles the Second than a confidential servant of George the Third. His fortune, which did not altogether correspond with his high rank and habits of gratification and expense, was supposed to lay him open to seduction; or at least to render him capable of listening to propositions that a more independent man might have disdained. His enemies, who were numerous and violent, maintained that even official appointments were sometimes conferred, under conditions not honourable to the first lord of the admiralty. Naval commanders, sent to important stations, on which great emoluments might be naturally expected to arise from captures, were asserted to have a fellow feeling with their patron, and even to divide with him a certain proportion of their pecuniary acquisitions. However improbable or unproved were these assertions, which doubtless originated in party malevolence, yet, as names and minute particulars were added or invented, they obtained general credit, and made a deep impression. All the eloquence of Fox in one house of parliament, and all the laborious pertinacity of the Duke of Richmond in the other, had been employed during successive sessions, not without effect, in impressing the public mind with unfavourable sentiments towards him. Palliser was represented as the object of his partiality; Keppel, as the victim of his persecution. During the riots of the preceding summer, in June, 1780, he had been marked out by the mob as a sacrifice, and narrowly escaped the effects of their blind animosity.

With consummate ability Lord Sandwich had constructed a species of political citadel within the ministerial trenches, which acknowledged hardly any other commander or comptroller than himself. The India House constituted this fortress, of which he was supposed to possess the secret keys. Many of the leading directors, among whom were the two chairmen, looked for orders, as it was commonly believed, not so much to Lord North as to the first lord of the admiralty. The influence conferred by such a source of power, at a time when the East India Board of Control had no existence, cannot easily be estimated. He was not wanting in endeavours to sustain it by every possible means, and well aware of his importance, he contrived to distribute among his chief adherents, in Leadenhall street, some of the minor honours of the crown. On all great occasions, when the concealed springs of that complicated machine, denominated the East India Company, were necessary to be touched, application was made to Lord Sandwich. Even the intimations sent from the treasury often remained inefficient till confirmed by him; and when the first minister, towards the close of the year 1780, was prevailed on to recommend Lord Macartney for governor of Madras, as successor to Rumbold, he found that no serious attention was paid to his wishes, before the admiralty lent its co-operation. So vast a field of exclusive patronage and favour, rendered its possessor not only independent of his colleagues in the cabinet, but formidable to them; and he might justly be accounted one of the most powerful, as he was certainly one of the most able, members of the administration.

LORD AMHERST.

With Lord Amherst I was well acquainted. In his person he was tall and thin, with an aquiline nose, and an intelligent countenance. As commander in chief, or to speak more accurately, as commanding in chief the forces, he enjoyed a place in the cabinet. To Lionel, Duke of Dorset, he owed his first entrance into the army. From the situation of a private gentleman, descended of a good Kentish family, but of very slender fortune, his military talents and his success in America had deservedly elevated him to the British peerage. Selected by the discerning eye of the Earl of Chatham, he had been sent out as the companion of Wolfe, whose brilliant conquest of Quebec was confirmed by Amherst's subsequent reduction of Montreal and Upper Canada. Under the shade of these laurels, so honourably earned, which had likewise been remunerated with the order of the Bath, he seemed to challenge the national esteem, not to say their gratitude. Individually he possessed both: but in his official character, at the head of the army, he did not escape censure on various points, materially affecting the discipline and the honour of the service. Not that I would be understood to say of Lord Amherst, what "Junius" asserts of the Marquis of Granby, in his first memorable letter, dated 21st of January, 1769; a letter which, fortunately for "Junius," induced Sir William Draper to become Lord Granby's defender, and thus attracted public notice towards the production. He there charges that nobleman with "degrading the office of commander in chief into a broker of commissions." But though Lord Amherst was not liable to such an imputation, yet neither he, nor any subject, except one nearly allied to the throne, is raised by birth and situation sufficiently above the crowd of petitioners who assail him in his military capacity, to set at defiance private clamour, menaces, and importunity.

As a member of the administration, no ability, however recognised or transcendent, and no past services, however eminent, could have secured the public favour to Lord Amherst, in the midst of a war such as that carried on against America, marked by ill success, and now become almost hopeless in its prospective objects. The constitutional tranquillity of his temper secured him, however, from being ruffled at any indications of popular dissatisfaction. I have scarcely ever known a man who possessed more stoical apathy, or command over himself. Naturally taciturn and reserved, he rarely disclosed his sentiments on any subject of a political nature. Even at the cabinet dinners, which were held weekly, I have heard Lord Sackville say, that though he always gave his decided affirmative or negative to the specific measure proposed, yet he always did it in a few words, often by a monosyllable; but never could, without great difficulty, be induced to assign the reasons, or to state the grounds of his opinion. His judgment was sound, and his understanding solid; but neither culti-

vated by education, nor expanded by elegant knowledge. From the sense entertained of his early services beyond the Atlantic, he would have attracted universal respect, if the official and ministerial posts which he occupied had not counterbalanced the operation of those resplendent services on the public mind.

LORD THURLOW.

Lord Thurlow, who at this time had held the great seal between two and three years, though in point of age the youngest member of the cabinet, enjoyed in many respects greater consideration than almost any other individual composing it. He had been indebted, in his youth, to the indefatigable exertions and importunities of the celebrated Duchess of Queensbury, the friend of Gay, Pope, and Swift, for first procuring him, from Lord Bute, a silk gown, to which distinction he long ineffectually aspired. His talents had subsequently excited great admiration in both houses of parliament, not less than at the bar. While he sat in the house of commons, as attorney-general, during more than seven years, from 1771 to 1778, Lord North derived the greatest assistance from his eloquence and ability. His removal to the house of peers would even have left an awful blank on the treasury bench in the midst of the American war, if his place had not, during the two succeeding years, been ably, perhaps fully, supplied by Wedderburn. As speaker of the upper house, Lord Thurlow fulfilled all the expectations previously entertained of him. His very person, figure, voice, and manner, were formed to lend dignity to the woolsack. Of a dark complexion, and harsh, but regular features, with a severe and commanding demeanour, which might be sometimes denominated stern, he impressed his auditors with awe, before he opened his lips. Energy, acuteness, and prodigious powers of argument, characterised him in debate. His comprehensive mind enabled him to embrace the question under discussion, whatever it might be, in all its bearings and relations. Nor, if we except Lord Camden, who was already far advanced in life, did the opposition possess any legal talents in the house of peers that could be justly put in competition with those of Lord Thurlow.

These admirable parts were nevertheless by no means unaccompanied with corresponding defects. As lord chancellor, he was accused of procrastination, in suffering the causes brought before him in his court to accumulate without end. Perhaps this charge, too frequently made against those who have held the great seal, was not, however, more true, as applied to him, than of others who succeeded to his office. But even in parliament, his temper, morose, sullen, and intractable, sometimes mastering his reason, prevented him from always exerting the faculties with which nature had endowed him, or at least clouded and obscured their effect. In the cabinet, these defects of character which rendered him often impracticable, were not to be surmounted by any efforts or remonstrances. It can hardly be believed that at the ministerial dinners, where, after the cloth was removed, measures of state were often discussed or agitated, Lord Thurlow would frequently refuse to take any part. He has even more than once left his colleagues to deliberate, while he sullenly stretched himself along the chairs, and fell, or appeared to fall, fast asleep. If I had not received this fact from an eye-witness, and a member of that cabinet, I should not indeed venture to report so improbable a circumstance.

Notwithstanding the ruggedness and asperity which he displayed—qualities that procured him the nick-name of *the tiger*—no man could at times appear more pleasing, affable, and communicative in conversation. I have once or twice seen him on such occasions, which were more highly valued, because they were rare or unexpected. During the period of his youth, he had led a dissolute life, and had given proofs of his devotion to pleasures, scarcely compatible, as it might have been thought, with the severe studies and profession of the law. To these irregularities, the Duchess of Kingston imprudently ventured to allude, while on her trial at the bar of the house of lords, when Thurlow was attorney-general. Like Henley, Earl of Northington, his predecessor in the high office of chancellor, Thurlow mingled oaths and execrations with his common discourse. In the afternoon of life, conviviality, wine, and society, unbent his mind. It was with Mr. Rigby, Lord Gower, Lord Weymouth, Mr. Dundas, and a few other friends, that he threw off his constitutional severity. At the pay-office in Whitehall, where Rigby then resided, Lord Thurlow forgot the double toils annexed to his situation, as head of the law and as minister of state. Possessed of faculties so transcendent, however mingled with human weakness and infirmity, he must always be considered as one of the most distinguished individuals who sat in the councils of George the Third, at any period of his reign.

LORD BATHURST.

We descend now to the less efficient members of the cabinet. Lord Bathurst, who had been at this time president of the council ever since the resignation of Lord Gower, in the autumn of 1779, was son to the celebrated Allen Bathurst, created a peer by Queen Anne, in 1711, and who might, at the time of his decease, be considered as the last of the great knot of wits and men of genius that rendered in some measure illustrious the short as well as inglorious ministry of Oxford and Bolingbroke. It is to him that Pope addresses the "Third Epistle of his Moral Essays;" to him, in conjunction with Lord Burlington, the famous architect, that he alludes, when he says,

"Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like *Bathurst*, or who builds like *Boyle?*"

He lived to an almost patriarchal age, in the possession of nearly all the faculties of his mind; passing the greater part of the evening of his life amidst those woods and in those shades which he had reared, immortalised by Pope, at Oakley Grove, in Gloucestershire—enjoying the rare felicity to see his son hold the great seal of England. I believe he died in 1775, having by a singular destiny, which perhaps has no parallel in our history, outlived more than sixty years the princess who raised him to the peerage.

His son may probably be considered as the least able lawyer to whom the great seal of this country was confided, in the course of the eighteenth century. Lord King, who became chancellor under George the First, though he survived his faculties, and is said to have driveled on the bench, originally displayed eminent parts—which deservedly raised him from an obscure origin, his father having been a bookseller at Exeter, to that great legal dignity. Yet Lord Bathurst held his office during seven or eight years; and I have been assured that his decrees, while at the head of the court of chancery, were in general regarded by the bar, as wise, just, and unexceptionable. He was, of all the members of the cabinet, the most advanced in age; nor could he, like his father, boast of exemption from the infirmities usually attendant on that period of life. A degree of caducity was visible in his frame, and even his mind did not appear to be wholly exempt from decay. In parliament his talents were rarely exerted—but his unsullied character, and moral qualities, entitled him to universal respect.

The Earl of Dartmouth, as lord privy seal, in right of his office, filled a seat in the cabinet. His near affinity to Lord North, and that circumstance alone, placed him ostensibly in administration—Lord Dartmouth's mother having married, after her first husband's decease, the Earl of Guilford. In his public character, whether in or out of parliament, he excited little or no share of general attention.

MR. JENKINSON.

The secretary at war, on the contrary, though possessing no place in the cabinet, constituted an object of universal consideration, and attracted all eyes towards him. Mr. Charles Jenkinson, since created Earl of Liverpool, occupied, in 1781, that employment. Few persons, in the course of this long and eventful reign, have played so important a part behind the curtain of state. Still fewer invividuals have attained to such eminence, personal as well as political, unaided by the advantages of high birth, or of natural connections. Descended from a very respectable family, that had been raised to the baronetage by Charles the Second, in 1661, his paternal fortune was nevertheless of the most limited description, when he commenced his career. But his talents soon dispersed the clouds that attended the morning of his life. They recommended him to Lord Bute, then at the head of the treasury, who made Mr. Jenkinson his private secretary; and, through the interposition of that nobleman, he became personally known to the sovereign. When Lord Bute withdrew, in 1763, from the post of first minister, Mr. Jenkinson still continued to occupy the same confidential employment under his successor, George Grenville; nor was he displaced till Lord Rockingham came into power, when Burke succeeded him in that situation. Those who supposed, or asserted, that a secret communication was still maintained between Lord Bute and the king, as well as all those who chose to consider Lord Bute as the efficient, though concealed, mover of the machine of government, accused Mr. Jenkinson of forming the confidential medium through which that intercourse was principally maintained. So delicate a trust, if we assume its existence, necessarily exposed him to popular clamour, as being equally unconstitutional in itself, and dangerous to the liberties of the British people. But in proportion to the obloquy that such an imputation excited, was the respect that it attracted.

As Lord Bute gradually retired into the shade of private life, and became insensibly forgotten, Mr. Jenkinson proportionably came forward in his own person, and on his own proper merits. Throughout the whole period of Lord North's administration, from 1770 down to 1782, his intercourse with the king, and even his influence over the royal mind, were assumed to be constant, progressive, commensurate with, and sometimes paramount to, or subversive of the measures proposed by the first minister. However difficult of proof such assertions were, and however contrary, as I believe they were, to truth or fact, they did not operate the less forcibly on the bulk of the nation, and were not less eagerly credited by men of all parties. No denials on the part of persons in power could erase the impression which newspapers and pamphlets industriously circulated through the kingdom. In the house of commons, where their operation was widely felt, the speakers in opposition continually affected to consider Lord North, together with the whole cabinet, as played on by unseen agents, who alone possessed the secret of state, and the real confidence of the crown. They did not scruple even to designate Mr. Jenkinson as the depository of this mysterious and undefined influence, if not exclusively, yet in an eminent degree. Of course, whenever he rose to speak, all attention was absorbed by him, as being the supposed oracle who knew, and might promulgate, those hidden truths of state in which ministers themselves, it was pretended, were not always allowed to participate, and of which he constituted the only certain channel.

At this time he was about fifty-four years of age, and in his person he rose above the common height. The expression of his countenance I find it difficult to describe, as, without having in his face any lines strongly marked, it was not destitute of deep intelligence. Reflection and caution seemed to be stamped on every feature, while his eyes were usually, even in conversation, directed downwards towards the earth. Something impervious and inscrutable seemed to accompany and to characterise his demeanour, which awakened curiosity, while it repressed enquiry. His enemies asserted that he resembled a dark lantern; and as much as the human figure or physiognomy can ever be supposed to offer such a strange similarity, unquestionably it existed in him. Even the twinkling motion of his eyelids, which he half closed from time to time in speaking, made the allusion, however fanciful, more close and striking. His manners were polite, calm, and unassuming—grave, if not cold, but not distant, without any mixture of pride or affectation. In society, though reserved, he was not silent; and though guarded on certain topics, communicative on ordinary subjects. He always appeared as if desirous to disclaim, and to reject, the consideration which he involuntarily attracted. It was not difficult, on a short acquaintance, to discover that he had read men more than books; and that his education had been of an inferior, as well as limited kind. He neither manifested the elegant information acquired by visiting foreign countries, nor the classic ideas and images derived from a familiarity with the productions of antiquity. Even his knowledge of modern history was rather financial and commercial than general or critical. But, in recompense for these deficiencies, he possessed more useful and solid attainments, calculated to raise their possessor in life.

No man in official situation was supposed to understand better the principles of trade, navigation, manufactures, and revenue. He had written and published on

those subjects, in a manner that sufficiently proved his profound acquaintance with them. Supple, patient, mild, laborious, persevering, attentive to improve the favourable occasions which presented themselves, and always cool, he never lost the ground that he had once gained. As a speaker in the house of commons, he rose seldom, unless called out by particular circumstances; nor when on his legs did he ever weary the patience of his auditors. No ray of wit, humour, or levity, pervaded his speeches. He neither introduced into them metaphors, digressions, nor citations. All was fact and business. His language had nothing in it animated or elevated. Scarcely was it, indeed, always correct, or exempt from some little inelegancies of diction. But it never was defective in the essentials of perspicuity, brevity, and thorough information. He used to remind me of a man crossing a torrent on stones; and so carefully did he place his foot at every step, as never once to wet his shoe. I have seen him, before a crowded house, acquit himself with wonderful dexterity, while secretary at war, when officially addressing parliament. Such qualifications, even independent of the supposed favour of the sovereign, necessarily rendered him an object of respect and of attention to every party.

MR. RIGBY.

Rigby, sole paymaster of the forces, occupied scarcely an inferior place to Jenkinson, in the public estimation. As if he had meant to show that he acted independently of ministers, and was above their control, he never sat on the government side of the house—but he did not on that account give the less unqualified support, on all occasions, to administration. When in his place, he was invariably habited in a full dress suit of clothes, commonly of a purple, or dark colour, without lace or embroidery, close buttoned, with his sword thrust through the pocket. His countenance was very expressive, but not of genius; still less did it indicate timidity or modesty. All the comforts of the pay-office seemed to be cloquently depictured in it—and the "*lumen purpureum*" which beamed from his features, served as a comment on the text of "Junius," when he panegyrises the Duke of Bedford's solitary protection of "blushing merit," in Mr. Rigby's person. His manner, rough, yet frank; bold, but manly—admirably set off whatever sentiments he uttered in parliament. Like Jenkinson, he borrowed neither from ancient nor from modern authors. His eloquence was altogether his own, simple, strong, and natural; addressed, not to the fancy, but to the plain comprehension of his hearers. Whatever he meant, he expressed indeed without circumlocution, or declamation. There was a happy audacity about his forehead, which must have been the gift of nature: art could never attain to it by any efforts. He seemed neither to fear nor even to respect the house, whose composition, as a body, he well knew—and to the members of which assembly he never appeared to give credit for any portion of virtue, patriotism, or public spirit. Far from concealing these sentiments, he insinuated, or even pronounced them, without disguise; and from his lips they neither excited surprise, nor even commonly awakened reprehension.

MR. ELLIS.

The post of treasurer of the navy was occupied by Mr. Welbore Ellis, whom we have since seen, after ostensibly filling the office of colonial secretary of state for a few weeks on the resignation of Lord George Germain, raised in the winter of life by Mr. Pitt, like so many other individuals, to the rank of a British peer. He might be considered as the Nestor of the ministry, and of the house of commons. In his figure, manner, and deportment, the very essence of form, he regularly took his place on the treasury bench, dressed in all points as if he had been going to the drawing-room at St. James's. His eloquence was of the same description as himself, precise, grave, and constrained, unilluminated by taste, and calculated to convince, more than to exhilarate or electrify, his audience. The respect due to his age, character, and employment, rather than the force or novelty of his arguments, commonly secured him a patient hearing, but he was neither listened to with enthusiasm, nor regretted when he ceased actively to exert his abilities in support of the measures of administration.

WALLACE, MANSFIELD, AND DUNDAS.

The attorney-general, Wallace, as well as Mansfield, solicitor-general, were men of acknowledged talents, parliamentary, no less than professional. But it might be esteemed in some degree their misfortune, that having recently succeeded two persons so eminent as Thurlow and Wedderburn, the house could not avoid judging of them more by comparison with their predecessors than by their own intrinsic merit. Both the attorney and solicitor-general were moreover obscured in the superior energy that characterised Mr. Dundas, then lord advocate of Scotland, and since created Viscount Melville. His figure tall, manly, and advantageous; his countenance open, cheerful, and pleasingly expressive, prejudiced in his favour. Neither the Scoticisms with which his speeches abounded, nor an accent peculiarly northern, as well as uncouth, could prevent his assuming and maintaining that conspicuous place in the ministerial ranks to which his pre-eminent parts entitled him. These very defects of elocution or of diction, by the ludicrous effect that they produced, became often converted into advantages, as they unavoidably operated to force a smile from his bitterest opponents, and checkered with momentary good humour the personalities of debate. The apparent frankness of his manner, which formed a striking contrast with Jenkinson's guarded reserve, conciliated or disarmed in some measure those whose political opinions were most adverse to government. Never did any man conceal deeper views of every kind, under the appearance of careless inattention to self-interest. In him was exemplified the remark, that "*Ars est celare artem;*" and the seeming want of caution or artifice in his ordinary intercourse, capacitated him for contending successfully with men of more habitual self-command. His voice, strong and sonorous, enabled him to surmount the noise of a popular assembly, and almost to enforce attention at moments of the greatest clamour or impatience. Far from shunning the post of danger, he always seemed to court it, and was never deterred from stepping forward to the assistance of ministers, by the violence of opposition, by the unpopularity of the measure to be defended, or by the difficulty of the attempt.

His speeches, able, animated, and argumentative, were delivered without hesitation, and unembarrassed by any timidity. If they displayed no ornaments of style, and no beauties of composition, it was impossible to accuse them of any deficiency in sterling sense or in solid ability. He was, indeed, without excepting Lord George Germain himself, the most powerful auxiliary whom Lord North could boast of possessing in the lower house. Though educated in the trammels of Scotish jurisprudence, and long accustomed to plead at the bar of that country, his mind, which disdained so confined a sphere of action, propelled him to try his force on a greater theatre. Animated by this resolution, he quitted the study of law for the carreer of politics, and in defiance of every impediment, abandoning the court of session, ventured to seek fortune in an English house of commons. Conscious of his own intellectual powers, and guided by a profound but well-regulated ambition, he already aspired to offices and situations seemingly beyond the pale of his legal profession. India, he thought, and wisely thought, opened to him a field worthy of his talents; and the state of danger as well as of disorder into which those extensive dominions had been thrown by the mismanagement or incapacity of the East India Company's servants, particularly on the coast of Coromandel, necessarily brought their affairs under parliamentary discussion. The occasion appeared favourable, and he availed himself of it with prompt decision. Placed as he was, soon afterwards, at the head of a secret committee appointed to enquire into the causes of the war existing in the Carnatic, he there laid the foundation of the power which we have since seen him exercise as a minister of that department under the administration of Mr. Pitt, during many successive years. Expensive from natural character, always blending conviviality in some measure with business, and regardless of money except as constituting the source of enjoyment, he never failed to form one of the festive party which met at the pay-office. Closely connected in politics, no less than by habits of life and private friendship, with Rigby, they might be said to act indeed in secret unison, and to lend each a mutual assistance on every occasion.

SIR GREY COOPER, AND MR. ROBINSON.

The two secretaries of the treasury occupied a very different place in the scale of ministerial importance, under Lord North's administration. Sir Grey Cooper, with the single exception of the Cornish boroughs in the interest of the crown, and the revenues of the duchy, both which were entrusted to his superintendence, was confined to the mere official duties of his post, but Robinson might be considered as one of the most essential functionaries of the executive government. I knew him intimately, both in and out of office. A native of the county of Westmoreland, descended from an obscure family, and unadorned with any accomplishments of education, he nevertheless displayed many qualifications that fitted him admirably for his situation. He possessed solid judgment, combined with plain, unaffected, and conciliating manners; was capable of great application, and by no means wanted decision.

On him devolved that delicate and most important department, then known by the denomination of the management of the house of commons, a branch of administration unfortunately interwoven with, and inseparable from, the genius of the British constitution, perhaps of every form of government in which democracy or popular representation makes an essential part. Towards the close of an unfortunate war, when the ministry was threatened with annual, or almost monthly dissolution, and when a numerous opposition acquired strength in proportion to the national misfortunes, this management required unceasing vigilance. Robinson was the depository of the "*livre rouge*," where were supposed or asserted to be contained the names of those members of one if not of both houses of parliament, who were retained by, and devoted to the administration. But it was not only in the secret arrangements of official business that he manifested dexterity and energy of character. He more than once exercised, with equal ability and effect, the functions of higher offices of state. It was he who on the refusal of Lord Weymouth, then secretary for the southern department, countersigned the secret orders which were sent out to Madras, on the 14th of April, 1778, by the chairman and deputy chairman of the East India Company, authorising the immediate attack of Pondicherry. To the manly decision of this timely measure, embraced by Lord North at a moment when the war with France, though inevitable and impending, was not actually commenced, we owed the capture of that important settlement, the chief establishment of the enemy on the Coromandel coast, which gave us an ascendant over the French during the whole future course of hostilities in India.

MR. FOX.

After having surveyed the members of the cabinet, and the principal parliamentary characters on the ministerial side of the house of commons, it is natural to proceed to the great individuals who composed the opposition in that assembly. Mr. Fox, from the union of birth, connections, talents, and eloquence, which met in his person, had become in the beginning of 1781 confessedly without any competitor their leader. Having attained his thirty-second year, he consequently united all the ardour of youth, to the experience acquired in maturer life. It was impossible to contemplate the lineaments of his countenance, without instantly perceiving the indelible marks of genius. His features, in themselves dark, harsh, and saturnine, like those of Charles the Second, from whom he descended in the maternal line, derived nevertheless a sort of majesty from the addition of two black and shaggy eyebrows, which sometimes concealed but more frequently developed the workings of his mind. Even these features, however seemingly repulsive, yet did not readily assume the expression of anger or of enmity, whereas they frequently and as it were naturally relaxed into a smile, the effect of which became irresistible, because it appeared to be the index of a benevolent and complacent disposition. His figure, broad, heavy, and inclined to corpulency, appeared destitute of all elegance or grace, except what was conferred on it by the emanations of intellect, which at times diffused over his whole person when he was speaking, the most impassioned animation. In his dress, which had constituted an object of his attention earlier in life, he had then become negligent, even to a degree not altogether excusable in a man whose very errors or defects produced admirers and imitators. He constantly, or at least usually, wore in the house of commons a blue frock coat, and a buff waistcoat, neither of which seemed in general new, and sometimes appeared to be threadbare. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that those colours like the white rose

formerly worn by the adherents of the family of Stuart, then constituted the distinguishing badge or uniform of Washington and the American insurgents. In this dress he always took his seat, not upon the front opposition bench, but on the third row behind, close to that pillar supporting the gallery which is nearest to the speaker's chair. It was not till 1782, or rather till the beginning of 1783, that with Lord North by his side, he first began to sit on the opposition bench, technically so denominated in ordinary language. I am sensible that these minute particulars are in themselves unimportant, but they nevertheless approximate and identify the object. And that object is Mr. Fox.

His paternal descent was by no means illustrious, nor was the elevation of his family sufficiently ancient to shed over it that species of genealogical respect only to be derived from the lapse of time. Collins indeed says, in his "Peerage," when treating of the barony of Holland, that "There were *Foxes* in England before the Norman conquest." But I have always understood that his grandfather, who rose to considerable eminence, and was created a baronet by the name of Sir Stephen Fox, had been a chorister boy in the cathedral of Salisbury, when in 1652 he accompanied Lord Wilmot to France, after the defeat of Charles the Second, at the battle of Worcester. It has been maintained, and I have heard it asserted, that their names were originally Palafox; that they formed a branch of that noble Arragonese family, so distinguished in the present age by the glorious defence of Saragossa, and that they first came into this country in 1688, when one of the Spanish armada being stranded on our coast, the survivors, among whom was a Palafox, settled in England. I have, however, always regarded this story as a mere fable. Sir Stephen Fox, towards the end of a long life, during which he made great advances to honours and dignities, having married, became at seventy years of age the father of two sons, born at the same birth. These twins were both in process of time elevated to the peerage, a fact which had antecedently been realised to a certain degree in the Cecil as well as in the Herbert family, under James the First. Charles the First again exhibited it in the house of Rich, and we have since seen it exemplified in the families of Walpole, of Hood, and of Wellesley.

While the elder son of Sir Stephen Fox was created Earl of Ilchester, by George the Second, the youngest, Henry, acquired a barony in the beginning of the present reign, by the title of Lord Holland. He was, unquestionably, a man of very eminent attainments, possessing a classic mind, cultivated by study, adorned by travel, and illuminated by a taste for the elegant arts. But he is better known in the political history of the late reign, where he performed a principal part in the ministerial as well as parliamentary annals, till he sunk under the superior ascendant, sustained by the irresistible eloquence of the first Earl of Chatham. Of immeasurable ambition, and equally insatiable of wealth, Lord Holland was enabled, by possessing the lucrative post of paymaster of the forces, which he held during several years in time of war, to accumulate an immense fortune. It was not, however, attained without great unpopularity and obloquy, which accompanied him to the grave, and exposed him to much, perhaps to unmerited, abuse or accusation. His moral character did not, indeed, stand as high in the national estimation, either in a public or in a private point of view, as did his abilities. But he cemented the greatness of his family by allying himself with the ducal house of Lenox.

Of his three sons, Lord Holland early perceived the extraordinary talents which nature had conferred on the second; and, in the fond anticipation of that son's future political elevation, exhausted on his education every effort which might expand or mature his opening capacity. But he adopted a vicious and dangerous principle, in ordering that the boy should neither be contradicted nor punished, for almost any acts in his power to commit, of puerile misconduct or indiscretion. "Let nothing be done to break his spirit," said Lord Holland; "the world will effect that business soon enough." When he made the tour of France and Italy, he was accompanied by a gentleman of eminent parts, Mr. Macartney, who afterwards, towards the close of a life passed in the public service, attained himself to the peerage. We may see in the letters of Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole, what species of impression Mr. Fox's endowments, and the sallies of his juvenile impetuosity, made on the minds of the Parisians. They seem to have considered him as a sort of phenomenon, which dazzled and astonished more than it pleased or delighted them. Before he attained fully to the age at which he could constitutionally vote, though he might speak in parliament, his father procured him a seat in the house of commons; and his talents, aided by his connections, placed him towards the close of 1772, on the ministerial bench, as a member of the board of treasury. He occupied the situation about two years.

This early association to Lord North's administration might, nevertheless, be considered as an unfortunate circumstance in its results, since it involved him in the unpopularity attached to various measures then adopted by the government, which subsequently led to a rupture with America. That, even previous to his attainment or acceptance of office, he was considered by the enemies of administration as a devoted partisan of ministry, in training for future desperate service, is evident from the manner in which "Junius" speaks of him. Writing to the Duke of Grafton, in June, 1771, he says, "In vain would he (the king) have looked round him for another character so consummate as yours. Lord Mansfield shrinks from his principles. His ideas of government perhaps go farther than your own, but his heart disgraces the theory of his understanding. Charles Fox is yet in blossom; and as for Mr. Wedderburn, there is something about him which even treachery cannot trust." These ministerial fetters did not, however, long detain him in bondage. The sarcastic mode of expression chosen by Lord North to communicate Mr. Fox's dismission from the treasury board, is well known. "His majesty," observed the first minister to some persons near him, "has named new commissioners of the treasury, among whom I do not see the name of the Hon. Charles James Fox." From that period, having enlisted under the banners of opposition, and being aided by the errors or misfortunes of the American war, he attained, in the course of about six years, to the highest eminence among the formidable body of men who then opposed the measures of the crown.

Pleasures of every description, to which his constitution or inclinations impelled him, divided however with political pursuits the early portion of his life; some of which, if fame reported truly, might have furnished matter for a new "Atalantis." It may be curious, nevertheless, for those persons who only remember him either as a leading member of the minority, or in office as a minister, to contemplate Mr. Fox when at the head of the ton, who were then denominated "Macaronis." Mason describes, or produces, him under that character, in the "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers," published, I believe, early in 1774. After enumerating, with vast felicity of humour and satire, the Asiatic diversions supposed to be exhibited for the amusement of the British sovereign, he thus concludes; I cite by memory—

"But hark! The shouts of battle sound from far!
The Jews and Macaronis are at war.
The Jews prevail, and thundering from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.
Fair Schwellenbergen smiles the sport to see,
And all the maids of honour cry te he."

Neither the pleasures of refined nor of licentious love, nor the social conviviality of the table, although he might occasionally indulge in each of those gratifications, constituted, however, his predominant passion. All his inclinations, from a very early age, seemed to be concentrated in a more fatal attachment to play. In the prosecution of that propensity, he had squandered prodigious sums before his father's decease, with which Lord Holland's paternal fondness furnished him. To the same pursuit, or rather rage, he subsequently sacrificed a sinecure place of two thousand pounds a year for life, the clerkship of the pells in Ireland, of which he came into possession by the demise of his elder brother, Stephen, in December, 1774. After holding it scarcely ten months, he sold it to Mr. Charles Jenkinson, since better known as Earl of Liverpool, and he disposed, in a similar manner, of a fine estate situated at Kingsgate, in the Isle of Thanet. The office had been procured for him, as the estate had been bequeathed to him, by his father. We must confess that these scandalous irregularities of conduct, or rather vices of character, remind us more of Timon and Alcibiades than of Pericles and Demosthenes.

Fox played admirably both at whist and at piquet; with such skill, indeed, that by the general admission of Brookes's club, he might have made four thousand pounds a year, as they calculated, at those games, if he would have confined himself to them. But his misfortune arose from playing at games of chance, particularly at faro. After eating and drinking plentifully, he sat down to the faro table, and inevitably rose a loser. Once, indeed, and only once, he won about eight thousand pounds in the course of a single evening. Part of the money he paid away to his creditors, and the remainder he lost again almost immediately, in the same manner. The late Mr. Boothby, so well known during many years in the first walks of fashion and dissipation, himself an irreclaimable gamester, and an intimate friend of Fox, yet appreciated him with much severity, though with equal truth. "Charles," observed he, "is unquestionably a man of first-rate talents, but so deficient in judgment as never to have succeeded in any object during his whole life. He loved only three things—women, play, and politics. Yet at no period did he ever form a creditable connection with a woman; he lost his whole fortune at the gaming table; and, with the exception of about eleven months, he has remained always in opposition." It is difficult to dispute the justice of this portrait. Perhaps we might add, that towards the close of his career, he emulated the distinction of a historian, in the pursuit of which object he made great efforts, and with a view to facilitate it, he appears principally to have undertaken his journey to Paris in 1802. Whether he succeeded better than in the former attempts posterity will determine; but he would certainly have attained a more elevated place in the temple of historic fame by imitating the line of Xenophon or of Sallust, who commemorated the transactions of their own times, than by taking Livy for a model.

Before he attained his thirtieth year, he had completely dissipated every shilling that he could either command or could procure by the most ruinous expedients. He had even undergone, at times, many of the severest privations annexed to the vicissitudes that mark a gamester's progress, frequently wanting money to defray his common diurnal wants, of the most pressing nature. Topham Beauclerk, himself a man of pleasure and of letters, who lived much in Fox's society at that period of his life, used to affirm that no man could form an idea of the extremities to which he had been driven in order to raise money, after losing his last guinea at the faro table. He has been reduced for successive days to such distress, as to be under a necessity of having recourse to the waiters of Brookes's club to lend him assistance. The very chairmen whom he was unable to pay, used to dun him for their arrears. All dignity of character, and independence of mind, must have been lost amidst these scenes of ruinous dissipation. In 1781, he might however be considered as an extinct volcano, for the pecuniary aliment that had fed the flame was long consumed. Yet he then occupied a house or lodgings in St. James's street, close to the club at Brookes's, where he passed almost every hour which was not devoted to the house of commons; and during Lord North's administration, parliament usually remained sitting, with short adjournments, from November till July. That club might then be considered as the rallying point and rendezvous of the opposition; where, while faro, whist, and suppers, prolonged the night, the principal members of the minority in both houses met, in order to compare their information, or to concert and mature their parliamentary measures.

Nature, besides the extraordinary endowments of mind which she conferred on Fox, had given him likewise a constitution originally capable of prodigious exertion. But he had early impaired his bodily powers by every excess, added to the most violent mental agitations. These acts of imprudence had produced their inevitable consequences, though for some time counteracted by youth or obviated by medical aid. As early as 1781 Mr. Fox was already attacked with frequent complaints of the stomach and bowels, attended by acute pain, to moderate the symptoms of which he usually had recourse to laudanum. The strongest frame must, indeed, have sunk under such physical and moral exhausture, if he had allowed himself no interval of relaxation or repose. But happily his passion for some of the amusements and sports of the country, almost rivaled his attachment to the gaming table. No sooner had the shooting season

commenced, than he constantly repaired to Norfolk. Lord Robert Spenser generally accompanied him, and after visiting various friends they sometimes hired a small house in the town of Thetford, rose at an early hour, and passed the whole day with a fowling-piece in their hands, among coveys of partridges and pheasants, for successive weeks during the autumn. These salutary occupations never failed of restoring the health that he had lost in St. James's street, and in the house of commons.

Nor did the rage for play ever engross his whole mind, or wholly absorb his faculties. Nature had implanted in his bosom many elevated inclinations, which, though overpowered and oppressed for a time, yet, as he advanced in life, continually acquired strength. If ambition formed the first, the love of letters constituted the second of these passions. When he contemplated the extent of his own talents, and compared them with those of Lord North, or of every other individual in either house of parliament, it was impossible for him not to perceive the moral certainty of his attaining by perseverance, in the course of a few years, almost any public situation to which he might aspire. In the possession and enjoyment of power, he necessarily anticipated the recovery of that independence which he had sacrificed at the gaming table, as well as the means of recompensing the zealous friendship or devotion of his numerous adherents.

No man in public life ever possessed more determined friends, or exercised over them a more unbounded influence, though he was by no means as tractable and amenable to reason or to entreaty on many occasions as the apparent suavity of his disposition seemed to indicate. Even interest could not always bend him to a compliance with its dictates, nor expostulation induce him to pay the most ordinary attention to persons who had materially served him. In 1784, at the election of a member for Westminster, which was very obstinately contested, Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, whose age and delicate health prevented him from almost ever leaving his own house, yet submitted to be carried in a sedan chair from Berkeley square to the hustings in Covent Garden to vote for him. But no remonstrances could prevail on Fox to leave his name at Mr. Walpole's door, though he passed it continually in his morning walks. Hare himself, who was one of his most favoured associates, vainly exerted every effort to make him say a few civil words to a lady of quality, by whom he was seated at supper in a great public company, met expressly to celebrate the success of his election; a success to which that lady, as he knew, had contributed by every means in her power, and who, as her reward, only aspired to attract his notice or attention for a few minutes. He turned his back on her and would not utter a syllable. Hurt at Fox's neglect, Hare, who sat nearly opposite to him, and who was accustomed to treat him with the utmost freedom, took out a pencil, wrote three lines, and pushed the paper across the table to his friend. The lines I shall not transcribe, as they were too energetic, or rather coarse, to allow of their insertion; but they adjured Fox (in language as strong as Mecænas used to Augustus, when he wrote to the emperor, "Siste tandem, carnifex!") to turn himself round to the lady in question. He calmly perused the billet, and then, having torn it in small pieces, which he placed on the table, without appearing to pay any attention to Hare, he turned his back if possible still more decidedly on the person in whose behalf the expostulation was written. These facts were related to me by a nobleman who was present on the occasion.

If ever an individual existed in this country, who from his natural bias would have inclined to maintain in their fullest extent all the just prerogatives of the crown, and who would have restrained within due limits every attempt on the part of the people to diminish its influence, we may assert that Fox was the man. The principles of his early education, the example and exhortations of his father, for whom he always preserved an affectionate reverence, which constituted a most pleasing feature of his character, his first political connections—all led him to the foot of the throne. He had tasted the comforts of office under Lord North, and his very wants rendered indispensable a return to power. Nor whatever moral disapprobation his private irregularities unquestionably excited in the breast of a sovereign whose whole life was exempt from any breach of decency or decorum, could those defects of conduct have formed any insurmountable impediment to his attainment of the highest employments. In point of fact, neither the Duke of Grafton, whom "Junius" stigmatises as "a libertine by profession," nor the Earls of Rochford and Sandwich, nor Lord Weymouth, nor Lord Barrington, nor Lord Thurlow, had been distinguished by sanctity of manners, though they had all occupied the first situations in the state. Sir Francis Dashwood, who afterwards became premier baron of England, under the title of Lord Le Despenser, and whom Lord Bute made chancellor of the exchequer, in 1762, far exceeded in licentiousness of conduct any thing exhibited since Charles the Second. He had founded a society, denominated from his own name, "the Franciscans," who, to the number of twelve, met at Medmenham Abbey, near Marlow in Bucks, on the banks of the Thames. Wilkes was a member of this unholy fraternity of which he makes mention in his letter to Earl Temple, written from Bagshot, in September, 1762. Rites of a nature so subversive of all decency, and calculated, by an imitation of the ceremonies and mysteries of the Roman catholic church, to render religion itself an object of contumely, were there celebrated, as cannot be reflected on without astonishment. Sir Francis himself officiated as high priest, habited in the dress of a Franciscan monk, engaged in pouring a libation from a communion-cup to the mysterious object of their homage. Churchhill, in his poem of "The Candidate," has drawn him under this character as Medmenham; but I cannot prevail on myself to cite the passage. Immorality, or even profligacy, abstractedly considered, formed, therefore, it is evident, no bar to employment under George the Third.

Fox's error arose, if not wholly, yet principally, from a different source. In the ardour of political opposition, stimulated, perhaps, by domestic wants of many kinds, finding himself so long excluded from office, and conscious that he was become personally obnoxious to the sovereign, by embracing the cause and the defence of his revolted subjects beyond the Atlantic, Fox did not always confine himself within a constitutional and temperate resistance to the measures of the crown. Mingling the spirit of faction with the principles of party, while he appeared only to attack the minister, he leveled many of his severest insinuations or accusations at the king. He consequently obstructed the attainment of the object which lay within his grasp. As the American war drew towards its termination, he observed scarcely any measure in the condemnation which he expressed for the authors of the contest.

When the new parliament met on the first of November, 1780, and it was proposed in the address to the throne that the house of commons should acknowledge "the sole objects of the king's royal care and concern were to promote the happiness of his people," words merely complimentary, Fox rising in his place, exclaimed, "We are called on to recognise the blessings of his majesty's reign. I cannot concur in such a vote, for I am not acquainted with those blessings. The present reign offers one uninterrupted series of disgrace, misfortune, and calamity!" Only a few weeks afterwards, in January, 1781, when the debate on the Dutch war took place, "The reign of Charles the Second," observed Mr. Fox, "who twice engaged in hostilities with Holland, has been denominated an infamous reign; but the evils inflicted on this country by the Stuarts were happily retrieved by a revolution; while the ills of the present reign admit of no redress." He even proceeded to draw a sort of parallel, or rather contrast of the most invidious description, between Catherine the Second and George the Third, who, having ascended the thrones of Russia and of Great Britain nearly about the same time, had exhibited an opposite line of conduct; the former empire rising under Catherine into eminence, while England, governed by George, sunk into contempt.

In November, 1779, he far exceeded even the foregoing remarks, when he did not hesitate to compare Henry the Sixth with his present majesty, and to assimilate their characters, qualities, and the disgraces of their respective reigns as affording the most complete resemblance. "Both," he observed, "owed the crown to revolutions; both were pious princes, and both lost the acquisitions of their predecessor." The speeches of Fox, it must be owned, breathed a very revolutionary spirit throughout the whole progress of the American war. Smarting under such reflections, the king began to consider the principles and doctrines of Fox as inseparably implicated with rebellion. From that instant the splendour of his talents only enhanced the magnitude of his offence. His uncle, the Duke of Richmond, who seemed to emulate the same distinction, and who indulged himself in remarks equally severe on the supposed interference of the crown in perpetuating the struggle, might find pardon in the mediocrity of his abilities. But Fox's fault necessarily inspired deeper feelings of resentment, and may be said to have eminently contributed to the misfortunes of his political life.

Amidst the wildest excesses of youth, even while the perpetual victim of his passion for play, his elegant mind eagerly cultivated, at intervals, a taste for letters. His education had made him early acquainted with the writers of Greece and Rome, historical, as well as philosophical and poetical. The beauties of Horace, Tacitus, Juvenal, and Cicero, which were familiar to him, seemed always to present themselves to his memory without an effort. When speaking in parliament, he knew how to avail himself of their assistance, with a promptitude and facility that it is difficult to imagine. Burke himself was not his superior on this point. So well had he been grounded in classic knowledge, that he could read the Greek no less than the Roman historians, as well as poets, in the original; and however extraordinary the fact may appear, he found resources in the perusal of their works under the most severe depressions occasioned by ill success at the gaming table. Topham Beauclerk, whom I have already had occasion to mention, and who always maintained habits of great intimacy with Fox, quitted him one morning at six o'clock, after having passed the whole preceding night together at faro. Fortune had been most unfavourable to Fox, whom his friend left in a frame of mind approaching to desperation. Beauclerk's anxiety respecting the consequences which might ensue from such a state of agitation, impelled him to be early at Fox's lodgings, and, on arriving, he enquired, not without apprehension, whether he was risen. The servant replying that Mr. Fox was in the drawing-room, he walked up stairs, and cautiously opening the door, where he expected to behold a frantic gamester stretched on the floor, bewailing his misfortunes, or plunged in silent despair, to his equal astonishment and satisfaction, Beauclerk discovered him intently engaged in reading a Greek Herodotus. "What would you have me do," said he, "I have lost my last shilling!" Such was the elasticity, suavity, and equality of disposition that characterised him, and with so little effort did he pass from profligate dissipation to researches of taste or literature. After staking and losing all that he could raise at faro, instead of exclaiming against fortune, or manifesting the agitation natural under such circumstances, he has been known to lay his head on the table, and retaining his place, but extenuated by fatigue of mind and body, almost immediately to fall into a profound sleep.

Mr. Fox was not only conversant with the works of antiquity,—modern history, polite letters, and poetry, were equally familiar to him. Few individuals were better instructed in the annals of their own country. Having traveled, when young, over France and Italy, he had studied the finest productions of those countries, so fertile in works of genius, at the fountain-head. Davila and Guiccardini, he read in the original, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, constituted the frequent companions of his leisure hours, whom he perused with delight; and the beautiful pages of which authors, as he proceeded, he constantly marked with his own hand. For the poem of the "Orlando Furioso," I know that he expressed great partiality. Nor was he devoid himself of some portion of poetic talent, as many compositions of his pen which remain sufficiently attest; though, for ease, delicacy, and playful satire, he could not stand a competition in that branch of accomplishment with his friend and companion, Colonel Fitzpatrick. The verses, or epigram, written on Gibbon's accepting the employment of a lord of trade, in 1779, beginning,—

"King George in a fright,
Lest Gibbon should write
The history of England's disgrace,
Thought no way so sure
His pen to secure,
As to give the historian a place;"

I have always understood to be from Fox's pen, though

it is discerned by Lord Holland, as "certainly not his uncle's composition." I know, however, that some years afterwards, when his effects were seized for debt and sold, a set of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in the first leaf of which Fox had with his own hand inserted the stanzas in question, produced a very considerable sum, under the belief or conviction that he was their author.

Fox conversed in French, nearly with the same purity and facility as he did in English; writing in that language not less correctly, nor with less elegance. A man of his high birth and connections, possessing qualifications so rare, independent of his parliamentary abilities, seemed to be pointed out by nature for the superintendence of the foreign department of state. Those persons who anticipated the fall of Lord North's administration, already imagined that they beheld Mr. Fox in that situation, for which talents and education had evidently designed him. Yet, after contemplating the portrait which I have sketched, and which, I imagine, even his greatest admirers will admit to do him no injustice, it is for impartial posterity to determine whether, on full examination of his merits and defects, George the Third may be considered as most deserving of approbation or of blame, in never having, at any period of his reign, voluntarily called Mr. Fox to his councils. If energy of mind, enlargement of views, firmness of character, amenity of manners, acquaintance with foreign courts and languages, facility in conducting business, and prodigious intellectual powers, combining eloquence, application, as well as discernment,—if these endowments are considered as forming an incontestable claim to public employment, unsustained by moral qualities, or by property, we must condemn the sentence of exclusion passed upon him. Those persons, on the other hand, who consider all talent, however eminent, as radically defective, unless sustained by decorum, and a regard for opinion,—as well as all who prefer sobriety of conduct, regularity of deportment, and the virtues of private life, above any ability which nature can bestow on man,—lastly, all who regard judgment, under the control of strict principle, as the most indispensable requisite of a minister, to whom the public honour and felicity are in some measure necessarily entrusted;—such persons will probably hesitate before they decide too hastily on the degree of censure or of commendation which the king's conduct towards Fox ought to excite in our minds.

BURKE.

If Fox occupied the first place in the ranks of the opposition, Burke might be pronounced, without contest, the second person in that powerful body. His extraordinary endowments of mind superseded every defect of birth, fortune, connections, or country, and placed him on an eminence to which no subject in my time, unassisted by those advantages, with the single exception of Mr. Sheridan, has ever attained in the public estimation. For it may perhaps be justly questioned, whether the splendid talents of the first Mr. Pitt would have forced his way into the cabinet, unaided and unsustained by his alliance with the family of Grenville. Of years much more advanced than Fox, Burke had already attained to the acme of his fame as an orator, and could not well augment the reputation which he had acquired in that capacity. Perhaps, if we were to point out the period of his life when he stood on the highest ground as a public man, in the estimation of all parties, we should name the year 1781. His recent exertions in bringing forward the bill for the reform of the civil list, which had engaged such general attention in the last session of the preceding parliament, continued yet fresh in recollection. Whatever opinion might be entertained respecting the necessity, or the eligibility, of those proposed regulations in the royal household, only one sentiment pervaded the house and the nation, on the unexampled combination of eloquence, labour, and perseverance, which had been displayed by their enlightened author. They covered with astonishment and admiration, even those who from principle or from party, appeared most strenuous in opposing the progress of the bill itself, through every stage. The very rejection which had attended many clauses of it, and the address with which others were finally evaded or eluded, had conduced to raise him in the national opinion.

While, however, I do this justice to his talents and intentions, it is impossible not to consider with very different feelings the splendid eulogium which he made on that occasion, of which Necker formed the subject. Burke, in sublime and animated language, described the system of public credit adopted by Louis the Sixteenth, under the guidance of his Genevese financial minister; which he depictured as the consummation of human ability, economy, and judicious calculation. Neither Sully nor Colbert, he said, could compete with Necker: while the sovereign of France, unlike his predecessors on the throne, who had recourse, when in distress, to the bold frauds or plunges of bankrupt despotism, for raising pecuniary supplies, built all his plans on the firm basis of national confidence, sustained by pecuniary regulations calculated to pay the interest of the debt thus incurred. Such were the arts and assertions by which George the Third, Lord North, and the American war, became objects of reprobation! If Burke really believed the facts that he laid down, what are we to think of his judgment? But there is a mistaken zeal in politics, as in religion, of which delusive cup he had drunk deep. The intoxication insensibly dispersed after 1789, and before 1792 he beheld Louis the Sixteenth, Necker, and their insensate or pernicious measures, through a just medium. He then endeavoured to counteract the effect of his own orations. In 1781, the delusion subsisted in all its force. The unqualified condemnation which he had always bestowed on the American war, from the period of its commencement, seemed to be at least justified by the result of the contest; and in that sentiment he was then supported by a majority of the British people. When, to the operation of these combined causes, we add the acknowledged mediocrity of his fortune, which left him in a sort of dependence on the Marquis of Rockingham, together with his long exclusion from office, and his unimpeached moral character, contrasted with the irregularity of Fox's conduct, we shall not wonder at the high place which he occupied within, no less than without, the walls of the house of commons.

All those persons to whom his memory is dear, may like to contemplate him at this point of time, when he appears most resplendent, as well as free from many of the weaknesses, inconsistencies, and infirmities, to which our nature is subject, and from which he was by no means exempt. His admirers will recollect, with concern, the querulous lamentations, and unseemly reluctance, with which, in 1782 and 1783, he each time quitted the pay-office, on the change of administration. They will remember the acts of imprudence and indiscretion, not to call them by any harsher name, which characterised his tenure of office, during the existence of the coalition ministry—to defend, or palliate which, demanded the utmost efforts of Fox's parliamentary abilities. They will probably admit and lament his too ardent prosecution of Hastings, for political errors or trespasses, which, even though they had existed in their utmost extent, ought to have found their apology in the difficulties of his situation; beset with domestic and foreign enemies, in charge of a vast empire; and necessitated to find resources on the spot, against internal commotion, no less than external hostility. They will reprobate, with severity, his intemperate and indecorous conduct as a member of parliament, in 1788, on an occasion when the country at large felt the deepest sympathy and distress for the intellectual illness of the sovereign. And, finally, though they will exult in the meritorious line of action which he embraced on the commencement of the French revolution, as equally honourable to himself, and beneficial to the cause of order and government throughout the civilised world, yet they cannot forget that he received from Mr. Pitt, soon afterwards, two pensions for three lives, of eighteen hundred pounds a year each, as his reward: and they will perhaps incline to admit, that on an impartial survey, Mr. Burke appears greater and more elevated in 1781 than at any subsequent period of his political life.

He was then more than fifty years of age, of which he had passed fifteen in the house of commons. I believe he owed his first seat in that assembly, not to the Marquis of Rockingham, but to the late Earl Verney, with whom he had formed some connections of a pecuniary nature—during the continuance of which, both that nobleman and Mr. Burke became purchasers, to a considerable amount, of East India stock. The latter, as it was asserted, sold out in time, after clearing so large a sum by the transaction, as with it to have purchased the estate or house at Gregories, near Beconsfield in Bucks, where he always resided when not in London. Lord Verney, less fortunate, or less prudent, though possessed of a vast landed property, was almost ruined by his East India purchases; and Richard Burke, Edmund's brother, who was then a practitioner at the bar, being likewise involved in the same losing concern, was said to be unable to fulfil his stock engagements; or in the language of Change Alley, to have waddled. Hence, in allusion to this circumstance, his enemies, instead of Dick Burke, commonly called him Duck Burke. Edmund, in 1781, rented a house in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, conveniently situated for his attendance in parliament, but entertained very little company; and his pecuniary obligations to the Marquis of Rockingham, which were known to be great, sufficiently indicated the limited nature of his private fortune.

Nature had bestowed on him a boundless imagination, aided by a memory of equal strength and tenacity. His fancy was so vivid, that it seemed to light up by its own powers, and to burn without consuming the aliment on which it fed; sometimes bearing him away into ideal scenes created by his own exuberant mind, but from which he sooner or later returned to the subject of debate—descending from his most aerial flights by a gentle and imperceptible gradation, till he again touched the ground. Learning waited on him like a handmaid, presenting to his choice all that antiquity had culled or invented, most elucidatory of the topic under discussion. He always seemed to be oppressed under the load and variety of his intellectual treasures, of which he frequently scattered portions with a lavish hand, to inattentive, impatient, hungry, and sleepy hearers, undeserving of such presents. Nor did he desist, though warned by the clamorous vociferation of the house to restrain or to abbreviate his speeches. Every power of oratory was wielded by him in turn: for he could be, during the same evening, pathetic and humorous, acrimonious and conciliating—now giving a loose to his indignation or severity, and then, almost in the same breath, calling to his asistance, ridicule, wit, and mockery. Yet, with this assemblage of endowments, which would have sufficed to form many orators—though he instructed, delighted, and astonished, he frequently fatigued, because his faculties were not controlled and chastened by a severe judgment.

In his dress and exterior he was not less negligent than Fox: but the spirit of party did not blend with the colour of his apparel, and he rarely or never came to the house in blue and buff, though he eulogised Laurens, the American ex-president, when a prisoner in the tower, far beyond the picture which Pope has left us of Atterbury, under the same circumstances. Burke constantly wore spectacles. His enunciation was vehement, rapid, and never checked by any embarrassment—for his ideas outran his powers of utterance, and he drew from an exhaustless source. But his Irish accent, which was as strong as if he had never quitted the banks of the Shannon, diminished to the ear the enchanting effect of his eloquence on the mind. Dundas, who laboured under a similar impediment, yet turned it to account, if I may so express myself—some of his expressions or allusions, by the variation in pronouncing a single letter, or pressing too hard upon a vowel, frequently producing such an equivocal sound, conveying at the same time so strange an impression on the ears of his audience, as put to flight all gravity, and convulsed the house with laughter. In brilliancy of wit, Lord North alone could compete with Burke; for Sheridan had not then appeared. Burke drew all his images from classic sources—a fact, of which he displayed a beautiful exemplification, when he said of Wilkes, borne along in triumph by the mob, that he resembled Pindar, elevated on the wings of poetical inspiration,

——"Numerisque fertur
Lege solutis."

His personal qualities of temper and disposition, (such is the infirmity of our nature) by no means corresponded with his intellectual endowments. Throughout his general manner and deportment in parliament, there was a mixture of petulancy, impatience, and at times of intractability, which greatly obscured the lustre of his talents. His very features, and the undulating motions of his head, were eloquently expressive of this irritability, which on some occasions seemed to approach

towards alienation of mind. Even his friends could not always induce him to listen to reason and remonstrance, though they sometimes held him down in his seat, by the skirts of his coat, in order to prevent the ebullitions of his anger or indignation. Gentle, mild, and amenable to argument in private society, of which he formed the delight and the ornament, he was often intemperate and even violent in parliament. Fox, however irritated, never forgot that he was a chief. Burke, in his most sublime flights, was only a partisan. The countenance of the latter, which rarely relaxed into a smile, did not invite approach or conciliation. His enmities and prejudices, though they originated in principle, as well as in conviction, yet became tinged with the virulent spirit of party; and were eventually in many instances inveterate, unjust, and insurmountable. Infinitely more respectable than Fox, he was nevertheless far less amiable. Exempt from his defects and irregularities, Burke wanted the suavity of Fox's manner, his amenity, and his placability. The one procured more admirers: the other possessed more friends. Though acting together to a common point, as members of the house of commons, and embarked in the same cause, their intimacy seemed always to commence, and to cease, at the entrance of the lobby. Burke retired from the discharge of his parliamentary functions, exhausted, chagrined, and often irritated, to repair immediately to his family, or to the duties and avocations of domestic life. Fox, always fresh, and never more alert than after a long debate, only quitted the house in order to drive to Brookes's. Even in their nearest approximations, there were always essential and striking distinctions between the two opposition leaders. In genius, in learning, in eloquence, in politics, they were assimilated. But in their occupations, amusements, society, companions, and modes of life, never were two men more discordant. They continued, nevertheless, to act together through succeeding parliaments, in good, and in adverse fortune, till the French revolution finally dissevered them. The obvious defect of Burke, was want of temper and self-command. Fox's latent blemish lay in his dissolute habits and ruined fortune, which enabled his enemies to compare him with Catiline. Both wanted judgment to perceive, that even under the free constitution of Great Britain, the cabinet, though it may be taken by storm, cannot be long held except by favour. Mr. Fox, in 1806, appears to have thoroughly come up with this great truth, of which, in 1781, he was either regardless or ignorant.

BARRE.

In surveying the opposition side of the house of commons at this period, the idea of Barré naturally and unavoidably suggests itself after that of Burke. Both were natives of the same country, Ireland; and both had attained to vast celebrity in their adopted country, England. But no sort of comparison could be made between their talents, acquirements, or claim to general admiration, in all which Burke possessed an infinite superiority. Of an athletic frame and mould, endowed with extraordinary powers of voice, Barré, as a speaker, roughly enforced, rather than solicited or attracted attention. Severe and sometimes coarse in his censures or accusations, he nevertheless always sustained his charges against ministers, however strong, with considerable force of argument and language. Slow, measured, and dictatorial in his manner of enunciation, he was not carried away by those beautiful digressions of genius or fancy, with which Burke captivated and entertained his audience. Master, nevertheless, of his subject, and more attentive than Burke not to fatigue the patience of the house when he saw them eager to rise, he frequently obtained a more indulgent hearing. Deprived already of one eye, and menaced with a privation of both—advanced in years, gray-headed, and of a savage aspect, he reminded the beholder, when he rose, of Belisarius rather than of Tully. Yet possessing a cultivated understanding, conversant with the works of antiquity, and able on occasion to press them into his service, he sometimes displayed a great diversity of information.

DUNNING.

Near him, on the same bench, in the front ranks of the minority, usually sat his friend and colleague, Dunning. Never perhaps did nature enclose a more illuminated mind, in a body of meaner and more abject appearance. It is difficult to do justice to the peculiar species of ugliness which characterised his person and figure, although he did not labour under any absolute deformity of shape or limb. A degree of infirmity, and almost of debility or decay in his organs, augmented the effect of his other bodily misfortunes. Even his voice was so husky and choked with phlegm, that it refused utterance to the sentiments which were dictated by his superior intelligence. In consequence of this physical impediment, he lay always under a necessity of involuntarily announcing his intention to address the house, some time before he actually rose, by the repeated attempts which he made to clear his throat. But all these imperfections, and defects of configuration, were obliterated by the ability which he displayed. In spite of the monotony of his tones, and his total want of animation, as well as grace—yet so powerful was reason when flowing from his lips, that every murmur became hushed, and every ear attentive. It seemed, nevertheless, the acute sophistry of a lawyer, rather than the speech of a man of the world, or the eloquence of a man of letters and education. Every sentence, though admirable in itself, yet resembled more the pleading of the bar than the oratory of the senate. So difficult is it for the most enlightened intellect to throw off the habits of a profession. Dunning neither delighted nor entertained his hearers; but he subdued them by his powers of argumentative ratiocination, which have rarely been exceeded. They soon afterwards raised him to the peerage; just in time to attain that elevation, as his constitution speedily sunk under accumulated disorders, which hurried him prematurely to the grave. This extraordinary man, who was not exempt from great infirmity of mind, felt or perceived so little his corporeal deficiencies, as to consider his person with extraordinary predilection. Fond of viewing his face in the glass, he passed no time more to his satisfaction than in decorating himself for his appearance in the world. He and Barré, who were fellow-labourers in the same vineyard, represented likewise the same borough, Calne—and belonged or at least looked up to the same political chief, Lord Shelburne. They consequently were animated by no common principle of union or of action with Fox and Burke, except one—that of overturning the administration. On all other points, a secret jealousy and rivalry subsisted between the adherents of the Shelburne and the Rockingham parties.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

Admiral Keppel might likewise be accounted among the principal members of the opposition in the house of commons, at this period, though his talents seemed to be more conspicuously exerted in debate than they had appeared while he remained on the quarter deck, during the memorable action of the 27th July, 1778. But the persecution which, as it was pretended, he had undergone for his conduct on that day, the accusation brought against him by Palliser, and the ministerial as well as royal enmity which he had incurred; these political merits elevated him to a consideration which he could otherwise never have attained. Excluded from representing the borough of Windsor, at the recent general election in 1780; the popular effervescence of the moment, inflamed at his rejection, where it was supposed that the influence and personal exertions of the sovereign had considerably operated to his prejudice, brought him in for Surrey, a county in which he possessed no property, nor any hereditary interest. There appeared neither dignity in his person nor intelligence in his countenance, the features of which were of the most ordinary cast; and his nose, which, in consequence of an accident that befel him in the course of his professional life, had been almost laid flat, gave him an equally vulgar and unpleasant air. His abilities were indeed of a very limited description, altogether unfit for such a theatre as parliament; but the minority having already destined him to succeed and to supplant Lord Sandwich as soon as they could gain possession of power, it became indispensable to sustain him on every occasion with all their efforts.

LORD HOWE.

Another distinguished naval commander, Lord Howe, who then filled a seat in the house, might likewise be numbered among the determined opponents of government. Since his return from America, he had not enjoyed the smiles of the court, but his professional character supported him with the public. His steady and phlegmatic courage, added to the wholesome severity of his discipline when on service, deservedly placed him high in the estimation of all parties. Among the sailors he was known, from his dark complexion, by the epithet of "Black Dick." If no genius could be discovered in the lines of his face, there was in them an expression of serene and passive fortitude which could not be mistaken. His profile bore, indeed, a very strong resemblance to the portraits of George the First, from whom, by his mother, he descended. She was the natural daughter of that prince, by his mistress, Madame de Platen, whom he created Countess of Darlington some years after his accession to the crown of Great Britain. In parliament, as an orator, Lord Howe made, if possible, a worse figure than Keppel, who, when he addressed the house, was at least intelligible, though he might not greatly illuminate the subject. Lord Howe's ideas were commonly either so ill conceived by himself, or so darkly and ambiguously expressed, that it was by no means easy to comprehend his precise meaning. This oracular and confused mode of delivery, rendered still more obscure by the part of the house where he usually sat, which was on a back row, at a distance from the speaker's chair, increased however the effect of his oratory, and seemed to exemplify Burke's assertion, that "obscurity is a source of the sublime."

SAVILE.

Sir George Savile, who represented the county of York, attracted great consideration. His known integrity and disinterestedness, joined to his extensive landed property, elevated him in the public opinion more than any endowments of intellect, or parliamentary ability. He possessed, nevertheless, plain, manly sense, and a facility of utterance, which, independent of his high character and ample fortune, always secured him attention.

CAVENDISH.

Lord John Cavendish was listened to, whenever he rose, with similar deference or predilection. His near alliance to the Duke of Devonshire, the head of the whig interest; his very name, connected with the revolution of 1688, which secured the liberties of Great Britain; his unblemished reputation, and his talents, though very moderate—all these qualities combined to impress with esteem even those who differed most from him in political opinion. Nature had, in the most legible characters, stamped honesty on his countenance, but she had not accompanied it with any ornamental present. The opposition already considered him as chancellor of the exchequer in embryo.

GENERAL CONWAY.

General Conway, though by no means a man of first-rate capacity, or a superior speaker, yet surpassed in these respects either of the two last mentioned persons. His military experience, acquired in Germany during the "seven years' war;" his birth and descent, together with the recollection of his having already occupied one of the most eminent employments of state under a former administration, authorised him to expect a situation no less conspicuous in any future ministerial arrangement. His figure and deportment were exceedingly distinguished, nor did he want abilities; but his enunciation, embarrassed, and often involved, generally did injustice to his conceptions.

TOWNSEND.

Mr. Thomas Townsend, commonly denominated "Tommy Townsend," and so commemorated in Goldsmith's celebrated poem of "Retaliation," where he describes Burke,

"Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To induce *Tommy Townsend* to lend him a vote,"

looked confidently forward, no less than General Conway, to a high place in some future ministry, when Lord North should be driven from power. Nor were his expectations eventually disappointed. He was a man of very independent fortune, and of considerable parliamentary interest, present as well as prospective, two circumstances which greatly contributed to his personal no less than political elevation; for his abilities, though respectable, scarcely rose above mediocrity. Yet, as he always spoke with facility, sometimes with energy, and

was never embarrassed by any degree of timidity, he maintained a place in the front ranks of opposition.

GENERAL BURGOYNE.

General Burgoyne would not deserve any place in this list, if respect were had only to his parliamentary talents; but his sufferings in the cause of opposition, which elevated him to the rank of a martyr, like Keppel, Fox's attachment towards him, and his connection by marriage with Lord Derby, one of the minority chiefs; these merits supplied every deficiency. It was difficult to contemplate him, without involuntarily recollecting the disgraceful colours under which "Junius" has designated him, as "taking his stand at a gaming table, and watching, with the soberest attention, for a fair opportunity of engaging a drunken young nobleman at piquet;" as "drawing a regular and splendid subsistence from play;" and as "sitting down, for the remainder of his life, infamous and contented with the money received from the Duke of Grafton, for the sale of a patent place in the customs." These aspersions, which never received any public answer, did not prevent his occupying a distinguished place in Fox's regard, who exhibited a strong proof of it by becoming Burgoyne's nominee on the committee appointed to try the contested election for the borough of Preston, which he represented in the spring of 1781. Supported by such ability, the general kept his seat. I have been assured, that when he returned on his parole from America, in May, 1778, the opposition, apprehensive of his taking part with administration, and fearful that he might accuse the adherents of congress in this country with having contributed, by their language in parliament, if not by other modes of encouragement, to the resistance that produced the disaster of Saratoga, determined, if possible, to gain him. For that purpose, Fox went down privately to Hounslow, where he met Burgoyne soon after he had landed, on his way from Plymouth to London. In the course of a long and confidential interview, Fox convinced him so thoroughly that the ministers would not support him; that Lord George Germain must accuse him, in order to exculpate himself; that the king had imbibed very strong prejudices against him, and that the administration could not last a twelvemonth, as to induce the general to transfer his charges of misconduct from the opposition to the treasury bench. Present protection and future employment, whenever they should attain to power, followed of course. I have no doubt of the accuracy of this fact, as I received it from living authority.

WILKES.

Wilkes could not properly be considered as a member of the minority, because, though he always spoke from that side of the house, and usually voted with them, yet he neither depended on Lord Rockingham nor on Lord Shelburne, but his predilections leaned towards the latter nobleman. Notwithstanding, however, the personal collision which may be said to have taken place between the king and him, during the early part of his majesty's reign, Wilkes, like Burke, nourished in his bosom a strong sentiment of constitutional loyalty. He gave indelible proofs of it during the riots of June, 1780, when Bull, one of the members for London, with whom he had long been intimately connected, crouched under Lord George Gordon's mob. And though Wilkes lent his aid to overturn Lord North's administration, yet he never yoked himself to Fox's car. On the contrary, no sooner had "the coalition" unmasked their battery of the East India bill," than Wilkes, rallying to the crown as the only protection against Fox's ambition, took the warmest part against that measure, acting, in 1784, nearly the same part which Burke did eight years later, in 1792, after the French revolution, when he sought shelter behind the throne, against the horrors of anarchy, regicide, and insurrection; horrors which Fox never could or never would perceive, and for which he even apologised in no small degree.

Such was the aspect which the house of commons then presented. Pitt and Sheridan, who have since in different ways occupied so great a share of public attention, had not either of them as yet come forward. In order, however, to form a more complete estimate of the principal individuals who at that time attracted general notice, either as supporters of administration or as candidates for office, whenever the opposition should come into power, it is still requisite to throw a glance over the house of peers.

THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

The great Earl of Mansfield, though he had already advanced beyond that period of life at which the faculties of the human mind usually begin to diminish in vigour, did not appear to have lost any of the acuteness or strength of his intellect. In the court of king's bench, no less than in parliament, his transcendent abilities still excited equal respect and admiration. The friend of Pope, of Bolingbroke, and of Sir William Wyndham, during his youth, he united the finest accomplishments of science to the most profound knowledge of the laws. In the recent riots of 1780, the populace, whether considering him as inclined to support measures of an arbitrary nature, or supposing him a friend to principles of religious toleration repugnant to their feelings, selected him for the object of their violence. His house and his papers were consumed; but he had happily escaped any personal effects of their rage; and though not individually a member of administration, might be considered as disposed on all occasions to extend his assistance to the government. Yet did the constitutional and characteristic timidity which distinguished him prevent his ever standing forward in moments of crisis or danger, like Thurlow and Wedderburn, as the champion of ministerial measures. With the single exception of the Duke of Grafton, no man high in office had been so severely treated by the pen of "Junius;" and, though time had skinned over the wound, the cicatrice still remained. That able writer, after pursuing the lord chief justice with inconceivable pertinacity through all the sinuosities of legal concealment or evasion, under which he attempted to shelter himself; after comparing him to the most prostitute judges of the most arbitrary reigns; to Tresillian, under Richard the Second; and to Jefferies, under James the Second, exclaims, "Who attacks the liberty of the press? Lord Mansfield. Who invades the constitutional power of juries? Lord Mansfield. What judge ever challenged a juryman, but Lord Mansfield? Who was that judge, who, to save the king's brother, affirmed that a man of the first rank and quality, who obtains a verdict in a suit for criminal conversation, is entitled to no greater damages than the meanest mechanic? Lord Mansfield."

At him "Junius" leveled his last blows before he finally disappeared as a political writer. In his parting letter addressed to Lord Camden, written towards the end of January, 1772, exciting and invoking that nobleman to come forward as the accuser of the lord chief justice of the king's bench, at the bar of the house of peers, "considering," says he, "the situation and abilities of Lord Mansfield, I do not scruple to affirm, with the most solemn appeal to God for my sincerity, that in my judgment he is the very worst and most dangerous man in the kingdom. Thus far I have done my duty in endeavouring to bring him to punishment. But mine is an inferior ministerial office in the temple of justice. I have bound the victim and dragged him to the altar." Severe and perhaps unmerited as these accusations may appear, yet Lord Mansfield's warmest admirers never attempted to deny, that at every period of time while he presided in the court of king's bench, his opinions and his decrees, if not adverse to the liberty of the press and to the freedom of the subject, uniformly leaned towards the crown. Nor is it possible to justify, either in a moral or in a legal point of view, his partial and oppressive conduct towards Wilkes, in 1763, when the charges against him for publishing No. 45 of the "North Briton," and the "Essay on Woman," were tried in the court of king's bench, while their author, wounded at the time in a duel, was absent at Paris. Lord Mansfield's enemies, not without some reason, asserted, that he was better calculated to fill the office of prætor under Justinian, than to preside as a chief criminal judge of this kingdom in the reign of George the Third.

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH—WEDDERBURN.

Lord Loughborough, who owed to Lord North his recent elevation to the peerage, constituted one of his ablest advocates and most zealous supporters in that house. Wedderburn had risen through the gradations of the law, amidst the discussions of parliament, side by side with Thurlow. More temperate, pliant, artful, and accommodating in his manners than the chancellor, he equaled that nobleman in eloquence, if he did not even surpass him. Churchill, in one of his satires, has thought proper to describe Wedderburn as "mute at the bar but in the senate loud." No man, however, in public life, possessed more versatility of talents, or abilities better adapted to every situation. He proved himself as refined a courtier at St. James's as he was an able lawyer at Westminster. His defence of Lord Clive, when under accusation before the house of commons, at an earlier period of his majesty's reign, augmented Wedderburn's legal as well as parliamentary reputation. It had been perpetually progressive since that time, and rendered him, whether as a member of the lower or of the upper house, one of the most distinguished ornaments of the long robe.

MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.

Nor did the opposition at this time want men of distinguished capacity, professional and political, in the house of lords, though the Marquis of Rockingham was not to be accounted among the number. His rank, his integrity, and his vast patrimonial property, rather than any intellectual endowments, had placed him at the head of his party. During the short period of time when he formerly filled the post of first lord of the treasury, he had displayed more rectitude of intention than either vigour or ability. Even his constitution and frame of body appeared inadequate to the fatigues of an official situation demanding energy and application. Lord Camden, on the contrary, though much more advanced in years, had retained all the powers of his mind combined with personal activity. In debate, he might be esteemed equal to Lord Mansfield himself, while his exertions, at every period of his life, in defence of the constitutional liberties of the subject, gave him a sort of individual superiority to that nobleman, and greatly endeared him to the nation. His name, almost always united with the great Earl of Chatham, ever since the accession of George the Third, seemed inseparable from the idea of freedom.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

If indefatigable and laborious pertinacity could recommend to office or qualify for public employment, few members of the upper house possessed a better title to that praise than the Duke of Richmond. However limited might be the range of his ideas, he supplied in some measure by application the deficiency of original talent. His person, manners, and address, were all full of dignity, and the personal beauty which distinguished Mademoiselle de la Querouaille, mistress of Charles the Second, his great grandmother, was not become extinct in him. She is known to have retained her charms down to a very late period of her life, and the fables related of Ninon de l'Enclos, which Voltaire has exposed, were in some measure verified in the Duchess of Portsmouth. The late George Selwyn, who had seen her at Richmond house, in the year 1733—for she survived Charles the Second near fifty years—assured me that she was even then possessed of many attractions, though verging towards fourscore. Like his nephew, Mr. Fox, the duke did not spare the king, when addressing the house of lords, and he was considered as peculiarly obnoxious at St. James's. Accused by his enemies of wanting personal courage, he manifested at least no defect of political resolution. At the East India house, in his quality of a proprietor, no less than as a peer of parliament at Westminster, he was ever active, vigilant in detecting and exposing abuses, real or imaginary, perpetually harassing every department with enquiries, and attacking in turn the army, the admiralty, and the treasury.

THE EARL OF SHELBURNE.

But no individual in the upper house attracted so much national attention from his accomplishments, talents, and extensive information on all subjects of foreign or domestic policy as the Earl of Shelburne. In the prime of life, and in the full vigour of his faculties, he displayed, whenever he rose to speak, an intimate knowledge of Europe, together with such a variety of matter as proved him eminently qualified to fill the highest official situation. At an early period of his majesty's reign, in 1766, he had occupied with great and general approbation the post of secretary of state for the home department, during more than two years, and he might justly look forward

on any change of ministers to be again employed in a similar, or even in a higher, place of trust and power. His acquaintance with the continent was minute and accurate, the result of ocular inspection on many points, corrected by reflection, and improved by correspondence or communications with foreigners of eminence whom he assiduously cultivated and protected. Mr. Fox himself was far inferior to Lord Shelburne in these branches of information. Nor was that nobleman less versed in all the principles of finance and of revenue than in the other objects of political study that form a statesman. His house, or, more properly to speak, his palace, in Berkeley square, which had formerly constituted the residence of the Earl of Bute, formed at once the centre of a considerable party as well as the asylum of taste and science.

It is a fact, that during the latter years of Lord North's administration, he retained three or four clerks in constant pay and employment under his own roof, who were solely occupied in copying state papers or accounts. Every measure of finance adopted by the first minister passed, if I may so express myself, through the alembic of Shelburne house, where it was examined and severely discussed. There, while Dunning and Barré met to settle their plan of action as members of parliament on the opposition bench in the house of commons, Jackson, who likewise sat in the same assembly for New Romney, and the variety of whose information had acquired him the name of "omniscient Jackson," furnished every species of legal or general knowledge. Dr. Price and Mr. Baring produced financial plans, or made arithmetical calculations meant to controvert and overturn or to expose those of the first lord of the treasury; while Dr. Priestley, who lived under the Earl of Shelburne's personal protection, (just as the celebrated Hobbes had done at Chatsworth, under the immediate patronage of the Earls of Devonshire in the preceding century,) prosecuted in the midst of London his philosophical and chemical researches. Nor ought I to omit in this list of extraordinary men the distinguished names of Jervis and of Jekyll, one of whom has risen to such naval honours, and the other has attained to an equal eminence at the bar, as he enjoys from the charms of his conversation in private society.

In his person, manners, and address, the Earl of Shelburne wanted no external quality requisite to captivate or conciliate mankind. Affable, polite, communicative, and courting popularity, he drew round him a number of followers or adherents. His personal courage was indisputable. Splendid and hospitable at his table, he equally delighted his guests by the charms of his conversation and society. In his magnificent library, one of the finest of its kind in England, he could appear as a philosopher and a man of letters. With such various endowments of mind, sustained by rank and fortune, he necessarily excited universal consideration, and seemed to be pointed out by nature for the first employments. But the confidence which his moral character inspired did not equal the reputation of his abilities. His adversaries accused him of systematic duplicity and insincerity. They even asserted that, unless all the rules of physiognomy were set at defiance, his very countenance and features eloquently indicated falsehood. In order to fix upon him so injurious an imputation, they gave him the epithet of Malagrida, from the name of a Portuguese jesuit, well known in the modern history of that kingdom. And these insinuations, though not perhaps accompanied with proofs, were, nevertheless, either from the credulity or from the malignity of mankind, widely circulated as well as very generally believed throughout the nation.

PITT.

February. Among the circumstances which will always render the session of 1781 peculiarly interesting to posterity, must be accounted the active appearance of Pitt and of Sheridan on the floor of the house of commons. They both may be said to have commenced their brilliant parliamentary career nearly at the same time, within a few days of each other. Both spoke on the side of opposition, and both were received with marked approbation by every part of their audience. I was present when each of them rose for the first time. Pitt led the way on the second reading of Burke's bill for "the reform of the king's household," which, though rejected in the last session of the preceding parliament, its author did not the less bring forward anew towards the close of the month of February. He reiterated the same encomiums on the enlightened retrenchments made by Necker, with which he had entertained the house in 1780, extolled the discernment of Louis the Sixteenth in making choice of such a minister for superintendent of the finances, and asserted that the selection would produce more substantial benefit as well as more solid glory to his reign than had resulted from all the deeds of Henry the Fourth. But the measures adopted by an arbitrary prince for maintaining a war in which, contrary to every maxim of wise policy, no less than by the subversion of all treaties subsisting between France and England, he had engaged with us, did not appear in the opinion of impartial men to form a proper model for our imitation. After a debate of considerable length, the bill was rejected by a majority of forty-three votes in a very full house. Great expectations having been formed of Pitt, a sort of anxious impatience for his coming forward pervaded the assembly, which was strongly impressed from common report with a belief of his hereditary talents and eloquence. He unquestionably commenced under most auspicious circumstances, his birth and his name, by resuscitating as it were the first Earl of Chatham, whose memory awakened such animating recollections, preparing every ear to be attentive, and thus removing all the impediments that present themselves in the way of ordinary men when attempting to address parliament. But sanguine as might be the opinions entertained of his ability, he far exceeded them, seeming to attain at his outset that object which other candidates for public fame or favour slowly and laboriously effect by length of time and regular gradations.

It was in reply to Lord Nugent that Pitt first broke silence from under the gallery on the opposition side of the house. The same composure, self-possession, and imposing dignity of manner, which afterwards so eminently characterised him when seated on the treasury bench, distinguished him in this first essay of his powers though he then wanted three months to have completed his twenty-second year. The same nervous, correct, and polished diction, free from any inaccuracy of language, or embarrassment of deportment, which as first minister he subsequently displayed, were equally manifested on this occasion. Formed for a popular assembly, he seemed made to guide its deliberations from the first moment that he addressed the members composing it. But a circumstance which will more forcibly exemplify this assertion than any description, I must not omit. Lord George Germain having occasion to make some verbal communication to Welbore Ellis who sat near him, they continued during a few moments to whisper each other, while Mr. Pitt was speaking. Offended at such an apparent inattention on the part of two individuals so high in office, he suddenly suspended his discourse, and then looking round upon the house which was all ear, he said with a manner and in a tone still more impressive than the reproof, "I shall wait till the Agamemnon of the present day has finished his consultation with the Nestor of the treasury bench." The observation, which independent of its classic beauty and its severity, arose from an accident impossible to have been foreseen, it was obvious could not therefore be premeditated, and its effect not only on the two persons to whom it was specially directed, but on the house at large, was electric. Lord George and Mr. Ellis, in some confusion, instantly resumed their former attitudes, and Mr. Pitt experienced no further interruption.

All men beheld in him at once the future minister, and the opposition, overjoyed at such an accession of strength, vied with each other in their encomiums, as well as in their predictions of his certain elevation. Burke exclaimed, that "he was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself." Nor did Fox do less justice to the talents of this new competitor for power, popularity, and employment. Having carried him to Brookes's club, a few days afterwards Pitt was elected a member of that society, which then comprehended almost all the men of rank and great talents throughout the kingdom, who were engaged in parliamentary opposition to ministers. It is a fact, that Pitt remained during several years a member of Brookes's, but he rarely, if ever, appeared there after he came into office. So nice was his tact, so deep his penetration, and in so different a mould was he cast from Fox, that even on his first reception in St. James's street, though it was of the most flattering description, he was not dazzled nor won by it. On the contrary he held back, and never coalesced with that party beyond external appearances. Fox himself soon perceived the coldness of his new ally, for whom play had no attractions; but neither he nor Burke were probably aware of the profound and regulated but soaring ambition which animated him to aspire, without passing through any intermediate stage, to the first employments of the state. Still less could they apprehend or foresee that he would form, during the greater part of their future lives, the principal and insurmountable bar to their own attainment or permanent enjoyment of office.

Mr. Pitt, when he thus rose for the first time, represented the borough of Appleby in Westmoreland, and was indebted for his seat in the house to Sir James Lowther, whose property and parliamentary influence, which in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland were immense, enabled him to bring seven or eight members into that assembly. Sir James was rewarded by Mr. Pitt for this and other services with an English earldom, little more than three years afterwards. But he eagerly embraced the first occasion which presented itself, to obtain a more independent seat in parliament, and to emancipate himself from any dependence on, or personal connection with, the Lowther family. The matrimonial alliance of Sir James with Lord Bute, one of whose daughters he had married; the name of Lowther, which had been rendered unpopular, if not odious, by the memorable contest with the Duke of Portland in the beginning of the present reign; and even the character of Sir James Lowther himself, tyrannical, overbearing, violent, and frequently under no restraint of temper or of reason; all these combined motives impelled Mr. Pitt to seek elsewhere a more independent title to call himself one of the representatives of the people, particularly after his elevation to the head of the treasury. He was nevertheless compelled to wait for such an occasion till the dissolution of parliament in March, 1784, during all which period he sat for Appleby, even when chancellor of the exchequer under Lord Shelburne's administration, and afterwards when first lord of the treasury. At length, in the spring of 1784, his ministerial weight, rather than his individual qualities and interest, enabled him to turn out Lord John Townsend, (then Mr. John Townsend,) and to place himself at the head of the poll for the university of Cambridge, an election and a seat in every sense gratifying to his feelings.

It was not indeed to the personal friendship of Sir James Lowther that he originally owed his entrance into the house of commons. He was indebted for that advantage, which conducted him with such rapidity to the highest offices of state, principally, if not solely, to the late Duke of Rutland, a nobleman of nearly the same age as Mr. Pitt. The early intimacy which subsisted between them at the university of Cambridge was cemented by the political ties that had formerly united their fathers, the Marquis of Granby and the Earl of Chatham, during the reign of George the Second. As every circumstance connected with the public life and career of such a man as Mr. Pitt becomes interesting, I shall relate from my own personal knowledge some facts, not undeserving of commemoration, upon this subject.

Among the persons who were admitted to the familiarity of the late Duke of Rutland, and who had access to him at almost all hours about this time, was a man of the name of Kirkpatrick, then well known on the turf at Newmarket. Possessing a small property at Penrith, in the county of Cumberland, within a few miles of Lowther hall, he was much protected by Sir James Lowther, with whom he maintained a constant and habitual intercourse. The duke and Sir James, both treated him as a sort of buffoon, who diverted them by his eccentricities, and he was frequently employed between them on private errands or messages. During the autumn of the year 1780, the duke despatched Kirkpatrick from his house in Arlington street, to Sir James Lowther, who resided in Charles street, Berkeley square, with a verbal request, that "Sir James would do him the favour, if possible, to reserve a seat among his boroughs for a friend of the duke's, Mr. William Pitt, a younger son of the Earl of Chatham." Kirkpatrick has often related to me the particulars of his interview and conversation with Sir James Lowther, whom he found in the act of shaving himself. "Well, Kirk," for so he was always denominated, said Sir James, "what may be your business?"

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PART I. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 28, 1837. NO. 9.

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"I am come from Arlington street," answered he, "with a message to you from the duke." "What are his commands?" replied Sir James. "He requests that you will oblige him by reserving a seat for a friend of his, Mr. Pitt, Lord Chatham's brother, a young gentleman of vast abilities whom the duke wishes to bring into parliament." "I wish he had sent sooner to me," returned he; "is he very anxious about it, Kirk?" "Exceedingly so, you may be assured." "Then go back to the duke," was his reply, "and tell him that I will see him in the course of this day, and we will talk the matter over together." Kirkpatrick carried back the answer; Sir James Lowther and the Duke of Rutland having met, the eventual consequence of their interview was, that Mr. Pitt came in for Appleby, not, however, at the general election which took place in September, 1780. Mr. William Lowther, the present Earl of Lonsdale, having succeeded in making his election for Carlisle, as well as for Appleby, vacated his seat for the latter place, after the meeting of parliament, and Mr. Pitt was then returned for that borough. This event did not happen before the beginning of 1781, towards the close of January, when he took the oaths and his seat. He remained silent about five weeks before he rose and pronounced his first speech.

Having been brought up, as is universally known, to the profession of the law, he went the western circuit as a barrister, in the spring of the year 1780. But he unquestionably meditated, very early in life, a shorter and more brilliant, though perhaps not a less laborious, mode of attaining to personal and political elevation. He could not be ignorant of the prodigious powers with which nature had endowed him, which talents his father, who must have equally perceived them, had cultivated with the utmost care. A son of the great Earl of Chatham, however narrow might be his fortune, yet could not experience much difficulty in procuring entrance into the house of commons, and never was any juncture more propitious for his surmounting all the ordinary impediments in the way to high employment. In 1781, Lord North palpably and evidently verged towards his extinction as first minister. With him it was obvious all his colleagues in the cabinet must pass away, and a new order of things would arise. America having nearly effected her emancipation, peace it was probable would follow that event at no great distance of time. The king was unpopular, while Fox had become an object of general attachment throughout the country, in defiance of his excesses, principally by the steady opposition which he had given to the American war. But both those circumstances rendered him odious to his majesty, who disliked his political principles, and reprobated his personal irregularities. Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Portland were only great names and heads of a party. It was impossible for the sovereign, even if he had wished it, to call the Duke of Grafton back to office; Lord Bute himself would have been less obnoxious to the country. No individual in either house of parliament, except Lord Shelburne, remained, therefore, who could rationally aspire to succeed Lord North, unless by violence and against the king's inclination.

Mr. Pitt's youth might indeed seem, at first sight, an insurmountable impediment to his being placed in a cabinet office, without first passing through the intermediate stages. But common rules and precedents did not apply to him whose hereditary claims to national regard, as the living representative of that great minister who had humbled the house of Bourbon, disposed all men to consider him with predilection. Mr. Fox derived no such moral inheritance from his father, whose memory, far from being embalmed in the veneration of the English people, laboured on the contrary under imputations of peculation the most generally diffused. There existed, therefore, no solid obstacle to Mr. Pitt's speedy attainment even of the greatest ministerial situations, in the course of a very short time. And when we contemplate the range of his mind, the very limited fortune that he possessed, the coldness of his constitution, the dominion which he exercised over his passions, the expansion of his intellect, the splendour of his eloquence, and the immeasurable ambition or thirst of power which impelled him—we may give him credit for having, almost as soon as he came into parliament, foreseen, anticipated, and confidently calculated on his soon reaching the object of his exertions.

I have been assured that, while going the circuit to which I have alluded, he was retained as a junior counsel in a cause with a small fee, by Mr. James Dutton, who became, a short time subsequent, member for the county of Gloucester. After this first acquaintance made with each other they met however no more, except in parliament, till the beginning of the year 1784. At that time Mr. Pitt, who, though first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, could not command a majority in the house of commons, where he held his power by a most precarious tenure, was anxiously looking round for assistance and support. Mr. Dutton having requested an interview, then waited on him as first minister, and stated that he was disposed as well as desirous to support his majesty's government; but that, as it was highly probable or rather almost certain the conflict between the two parties must produce a speedy dissolution of parliament, if Mr. Pitt retained his office, and as it would be most inconvenient for him to stand a contested election for Gloucestershire, he therefore hoped to obtain the conditional promise of being recommended to his majesty for a peerage, in return for his interest and vote. To this proposition Mr. Pitt replied, that he should be happy to receive Mr. Dutton's aid, and should always retain a becoming remembrance of his friendship or assistance—but that he did not desire and could not accept it under such a condition, to which he could in no degree accede, nor would come under any engagement of the proposed nature. With that high spirit and laconic answer so analogous to his character, he dismissed Mr. Dutton—who wisely, however, trusting to his political gratitude, voted with him on every division during the critical period which followed. Nor did he miscalculate his interests; for within four months afterwards, in May of the same year, he received his reward, being created a peer by the title of Lord Shireborne.

SHERIDAN.

Sheridan, on the other hand, notwithstanding the extent and variety of his endowments, which many persons may perhaps consider to have been even superior to those of Mr. Pitt himself, did not instantly take possession of the house in the same commanding manner. The reason was obvious. Though Sheridan manifested, from the first time that he presented himself to public notice as a speaker, the greatest talents for debate, yet he found many impediments, prejudices, and obstacles, to surmount in his progress. It is likewise to be remarked, that Mr. Pitt, when he rose for the first time, spoke in reply. Sheridan, who, though he had previously risen in the house, may be said to have commenced his career by introducing three motions respecting "the interference of an armed force in suppressing the riots of June, 1780," must naturally have arranged his ideas with more order and precision than it was possible to do in answer to a preceding speech. In fact, he won his way by superior talent, temper, wit, and argument, which enabled him to triumph over every difficulty. Mr. Pitt might be said to descend, as from an eminence, on the house. Sheridan laboured up hill, with slow but uniform pace, sustained altogether by his own prodigious abilities, and by Fox's steady friendship. His father, though a man of genius, could lend him no assistance. Old Sheridan was, on the contrary, in such contracted circumstances as to have been compelled, for his support, some years after the period of which I am now speaking, to give lectures, at a very low price, on dramatic elocution or declamation, at a public room, in Gerrard street, Soho. Henderson, the celebrated actor, was, I believe, his coadjutor.

No individual in my time, Burke himself not excepted, owed less to fortune, or was more indebted to nature for his vast reputation and success, than Sheridan. He did not, however, succeed in the object of his speech, which evidently meant to throw a severe though an indirect censure on the sovereign, as well as on the administration, for issuing those orders which had rescued London from the last effects of violence and outrage. Lord North disdained either to demand or to accept indemnity for an act which he was conscious merited the highest commendation; and the house rejected by a large majority the only one of Sheridan's three motions that he ventured to submit to a division. It may indeed justly excite some astonishment, that any body of men should attempt to call into question the rectitude and propriety of a measure, only applied at the last extremity, in order to rescue the capital from inevitable conflagration, and public credit from total subversion. But never were the powers of government fallen into such debility as towards the close of the American war. Nor ever did opposition venture to treat Pitt, or Addington, or Perceval, with the contumelious personality which Fox and Burke used towards Lord North, on a variety of occasions.

March. That minister, though supported by a parliament newly elected, and though he had carried the address to the throne at the commencement of the session, by sixty-nine votes, yet was by no means master of its deliberations. He retained, indeed, a majority which might be esteemed considerable; but it was nevertheless fluctuating, precarious, and destitute of confidence in its leader. The minority, on the contrary, who augmented every month in numbers and animation, considered the termination of the American war as the term of the existence of the administration—and they already predicted, as well as anticipated with certainty, the ill success of Lord Cornwallis's expedition against the southern provinces. Notwithstanding, indeed, some faint gleams of hope and of success which appeared in the spring of 1781, few, except the most sanguine, continued to expect the reduction of America to obedience by the British arms. Emboldened by the disastrous state of foreign affairs, and availing themselves of the unpopularity of the ministry, the opposition attacked, in the severest terms, Lord North's financial measures. The loan which he had recently negotiated, having risen suddenly to a prodigious premium, became a subject of bitter invective, as profuse, improvident, and constituting a systematic engine of parliamentary corruption. And though the bargain which had been made was ultimately maintained by a majority of more than fifty votes, yet the impression produced by opposition, both in and out of the house, announced an approaching crisis, however it might still be suspended or protracted by a variety of events.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

I cannot too often repeat, while dwelling on this period of our history, that no virtues of the sovereign, however eminent, and no ability of administration, however recognised, could stem the unpopularity of the American war. With the two exceptions of Johnson and of Gibbon, the former of whom defended in print the measures of government in the beginning of the contest—and the latter, after drawing up the manifesto issued against Spain, 1779, voted, as a member of the house of commons, in support of Lord North, throughout the whole progress of hostilities; all the eminent or shining talents of the country, led on by Burke, were marshaled in support of the colonies. The aid of poetry alone seemed wanting to complete the delusion, or at least the impression. Just at this time the marriage of Lord Althorpe (the present Earl Spencer) with Miss Lavinia Bingham, took place—an event which I only mention incidentally, as it gave birth to one of the most beautiful lyric productions in the English language. Mr. Jones, better known afterwards as Sir William Jones, emulating at once the fame of Milton and of Gray, in "The Muse Recalled," reminded us of some of the most touching passages of "Lycidas," and of "The Bard." He, too, lent his powerful assistance to the cause of rebellion. Like Goldsmith—who ten years earlier erroneously assumed in his "Deserted Village," as the basis of his poem, that population and rural happiness were abandoning England—Jones carried his assumption in our disfavour to a still greater length. Juvenal, though he wrote

under Domitian, only asserts that female modesty and justice withdrew from earth to heaven, after the extinction of Saturn's reign:

"Paulatim deinde ad superos astra recessit,
Hac comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores."

But Jones, after lamenting that "freedom and concord repudiate the sons of Albion, carries off all the virtues from this degenerate island:

"Truth, justice, reason, valour, with them fly,
To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky."

And to what country did they direct their flight? Impelled by the prejudice which then prevailed, and borne on the wings of poetic fiction, as well as of party violence, he transports these virtues to the Chesapeake and the Delaware:

"Beyond the vast Atlantic deep,
A dome by viewless genii shall be rais'd,
The walls of adamant, compact and steep,
The portals with sky-tinctured gems emblaz'd.
There on a lofty throne shall *Virtue* stand:
To her the youth of *Delaware* shall kneel;
And when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, *Tyrants*, bow beneath the avenging steel!"

Here, in a fine frenzy of inspiration, he seems to behold as in a vision, the modern Washington, and the congress met, after successfully throwing off all subjection to Great Britain. George the Third is pretty clearly designated in the last line, apostrophising tyrants. It was not, however, civil liberty, but independence of the mother country—it was not freedom, but emancipation from the parent stock, that America emulated to attain by arms. She might have been admitted to participate in the blessings of our free constitution; but she must then have paid her pecuniary debts to British subjects, all which became liquidated in the crucible of insurrection. Burke, within ten years after the conclusion of the American war, found out his error, when he beheld the French revolution spring from the ashes of Hancock and Adams. He then endeavoured, as he said, "to trim the boat at the other end." Mr. Fox never could discover any thing wrong, either in the one or in the other revolution. We have lived to behold the virtuous American government, within thirty years from the period of their emancipation, voluntarily become the accomplices and allies of the most sanguinary, flagitious, and obdurate tyrant who ever appeared among men. We have seen this virtuous people yoke themselves to his car, when he was setting out for Moscow, in opposition to the united struggles of all Europe for deliverance—thus endeavouring, as far as that power extended, to cement, by our destruction, his detestable empire. Madison, unlike Thrasibulus or Brutus, only aspired to uphold and perpetuate the dominion of his Corsican master. It will demand ages to wipe out the stain of such national turpitude from the American annals.* But, under Lord North's administration, the insurgents beyond the Atlantic were generally seen through the most partial and favourable medium—while Philip the Second, in his attempt to extinguish all the rights of human nature among his subjects in the Netherlands, was hardly stigmatised with severer epithets than the opposition applied to the king of Great Britain.

The consideration of East India affairs, which formed one of the most important objects of the session, engrossed universal attention. As early as February, a select committee having been appointed, ostensibly for the exclusive purpose of reporting on the state and abuses of the supreme court of judicature in Bengal, General Richard Smith was placed at their head as chairman. His local knowledge of India seemed to qualify him in some measure for the situation. He had acquired a large fortune while in that part of the world, but which he was supposed to have squandered since his return. Though destitute of the advantages of education, he did not by any means want parts; and he displayed some talent in addressing the house. But as the committee allowed themselves to become subservient to the purposes of party, and particularly to be made the instrument of personal enmities or resentments, they soon degenerated into an engine of private attack, and of individual persecution.

* Paper pellets of the brain.—Ed. S. C. S.

April. Intelligence of Hyder Ali's invasion of the Carnatic, followed by the defeat of the British forces under Fletcher and Baillie, which reached London in April, spread universal consternation. In order fully to appreciate the extent of that calamity, and its operation on the public mind, we must recollect the state of the British empire at the period under our review. The fabric seemed to be every where collapsing by its own weight, or yielding to external attack. In the western hemisphere, America might be considered as already lost. Many of the Windward and Leeward islands were reduced to the obedience of France, and the remainder, it was thought, must speedily fall. Jamaica itself appeared insecure. At home, the public funds experienced a progressive depression, while Ireland, taking up arms, demanded freedom, sword in hand. Cadiz and Brest had been crowded with our captured merchantmen, to whom the English navy no longer afforded its accustomed protection. Under these circumstances, the eyes and hopes of all men were turned towards the East, as the only quarter from which we might expect relief. But there a combination of European and Asiatic enemies, aided by internal rebellion, and fomented by discord among the members of the supreme government, threatened the subversion of our power on the Ganges, no less than on the coast of Coromandel. Hastings, quitting Calcutta, had repaired to Benares, in order to arrest the progress of Cheyt Singh's revolt. At Madras, the government of Rumbold was become odious for rapacity, and despicable from its incapacity or pusillanimity. Nor must it be forgotten, that we then neither possessed the Cape of Good Hope, nor Ceylon, nor Guzerat, nor the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, nor Java, nor the Moluccas. Even the Carnatic belonged not to us, but to our ally, the Nabob of Arcot. With the Mahratta empire we were at war. The rich countries of Mysore and of Bidnoor, occupying a central portion of the peninsula, extending through several degrees of latitude along the Malabar coast, and intersecting all communication by land between the two presidencies of Madras and Bombay—these territories, so calculated to annoy us, were then subjected to a martial, enterprising, and active prince, animated by determined hostility to the English, assisted by French engineers, and himself habituated to the European system of tactics. His cavalry, bursting in through the defiles of the mountains of the Ghauts, overran the fertile plains of the Carnatic and of Tanjore, bearing down all resistance. Madras itself, invested by the enemy, was scarcely preserved from falling into Hyder's possession, and it must be confessed that the British dominions in Hindostan shook to their foundation.

May. Such was the impression produced by this unexpected event, which seemed imperatively to call for measures of energy, that it gave rise to the appointment of a secret committee in the house of commons, moved for by the first minister himself. The lord advocate of Scotland, Mr. Dundas, being constituted their chairman, they were specially charged to enquire into the causes of the war existing in the Carnatic. Notwithstanding the severe animadversions leveled by the opposition on the majority of the names chosen, several of the members were men of equal ability and integrity, whose reports distinctly pointed out the origin and indicated the remedy for those abuses, or acts of maladministration, which had produced such complicated distress on the coast of Coromandel. Lord North, in the critical and perilous condition of the East India Company, unable to obtain from the proprietors, or from the court of directors, such advantageous pecuniary terms for the renewal of their charter as he thought the nation was authorised to demand, had recourse to his ordinary palliative, procrastination. He renewed the charter for a very limited period, and by that measure eventually originated the memorable bill of Fox, towards the close of 1783, which produced such national convulsions, terminated by the complete destruction of the "coalition ministry."

June. Towards the middle of June, Fox, strenuously supported by Pitt, made an ineffectual effort for compelling the administration to abandon the further prosecution of the American war, and to conclude peace with the colonies. Neither the house nor the nation, though both were weary of the contest, could however be induced to relinquish it, while Lord Cornwallis seemed to be advancing with his army through the central provinces towards the Chesapeake. Fox's motion was rejected by a majority of seventy-three. But the most interesting debate of the session, and in many points of view one of the most interesting discussions which I ever witnessed in the house of commons, took place on the motion for amending, or in fact virtually repealing, "the marriage act." It stood altogether unconnected with ministers, or with party politics, though originated by Fox at a very advanced period of the year. The question seemed in itself to be not less philosophical and moral than a measure of state, or an object of policy. Never did Fox appear to me in a more elevated light than on that occasion, while pleading the cause of his fellow-subjects at large, against the shackles and impediments opposed, as he asserted, by aristocracy, family pride, and wealth, to the matrimonial union of two persons of dissimilar rank and condition. His father, Lord Holland, for whom he nourished the warmest filial affection, had manifested similar sentiments. General Burgoyne, who supported the bill, and whose eloquence was usually tame, as well as destitute of entertainment, seemed to rise above himself, and to be inspired by the subject. On the other hand, Burke, with no less ability than Fox, and with equal powers of argument, appealed to many of the strongest passions of the human mind, while he opposed the measure brought forward by his friend They completely diverged, on this occasion, in opposite directions, each displaying uncommon ingenuity, enthusiasm, and profound reasoning, in their respective speeches. Lord North, as might be expected, inclined to oppose every innovation on the marriage act; and there could have been little doubt, as far as the temper of the house manifested itself, that Fox's bill would have been rejected by a great majority, if the sense of the members present had been taken upon it. But no division was demanded; and Fox, abandoning it for the present, pledged himself, if ever he should come into power, to renew the motion from the treasury bench. This pledge he never, indeed, redeemed; but if we reflect for how short a time he continued in office, when secretary of state, in 1782, as well as in 1783, together with the multiplicity of matter which then pressed upon him, we cannot wonder, though it is possible we may regret, his not having resumed the subject.

July. Many circumstances contributed to sustain and to prolong the duration of Lord North's administration, notwithstanding the misfortunes and disgraces which continued annually to mark its progress. The mutiny in the Pennsylvania line, which for a moment seemed to menace the American congress with internal revolt, during the spring of 1781; Lord Cornwallis's victory over Greene, at Guilford, followed by Lord Rawdon's advantage gained over the same general at Camden, two places situate in North and South Carolina; lastly, the expectations formed from the advance of the British forces into the province of Virginia—all these events held the minds of men in suspense, till the prorogation of parliament in July allowed the minister to retire for some time from the scene of his political exertion.

The province of West Florida had nevertheless been conquered by Spain, while France reduced to its subjection the Island of Tobago. *Our* only acquisition consisted in the seizure of the defenceless island of St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, belonging to the Dutch; a capture which served to cover Rodney and Vaughan, the naval and military commanders in chief, with obloquy, on account of their severe treatment of the inhabitants. Even on the element of the sea, every encounter which we had with the enemy, from its indecisive nature, rather tended to augment their courage, as well as to stimulate their enterprise.

August. The severest naval action which took place during the whole course of the American war, was the battle fought at this time between Parker and Zoutman, who commanded the English and Dutch squadrons in the North Sea, off the Dogger Bank. But it bore no resemblance in its results to the glorious victory obtained in our time, by Duncan, at Camperdown; and might more aptly be compared with the sanguinary, though indecisive conflicts for superiority, which distinguished Charles the Second's reign, when the navies of Holland were led by Tromp and Ruyter, while those of England were conducted by James, Duke of York, by Prince Rupert, and by Montague, first Earl of Sandwich. On this occasion, the king, departing from the ordinary line of his conduct, embarked on the Thames, accompanied

by the Prince of Wales, and descended the river to the Nore, where he visited Admiral Parker, on board his ship the "Fortitude." One of the defects attributed to his majesty's natural character, but which, perhaps, principally resulted from his secluded education during his grandfather's life, and the retired habits which he then imbibed under Lord Bute's tuition, was his supposed reluctance to become personally acquainted with the people over whom he reigned. His enemies described him as a prince averse to all communication with his subjects, except at a levee. Thus the "heroic epistle" exclaims—

"Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould,
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow."

Yet when the king, bursting for the first time since his accession to the throne through the restraints which he imposed on himself, went down to Portsmouth, in June, 1773, to inspect his fleet, with what severe raillery did the same poem endeavour to expose him to derision?

"There shall he see, as other folks have seen,
That ships have anchors, and that seas are green;
Shall count the tackling trim, the streamers fine,
With Bradshaw prattle, and with Sandwich dine;
And then row back, amidst the cannon's roar,
As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore."

But it would only argue folly to deny, that during the first twenty-three years of his reign, from 1761, when Lord Bute came into power, down to the end of 1783, when Fox brought forward the "East India bill," George the Third was most unpopular. His subjects, however, made him ample amends for so long withholding from him the testimonies of their affection, by the general and unbounded attachment which they have since manifested towards him, down to the moment when he ceased to sway the sceptre.

September. Admiral Darby, who continued to command the channel fleet, had successfully relieved Gibraltar, during the course of the spring, when reduced to great extremity. But in the autumn, our numerical inferiority compelled that commander to take refuge in Torbay; while the combined French and Spanish fleets, for the third time since the beginning of the war, occupied the entrance of the British channel, and even meditated to attack us, as we lay at anchor on our own coast. So low was the naval power of England reduced, towards the conclusion of Lord North's administration, amidst the exhausture and calamities occasioned by the American war! But, towards America itself, all eyes were anxiously turned, where, it became evident, affairs rapidly tended to some great and decisive crisis. Lord Cornwallis having advanced into the province of Virginia in June, finally established himself at Yorktown in August. No position could have been more judiciously chosen; and it might unquestionably have been maintained under every disadvantage, against the united force of America and of France, if a chain of fortuitous accidents, rather than a series of able or well combined measures, had not led to the unavoidable catastrophe which terminated the war. De Grasse, who commanded the French fleet, was not less favoured by fortune, in finding the mouth of the Chesapeake unoccupied, on his arrival there from the West Indies, than he derived aid from the delays that prevented the English squadron under Graves from anticipating his seizure of that important station. Graves and Clinton, both, successively failed, only by the short interruption of a few days; the first, in occupying the Chesapeake with a naval force; the last, in arriving with an army before Lord Cornwallis's surrender, and thereby rescuing him from the necessity of capitulating to Washington. In this desperate situation, precluded from all possibility of relief, Lord Cornwallis laid down his arms; and the American rebellion, after a contest of more than six years, finally became a revolution.

October. It is at this point of time, that we must place the highest elevation to which Louis the Sixteenth attained during his reign: an elevation only to be paralleled in the French annals, by recurring to the brilliant eras of Louis the Fourteenth. For his grandfather, Louis the Fifteenth, never stood on such an eminence in the eyes of Europe; not even in the year 1748, previous to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, though his troops, conducted by Marshal Saxe, after defeating the allies in various actions, had then overrun the Austrian Low Countries, and nearly reduced Brabant. In October, 1781, the King of France beheld America finally disevered from Great Britain, by the union of his armies with those of the insurgents; while he received, at the same period, Lord Cornwallis's sword, surrendered to La Fayette. His forces were occupied in pursuing their career of victory throughout the West Indies, and in the East: Suffrein, in his repeated naval engagements with Sir Edward Hughes, not only maintained the honour of his sovereign's flag, but had nearly succeeded more than once in obtaining a decided superiority over our squadron on the coast of Coromandel. The Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon, acting in subservience to the views of the court of Versailles, after subjecting Minorca and West Florida, held Gibraltar beseiged by sea and land; the reduction of which fortress, calculated to render for ever illustrious the reign of Charles the Third, was anticipated with sanguine impatience by the two crowns. Our commerce had not suffered less by the depredations than our colonies had been diminished by the arms of France. Holland, ranging under the same standard, made common cause with Louis against her ancient ally. It only remained for them to crush the channel fleet of England, in order to dictate the terms of peace; and so nearly did Guichen and Cordova, who commanded the combined navies of France and Spain, appear to be achieving that last object, as to impress us with the utmost apprehension of its completion. Who, when contemplating such a scene, could have imagined that this descendant of so many kings, that had reigned for eight hundred years over the French, would perish on a scaffold, in his own capital, scarcely more than eleven years afterwards, the victim of his inert pusillanimity, or tame inaction, in not firmly resisting the first ebullitions of popular innovation!

As if to secure and perpetuate the Bourbon line, the Queen of France, who had been married more than ten years without giving a male heir to the crown, at length brought into the world a son. Catherine of Medicis, like Marie Antoinette of Austria, had remained childless for nearly the same period of time, before she produced a successor. The young dauphin's baptism was performed in this very month, with extreme magnificence, at Versailles. Happily for himself, he expired early in in June, 1789; only a few weeks before the fatal revolution, which took place in July of that year, swept away the monarchy, to place Robespierre and Bonaparte successively on the throne of Henry the Fourth. The dauphin was in his ninth year, when he finished his short career. I have been assured by individuals who had access to know the fact, that at the age of seven years, when the charge of his person, according to the established usage of the old French court, was surrendered up by the governess, and he was then put under the care of men, the dauphin being stripped in the presence of professional persons, and having undergone an examination, was pronounced to be without defect in his bodily formation. But being made soon afterwards to sit with his feet in a wooden machine calculated to turn them out, the spinal marrow became speedily affected by it. Whether this assertion be accurate or not, it is certain that the vertebræ of the back bone growing crooked, he fell into a state of languor, accompanied by debility. I have seen him more than once while in this condition, during the summer preceding his decease, taking the air in a carriage, in the gardens of St. Cloud. His emaciated appearance awakened concern; but he was said not to want intelligence, and the queen his mother manifested the warmest affection for him while living, as well as deep sorrow for his loss. The Duke of Normandy, his younger brother, born under a still more inauspicious planet, succeeded to his title, and became, after his father's execution, the unfortunate Louis the Seventeenth.

November. During the whole month of November, the concurring accounts which were transmitted to government, enumerating Lord Cornwallis's embarrassments, and the positions taken by the enemy, augmented the anxiety of the cabinet. Lord George Germain in particular, conscious that on the prosperous or adverse termination of that expedition must hinge the fate of the American contest, his own stay in office, as well as probably the duration of the ministry itself, felt, and even expressed to his friends, the strongest uneasiness on the subject. The meeting of parliament meanwhile stood fixed for the 27th of November. On Sunday, the 25th, about noon, official intelligence of the surrender of the British forces at Yorktown arrived from Falmouth, at Lord George Germain's house in Pall-Mall. Lord Walsingham, who, previous to his father Sir William de Grey's elevation to the peerage, had been under secretary of state in that department, and who was selected to second the address in the house of peers, on the subsequent Tuesday, happened to be there when the messenger brought the news. Without communicating it to any other person, Lord George, for the purpose of despatch, immediately got with him into a hackney coach, and drove to Lord Stormont's residence in Portland place. Having imparted to him the disastrous information, and taken him into the carriage, they instantly proceeded to the chancellor's house, in Great Russel street, Bloomsbury, whom they found at home: when, after a short consultation, they determined to lay it, themselves in person, before Lord North. He had not received any intimation of the event when they arrived at his door, in Downing street, between one and two o'clock. The first minister's firmness, and even his presence of mind, gave way for a short time under this awful disaster. I asked Lord George afterwards, how he took the communication, when made to him? "As he would have taken a ball in his breast," replied Lord George. "For he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the apartment during a few minutes, 'Oh, God! it is all over!' Words which he repeated many times, under emotions of the deepest consternation and distress.

When the first agitation of their minds had subsided, the four ministers discussed the question, whether or not it might be expedient to prorogue parliament for a few days: but, as scarcely an interval of forty-eight hours remained, before the appointed time of assembling, and as many members of both houses were already either arrived in London, or on the road, that proposition was abandoned. It became, however, indispensable to alter, and almost to model anew, the king's speech, which had been already drawn up, and completely prepared for delivery from the throne. This alteration was therefore made without delay; and, at the same time, Lord George Germain, as secretary for the American department, sent off a despatch to his majesty, who was then at Kew, acquainting him with the melancholy termination of Lord Cornwallis's expedition. Some hours having elapsed before these different but necessary acts of business could take place, the ministers separated, and Lord George Germain repaired to his office in Whitehall. There he found a confirmation of the intelligence, which had arrived about two hours after the first communication; having been transmitted from Dover, to which place it was forwarded from Calais, with the French account of the same event.

I dined on that day at Lord George's; and though the information, which had reached London in the course of the morning, from two different quarters, was of a nature not to admit of long concealment, yet it had not been communicated either to me, or to any individual of the company, (as it might naturally have been, through the channel of common report,) when I got to Pall-Mall, between five and six o'clock. Lord Walsingham, who likewise dined there, was the only person present, except Lord George, acquainted with the fact. The party, nine in number, sat down to table. I thought the master of the house appeared serious, though he manifested no discomposure. Before the dinner was finished, one of his servants delivered him a letter, brought back by the messenger who had been despatched by the king. Lord George opened and perused it, then looking at Lord Walsingham, to whom he exclusively directed his observation, "The king writes," said he, "just as he always does, except that I observe he has omitted to mark the hour and the minute of his writing, with his usual precision." This remark, though calculated to awaken some interest, excited no comment; and while the ladies, Lord George's three daughters, remained in the room, we repressed our curiosity. But they had no sooner withdrawn, than Lord George having acquainted us, that from Paris information had just arrived of the old Count de Maurepas, first minister, lying at the point of death; "It would grieve me," said I, "to finish my career, however far advanced in years, were I first

minister of France, before I had witnessed the termination of this great contest between England and America." "He has survived to see that event," replied Lord George, with some agitation. Utterly unsuspicious of the fate which had happened beyond the Atlantic, I conceived him to allude to the indecisive naval action fought at the mouth of the Chesapeake, early in the preceding month of September, between Admiral Graves and Count de Grasse, which engagement in its results might prove most injurious to Lord Cornwallis. Under this impression, "My meaning," said I, "is, that if I were the Count de Maurepas, I should wish to live long enough to behold the final issue of the war in Virginia." "He has survived to witness it completely," answered Lord George: "The army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper;" taking at the same time one from his pocket which he delivered into my hand, not without visible emotion. By his permission I read it aloud, while the company listened in profound silence. We then discussed its contents, as affecting the ministry, the country, and the war. It must be confessed that they were calculated to diffuse a gloom over the most convivial society, and that they opened a wide field for political speculation.

After perusing the account of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, it was impossible for all present not to feel a lively curiosity to know how the king had received the intelligence; as well as how he had expressed himself in his note to Lord George Germain, on the first communication of so painful an event. He gratified our wish by reading it to us, observing at the same time that it did the highest honour to his majesty's fortitude, firmness, and consistency of character. The words made an impression on my memory which the lapse of more than thirty years has not erased; and I shall here commemorate its tenour, as serving to show how that prince felt and wrote, under one of the most afflicting as well as humiliating occurrences of his reign. The billet ran nearly to this effect: "I have received, with sentiments of the deepest concern, the communication which Lord George Germain has made me of the unfortunate result of the operations in Virginia. I particularly lament it, on account of the consequences connected with it, and the difficulties which it may produce in carrying on the public business, or in repairing such a misfortune. But I trust that neither Lord George Germain, nor any member of the cabinet, will suppose that it makes the smallest alteration in those principles of my conduct which have directed me in past time, and which will always continue to animate me under every event in the prosecution of the present contest." Not a sentiment of despondency or of despair was to be found in the letter; the very handwriting of which indicated composure of mind. Whatever opinion we may entertain relative to the practicability of reducing America to obedience by force of arms at the end of 1781, we must admit that no sovereign could manifest more calmness, dignity, or self-command, than George the Third displayed in this reply.

Severely as the general effect of the blow received in Virginia was felt throughout the nation, yet no immediate symptoms of ministerial dissolution, or even of parliamentary defection, became visible in either house. All the animated invectives of Fox, aided by the contumelious irony of Burke, and sustained by the dignified denunciations of Pitt, enlisted on the same side, made little apparent impression on their hearers, who seemed stupified by the disastrous intelligence. Yet never, probably, at any period of our history, was more indignant language used by the opposition, or supported by administration. In the ardour of his feelings at the recent calamity which had taken place beyond the Atlantic, Fox not only accused ministers of being virtually in the pay of France, but menaced them with the vengeance of an undone people, who would speedily compel them to expiate their crimes on the public scaffold. Burke, with inconceivable warmth of colouring, depictured the folly and impracticability of taxing America by force, or as he described it, "shearing the wolf." The metaphor was wonderfully appropriate, and scarcely admitted of denial. Pitt leveled his observations principally against the cabinet, whom he represented as destitute of principle, wisdom, or union of design. All three were sustained, and I had almost said outdone, by Mr. Thomas Pitt, who, in terms of gloomy despondency, seemed to regard the situation of the country as scarcely admitting of a remedy under such a parliament, such ministers, and such a sovereign. Lord North, in this moment of general depression, found resources in himself. He scornfully repelled the insinuations of Fox, as deserving only contempt,—justified the principle of the war, which did not originate in a despotic wish to tyrannise America, but from the desire of maintaining the constitutional authority of parliament over the colonies,—deplored, in common with the opposition, the misfortunes which had marked the progress of the contest,—defied the threats of punishment,—and finally abjured the house not to aggravate the present calamity by dejection or despair, but, by united exertion, to secure our national extrication.

The efforts of the first minister were not unsuccessful, and the address to the crown which indirectly avowed the prosecution of the war beyond the Atlantic as necessary, was carried by a majority of eighty-nine. Though the continuance of offensive hostilities in America was unequivocally renounced by Lord North, and virtually or silently acquiesced in by Lord George Germain in the course of debate, yet so far did ministers seem from professing a readiness to acknowledge the independence of the thirteen colonies, that they warmly maintained the wisdom and the necessity of still prosecuting a defensive war in that portion of the globe. In the house of peers, a still greater proportionate majority supported administration. When Fox, presuming on the operation of the recent misfortune in the Chesapeake, soon afterwards attempted to stop the progress of the supplies, the opposition experienced a second defeat, only seventy-seven persons voting with them, while Lord North had one hundred and seventy-two. It seemed by no means clear during the first fortnight after parliament met, whether any official change whatever would take place, or, even if an alteration should be made in the cabinet, to what extent it would be carried. The national forces, exhausted by so long a contest, and now opposed in every quarter by a vast confederacy, were indeed evidently unequal to continue the effort for subjecting America, and it therefore became obvious that new measures must speedily supersede those which had been prosecuted during so many years. But the same first minister might remain in power under a total or a partial change of system, and in that case all the labours of the minority would be frustrated in the moment of their expected completion. The king's firmness was well understood by all parties. Lord North showed hitherto no disposition to resign, and parliament had given no indications of having withdrawn their confidence from the administration. Such appeared to be the aspect of public affairs in the first week of December.

AMERICAN WAR.

December. Though Fox and Pitt seemed at this time to act in perfect political union, yet no man who attentively considered the different spirit which animated their speeches whenever the sovereign became indirectly the subject of their animadversion, could fail to remark their widely dissimilar line of conduct. Fox, whether he was impelled by his consciousness that the king's moral repugnance to many parts of his private character and to the irregularities of his life imposed insurmountable obstacles to his ever attaining the royal favour, or whether, having already offended in his political capacity beyond the hope of pardon, he relied solely on his own talents, aided by party, to force his way into the cabinet and to maintain himself in that situation—whichever of these motives principally actuated him, it is indisputable that in all his allusions to the king, although he might affect to shelter himself under the forms of parliamentary language, yet Fox always chose to consider him s animated by passions and sentiments unbecoming his station, as well as incompatible with the benignity which constitutes the most enviable attribute of royalty. Fox designated or characterised him in fact as under the dominion of resentment, unfeeling, implacable, and only satiated by the continuance of war against his former subjects. In a word, more as a tyrant and an oppressor than as the head of a free country, the guardian of a limited constitution.

On the first day of the session, when an address to the crown was proposed, "Those," said Fox, "who are ignorant of the character of the prince whose speech we have just heard, might be induced to consider him as an unfeeling despot, exulting in the horrid sacrifice of the liberty and the lives of his people. The speech itself, divested of the disguise of royal forms, can only mean, 'Our losses in America have been most calamitous. The blood of my subjects has flowed in copious streams throughout every part of that continent. The treasures of Great Britain have been wantonly lavished, while the load of taxes imposed on an overburthened country is become intolerable. Yet will I continue to tax you to the last shilling. When, by Lord Cornwallis's surrender, all hopes of victory are for ever extinct, and afurther continuance of hostilities can only accelerate the ruin of the British empire, I prohibit you from thinking of peace. My rage for conquest is unquenched, and my revenge unsated; nor can any thing except the total subjugation of my revolted American subjects allay my animosity.'" When we consider the severity and acrimony of these personal imputations, we cannot wonder that they excited corresponding sensations of resentment in the royal bosom. What accusations more wounding could we frame, what motives of action more atrocious could we suppose, and what language more abhorrent to our feelings could we have attributed to that monster whose crimes so long desolated France and Europe, than are here supposed to animate George the Third! It must be admitted, even by his greatest admirers, that Fox, however eminent were his talents, yet, by the want of moderation, sentenced himself during his whole life to perpetual exclusion from office, verifying in his own person Juvenal's remark upon the injuries attendant on eloquence, when he says,

"Torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia."

Pitt, on the contrary, even when he appeared to be most animated by sentiments of indignation against the measures or the ministers, yet repressed any intemperate expressions, and spared the sovereign. He pronounced, indeed, in the most unqualified terms, his abhorrence of the further prosecution of the American war, and on one occasion I recollect his solemnly invoking the Divine vengeance on the heads of the administration who had reduced the empire to such a state of ruin and degradation. But with consummate ability he separated the king from his weak or evil counsellors, admitted the purity of intention by which he was ever impelled, professed his ardent attachment to the person as well as to the family of the reigning monarch, and declared that it would be best manifested by exposing the delusion that had been practised on him. The lord advocate of Scotland, whose distinguishing political tact and keen discernment, in all matters where his own interest or ambition were concerned, enabled him to descry a minister in embryo, appears early to have been impressed with a conviction of this characteristic difference between the two opposition leaders. While he continued strenuously to support an administration, the certain approaching fall of which he nevertheless probably anticipated, he lavished the warmest encomiums from the treasury bench on the hereditary talents, the brilliant oratory, and early indications of genius in Pitt, under whose protection, aided by his own parliamentary powers, he speedily contrived, after Lord North's resignation, to reappear on the ministerial theatre.

Notwithstanding the ostensible degree of harmony and concert which seemed to animate ministers in the house of commons during the first days of the session, yet before the middle of December it began to be apparent that some vital disunion of sentiment existed among the members of administration. Lord North, in fact, *might* continue, as many persons imagined, first minister, after the avowal of American independence: but Lord George Germain *could not* by any possibility remain in office a single day after such a recognition. At this breach the opposition poured in and were aided by some of the adherents of government, who conceived that, by separating the two ministers and dismissing the latter, Lord North could yet be preserved at the head of his majesty's councils. Sir James Lowther having introduced a motion tending to declare that "All further attempts to reduce the Americans to obedience by force would be ineffectual," after a long and very animated debate the order of the day could only be carried by a majority of forty-one in a crowded house where four hundred members were present. Nor was the paucity of numbers the only apparent symptom of a ministerial crisis. Rigby and Dundas, acting on this occasion in

concert, called on Lord North to state in his place the difference of opinion which was presumed to exist in the cabinet. Both of them at the same time avowed and admitted that no further hope could be entertained of subjecting America by arms. The first lord of the treasury, while he admitted the war with the colonies to constitute the heaviest calamity of his life, and expressed his warmest wishes for the attainment of peace, neither owned nor denied the charge brought forward by the lord advocate of Scotland and Rigby, though he attempted to evade it under some loose and general declamations. Wearied at length, and attacked no less by his friends than by his opponents, he adopted the singular expedient of quitting the treasury bench and withdrawing to one of the seats behind it, leaving Lord George Germain alone exposed to the attacks of the opposition. This scene, which spoke with mute eloquence, and from its peculiarity attracted all eyes, left no room to doubt of the dissimilarity of opinion among ministers on the great question respecting America.

From that evening, on which I accompanied him home when he quitted the house of commons, Lord George with reason considered his official capacity as virtually terminated, though he continued to exercise its functions till a successor should be appointed to the department. The two houses having shortly afterwards adjourned for the Christmas recess, he then came to a full explanation with Lord North. At that interview, after professing his readiness to remain in his situation as long as it could be beneficial to his majesty's service, while the independence of America was not formally recognised, he at the same time earnestly besought Lord North to consider no object except the preservation of the ministry and the interests of their common master. For that purpose he advised the first minister to strengthen himself by a negotiation with some of his political enemies, and not to allow any personal considerations towards him (Lord George) to delay or to impede for an instant the arrangements judged to be proper for the general security. Adding, that he had no personal stipulations to make nor favours to ask, and that he would go down immediately to his seat at Drayton in Northamptonshire for two or three weeks, in order to allow time to select a successor for his post, after which he would return and deliver up the seal of his office on the shortest notice into his majesty's hands. As the best proof of his sincerity in these opinions he left London a very few days subsequent to the above conversation.

January, 1782. It might naturally be supposed that Lord North could not have hesitated under such circumstances to accept Lord George's resignation, and that he could as little delay to effect, or at least to attempt, the completion of the objects recommended to him. Necessity strongly urged them, and the respite which the Christmas recess allowed for private negotiation afforded him time for making every requisite stipulation. Nevertheless, Lord North, though he did not either oppose or refuse, by no means however positively accepted, even the resignation of the American secretary. And when Lord George returned to London from Northamptonshire, towards the middle of the ensuing month, to his no small astonishment he found his office still undisposed of, and his successor not more fixed than before he quitted the capital. He therefore waited patiently till the progress of events should propel the indecision or terminate the procrastination of the first lord of the treasury.

Perhaps no part of Lord North's administration, and no feature of his conduct as first minister, during the twelve years that he continued in office, seems more extraordinary, it might be even said inexplicable, than this loss of time at so critical a juncture. Every thing dictated decision. He well knew the opposition to be principally composed of two parties, called after the names of their respective leaders, Lords Rockingham and Shelburne; which bodies of men, though they agreed in endeavouring to dispossess him of power, agreed in no other speculative or practical principle of policy. Scarcely could they even be withheld from mutual animosity by the near prospect of the prize in view. If, therefore, the point of American independence was once conceded by ministers, there seemed to be no obvious impediment that could withhold Lord Shelburne from accepting a situation under government. It was even well known, that he entertained and avowed very strong doubts on the propriety or wisdom of making such a concession to the colonies under any possible circumstances; doubts which were re-echoed by his adherents in the house of commons. He could not therefore, it was presumed, be altogether unacceptable to the king. He was, besides, a man of great abilities, the professed disciple of the late Earl of Chatham, and possessed considerable parliamentary interest. Lord North held in his hand various means of conciliating and acquiring his support. Besides the post of secretary of state, and a higher rank in the English peerage, to both which he might aspire, *four Garters* were then lying on the king's table unbestowed; *one* of which Lord Shelburne actually seized on as his share of the plunder, when he came into the ministry, within three months from the time of which I speak. All these circumstances seemed therefore to point out that quarter as the obvious point of application.

I have had many opportunities of discussing this question with those who were well informed in the secret springs and history of Lord North's administration. But they differed in their solution of the difficulty. It has been confidently asserted, that the king objected to disposing of one of the vacant *Garters* in favour of Lord Shelburne, and absolutely refused to consent to it, when the proposition was made to his majesty by the minister. Sanguine hopes were entertained at St. James's, that even though all further attempts to subjugate America should be abandoned, yet that the same administration might still continue to conduct the national affairs. Nor was it at all clear that such expectations were chimerical. The session of 1779 had sufficiently proved that, even after being left in a minority on more than one great public question, a minister who wished to remain in office possessed the means of doing it almost in defiance of the house of commons. If America was admitted to be independent, and that great impediment once removed, peace would probably follow at no long interval, and however unfortunate he had been in carrying on the war, Lord North might still conclude an honourable pacification. In the house of peers he possessed a decided majority, and in the lower house of parliament, when once government became emancipated from the American war, it was with reason conceived that the opposition would again diminish in energy as well as in numbers. These reasons, however destitute of solidity they eventually proved, may perhaps satisfactorily account for Lord North's seeming supineness in not endeavouring at so critical a moment to divide his opponents, or to augment his own strength.

Jan. 21. When parliament met again for the despatch of business, Lord George Germain therefore attended in his place in the house of commons; but the tide of opposition which had been so long principally directed against *him*, as the American secretary, took at first another direction. Lord Sandwich was in turn attacked by Fox, for his asserted mismanagement of the admiralty department; and the first minister, unable to shelter him from investigation, consented to institute an enquiry. Among the most strenuous defenders of the first lord of the admiralty on this occasion, was Lord Mulgrave, a nobleman who occupied himself a place at that board. His early expedition of discovery towards the north pole had given him some naval celebrity, and as he was formed on rather a heavy collosal scale, the opposition, to distinguish him from his younger brother, the honourable Charles Phipps, who enjoyed likewise a seat in the house, denominated him "ursa major." They likewise gave him the name of "Alphesibœus," I suppose from some fancied analogy between him and the awkward imitator of the dancing satyrs, commemorated by Virgil, in the fifth Eclogue of his Bucolics. Lord Mulgrave was distinguished by a singularity of physical conformation, possessing two distinct voices, the one strong and hoarse, the other weak and querulous, of both which he occasionally availed himself. So extraordinary a circumstance probably gave rise to a story of his having fallen into a ditch in a dark night, and calling for aid in his shrill voice. A countryman, coming up, was about to have assisted him, but Lord Mulgrave addressing him in a hoarse tone, the peasant immediately exclaimed, "Oh, if there are two of you in the ditch, you may help each other out of it." In debate, if not animated, he was able and pertinacious. Like Dundas, he contrived, after Lord North's administration went to pieces, to attach himself to Pitt, who in 1784 made him joint paymaster of the forces, and six years later raised him to the British peerage.

Towards the last days of January, after long fluctuation, Lord North at length communicated to Lord George his majesty's determination to consent to his resignation so repeatedly offered, and the resolution taken to supply his loss by Mr. Welbore Ellis. It seemed difficult to have made a selection, in consequence of which less strength would be acquired on the side of the administration, Mr. Ellis's talents being already engaged in favour of government by a very lucrative place, that of treasurer of the navy. His abilities, however eminent and solid, aided by his long experience of parliamentary business, were nevertheless altogether unequal to contending in stormy times with the vast energies then collected on the opposition benches. He was besides far advanced in years, and though his faculties might have preserved all their vigour or freshness, he wanted the requisite fire and animation. His appointment gave satisfaction only to the enemies of the minister, who exulted in a choice that proved the paucity, or rather nullity, of the sources from which he now attempted to derive support.

LORD FALMOUTH.

Just at this period, died Lord Falmouth, at an advanced age, a nobleman, neither distinguished by his talents or his virtues, but whose name, Boscawen, is connected with naval recollections of the most gratifying kind. Lord Falmouth commanded the yeomen of the guard at the time of his death, but my sole motive for mentioning his decease, is in order to commemorate an anecdote respecting him. I have been assured, that towards the conclusion of George the Second's reign, when Mr. Pitt, afterwards created Earl of Chatham, occupied a principal place in the cabinet, Lord Falmouth having waited on him at his levee, stated his wish to be recommended to his majesty for the first vacant Garter. The secretary of state expressing a degree of reluctance to lay the request before the king, and manifesting some disapprobation of the demand itself; "You will be pleased sir, to remember," said Lord Falmouth, "that I bring in five votes, who go with ministry in the house of commons, and if my application is disregarded, you must take the consequences." "Your lordship threatens me," replied the minister with warmth; "you may therefore be assured, that so long as I hold a place in the councils of the crown, you shall never receive the order of the Garter." Then turning round, he exclaimed, addressing himself to those near him,

"Optat Ephippia bos piger."

Lord Falmouth comprehending nothing of the meaning of these words, but conceiving that the monosyllable *bos* must allude to his name, requested to be informed what the minister meant by so calling him. "The observation," replied Mr. Pitt, "is not mine, but Horace's." As little familiar with the name of the Roman poet, as he was acquainted with his writings, Lord Falmouth, apprehending that Horace Walpole had said something severe or disrespectful concerning him, under that second mistake, "if Horace Walpole," said he, "has taken any liberties with my name, I shall know how to resent it. His brother, Sir Robert, when he was alive and first minister, never presumed so to treat me." Having thus expressed himself, he quitted Mr. Pitt, leaving the audience in astonishment at the effect of his double misapprehension.

LORD GEORGE GERMAIN.

February. Early in the month of February, Lord George Germain, having resigned the seal of his office into the king's hand, received, in recompense of his services, the honour of the peerage. The particulars attending that elevation, which became immediately afterwards a subject of discussion in the house of lords, I received on the same day when they took place from Lord George's own mouth, and they are too curious, as well as characteristic, to be omitted in these memoirs. The separation between the sovereign and the secretary was by no means unaccompanied with emotion on both sides, which became properly augmented by the dark cloud overhanging the throne, together with the painful circumstances that produced the necessity for Lord George's resignation. The king, who could not shut his eyes to these facts, doubtless foresaw the possibility, if not probability, of greater changes in the administration as imminent, of which the removal of the American secretary was only the forerunner and the presage. After regretting the unfortunate events that had dictated

the measure, and thanking Lord George for his services, his majesty added, "Is there any thing that I can do to express my sense of them, which would be agreeable to you?" "Sir," answered he, "if your majesty is pleased to raise me to the dignity of the peerage, it will form at once the best reward to which I can aspire, and the best proof of your approbation of my past exertions in your affairs." "By all means," said the king, "I think it very proper, and shall do it with pleasure." "Then, sir," rejoined Lord George, "if you agree to my first request, I hope you will not think it unbecoming or unreasonable in me to ask another favour. It is to create me a viscount, as, should I be only raised to the dignity of a baron, my own secretary, my lawyer, and my father's page, will all take rank of me." The king expressing a wish to know the names of the persons to whom he alluded, "The first," replied Lord George, "is Lord Walsingham, who, as your majesty knows, was for a long time under secretary of state in my office, when Mr. de Grey. The second is Lord Loughborough, who has been always my legal adviser. Lord Amherst is the third, who, when page to my father, the late Duke of Dorset, has often sat on the braces of the state coach that conveyed him as lord-lieutenant of Ireland to the parliament house at Dublin." The king smiled, adding, "What you say is very reasonable; it shall be so; and now let me know the title that you choose." "I have already, sir," answered Lord George, "in the possible anticipation of your majesty's gracious dispositions towards me, spoken to the Duke of Dorset, and obtained his permission, as the head of my family, to take the title of Sackville, having been compelled to renounce my own name in order to avail myself of the bequest of the estate of Drayton in Northamptonshire, made me by Lady Betty Germain in her will. I shall therefore in some degree recover it by this means." "I quite approve of that idea," replied his majesty, "and if you will state to me your title, I will write it down myself before we part, and send it directly to the chancellor." The king immediately placed himself at a table, took the pen and ink lying upon it, and having committed the viscounty to paper, asked him what barony he chose? Lord George answered, "That of Bolebrook in Sussex, being one of the most ancient estates belonging to his family, and contiguous to Buckhurst, the original peerage conferred by Queen Elizabeth on his ancestor, the first Earl of Dorset." When the king had copied it, he rose up, and with the most condescending expressions of concern, as well as of satisfaction, allowed Lord George to withdraw from the closet. As this is one of the few peerages which in the course of half a century George the Third has been allowed to confer, wholly independent of ministerial intervention or recommendation, from the impulse of his own inclinations, its origin and creation attain an additional interest.

THE MINISTRY.

Every day, from this time down to the 20th of the subsequent month, when Lord North suddenly threw up the administration of affairs, was marked by the most violent exertions on both sides. Incredible efforts were made to procure attendance in parliament. The opposition, conscious that not a moment should be lost, gave the minister no respite. Scarcely forty-eight hours after the last debate on Lord Sandwich, General Conway introduced a motion for addressing his majesty "to renounce any further attempts to reduce America by force." Notwithstanding the eloquence of the new secretary of state, Mr. Ellis, who on this occasion displayed very considerable talents, it became impossible to induce the house to maintain the contest. Burke, in addition to all the arguments suggested by the nature of the subject, and the exhausted condition of Great Britain, oppressed the recently appointed minister under the flashes of intolerable wit, supported by the keenest ridicule. Never, on any occasion, was he more happy in his allusions, or more pointed in his irony. After felicitating Mr. Ellis on succeeding as heir to the noble viscount, at whose feet he had been brought up, and whose political opinions he implicitly adopted, Burke compared him to a caterpillar, who having long remained in a torpid state within the silken folds of his lucrative employment as treasurer of the navy, now bursting his ligaments, fluttered forth, the secretary of the hour. Pursuing this comparison with inconceivable humour, he directed the whole force of his powerful mind in impelling his audience no longer to support a hopeless, ruinous, and unavailing conflict. On that night, the American war may indeed be said to have terminated, the question being carried on the part of government by only one vote, though near three hundred and ninety members divided. Many of those who supported the minister, seemed not less rejoiced at the apparent conclusion of the war than the persons on the opposite side; and it has been supposed that Lord North himself, whose disinclination to prosecute hostilities beyond the Atlantic was well known, did not really regret, though he was necessitated to oppose, the motion of General Conway. Far from manifesting any intention of laying down his office in consequence of it, he performed one of the most important functions of first minister only three days afterwards, by opening the budget and proposing a loan, on the 25th of February. It is true, that he postponed the task of stating the taxes to be imposed, but he did not the less declare his determination to continue at the head of his majesty's councils; nor did those persons who were most in his confidence either question his sincerity or doubt his resolution.

It became, indeed, apparent from this time that, though a majority of the house of commons might be still disposed to support the ministry, they were altogether weary of continuing that contest for the reduction of America, which during near seven years had produced only an accumulation of expense and of misfortune. But, on the other hand, the opposition soon discovered that the compulsory abandonment of the American war, and the resignation of Lord North, constituted by no means, as they had flattered themselves, things synonymous, or inseparable in themselves. When General Conway, encouraged by the event of his late motion, brought the subject again before the house, he indeed outnumbered the minister on the division by nineteen, leaving him thus in a minority. He even carried, without difficulty, an address to the throne, soliciting his majesty "to stop the prosecution of further offensive war against the colonies." But the king, though he returned a gracious answer, did not the less make a vague and general reply to the address, when it was presented to him by the whole house. Unable to resist the stream, while it ran in this direction, Lord North no longer attempted it, and allowed the opposition, who on the subject of America constituted the majority, to declare "enemies to his majesty and to their country, all those who should advise or attempt to prosecute offensive hostilities against the Americans." Desirous to meet and to anticipate their wishes upon a point evidently so popular, he even permitted the attorney-general to bring in a bill enabling the crown to conclude a truce or a peace with the colonies. Under these critical circumstances the month of March opened, while the minds of all men were attracted towards the termination of a scene so interesting to every individual, but the issue of which it was as yet impossible to foresee, from the conduct or the protestations of the first minister.

March. Unable to effect his removal, or to provoke his voluntary resignation, by any censures passed on the conduct of the American war, or by any interdictions of its future prosecution, the opposition became of necessity compelled to bring forward a personal question inculpating administration. And it must be allowed that, in conducting this measure, they proceeded with judicious as well as with cautious steps. A retrograde movement, or an unsuccessful attempt, they were well aware, would at once undo all that had hitherto been effected. Lord North, who was individually beloved in and out of the house, even by those who most disapproved or opposed many of his measures, was likewise steadily supported by the sovereign; while in the house of lords no prospect of any defection or change had hitherto manifested itself. The session moreover advanced rapidly, and, if Easter arrived, experience had proved that a full attendance could not be obtained after that period of the year, except with the utmost difficulty. All these facts having been maturely considered in the meetings which took place among the opposition leaders, they determined to try the temper of the house of commons without delay. On the 8th of March, Lord John Cavendish, seconded by Powis, (then member for Northamptonshire, since raised by Pitt to the peerage,) introduced various resolutions, imputing the misfortunes of the war to the "want of foresight and ability" in ministers. After a very long debate, in a crowded house, the administration not venturing directly to negative the proposition, yet found themselves unable to carry the motion, though only for the order of the day, by a greater majority than ten. It might have been supposed that a government which rested on so precarious a basis was already virtually at an end. But Lord North gave the best indication, as it was considered, of his own intention to remain in office, by proposing, only three days afterwards, the new taxes which he meant to impose for the service of the year. The contending parties, therefore, prepared for new struggles, and from every part of the kingdom, as well as from foreign courts, attendance was procured. The duration of the ministry being now evidently at issue, and probably about to be decided in a very short time, not exceeding three weeks, it is difficult to convey an idea of the anxiety which agitated the court, the capital, and the country.

The last debate which preceded Lord North's resignation, took place on the 15th of March, it being moved on the part of opposition to declare that "the house had no farther confidence in ministers." They imagined that if this motion was carried, no administration would venture to continue in office; or if they should be bold enough to defy the indignation of parliament, the same majority would next address the crown for their removal. There then remained only one step more to impeachment. But so equally balanced were the contending parties, that though four hundred and sixty-three members voted on the division, scarcely any ground was lost or gained on either side. Government still remained in a majority of nine, thus losing one since the preceding debate. Yet, even that single vote being in favour of the opposition, seemed to indicate that they were progressive in the public esteem. Every artifice of party was used to encourage their friends, and to terrify, or hold out to popular odium, the adherents of administration. Lists were published and disseminated throughout the kingdom, containing the names of the members who voted on each question; those voting on the side of government being printed in red letters, while the names of the minority appeared in black type. Unimportant or contemptible as this circumstance may appear, it produced, nevertheless, a powerful effect on weak or timid individuals, and bore some faint resemblance to the proceedings of the memorable parliament which met in 1640, under Charles the First.

Lord North appeared likewise to entertain strong apprehensions respecting the consequences which might ultimately result to the king, if not to himself, from the struggle in which ministers were engaged. It was generally believed that he had stated these fears to his majesty with so much earnestness, and had so warmly depictured the painful situation in which the sovereign might be personally involved if his cabinet should be taken by storm, as to have obtained the permission of negotiating, and even of surrendering on terms. Some of his expressions in the debate of the 15th of March, which intimated his readiness or disposition to withdraw from office, and not to form any impediment, if a coalition could be formed for carrying on the public service, seemed to justify the belief that he was authorised to make such propositions. They were, however, treated with affected ridicule or scorn by his opponents, as only calculated for purposes of delusion, in order to weaken or distract their efforts. Far from listening to any overtures of accommodation, instant notice was given, after the division of nine, that a motion similar in its import would be made on the subsequent Wednesday, being the 20th of March.

Never were moments more precious, or more critical. It being well known that the house of commons would, according to regular usage, adjourn on the 28th of March, for ten or eleven days, till after the Easter holydays, which in that year happened to fall early, Lord North consequently might calculate almost the number of hours that he had to hold out against his assailants; for no sanguine expectation of successfully renewing their attack upon ministry, after the recess, could be entertained by the opposition. Every effort, therefore, it was evident, must necessarily be wound up within a week or two, and government made the strongest demonstrations of abiding the issue. Between the 16th and 20th of the month, in all the departments, positive assurances were given that no compromise or resignation was intended. Robinson protested the same thing

to me at his house in St. James's square. Lord North himself, whatever fluctuations of mind he might internally undergo, personally reiterated those declarations to his nearest political connections. No man on either side of the house doubted the firmness of the sovereign, or suspected him of abandoning his ministers from personal timidity. Each party, therefore, prepared to try their force, and both expressed themselves confident of success. I can assert, however, from the best authority, that if the contest had been maintained, it would, according to every probability, have terminated in favour of administration. Robinson, then secretary of the treasury, and who knew better than any man the secret of affairs, has many times assured me that government would have infallibly divided from fourteen to twenty majority on the day when Lord North resigned; Robinson having received the written assurances of attendance and support from many members who were absent on the question of the 15th. Even various of the country gentlemen who had hitherto voted with opposition, hesitated, or refused to push the struggle to the utmost extremity. They had put an end to the American war, which they reprobated; and they wished for a change of men as well as of measures, and of system: but they wished it with moderation, and were averse to using the last expedients which the British constitution admits, lest the constitution, or the state itself, should suffer in the shock.

20th March. On the other hand, I know, from authentic channels of information, that Lord North, during the last four months of his continuance in office, repeatedly tendered his resignation to the king, which his majesty as often declined, accompanying his refusal with the most gracious and encouraging expressions. On Tuesday, the 19th of March, the first minister, apprehensive of the event of the debate which was fixed for the ensuing day, in the house of commons, wrote to the king in the most decided terms, resigning his employment; and his majesty being down at Windsor, Lord North despatched a messenger with the letter. When it arrived, the king was going out to hunt; having perused its contents, for which he was probably not unprepared, he calmly put it into his pocket, made no observation, and mounted his horse. But he had not proceeded more than a few paces, when a page came running after him to say, that Lord North's messenger had received orders to bring back a reply. "Tell him," said the king, "that I shall be in town to-morrow morning, and will then give Lord North an answer." Two noblemen were with him at the time, one of whom was the late Duke of Dorset: the other, Lord Hinchinbrook, (afterwards earl of Sandwich,) related to me these particulars. Turning immediately to them,—"Lord North," observed his majesty, "has sent me in his resignation, but I shall not accept it." If, however, the king was apprised of Lord North's intention or determination to resign, it was by no means known in London; and on the morning of the very day, I believe that few individuals of either party entertained a doubt of the continuance of the struggle. Still less did any person conceive that the first minister would spontaneously lay down his office, without giving notice to his friends, and contrary to his own recent professions. He went soon after one o'clock to the treasury, from whence he was to repair to St. James's, where the king, as usual, had a levee. Robinson told me that, previous to his quitting the treasury chambers, they held a long conversation together; in the course of which he showed Lord North, on paper, the names of those members who had promised to support him on the ensuing question, to the number of nine, ten, or eleven, at least, not one of whom had been present in the preceding division. And he did not himself entertain the slightest suspicion of the first minister's resignation, from whom he received the most satisfactory assurances of his intention, in every case, to abide the issue of the approaching debate. After standing together at the fire in the board-room till Lord North's carriage drew up, they parted about ten minutes after two o'clock, the minister driving straight to St. James's, while the secretary, after despatching a variety of official business, repaired soon after four o'clock to the house of commons.

It is probable that the conversation which took place between the king and Lord North on that occasion was never minutely reported by either to any third person; but we may safely assume that his majesty endeavoured to prevail on his minister not to abandon him. Robinson professed himself ignorant of all the particulars, though he entertained no doubt that Lord North, whether from weariness and disgust, or apprehension of the consequences that might accrue to his sovereign, to himself, and to the country, had made up his mind as he drove to St. James's to state at once to the king the determination that he had irrevocably embraced of laying down immediately his power, a resolution which he had notified under his hand on the preceding day. It is certain that the interview between them was long, lasting above an hour and a half without any witness present, at the end of which time the minister withdrew in order to attend the house of commons. I have rarely witnessed so full an attendance at so early an hour as on that day, not less than four hundred members having taken their seats before five o'clock, both parties appearing impatient to proceed to business. The only delay arose from the absence of the first minister, and he being every instant expected to arrive from St. James's, all eyes were directed towards the door each time that it opened. The members on both sides, who, it was generally understood, would speak in the course of the ensuing debate, were well known; and as the ground of controversy had been so often gone over, as well as on account of many invalids who attended and who were unable to remain long, it was thought that the question would be brought on before midnight.

At length Lord North entering in a full dressed suit, his riband over his coat, proceeded up the house amidst an incessant cry of "order, and places." As soon as he had reached the treasury bench he rose and attempted to address the chair, but Lord Surrey, who had given notice of a motion for that day, being consequently in possession of the right to speak first, and having likewise risen, a clamour began from all quarters of the most violent description. It lasted for some moments in defiance of every effort made by the speaker to enforce silence, till in consequence of the earnestness with which the minister besought a hearing, and some expressions relative to the importance of the communication that he had to make, which pervaded the tumult, the members opposite allowed him the precedence. He then stated, after a short preface, that "his object was to save the time and trouble of the house by informing them that the administration was virtually at an end, that his majesty had determined to change his confidential servants, and that he should propose an adjournment in order to allow time for the new ministerial arrangements which must take place." It is not easy to describe the effect which this declaration produced in a popular assembly, scarcely an individual of which did not hear it with lively sentiments of exultation, or of concern, both of which emotions were heightened by surprise. No painter could have done justice to the expression depictured in many countenances. The opposition without much difficulty consented to the proposed adjournment, and the members, actuated by very opposite emotions, soon dispersed in all directions to carry the intelligence through the capital. Not, however, till Burke, assuming the part of a moderator, had endeavoured to temper and restrain the vociferous joy of his friends on so sudden and unexpected an event. But scarcely could he obtain a hearing amidst the impatience of men who, for the first time, beheld before their eyes the promised land. Courtenay, on the other side of the house, pronounced a panegyric, or, more properly, an encomium on the personal virtues and amiable qualities of the first minister, which he did not suspend on account of the violent indications of dissatisfaction exhibited from the opposition benches. A more interesting scene had not been acted within the walls of the house of commons since February, 1743, when Sir Robert Walpole retired from power. Nor did the first minister of George the Second by any means display in the last moments of his political life the equanimity, suavity, and dignity manifested by his successor. Lord North ordered his coach to remain at the house of commons in waiting on that evening. In consequence of so unexpected an event as his resignation, and the house breaking up at such an early hour, the housekeeper's room became crowded to the greatest degree, few persons having directed their carriages to be ready before midnight. In the midst of this confusion Lord North's coach drove up to the door, and as he prepared to get into it he said, turning to those persons near him with that unalterable equanimity and good temper which never forsook him, "Good night, gentlemen, you see what it is to be in the secret."

However extraordinary and unexpected Lord North's resignation appeared at the moment when it took place, and however certain I esteem it that he would have carried the question on the evening when he laid down his office by a larger majority than had supported him on the preceding debate of the 15th, yet it must be admitted that he could assign, not only to himself, but to his sovereign and to the country at large, many cogent, if not unanswerable, reasons for retiring from power. The nation he well knew was universally weary of a war, the misfortunes that had attended which, though perhaps justly imputable to many other causes or persons, were attributed principally to his errors or mismanagement. He beheld himself now engaged in hostilities direct or indirect with half Europe, in addition to America. Ireland availing itself of our embarrassments, loudly demanded commercial and political emancipation. On every side the empire appeared to be crumbling into ruin. Minorca, long invested, had already surrendered, after a defence protracted to the last extremity. Gibraltar was closely besieged. In the East Indies our difficulties, financial as well as military, threatened the total subversion of our ~~wide~~ extended authority in that quarter of the globe, where Hyder Ali, though expelled by Sir Eyre Coote from the vicinity of Madras, still maintained himself in the centre of the Carnatic. If the first minister looked to the West Indies, the prospect appeared still more big with alarm. St. Christopher's, attacked by the Marquis de Bouille, might be hourly expected to surrender, and he had already recaptured St. Eustatius, either by surprise or by corrupting the officer who commanded the garrison. Of all the chain of Caribbee islands which had belonged to the crown of Great Britain, at the commencement of the war, only Antigua and Barbadoes remained. Such was our maritime inferiority, that Sir Samuel Hood, whose abilities had been vigorously exerted at the head of the fleet to defend St. Christopher's, found himself unable to hazard an engagement with De Grasse. Rodney had, indeed, sailed from England with a considerable reinforcement in the month of January to join the British admiral at Barbadoes. But Lord North could not foresee, nor did his most sanguine adherents venture to predict, the splendid victory which Rodney obtained over De Grasse scarcely more than three weeks after the resignation of the minister.

Far from anticipating any such event, the most alarming apprehensions were entertained relative to the safety of Jamaica itself. If the combined fleets of France and Spain in the West Indies, after the reduction of St. Christopher's, should effect a junction, they would have exceeded fifty sail of the line, while Rodney's whole force scarcely amounted to more than thirty. And it was very doubtful whether such a junction could be prevented by any exertion of vigilance, courage, or skill. The loss of Jamaica would complete the measure of the national calamities by involving our commerce and our finances in almost total ruin. Under such an accumulation of defeat and of disaster, the vengeance of the country might demand some victim, and the leaders of opposition, though neither sanguinary nor vindictive in their disposition, might be compelled to yield to the torrent of popular indignation. Fox as well as Burke and Barré had in fact many times alluded to the axe and the block amongst the opprobrious epithets that they lavished on the ministerial errors, and such menaces might be realised in a moment of national depression or violence. The crown might be even unable to extend protection to its servants, and the scenes of the year 1641 might be renewed under the reign of George the Third. That this picture is not exaggerated, the history of the period which I am writing sufficiently proves, and however exempt from personal pusillanimity or apprehension we may suppose Lord North to have been, it was impossible that he could avert his view from these considerations, or not allow them their due weight over his mind. Though it seems to be indisputable that his final resolution to resign was at last somewhat suddenly embraced, yet the motives which led to it had unquestionably long existed, and may fully explain as well as justify his conduct.

The king, thus abandoned by his minister, as he had repeatedly been deserted at earlier periods of his reign by other ministers, chose that evil which he esteemed to be the least in his situation. Well acquainted with the

discordant materials of which the opposition was composed, he sent to Lord Shelburne to signify a desire of conferring with him on the formation of a new administration, and when that nobleman attended his majesty for the purpose, the king proposed to him to accept the place of first lord of the treasury. But Lord Shelburne, however disposed he might be from inclination to comply with an offer so flattering to his ambition, felt too deeply conscious of his inability to maintain himself in power, independent of the Rockingham party, to venture on its acceptance. Having stated, therefore, the necessity under which he lay of declining so gratifying a distinction, at least for the present, he urged the overruling circumstances that left no alternative to the crown except placing the Marquis of Rockingham at the head of the ministry. Sensible that he must submit to the measure, however painful, the king, therefore, on the subsequent day, desired Lord Rockingham's attendance. At the audience which took place his majesty consented to the conditions on which the marquis insisted before he would agree to accept office, only attempting to stipulate as a preliminary, that two of his actual ministers, namely, the chancellor and Lord Stormont, should be continued under the new administration. He could not, however, obtain such terms, nor was it without great repugnance and after considerable difficulty that even Lord Thurlow was admitted to retain his situation. A decided negative was put on the other nobleman, whom it was determined by the Rockingham party at all events to exclude from any place in the cabinet.

The leaders of that powerful body were, nevertheless, far from having surmounted all the impediments to their acquisition of office, and they soon discovered that the expulsion of Lord North, though it might open to them the door of the cabinet, by no means secured the durability of their administration. From the first moment that the new competitors for power appeared at St. James's, inextinguishable jealousies arose, and mutual distrust manifested itself on every occasion. With difficulty could they be prevented from immediately proceeding to an open rupture, and the external appearances of political union which had been preserved during several years of parliamentary opposition, dissolved as soon as they came to divide the ministerial objects of plunder, or to dispute for preference in the royal favour. The Marquis of Rockingham, conscious that though he might ostensibly be placed at the head of the new administration, yet the king regarded him and his adherents with sentiments of alienation, while he considered Lord Shelburne with regard and treated him with confidence, took umbrage at the distinction. In this situation of affairs, before the formation of the new cabinet, an incident which displayed the superior interest that Lord Shelburne possessed at court, nearly terminated at once the compact by which Lord North had been expelled, and consequently involved the whole embryo ministry in total confusion.

Scarcely could the ministry be said indeed, with propriety, as yet to have any real existence; for though Mr. Fox and Lord Shelburne had been named secretaries of state, and though Lord Camden had accepted the presidency of the council, while the Duke of Grafton was made privy-seal, yet neither the new boards of treasury nor of admiralty were constituted. Lord John Cavendish had alone been sworn in as the new chancellor of the exchequer; but the Marquis of Rockingham and Admiral Keppel, who were destined to preside at the two boards, were not as yet regularly appointed. The post of commander in chief of the forces, as well as the master general of the ordnance, both which had commonly or frequently been cabinet offices, still remained vacant. No individual had been proposed to be raised to the peerage, when Lord Shelburne, availing himself of the facility which he enjoyed of access to the sovereign, induced his majesty to confer the dignity of a baron on his friend and adherent, Dunning. The business itself, which neither the king nor Lord Shelburne communicated to the Marquis of Rockingham, was managed with such dexterity, as well as silence and despatch, that the first intimation received of it, even by the persons about the court, arose from Dunning's kissing the king's hand at the levee, on his creation. But no sooner had the intelligence become known, than it produced the most violent fermentation and resentment among all the Rockingham party. Considering their chief as equally overreached and insulted by the proceeding, since it was evident that Lord Shelburne could effect for his followers objects of the highest importance, which proved to the public his superior and exclusive ascendency at St. James's, they determined on exacting immediate reparation.

Under this impression, several of the leading persons, among whom were Fox, Burke, and George Byng, having repaired to Lord Rockingham's house in Grosvenor square, a sort of tumultuary consultation was there held on the occasion. They unanimously agreed that the first lord of the treasury would be at once dishonoured in the cabinet, and disgraced in the public estimation, if the secretary of state, so much his inferior in official rank, could thus, without his knowledge or participation, dispose of the highest dignities to his own adherents.

It was maintained that the reparation ought to be no less public than the affront; and that in order to wipe it away, some individual must be, without delay, raised to the peerage, at Lord Rockingham's personal recommendation. The resolution being adopted, it was next debated whom to choose for the honour. The selection fell on Sir Fletcher Norton, late speaker of the house of commons; not indeed so much from inclination as from necessity, no other person appearing equally proper to be created a peer at the same time with Dunning, as Sir Fletcher—they being both lawyers of great eminence in their profession, members of the house of commons, and rival candidates for power or office.

On the following day, Thursday, the 28th of March, the new first lord of the treasury repaired therefore to St. James's. Having obtained an audience of the king, he represented the impossibility of his continuing at the head of the intended administration, after the elevation of Mr. Dunning to a peerage, on Lord Shelburne's recommendation, unless his majesty should be graciously pleased to confer the same mark of royal favour on one of his own friends. After some hesitation, the king, apprehensive of the consequences to himself and to the public tranquillity, if Lord Rockingham and his followers should suddenly resign, as they menaced, and aware that Lord Shelburne could not support himself alone, signified his assent to the proposition—adding, that the person named, Sir Fletcher Norton, might kiss his hand at the first levee. But the marquis peremptorily insisted on that ceremony immediately taking place on the same day. In vain the king stated the singularity and impropriety of such an act, contrary to all the usages of established court etiquette, inasmuch as no individual ever was known to be presented at the queen's drawing-room, by whatever title, till he had previously been received under that denomination at the levee. Lord Rockingham signified in reply, respectfully, but tenaciously, that every form must give way on the present occasion; and he exacted compliance. Sir Fletcher being brought forward, actually kissed his majesty's hand on his creation as a baron, by the title of Lord Grantley, the same day, in the drawing-room, to the no small astonishment of the oldest courtiers—and hardly less so of the newly created peer himself, who, having been apprised of this extraordinary elevation, attended for the purpose at St. James's, on the previous notice of only a few hours. No instance of such a breach of established usage has occurred, either before or since, in the course of the present reign.

April. The subject of contest being thus regulated, and the Rockingham party triumphant, the new administration was at length formed, though of very heterogeneous materials. Instead of nine individuals who constituted Lord North's cabinet, eleven were now admitted—the third secretaryship of state, namely, that for the colonies, lately occupied by Lord Sackville, being extinguished. General Conway, as the recompense of his late distinguished services in parliament, was placed at the head of the army. The separation of the office of first lord of the treasury from that of chancellor of the exchequer, made way for Lord John Cavendish's entrance into the cabinet; and the introduction of the master general of the ordnance, who had not been admitted under Lord North, brought in the Duke of Richmond—while, in order to oppose some little balance to the preponderating ascendency of the marquis's friends, Lord Ashburton, contrary to a general usage or precedent, was admitted to a seat, in quality of chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster.

The other great objects of ambition or acquisition were shared with tolerable equality among the friends of the two principal leaders. The Earl of Carlisle was replaced as lord-lieutenant of Ireland, by the Duke of Portland. Rigby, who during near fourteen years had enjoyed the prodigious emoluments of the pay-office, without any colleague, relinquished that enviable and lucrative post to Burke. Welbore Ellis, fallen in an instant from his double elevation of secretary of state and treasurer of the navy, made way for Barré in the latter employment—while Jenkinson was succeeded, as secretary of war, by Mr. Thomas Townsend. Kenyon became attorney-general. We were colleagues for the borough of Hindon, in that parliament. He possessed a deep and recondite knowledge of the law, the result of severe application, and was supposed to be consulted by the chancellor on all cases that arose of legal difficulty. Little conversant with the manners of polite life, Kenyon retained, even when lord chief justice of the king's bench, to which high dignity he afterwards rose, all the original coarse homeliness of his early habits. Irascible in his temper, destitute of all refinement, parsimonious even in a degree approaching to avarice, he nevertheless more than balanced these defects of deportment and character, by strict morality, probity, and integrity. As a member of the house of commons, whenever he spoke, though he wanted grace, he could not be reproached with any deficiency in the essential qualities of perspicuity, energy, and command of language. General Burgoyne, whose exchange had at length been effected against Laurens, the late president of the American congress—thus liberated from the inabilities which his surrender at Saratoga had inflicted on him, was sent to replace Sir John Irwin, as commander in chief in Ireland.

The Duke of Bolton, as a return for the service which he had rendered in the session of 1781, by arraigning, in the house of peers, the conduct of the first lord of the admiralty, was made governor of the Isle of Wight. During his elder brother's life, when only Lord Harry Powlett, he had served in the royal navy, where however he acquired no laurels—and he was commonly supposed to be the "Captain Whiffle" portrayed by Smollet in his "Roderick Random." Sheridan received the appointment of one of the under secretaries of state in Fox's office—who, having taken for himself the foreign department, left the home secretaryship to Lord Shelburne, a partition by no means grateful to the latter. Of all these ostensible candidates for employment, Mr. Pitt, whose birth and talents seemed to call him forward to the service of the state, and whose eloquence in parliament had eminently conduced to the triumph obtained over the late administration, alone remained without post or situation. Not that the new ministers manifested either insensibility to his merits, or indifference to securing such abilities in their immediate support. On the contrary, as the best proof of their consideration, they offered him the place of a lord of the treasury, in the formation of the board about to be constituted. But in making him this proposition, they appeared to have ill appreciated his character; and least of all to have understood the extent, as well as the depth of his ambition. Pitt steadily rejected every solicitation, preferring to remain for the present without office. Whether this refusal originated in his consciousness of possessing talents, which, from their pre-eminence, enabled him at once to seize a cabinet place, without passing, like other men, through any inferior gradations of political life—or whether it rather proceeded from that superior intelligence and discernment which even at so early a period of youth showed him that a ministry imbued with such discordant principles, and odious to the sovereign, could not possibly prove of long duration, it may be difficult to determine with certainty. Probably both those sentiments concurred in regulating this judicious line of action.

8th April. Never was a more total change of costume beheld than the house of commons presented to the eye, when that assembly met for the despatch of business after the Easter recess. The treasury bench, as well as the places behind it, had been for so many years occupied by Lord North and his friends, that it became difficult to recognise them again in their new seats, dispersed over the opposition benches, in great coats, frocks, and boots. Mr. Ellis himself appeared for the first time in his life, in an undress. To contemplate the ministers their successors, emerged from their obscure lodgings, or from Brookes's, having thrown off their blue and buff uniforms, now ornamented with the appendages of dress,

in returning from court decorated with swords, lace, and hair powder, excited still more astonishment. Even some degree of ridicule attached to this extraordinary and sudden metamorphosis, which afforded subject for conversation no less than food for mirth. It happened that just at that time when the change of administration took place, Lord Nugent's house, in Great George street, having been broken open, was robbed of a variety of articles—among others, of a number of pairs of laced ruffles. He caused the particulars of the effects stolen to be advertised in some of the daily newspapers, where they were minutely specified with great precision. Coming down to the house of commons immediately after the recess, a gentleman who accidentally sat next to him asked his lordship if he had yet made any discovery of the articles recently lost. "I can't say that I have," answered he, "but I shrewdly suspect that I have seen some of my laced ruffles on the hands of the gentlemen who now occupy the treasury bench." This reply, the effect of which was infinitely increased by the presence of Fox and Burke in their court dresses, obtained general circulation, and occasioned no little laughter.

Even the drawing-room at St. James's underwent considerable alteration in its appearance as well as the house of commons, in consequence of the political revolution which had driven the late ministers from power. The Earl of Hertford, one of the "ancient, most domestic ornaments" of the court, who had held the white wand of chamberlain for more than fifteen years, and whose presence in the circle seemed almost essential to its very existence, of course disappeared. The Duke of Manchester succeeded him. Lord Effingham, whose name since the riots of June, 1780, had scarcely been pronounced on the theatre of public life, became treasurer of the household in the place of Lord Salisbury. No individual, dismissed in consequence of the change of administration, was more personally regretted by the king than Lord Bateman, who had held during many years the post of master of the buck hounds. The frankness and gaiety of his disposition rendered his society peculiarly agreeable to the sovereign. Lord Bateman's descent on the maternal side was very illustrious, his mother having been grand-daughter to John, Duke of Marlborough, and sister to the second duke of that name. By his paternal ancestors he inherited only civic honours, his grandfather, Sir James Bateman, being knighted when Lord Mayor of London, under George the First. At near seventy years of age Lord Bateman preserved all the activity of youth, accompanied by an elasticity of mind and character which never forsook him. He might have been reinstated in the employment of master of the buck hounds, under succeeding administrations, but he preferred the enjoyment of personal liberty, and passed the last years of his life principally at his seat of Shobden, in the county of Hereford. His understanding was good, but he loved pleasure of every description more than business, and he possessed that mediocrity of talents which, never inspiring awe, forms the best recommendation to royal favour. Curiosity was so strongly excited to see the new ministers, and to remark the demeanour of persons who during many years had rarely stood in the presence of the sovereign, or frequented St. James's, that numerous individuals attended the levee and the drawing-room from no other motive. Those who had always speculated on the short duration of the present administration, derived additional proofs in favour of their opinion, from the very looks and reciprocal deportment of the principal personages. Every attention shown by the king to Lord Shelburne excited the instant jealousy of the Rockingham party, and hastened their final separation. Time alone, indeed, was necessary for making the political arrangements indispensable before the former nobleman could venture to throw off his subjection to his colleagues, and to set up for himself as first minister.

April. Previous to Lord North's resignation of power, Mr. Fox had more than once insinuated or maintained in the house of commons, that, if he were minister, he possessed the means of making a separate treaty with the Dutch, and of detaching them from France. His friends did not even scruple to assert that "he had a peace with Holland in his pocket," expressions which, being uttered in a period of misfortune and despondency, could not fail of producing a forcible impression on the sanguine as well as on the credulous part of society. One of his first attempts, as secretary of state for foreign affairs, became in fact directed to the attainment of so salutary and important an object. In order to effect it, he thought proper to address a letter to the Russian minister then residing at the court of London, making through him the offer of an immediate suspension of hostilities between Great Britain and Holland, as a step preparatory to negotiation. This proposal was afterwards warmly reiterated and seconded by the ambassadors of Catherine the Second, at the Hague. But instead of the nation deriving any benefit from Fox's hasty overture, it was received by the states-general with coldness, and treated with contempt, they wisely preferring to negotiate in concert with France and Spain, whenever a plan should be set on foot for general pacification. Baffled in this experiment, the cabinet next made propositions at the court of Versailles for an accommodation, and even sent Mr. Thomas Grenville to Paris for the purpose, while Admiral Digby and Sir Guy Carleton were despatched to America with instructions to offer an immediate acknowledgement of the independence of the thirteen colonies. The congress however, as if animated by the same spirit with the Dutch, refused to receive any messenger, or even to grant a passport to the person deputed by the British commissioners for commencing a negotiation. It seemed impossible for the new ministers to begin their foreign diplomatic labours under more unpromising auspices, after having held out to the country such delusive expectations.

They found it much easier to induce the house of commons to listen to their propositions than to persuade or to conciliate any of the belligerent powers. No opposition whatsoever was experienced from Lord North, who, though at the head of a routed party, yet remained the nominal chief of a numerous body of men. He attended in his place, and might, if he had been so disposed, have greatly impeded, if not wholly prevented, many of the measures of the new government. But far from throwing any obstacles in their way, he allowed them without molestation to complete their projects of reform in every direction. Burke opened the system of domestic retrenchment by bringing in anew his famous bill for the reduction of the civil list, so often proposed, and so often rejected, or eluded, in preceding sessions. But "*quantum mutatus ab illo pectore!*" Instead of two hundred thousand pounds a year, which by a species of political arithmetic, formed on data of his own assumption, he had calculated in 1779 would annihilate ministerial influence in the house of commons, commensurate to fifty members or votes in parliament, he now proposed only about a third part of that annual sum for the scope of his reduction. Many retrenchments that had appeared to be indispensable while he was in opposition, were abandoned when he spoke from the treasury bench. Some abuses owed their prospective toleration to the personal respect that he said he felt for the individuals who presided over the office or department. Others were perpetuated from deference to prejudice, or popular predilection. The ordnance might be safely trusted to the Duke of Richmond's vigilant frugality. Lord Ashburton extended his protection to the duchy of Lancaster. The mint was left untouched, and even some of the white wands, as contributing to the splendour of the court, obtained grace. Yet thus mutilated, and hardly recognisable, both Burke and Powis, who seconded the motion for an address of thanks to the king on his message relative to this subject, melted into tears at the prospect of their approaching triumph over court profusion and ministerial corruption.

Two bills, one for the prevention of contractors sitting in parliament, the other, for excluding officers of the excise and customs from voting at elections, were likewise passed with little difficulty or delay through the lower house, where the administration carried all before them. But in the house of peers, they experienced from the chancellor, as well as from Lords Mansfield and Loughborough, the most decided opposition. These pillars of the law, far from yielding to the temper of the times, endeavoured, though ineffectually, to stem its force. Thurlow in particular, even while holding in his hand the great seal of England, and while in his own person a member of the cabinet, yet expressed with that gloomy indignation which characterised his style of speaking, the disapprobation that he felt at such inroads on the majesty of the crown, as well as on the franchises of the subject. Unawed by the appearance of Fox and Burke, who, in order to impress him with respect as well as to display the interest that they took in the success of these measures, usually appeared in the house of peers, on the steps of the throne, while the bills were agitating, Lord Thurlow animadverted on them with the utmost severity, and divided in the minority on all the most obnoxious clauses. But the stream which ran with too much violence, successfully to oppose its current, soon secured for each of the bills the concurrence of the sovereign.

It cannot be disputed by the greatest enemies of reform, that various of the offices, or nominal employments, suppressed by Burke's bill, were become obsolete, destitute of any real function, and void of apparent utility. Nor will it be denied, that the annual aggregate sum which the measure saved to the country, though now reduced from two hundred thousand pounds to about seventy thousand pounds a year, yet still formed a considerable object of national economy. But on the other hand, the extinction of so many places deprived the crown of that species of majesty produced by the operation of time, and "the hoar of ages;" advantages which no man knew better how to appreciate and to venerate, as well as to celebrate and sustain, than Burke himself. We beheld him scarcely ten years afterwards, stand forward the determined champion of monarchical institutions, and the zealous opposer of almost every kind of innovation. We may likewise remark, that the board of trade, and the office of third secretary of state, both which institutions his bill abolished, have been since revived from a conviction of their respective necessity or advantages. Even the "great wardrobe," the "treasurer of the chamber," the "jewel office," the "clerks of the board of green cloth," and some other appointments, which may appear at first sight to be most exceptionable or unnecessary, yet, as carrying us back in imagination to the reigns of the Tudors, by whom they were instituted, diffused over the throne itself a Gothic grandeur, calculated to protect and perpetuate the sanctity of the monarchical office. These adventitious aids will not be despised by those who deeply consider the nature of man, and of all human institutions.

Other consequences of an injurious description, not foreseen at the time, or from which the author of the bill chose to avert his view, have flowed from the measure. In Burke's eagerness to diminish the supposed overgrown influence of the crown, arising from the distribution of offices among the members of the house of commons, a greater injury has been probably sustained by the British constitution. The minister, deprived of the means of procuring parliamentary attendance and support by conferring places on his adherents, has in many instances been compelled to substitute a far higher remuneration; namely, peerages. A review of Mr. Pitt's administration will form the strongest illustration of this remark. I know indeed, from the best authority, that Burke himself lived to adopt the opinion, and, like other reformers or innovators, found reason to lament the effects of his own bill. Being at Bath, in a declining state of health, not long before his decease, the conversation turned on the great augmentation made by Mr. Pitt to the numbers of the house of lords, during the preceding thirteen years. "I fear," said Burke, "that I am partly accountable for so disproportionate an increase of honours, by having deprived the crown and the minister of so many other sources of recompense or reward, which were extinguished by my bill of reform." Mr. Pitt, when he came into power, early in 1784, had in fact little left him to bestow, in proportion to the crowd of claimants, except dignities, and he was not parsimonious in their distribution. The two bills, excluding contractors from sitting in the house of commons, and depriving custom-house or excise officers of the right of voting at elections for members of parliament, though liable respectively to some objections, and though both were strongly reprobated at the time by the greatest legal characters in the house of peers, yet appear to have obtained, and still to retain, the general approbation of the country.

Many persons of high rank reluctantly disappeared from about the king's person and court, in consequence of Burke's bill of reform. The Earl of Darlington quitted the jewel office, and Lord Pelham, the great wardrobe; the first of which offices owed its institution to Elizabeth, while the latter remounted to the times of the Plantagenets. The Earl of Essex laid down the stag hounds, as did Lord Denbigh, the harriers; while

the disasters of Saratoga and of Yorktown were thus felt by rebound through every avenue of St. James's, Gibbon, who had sat at the board of trade since 1779, being dismissed from his official attendance in Whitehall, found himself more at leisure to continue that great historical work which he ultimately completed on the banks of the lake of Geneva, and which will perpetuate his name to distant ages. George Selwyn lost a lucrative appointment under the board of works; and though possessed of an affluent fortune, together with a borough, yet, as he loved money, no man who suffered in consequence of the reduction of the civil list retained a deeper resentment towards the party who had abridged his enjoyments, and diminished his income. I knew him with some degree of intimacy, having sat as his colleague in parliament during more than six years, for Ludgershall, from 1784 to 1790. He resided in Cleveland row, in the house rendered memorable by the quarrel which took place between Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Townsend, under the reign of George the First, when the first minister and the secretary of state seized each other by the throat; a scene which Gay is supposed to have portrayed in the "Beggar's Opera," under the characters of Peachum and Lockitt. Selwyn was a member of the house of commons during the greater part of his life, and down to the year 1780 he constantly represented Gloucester, near which city he had a seat at Matson. The unpopularity consequent on the American war, throughout the whole progress of which contest he supported government, occasioned his being rejected by his old constituents at the general election, which took place in that year. He told me that, during the memorable siege of Gloucester, undertaken by Charles the First, in 1643, Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York, who both in turn ascended the throne, but who were then boys, remained at Matson. And he added that James the Second, after he came to the crown, used frequently to mention the circumstance to his grandfather when he went to court, observing, "My brother and I were generally shut up in a chamber on the second floor at Matson, during the day, where you will find that we have left the marks of our confinement, inscribed with our knives, on the ledges of all the windows."

GEORGE SELWYN.

Selwyn possessed infinite wit. He had indeed succeeded to Philip Earl of Chesterfield's reputation for *bon mots*, most of which that then attained to any celebrity were either made by or attributed to him. Their effect, when falling from his lips, became greatly augmented by the listless and drowsy manner in which he uttered them, for he always seemed half asleep; yet the promptitude of his replies was surprising. The late Duke of Queensbury, who lived in the most intimate friendship with him, told me that Selwyn was present at a public dinner with the mayor and corporation of Gloucester, in the year 1758, when the intelligence arrived of our expedition having failed before Rochfort. The mayor turning to Selwyn, "You, sir," said he, "who are in the ministerial secrets, can no doubt inform us of the cause of this misfortune?" Selwyn, though utterly ignorant on the subject, yet unable to resist the occasion of amusing himself at the enquirer's expense, "I will tell you in confidence the reason, Mr. Mayor," answered he; "the fact is, that the scaling ladders prepared for the occasion, were found on trial to be too short." This solution, which suggested itself to him at the moment, was considered by the mayor to be perfectly explanatory of the failure, and as such he communicated it to all his friends, not being aware, though Selwyn was, that Rochfort lies on the river Charente, some leagues from the seashore, and that our troops had never even effected a landing on the French coast.

But it was not so much as a man of wit that I cultivated his society. He was likewise thoroughly versed in our history, and master of many curious as well as secret anecdotes relative to the houses of Stuart and of Brunswick. As he had an aversion to all long debates in parliament, during which he frequently fell asleep, we used to withdraw sometimes to one of the committee rooms up stairs, where his conversation was often very instructive. Talking to him of the death and execution of Charles the First, he assured me that the Duchess of Portsmouth always asserted, as having been communicated to her by Charles the Second, that his father was not beheaded either by Colonel Pride, or Colonel Joyce; though one of the two is commonly considered to have performed that regicide act. The duchess maintained that the man's name was Gregory Brandon. He wore a black crape stretched over his face, and had no sooner taken off the king's head than he was put into a boat at Whitehall stairs, together with the block, the black cloth that covered it, the axe, and every article stained with the blood. Being conveyed to the tower, all the implements used in the decapitation were immediately reduced to ashes. A purse, containing a hundred broad pieces of gold, was delivered to him, after which recompense he received his dismission. Brandon survived the transaction many years, but divulged it a short time before he expired. This account, as coming from the Duchess of Portsmouth, challenges great respect.

From his own father, who had acted a conspicuous part during Sir Robert Walpole's administration, Selwyn knew many of the secret springs of affairs under George the First and Second. He told me that the former of those kings, when he came over here from Hanover, in 1714, understanding very imperfectly the English language, found himself so weary while assisting at the service in the chapel royal, that he frequently entered into conversation, in French or German, with the persons behind him. Charles the Second, who could not plead the same excuse for his inattention, was accustomed, as we know from Burnet, to fall fast asleep; and Harry Bennet, afterwards created Earl of Arlington, usually awoke his majesty towards the conclusion of the sermon. Among the few individuals who had retained, under the new reign, the places that they held or occupied about Queen Anne, was Dr. Younger, Dean of Salisbury. Anticipating the change of sovereigns, he had applied with such success to render himself master of the German language that he was continued in the office of clerk of the closet, which gave him great access to the king, behind whose chair he usually stood at chapel. With Younger his majesty often talked during the service; a circumstance which, as being indecorous, naturally excited much offence. Lord Townsend, then one of the secretaries of state, animated by a sense of loyal affection, ventured to acquaint him that his deportment at chapel gave cause of regret, mingled with animadversion, to many of his most attached subjects, beseeching him, at the same time, particularly to abstain from conversing with Dr. Younger. Far from resenting the freedom taken with him, his majesty promised amendment; and Lord Townsend strongly enjoined the clerk of the closet to observe in future the most decorous behaviour on his part. Finding, however, that they resumed or continued the same practice, Lord Townsend sent Younger a positive order, as secretary of state, directing him, without presuming to present himself again in the royal presence, to repair immediately to his deanery. Dr. Younger, conceiving the injunction to proceed from the king, obeyed without remonstrance or delay; and the secretary, waiting on his majesty, informed him that the dean had received a kick from a horse which fractured his skull, of which accident he was dead. George the First expressed the deepest concern at his loss, and never entertained the most remote idea of the deception which had been practised on him. Several years afterwards, before which time Lord Townsend had quitted his employment, the king, going down to review some regiments that were encamped on Salisbury Plain, the bishop and chapter of that city had the honour to be presented to him, and to kiss his hand. But when Younger approached for the purpose, his majesty, overcome with amazement at beholding again a man whom he had long considered as no more, could scarcely retain his emotions. As soon, however, as circumstances permitted, he sent for the dean into his presence, and a mutual explanation took place. Conscious of the rectitude and propriety of the motives which had actuated Lord Townsend in his conduct, he never expressed any sentiment of anger or of resentment, but contented himself with promising Younger to confer on him a mitre, as soon as an occasion should present itself; an assurance which he would have probably realised, if the dean had not shortly afterwards been carried off by death.

Selwyn's nervous irritability, and anxious curiosity to observe the effect of dissolution on men, exposed him to much ridicule, not unaccompanied with censure. He was accused of attending all executions; and sometimes, in order to elude notice, disguised in a female dress. I have been assured, that in 1756 he went over to Paris, expressly for the purpose of witnessing the last moments of Damien, who expired under the most acute torture, for having attempted the life of Louis the Fifteenth. Being among the crowd, and attempting to approach too near the scaffold, he was at first repulsed by one of the executioners; but having informed the person that he had made the journey from London solely with a view to be present at the punishment and death of Damien, the man immediately caused the people to make way, exclaiming, at the same time, "*Faites place pour monsieur, c'est un Anglois, et un amateur.*" The baron Grimm, in his "Correspondence," relates this story as having happened to Condamine. Mr. Pitt, in order to recompense Selwyn for the place of "paymaster of the works," of which he was deprived by Burke's bill, made him, in 1784, "surveyor-general of the crown lands," which office he retained till his decease, in 1790.

WILKES.

Wilkes, who, during more than thirteen successive years in various parliaments, had vainly endeavoured to expunge from the journals of the house of commons the memorable resolutions relative to the Middlesex election, after being so often foiled, at length attained his object. The division which took place upon this question was attended with the singular circumstance of Lord North and Fox dividing together in the minority. The new secretary of state, whose original political line of conduct, while supporting the administration which he had recently expelled, and of which he once formed a part, made it sometimes difficult for him to maintain the appearance of consistency, affected to speak and to vote from the treasury bench against Wilkes's motion. Having unfortunately given his ministerial sanction, in early life, to various measures calculated for affixing parliamentary disapprobation on that celebrated member of the house; Fox therefore probably thought that a regard to his own character compelled him, however contradictory to his late line of declamation and of action, when haranguing his constituents in Palace Yard, to abide by and to attempt a justification of his conduct relative to the election for Middlesex. No public man, indeed, in my time, ever appeared to me to consider so little apology requisite for the contradictions and derelictions of his political principles, or seemed so completely to regard the house of commons as an assembly fit for becoming the willing agents and instruments of every delusion, however gross or palpable, as Fox. The difficulties of the undertaking never deterred or intimidated him; and his splendid talents, which could lend to sophistry the colours of truth, emboldened him, by turns, to attack and to defend, according to the situation in which he stood, almost every position and tenet, either of monarchical authority, or of constitutional freedom.

THE HONOURS.

18th April. While the house of commons was thus occupied in measures of reform, or engaged in retracing their past parliamentary errors, the new ministers, as if they anticipated their speedy dismission, employed the precious moments of their precarious power in distributing among themselves without loss of time the honours of the crown. Four Garters, which had been found on the king's table unappropriated at the time of Lord North's resignation, they naturally considered as lawful plunder. One only of the number fell to the share of the sovereign, which he was allowed, though not without some difficulty, to confer on his third son, Prince William Henry, now Duke of Clarence. The remaining three were reserved for themselves with a due regard to their respective consequence, party, and pretensions. Lord Rockingham having long since received the order from the hands of George the Second, the Duke of Devonshire as head of the whigs was invested with one blue riband, and the Duke of Richmond honoured with another. Lord Shelburne took for himself, as was to be expected, the fourth Garter. A great person then in early youth, who was present at the ceremony of the investiture, observed, with admirable discernment of mankind, that never did three men receive the order in so dissimilar and characteristic a manner. "The Duke of Devonshire," said he, "advanced up to the sovereign with his phlegmatic, cold, awkward air, like a clown.

Lord Shelburne came forward bowing on every side, smiling and fawning like a courtier. The Duke of Richmond presented himself easy, unembarrassed, and with dignity, as a gentleman."

The Earl of Ashburnham, who had been during more than six years groom of the stole, laid claim to one of the Garters under a promise which he asserted to have received from the king, and of which he endeavoured to enforce the performance. His royal master, though he did not deny the engagement, pleaded his inability to fulfil it under the actual circumstances of his situation, which left him no longer any option in distributing the decorations in question. This excuse did not, however, satisfy Lord Ashburnham, who was said to have addressed to the king a letter of reproach on the occasion, couched in language rather too severe from a subject to his sovereign, even if the cause of offence had been better proved or more legitimate in itself. His resentment at the supposed infraction of the royal word impelled him to resign his office, which, as being in the king's immediate family, and near his person, has always been considered exempt from ministerial interference. Lord Weymouth, who succeeded him, had acted a much more important part in earlier periods of his majesty's reign when he filled during a very considerable time the post of secretary of state, and even held the lord lieutenancy of Ireland for a few months, though he never crossed over to Dublin. He was a man of talents, highly convivial, whose conversation entertained and delighted; but, in order to profit of his society, it was necessary to follow him to White's, to drink deep of claret, and to remain at table till a very late hour of the night, or rather of the morning. "Junius," alluding to this well known circumstance when addressing the Duke of Grafton, in June, 1771, says, referring to Lord Weymouth, "Yet he must have bread, my lord, or rather he must have wine. If you deny him the cup there will be no keeping him within the pale of the ministry." Lord Gower the chancellor, and Rigby, were, through life, his intimate friends and companions. His application to business by no means kept pace with his abilities, nor was he ever a popular minister. Indeed, if we except the first Mr. Pitt, Henry Bilson Legge, who was chancellor of the exchequer during about five months after his majesty's accession to the throne, and perhaps we may add the Marquis of Rockingham, all three of whom were devolved on him by his grandfather or forced upon him by the nation, George the Third cannot be said to have had any minister in any department previous to Lord North's resignation who enjoyed popularity. We must except from the remark Lord Camden during the short time that he held the great seal as chancellor. Lord Weymouth attracted a considerable portion of the indignation which characterises Junius's opening letter, written in January, 1769, for having officially signed the order which authorised the military to fire on the populace assembled in St. George's Fields. "Recovered from the errors of his youth, from the distraction of play, and the bewitching smiles of Burgundy," says that writer, "behold him exerting the whole strength of his clear, unclouded faculties, in the service of the crown." He had preceded Lord Ashburnham as groom of the stole, in 1775, and was succeeded by the Earl of Hillsborough, in 1779, as secretary of state for the home department. Ten years afterwards Pitt created Lord Weymouth a marquis.

Though the administration of which Lord North so long constituted the head had ceased to exist, yet many of the parliamentary institutions which had originated under him still continued in activity. Among the principal might be esteemed the secret committee for enquiring into the state of the East India Company's affairs. The lord advocate of Scotland as their chairman brought forward at this time, to the consideration of the house, various *reports* calculated to show the causes not only of the disgraces and calamities sustained in the Carnatic, but of the improper expenditure of blood and treasure in other parts of Hindostan. Sir Thomas Rumbold, late governor of Madras, and two of his colleagues, members of the council, became the first objects of public accusation. The second blow fell by rebound on Sir Elijah Impey, who, in his quality of chief justice of Bengal, was supposed or asserted in more than one instance to have lent his legal aid and support to the supreme government from self-interested motives, and for unjust as well as pernicious purposes. Hastings himself, then governor-general of Bengal, and Hornby, governor of Bombay, became implicated or involved in these criminations. Measures adapted to the nature of the imputed offences or misconduct of each of the above mentioned persons were adopted. Rumbold, who had arrived from India early in 1781, under circumstances that rendered him highly unpopular, was restrained from either leaving the kingdom or from alienating his property, by act of parliament, and severer steps were meditated or set on foot in order to bring him to justice. He contrived, nevertheless, to protract the proceedings, and ultimately to elude all punishment. An address was presented to his majesty requesting him to recall Sir Elijah Impey from his judicial situation in India. Finally, resolutions of a nature tending to hold out both Mr. Hastings and Mr. Hornby in their public capacity as men who had committed acts of the most culpable or unjustifiable kind, were agreed to in the house. But the advanced period of the session, and the unsettled state of domestic affairs in a cabinet divided by animosity, prevented or postponed the further prosecution of these interesting concerns to the subsequent year.

THE BRITISH ARMS.

On the other side of the Atlantic misfortune still accompanied the English arms. St. Christopher's, after a long and gallant defence, surrendered; the islands of Nevis and Montserrat were lost. Even the valuable settlements of Demerara and Essequibo, situate on the continent of South America, which we had taken in the preceding year from the Dutch, were recaptured by France. Rodney, indeed, having arrived out, joined Sir Samuel Hood at Barbadoes, but he found himself unable to intercept or to prevent the arrival of a convoy from Brest which brought to the French admiral, De Grasse, supplies the most essential for his projected hostile operations. At home, general despondency or apathy pervaded the country. Every allegation which had been brought forward against the first lord of the admiralty while in office was renewed with augmented violence now that he had retired to private life, and these clamours were encouraged by the new ministers. Rodney himself participated largely in them, and disasters more severe than any that we had yet experienced were predicted or anticipated as about to happen in that quarter of the globe where he commanded. Never was the nation less prepared for, nor less in expectation of, the great victory that impended in the West Indies, than a week or even a day before the intelligence arrived. It required the utmost exertions of the new admiralty to prevent the Dutch squadron which quitted the Texel at this time from effecting a junction with the combined fleets of France and Spain commanded by Guichen. Lord Howe, now restored to the British navy, and, like Keppel, created an English viscount, effected a service so distinguished, which unquestionably entitled him to the gratitude of his country.

PITT.

May. If Mr. Pitt, whether from the dictates of profound ambition or from the calculations of ordinary prudence, had thought proper to refuse accepting any place or situation under the new ministry, he did not on that account withdraw his individual exertions as a member of parliament, or retire in any degree from public view and admiration. On the contrary, he came eminently forward at this time as a candidate for national approbation in the delicate as well as arduous character of a political reformer. The spirit of the times, which operated greatly in his favour, removed many of those obstacles that might have impeded him if he had made the attempt under the former administration. While Burke carried retrenchment into the palace as well as to the table of the sovereign, Pitt aspired to renovate or to reorganise the national representation. In the progress of a speech conceived with consummate ability, and delivered from the treasury bench, he endeavoured to show the vices of the actual state of popular election, and to point out the most efficacious or salutary remedies. The abuses alleged by him to exist, which were indeed indisputable, seemed at first sight loudly to demand redress. But, on the other hand, theory and practice might be found greatly at variance, and even the reformers themselves, it was well known, differed widely in their ideas or opinions on the point. The Duke of Richmond, who carried his principles to an Utopian and visionary length, would have extended the right of voting almost to the whole population of Great Britain. Fox supported on this occasion, both with his eloquence and his vote, the plan proposed by Pitt; but Burke, less democratic in his ideas of government, refused to lend his powerful aid to a cause which he disapproved. The secretary at war, Mr. Townsend, who looked forward to the possession of a borough at the decease of George Selwyn, his uncle, equally absented himself, as did others of the ministerial followers. Lord North, though he attended the discussion and opposed all innovation, yet, to the surprise of his friends, took no active part in the debate. Dundas, however, supplied his place, and made an animated appeal against the projected reform, as did Mr. Thomas Pitt, at great length, with much ability. The measure itself not being a party question, though of a nature the most interesting, by no means attracted the attendance which had been produced by the motions that preceded the dissolution of the late administration. Scarcely more than three hundred members voted upon it, while near five hundred had been present in more than one of the divisions of the month of March. Pitt's proposition "to appoint a committee for enquiring into the state of the national representation," though it could only be considered as a preliminary step, yet was negatived by a majority of *twenty*.

I made one of that small party, and it is a vote of which I not only never have repented, but of which I more and more approve on full consideration. It was difficult not to reflect, whilst listening to the arguments of Mr. Pitt, who eloquently depictured the corruption of the rotten boroughs, among which, he said, several "were to be considered as within the control of the Carnatic," that he was himself sitting at that very time, for Appleby, by the influence, or in other words, by the nomination of Sir James Lowther. To the corrupted state of the representation, therefore, it was owing that he had himself obtained a place in the house of commons. It was equally impossible not to be conscious, that if the regulation which enacts that every member of that assembly shall be *bona fide* possessed of three hundred pounds per annum freehold estate, had been severely and literally enforced, neither Fox, nor Pitt, nor Sheridan, nor many other eminent individuals, could ever have sat in parliament. Probably, indeed, on the day that Mr. Pitt made his motion, he scarcely possessed any property, certainly no landed property; and as to Fox, though actually secretary of state, he was known to be plunged in debts contracted by play, which left him without fortune, or almost means of support. But they did not less constitute the two most distinguished persons of the age in which they lived, the ornaments of their country in different lines. Fox always maintained without reserve, in private conversation as well as in parliament, that to enforce rigidly the rule relative to the qualifications of members would be at once to exclude talents from obtaining entrance into the house. So little indeed may speculation and fact agree, that if the list of representatives for the county of York, of Devon, or of Lincoln, ever since the reign of Elizabeth down to the present year, were to be compared with those who have been sent to parliament during the same period of time from the vilest Cornish borough, we shall find that in every quality justly recommending to a seat in the legislature, namely, high birth, extensive property, distinguished talents, or public principle and virtue, the superiority will be found, in many instances, perhaps in most, to incline on the side of the persons elected for the boroughs. Such an estimate might be difficult to make, and must be always in some measure open to dispute; but it serves to prove that various principles in legislation, as well as various abuses, do not produce the effects which might naturally be expected to result from them.

RODNEY'S VICTORY.

18th May. Scarcely had Mr. Pitt's proposition been rejected for the reform of the representation, before the capital and the country were thrown into a delirium of joy, on receiving the intelligence of Rodney's victory over De Grasse, gained upon the preceding 12th of April. It is difficult for us in this age, who have been accustomed to obtain naval advantages over the French, and who are used to calculate beforehand on the destruction of every fleet that effected its escape from the ports of France, as soon as we could come up with them, to appreciate or to imagine its effect on the public mind. We

had been habituated during so long a time, under Keppel, Byron, Hardy, Parker, Graves, Geary, Darby, and their successors, to indecisive or unfortunate engagements, productive of no beneficial results, that the nation began to despair of recovering its former ascendency on the ocean. In fact, during near twenty years, ever since the termination of the war with France, in 1763, the British flag had scarcely been any where triumphant—while the navies of the house of Bourbon, throughout the progress of the American contest, annually insulted us in the channel, intercepted our mercantile convoys, blocked our harbours, and threatened our coasts. Under these circumstances, the excess of the public exultation was prodigiously augmented by the dejection that pervaded all ranks during the former part of the month of May, and by the utter apparent improbability of such an event taking place.

When I reflect on the emotions to which it gave rise in London, I cannot compare them with any occurrence of the same kind that we have witnessed in this country. The victory of Lord Howe, gained on the first of June, 1794, glorious and salutary as it was to Great Britain, yet seemed to be more a triumph over Jacobinism and anarchy than over the French nation or navy. It was Robespierre and his regicide accomplices, not Louis the Sixteenth, whom we there vanquished. Lord St. Vincent, and Lord Duncan, unquestionably merited each the highest eulogiums; but they destroyed, at Cape St. Vincent, and at Camperdown, the fleets of Spain and of Holland, not those of France. And no Englishman is insensible to the distinction. The sublime victory of Trafalgar itself was clouded by the death of Nelson, which checked and tempered the general joy. If I were to mention any naval action, the news of which seemed to diffuse sentiments nearly resembling those felt in May, 1782, I should incline to name that of Aboukir. But in the battle of the Nile, where the destruction of the enemy was much more complete, though we destroyed and blew up the French admiral's ship, we did not either capture her or her commander. There was combined in Rodney's victory, as Lord Loughborough at the time remarked in the house of peers, all "the pomp, and pride, and circumstance of war." It commenced with the rising sun, and only terminated with that setting luminary. The elements were hushed, only a light air prevailing—and the contending fleets were very nearly matched. Jamaica, the prize contended for by the two nations, was preserved by the result; while all the promised conquests of France and Spain, so near their apparent realisation, disappeared, no more to be revived, even in idea. It constituted a sort of compensation to Great Britain for so many years of disgrace, for so great an expenditure of blood and treasure, and even for the loss of America itself. The country, exhausted and humiliated, seemed to revive in its own estimation, and to resume once more its dignity among nations. France, amidst all her past success, declined proportionably in the opinion of Europe, and has never since arrogated the same rank, as a naval power. It formed in fact the last triumph of England, on the element of the water, over the house of Bourbon, before that great family itself, after reigning eight hundred years over the French, sunk under the torrent of revolution and anarchy.

Lord Cranston, one of the captains of the Formidable, Sir George Rodney's ship, who brought over the news to this country, having in consequence of that commander's special's injunctions waited on Lord Sackville, though then no longer in office as American secretary, in order to communicate to him the particulars of the action, I had an opportunity of hearing Lord Cranston's account of the engagement. He was sent, after the Ville de Paris struck, to take possession of her, as well as to receive De Grasse's sword; and he described the scene which the French admiral's ship presented, on his ascending her side, as altogether terrible. Between the fore-mast and the main-mast, at every step he took, he said that he was over his buckles in blood, the carnage having been prodigious; but as numbers of cattle and sheep were stowed between decks, they had suffered not less than the crew and troops from the effects of the cannon. On the quarter-deck, which remained still covered with dead and wounded, only De Grasse himself, together with two or three other persons, continued standing. The French admiral had received a contusion in the loins from a splinter, but was otherwise unhurt—a circumstance the more remarkable, he having been during the whole action, for so many hours, exposed to a destructive fire, which swept away almost all his officers, and repeatedly cleared the quarter-deck. He was a tall, robust, and martial figure—presenting in that moment an object of respect no less than of concern and sympathy. Lord Cranston said that De Grasse could not recover from the astonishment into which he was plunged—the expressions of which he often reiterated, at seeing, in the course of a short time, his vessel taken, his fleet defeated, and himself a prisoner. He was allowed to pass the night on board his own ship, with every testimony of attention and regard manifested towards him on the part of the British commander.

An opinion which became very generally prevalent at the time, and obtained much belief, has made a deep impression on the public mind—namely, that this victory, signal as it must ever be esteemed, might nevertheless have been rendered far more complete, if it had been immediately improved by pursuing, without delay, the flying enemy. The friends of Sir Samuel Hood strongly maintained that position—and, partial as I am to the memory of Lord Rodney, I confess that there always appeared to me to have been some foundation for the assertion. He was himself well aware of the charge, and I have heard him defend the line of conduct which he adopted subsequent to the victory, by very plausible if not by solid and unanswerable reasons. He observed that it was altogether unwarrantable, and might have been attended with the most ruinous consequences, to have detached twelve or more ships of the line, under Sir Samuel Hood, in pursuit of twenty-five at least of the French—which number remained together as was believed after the action, and still constituted a most formidable force. If any check had been experienced by us in consequence of such eagerness or precipitation, it was obvious that the fruits of the victory itself might even have been lost. Bougainville and Vaudreuil, who commanded under De Grasse, enjoyed a higher reputation for naval skill than the commander in chief, and might have repaired the defeat. How far these facts or assertions may carry conviction to every mind, I cannot venture to determine. Lord Rodney, after his return to England, made no scruple of declaring in mixed company, where I was myself present, and he even wrote home at the time, in his private letters, more than one of which I have seen, that so violent was the spirit of party and faction in his own fleet, as almost to supersede and extinguish the affection felt towards their sovereign and their country, in the bosoms of many individuals serving under him. To such a height had it attained, that he asserted there were among them officers of high rank, and of unquestionable courage, who nevertheless bore so inveterate an animosity to the administration then existing, particularly to the first lord of the admiralty, the Earl of Sandwich, as almost to wish for a defeat, if it would produce the dismission of ministers. Similar assertions were made by members of the house of commons, in their speeches. However incredible the fact itself may appear, and however lamentable it must be considered, if it was well founded, yet it is not easy to conceive the antipathies, political and personal, that had grown up in the English navy during the American war. They formed one of the characteristic features of the times, and operated to the inconceivable injury of the British name and nation.

The commencement of Rodney's public letter, addressed to Mr. Stephens, the secretary of the admiralty, on this glorious occasion, excited a smile among the critics and grammarians; as he stated, that "It had pleased God, *out* of his divine providence, to grant to his majesty's arms a most complete victory over the fleet of his enemy;" whereas, it seemed rather to have been an act performed *in* his divine providence. This error of a naval commander, unaccustomed to composition, and whose profession was not the pen but the sword, did not however attract the same comments as an official despatch which we have since perused, sent from one of his Britannic majesty's ambassadors; who, addressing the secretary of state from Constantinople, appeared, by some act of oblivious inadvertence, to consider himself in Asia. Rodney's enemies, of whom he had a great number, asserted that, after the victory was gained, he gave way to a sort of intoxication of mind on finding himself master of the French admiral's person and ship. They said that he seated himself in an arm-chair placed on the quarter-deck of the "Formidable," as the moon rose, in order to indulge his sight with the view of the "Ville de Paris," which lay near him in a disabled state, and whose sides far overtopped those of his own vessel. And they added, that he burst into expressions or exclamations of extravagant self-praise and complacency, mingled with some reproaches on the want of ministerial gratitude which he had experienced for his past services. Even admitting all these facts to be true in their utmost extent, they only prove the infirmity of human nature, and similar instances of weakness occur in the history of the most illustrious commanders. Rodney, like the celebrated Marshal Villars, so distinguished under Louis the Fourteenth, talked perpetually of himself, and was the hero of his own story. But posterity will never forget the debt of gratitude due to his services, nor cease to consider him as one of the greatest men whom the English navy produced in the course of the eighteenth century. He unquestionably displayed equal coolness and science on the day of the 12th of April, directed in person every manœuvre, and preserved, during twelve hours that the action lasted, the utmost presence of mind. Lord Cranston said that he never quitted the quarter-deck for a minute, nor took any refreshment, except the support he derived from a lemon which he held constantly in his hand, and applied frequently to his lips.

If Rodney did not spare his animadversions on the spirit of political enmity and faction which pervaded the British navy, his opponent, the Count de Grasse, made still louder accusations, and sent home stronger charges to the court of Versailles, against the jealousies or rivalries which actuated the officers serving under him on that memorable day. They doubtless towards the close of the action abandoned their commander to his fate, and sought their safety in flight, but the unforeseen manœuvre by which Rodney had intersected the French line at the commencement of the engagement, threw the whole fleet into inextricable confusion, and it is very doubtful whether, by prolonging or even by renewing the contest, Bougainville and Vaudreuil would have in any measure retrieved the misfortune. De Grasse, it is admitted on all hands, displayed the most unconquerable firmness. But perhaps he highly merited censure at a moment when he saw before him, in full prospect, so vast an object as the conquest and reduction of Jamaica, not to have suffered one or two ships of the French line to fall into our hands, rather than sacrifice as he did the whole plan of the campaign to their preservation. I know such to have been the general opinion entertained throughout France, where De Grasse laboured under popular odium to so great a degree that while, after the ensuing peace, Suffrein always received on entering the theatres at Paris the warmest testimonies of admiration from every part of the house, De Grasse did not venture to present himself at the public spectacles, from the apprehension of insult. Even the court manifested similar sentiments, and though decorated with the order of the "St. Esprit," he could not obtain permission to walk in the annual "procession du cordon bleu" at Versailles, for several years subsequent to the defeat in the West Indies.

The effect of so splendid a service rendered to his country at a moment of such dejection, and the popularity which it justly produced, in some measure disarmed the meditated attacks of Rodney's opponents at home. Burke, who had heaped the severest accusations upon him, for his conduct towards the inhabitants of St. Eustatius, and who was preparing to bring forward a motion in the house of commons, tending to criminate him for his acts while in possession of the island, immediately abandoned the intention. With one of those classic allusions which were familiar to his elegant mind, he observed, that "the great national benefit performed by the English admiral obliterated his errors, and like the laurel crown decreed by the Roman senate to Julius Cæsar, covered as well as concealed his baldness." Even the rancour expressed by the new ministers and their friends towards Lord Sandwich, seemed to be blunted, if not mollified, by this undeniable proof of his meritorious exertions in sending out a fleet to the West Indies capable of vanquishing the French naval force. It was justly said, that Alexander had conquered with the troops of Philip. No further mention of impeachment or prosecution was made against the late lord of the admiralty. The cabinet, nevertheless, evincing in every part of their conduct the reluctance with which they remunerated Rodney's merits, had already superseded him by naming Admiral Pigot to the command of the fleet in the West

Indies. But as he had not quitted England before intelligence arrived of the victory gained over De Grasse, it was evidently the wish of the country loudly expressed, that Rodney should not be recalled at a moment when he had raised the naval character of Great Britain, humbled France, and saved Jamaica. The new administration, however, far from paying any regard to this expression of the general opinion, and apprehensive of some motion being made on the subject, in one or the other of the two houses of parliament, instantly sent off Pigot in a quick-sailing frigate from Plymouth, with orders to replace the victorious commander.

Severe comments were passed out of doors upon the appointment made under such circumstances, especially as Pigot had been already constituted a member of the new board of admiralty. Even the house of commons, though since Lord North's resignation the majority seemed completely subservient to Fox, yet manifested some symptoms of disapprobation. There were not wanting persons in that assembly, who compared it to the recall of the Duke of Marlborough from Flanders, and the substitution of the Duke of Ormond in his place, under Queen Anne. It was besides commonly asserted, that the secretary of state for foreign affairs lay under pecuniary obligations to Pigot of several thousand pounds, for losses incurred at play. And, though such a report might have originated in error or malevolence, yet it was difficult to disprove, as Fox's notorious passion for gaming had subjected him to similar engagements and embarrassments. Lord Keppel, when questioned in the house of peers respecting the fact of Pigot's appointment, felt so conscious of the indefensibility of the measure, that he did not dare to own it, but contrived to evade the enquiry by stating the want of evidence before them to prove the nomination. It was impossible more clearly to avow how much he was ashamed of such a transaction. The opposition during Lord North's administration, in their anxiety to decry the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the admiralty, asserted that Sir Edward Hughes was bound to divide with him a certain proportion of whatever prize money he might acquire, as a return for being appointed to the naval command in the East Indies. "Junius" treats the Duke of Grafton, when first minister, in various letters, with indignation, for having given a pension of five hundred pounds a year to Sir John Moore, whom he designates as a "broken gambler." Nor does he hesitate to add, that the pension was "probably an acquittance on the part of the duke, of favours upon the turf." But how infinitely less culpable were Lord Sandwich, or the Duke of Grafton, had the allegations been ever so clearly proved, than was Fox, if we assume the truth of the fact imputed to him in acquitting his debt to Pigot, by sending him out to the West Indies.

Rodney's victory, if it had taken place two months earlier, would probably have operated to retard, or to prevent, Lord North's resignation. Nor did any man doubt that the admiral himself would have received more distinguishing marks of ministerial gratitude, as well as of royal bounty, if Lord North had continued at the head of affairs, than were conferred on him by that nobleman's successors. Lord Howe and Admiral Keppel had just been raised, by their party, to the dignity of English viscounts, without the performance of any naval service on the part of the latter officer. Many persons thought that an earldom would not have constituted a reward too eminent for so important a victory. We have seen that high rank of the peerage conferred since on Sir John Jervis, for the battle gained over the Spaniards, off Cape St. Vincent's, a victory, as was commonly reported, principally due to Sir Horatio Nelson. Lord Duncan, Lord Hood, and Lord Bridport, have all been created, for their exploits, English viscounts. It was not without evident marks of unwillingness that a barony and a pension of two thousand pounds per annum were rather extorted from, than spontaneously given by, the ministry to Rodney, accompanied with his immediate supercession in the command of the fleet. It must however be admitted on the other hand, that, previous to the time of which I am now writing, the most distinguished naval services rarely conducted to the peerage. Anson, it is true, from a concurrence of circumstances, was raised to it, but neither Saunders, nor Boscawen, nor Pocock, attained to that honour. Even Hawke, far from being called up to the house of peers, after he had destroyed the fleet of France in 1759, at the mouth of the Loire, was only made a baron by Lord North, near seventeen years afterwards, and then in company with several other individuals who were raised to the same dignity. It is for posterity to judge how far these circumstances may form some excuse for the apparent want of liberality towards a man who had rendered so critical as well as so distinguished a service to his country.

June. While the victory obtained over De Grasse produced so vast and beneficial an alteration in the affairs of Great Britain beyond the Atlantic, time seemed rapidly maturing another important change, or rather convulsion, in the domestic concerns of the kingdom. From the first formation of the new cabinet, its jarring materials indicated in the opinions of all discerning men their speedy disunion and separation. Fox, conscious of the alienation in which the king held him morally, as well as politically, possessed too much penetration not to foresee, and to predict, an approaching change of administration. He was not without difficulty restrained from precipitating it, by his disapprobation of the intended, or imputed, measures of some of his colleagues. The stern inflexibility of Lord Thurlow likewise, who as chancellor thwarted and opposed in the house of peers many of his measures, greatly irritated him. Nor did the preference shown towards Lord Shelburne on all occasions by his majesty tend less to accelerate a rupture. In this situation of things, the decline of the Marquis of Rockingham's health, by incapacitating him to take as active a part in public affairs as he had previously done, removed the only remaining serious impediment, while it facilitated the accomplishment of those objects, which prudence and precaution alone had hitherto compelled the sovereign to delay, till the arrival of a favourable opportunity.

No rational doubt can exist, that even if death had not carried off the Marquis of Rockingham, yet a change in the administration would equally have taken place, nearly at the same time and in the same manner as it was afterwards effected. The necessity of making such arrangements as might, it was hoped, secure its duration, and enable Lord Shelburne to surmount the opposition to be expected in parliament, had solely prevented him hitherto from accepting the place of first lord of the treasury. But, as the session drew towards its close, that difficulty gradually ceased, while the period which must of course elapse between the prorogation and the subsequent meeting would afford, in all probability, if well improved, various means of strengthening the new ministry. Lord Shelburne had already made advances to and had sounded Mr. Pitt. His talents, eloquence, and popularity, sustained by his illustrious name, rendered him, notwithstanding his youth, capable of being successfully opposed to Fox, in the house of commons. His ambition, which had impelled him to disdain and reject a secondary place under the existing administration, pointed out to Lord Shelburne the obvious bait by which he might be induced to lend his powerful support—namely, a cabinet office. The decorum and regularity of his private life, altogether untinctured with the vices of Mr. Fox's character, gave him a vast superiority in the estimation of all those who considered morality as indispensable to a man placed in a public situation. In the contemplation of these circumstances, and with these intentions, it is well known that the king had fully determined to displace such members of the cabinet as constituted the Rockingham party, and to transfer the management of the treasury to the Earl of Shelburne. The lapse of a few days would perhaps have disclosed and produced this important event, when the decease of the first minister spared his majesty the necessity of dismissing him from his post.

MR. FOX.

1st of July. Lord Rockingham, though hardly fifty-two years of age, already sunk under an infirm and debilitated constitution. A decay, to which was added a slow fever, or, as it was denominated, influenza, had for some time undermined his strength, without nevertheless appearing to menace his immediate dissolution. Early in June, after the king's birthday, having quitted Grosvenor square, he retired to Roehampton, where his recovery was confidently expected by his friends. Indeed, neither Fox nor Burke seems to have been prepared for his decease; though the former, with the manly but imprudent decision that marked his political character, instantly determined either to keep possession of the treasury by proxy, or to resign his office. Burke, though he personally detested Lord Shelburne, yet would, I believe, have gladly retained his situation, under a new first minister of the king's election, but he could not separate himself from Fox. On that day they held a long conversation, evidently of the most interesting and serious description, in the court of requests, where they continued walking backwards and forwards, long after the speaker had taken the chair. At length they both repaired to the house, where the marquis's death being announced, warm eulogiums were conferred on his memory from various quarters. An amiable and a respectable individual, rather than a superior man, nature had not designed him to be the first minister of a great country. Junius well characterises his formation of mind, when he speaks of the mild but "determined integrity of Lord Rockingham." Yet was there, as that writer elsewhere observes, a degree of "debility" in his virtue; but the moderation of his character tempered the ardour of Fox, and imposed limits on Burke's enthusiasm.

The state of his frame and health, which even in his youth had never been robust, and both which were believed to have suffered severely in consequence of some imprudent gallantries while pursuing his travels in the south of Italy, at an early period of his life, incapacitated him for close or continued application, during the short period of his administration. The Princess of Franca Villa was commonly supposed to have bestowed on him the same fatal present which the "Belle Ferroniere" conferred on Francis the First, King of France, and which, as we learn from Burnet, the Countess of Southesk was said to have entailed on James, Duke of York, afterwards James the Second. The princess was still living when I visited Naples, in the year 1779, and Sir William Hamilton assured me, that she always expressed the utmost concern for the unintentional misfortune which the marquis's attachment for her had produced, as well as for its supposed results. Leaving no issue, the greater part of his vast landed property, as well as his borough interests, descended to his nephew, Earl Fitzwilliam. In Lord Rockingham's person, too, became extinct the title and dignity of a British marquis, he being the sole individual in the kingdom who then possessed that high rank, to which Mr. Pitt has since elevated, during his administration, eleven individuals; besides creating nine Irish marquises, where there did not previously exist one peer of that order. Such has been the prodigious increase of peerages during the present reign! Unquestionably Mr. Pitt, in thus augmenting the numbers of the house of lords, was not animated by the same intention as the Romans attributed to the first of the Cæsars, when he increased the senate to nine hundred, or as Suetonius expresses it, "senatum supplevit." But it will be nevertheless for our descendants to decide how far he has practically produced a similar effect on the constitution of Great Britain, with the pernicious consequence which flowed from the augmentation of the Roman senate by Cæsar.

If Fox would have submitted to retain his office, as secretary of state, under Lord Shelburne, after the decease of the Marquis of Rockingham, it is not to be questioned that the king, whatever personal objections or dislike he might have felt towards Fox, would, from prudential motives, have allowed him to continue in the cabinet. Nor can it admit of a doubt that Fox, by consenting to hold his own situation, would have induced Lord John Cavendish, over whom he always exercised an unbounded ascendant, to follow his example. Burke, who manifested the greatest reluctance to quit the pay-office, required rather to be impelled in making that sacrifice, than appeared to feel any spontaneous disposition towards resigning so lucrative an appointment, of which he had scarcely tasted the first fruits. Fox's private circumstances were moreover so desperate as to dictate some attention to them; and many of his friends stood in a similar predicament. But his indignation in seeing the helm of state transferred to Lord Shelburne, when added to his knowledge of the secret machinations which had preceded it, extinguished or superseded every other sentiment in his bosom. He peremptorily demanded, either that the Duke of Portland should be immediately recalled from Ireland, in order to be placed at the head of the treasury, as the representative of the deceased marquis, and the acknowledged chief of the whig party, or he tendered to his majesty his own

instant resignation. His offer was accepted, and that of Lord John Cavendish, as chancellor of the exchequer, accompanied it at the same time.

When we calmly examine the motives by which Fox was actuated in thus throwing up his office, we must admit that he consulted more his passions than his reason, since he lay under no necessity of sacrificing either his country or his principles to the preservation of his employment. Lord Shelburne's insincerity or duplicity could not operate to produce the public ruin, except by the measures that, in his capacity of first minister, he might bring forward; and whatever repugnance he might individually feel to grant the American colonies unconditional independence, yet a majority of the cabinet, after Fox's and Lord John Cavendish's secession, compelled him ultimately to adopt that principle. By retaining his place under the new first lord of the treasury, Fox would therefore have secured his adherence to the late marquis's plans; or, on his departure from them, Fox would have carried parliament and the country with him, by instantly refusing longer to co-operate with a minister who evaded or declined recognising the sovereignty of the thirteen states. Nor could Lord Keppel and the Duke of Richmond have then separated themselves from him. If, instead of the violent step that he took, he had acted with temper, he would have advanced the public interests, while he consolidated his own tenure of office. The king and Lord Shelburne, however much they might have desired to dismiss him, could not have ventured on it without a pretence. Pitt might probably have become secretary of state for the home department, and a very strong government must have arisen, from which Lord North, as well as his adherents, would have been altogether excluded. But, in order to have produced this benefit to the state, it was necessary for Fox to begin by obtaining a triumph over himself. He preferred more dictatorial measures, which, in the course of a few months, compelled him either to behold his enemy confirmed in power, after making peace, while he himself and his adherents remained on the opposition bench; or, regardless of consequences, to form a junction with Lord North, and storm the cabinet a second time. Such were the injurious results that flowed from his intemperate precipitation.

Fox, in taking this decisive step, probably flattered himself that it would have operated to a wider extent than actually happened. Though he could not rationally hope that either Lord Camden or the Duke of Grafton would resign; and though he ought not to have supposed that General Conway would lay down his office, since not one of these ministers depended on the late Marquis of Rockingham, yet he certainly calculated that his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, as well as Lord Keppel, would imitate his example. In this expectation he was, however, disappointed. They both expressed, indeed, in the upper house of parliament, their great regret at his secession; but they declined following him out of the cabinet, and stated the motives for their determination. It remained during some time doubtful whether Mr. Pitt would have been appointed one of the secretaries of state, or placed in the post of chancellor of the exchequer. The latter employment was finally conferred on him. Mr. Thomas Townsend succeeded Lord Shelburne in the home department, leaving the post of secretary at war to Sir George Yonge. The foreign office, vacated by Fox, was last filled up, and given to Lord Grantham. However inferior in energy and brilliancy of intellect to his predecessor, he possessed solid though not eminent parts, added to a knowledge of foreign affairs and of Europe, having resided several years with great reputation as ambassador at the court of Madrid.

Two of the lords of the treasury followed Mr. Fox out of office. One, Lord Althorpe, has since filled with honour to himself and advantage to the public, as Earl Spencer, a high cabinet office under Mr. Pitt's administration: Frederick Montagu, the other, a man equally respectable for probity and for talents, afterwards raised to the dignity of a privy-councillor, was a devoted adherent of the Cavendish and Rockingham interest. Mr. Richard Jackson and Mr. Edward James Eliot succeeded to these vacancies. The former gentleman, one of Lord Shelburne's intimate friends, bred to the bar, had obtained, from the universality of his information on all topics, as I have already had occasion to remark, the appellation of "Omniscient Jackson." Mr. Eliot afterwards married Lady Harriet Pitt, sister of the chancellor of the exchequer; and his father, early in 1784, was created a peer, while the new first minister had still to contend against a majority in the house of commons. The remaining member of the treasury board, Mr. James Grenville, whom we have likewise seen elevated by Mr. Pitt to the British peerage, at a later period of his administration, did not think proper to imitate the example of his colleagues. Mr. Thomas Orde, who became one of the two secretaries of the new treasury, like Mr. Grenville, terminated his career as a commoner on the very same day, fifteen years afterwards, by a removal to the upper house of parliament.

The peerage formed indeed the euthanasia, the natural translation of all Mr. Pitt's favourite adherents, friends, and relations, either by consanguinity, or by alliance. It must be admitted that Mr. Orde had a double pretension to it, from his services, and his matrimonial connection. While a member of the house of commons, he had distinguished himself by drawing up more than one of the most able reports of the "Secret Committee," appointed to enquire into the causes of the war in the Carnatic, of which committee he was a leading member. But his best claim consisted in having married the natural daughter of Charles, Duke of Bolton—in virtue of which union, and from the failure of male issue in the person of the succeeding duke, Mr. Orde became eventually possessed of some of the finest estates of that illustrious family. The title itself, diminished to a barony, was revived in him, together with the name of Powlett. Lord North remained an inactive, though not an unconcerned or a silent spectator of this new convulsion in the councils of the crown, which had so soon expelled from the cabinet one of the two parties by whom he was himself driven from power. Of all those individuals who had supported his administration, or occupied any eminent situation under it, only two quitted him, in order to be received into Lord Shelburne's confidence and ministry. The lord advocate of Scotland, Mr. Dundas, after eight years' adherence, now abandoned altogether his ancient political leader—and imitating the precedent exhibited by Mr. Pitt, took office, by accepting the treasuryship of the navy. From this period they continued for the remainder of their lives, inseparable in good as well as in adverse fortune. Lord Mulgrave followed Dundas's example. The Duke of Portland, who, as being devoted to the Rockingham interest, and placed ostensibly at its head, adopted Mr. Fox's line of conduct, was succeeded in the lord lieutenancy of Ireland by Earl Temple, a nobleman of very considerable talents, though inferior in energy of mind and character to either of his brothers.

The interruption which so important a change in the government occasioned in the ordinary business of the house of commons, prevented any discussion from arising in that assembly during some days, relative to the causes and motives of Mr. Fox's resignation. But an occasion soon presented itself, which enabled him to state all his grievances, to unfold some portion of the mystery that pervaded his conduct, and to bring forward the heaviest charges against the new first lord of the treasury. A pension of three thousand two hundred pounds a year having been granted Colonel Barré, by the administration of which Lord Rockingham constituted the head, and another very considerable pension being given at the same time to Lord Ashburton, the two principal friends of Lord Shelburne in both houses of parliament; these grants, the consideration of which was unexpectedly brought forward, became severely arraigned. It seemed indeed impossible not to feel a degree of astonishment at contemplating such profuse donations of the public money, made by men who condemned Lord North's want of economy, who were with difficulty induced to give a pension of two thousand pounds a year to Lord Rodney, for having defeated the French fleet, and saved Jamaica—who themselves had recently reduced the household of the sovereign, and who loudly asserted their personal disinterestedness. Fox admitted that the deceased marquis, his friend, had concurred in recommending the pensions conferred on Lord Ashburton, and on Barré—but he entreated the house to observe, that while Lord Shelburne's adherents received such distinguishing marks of the bounty of the crown, the followers of Lord Rockingham, many of whom could plead equal merit, and equal want, remained without provision of any kind.

After thus in some measure removing the odium attached to the act from that party of which he formed a member, he accused the new first minister of the most unworthy duplicity, of the complete abandonment of every political principle on which he professed to have come into office, and of an intention to protect as well as to shelter delinquents. Having next enumerated the great points on which Lord Shelburne and he had differed in the cabinet, among which he particularly specified the question of conceding independence to America—he concluded by heaping upon that nobleman imputations more severe and humiliating if possible than the charges with which, during many years, he had profusely loaded Lord North. In the warmth of his indignation, he even ventured to predict the probability that, with a view to maintain possession of the power so acquired, Lord Shelburne would not scruple to apply for support to the very men whom the house and the nation had recently driven from their official situations. He unfortunately did not then foresee, that within seven months from the time when he was speaking he should himself, in order to re-enter the cabinet, form a junction with the expelled minister, whom he had so long held up to national resentment, and towards whom he still professed the utmost alienation. Such were the inconsistencies and contradictions into which the ambition of Fox betrayed him, and from which all the splendour of his talents could not extricate his public character, without eventually incurring imputations nearly as heavy as those which he lavished on his political opponents.

The members of the new administration diverged on this occasion in widely different lines. General Conway, with that "undetermined discretion" imputed to him by "Junius," contented himself by endeavouring to justify his own line of conduct, and that of the cabinet ministers who had declined to imitate the example of Fox—which he did rather with caution and delicacy than with any asperity or acrimony. But Pitt, now become chancellor of the exchequer, rising in his place, and observing none of these personal managements, boldly accused the late secretary of state with sacrificing his country to his ambition, his interest, or his enmities; charged him as being at variance, not with principles or measures, but with men; and claimed the support of the house no longer than he should maintain that system on which the late administration had been driven from power. For the first time the country beheld two individuals who might hitherto be said to have fought under the same standard, openly opposed to each other—and who were destined never more during their lives, under any change of circumstances, to act in political union. In fact from this period, though Lord North remained ostensibly at the head of one great party, and though Lord Shelburne, who occupied the place of first minister, was nominally the chief of another—yet they ceased to be considered as the principal personages in the state. Pitt and Fox attracting far more attention, were regarded by the nation at large, no less than by parliament, as rival candidates for the future government of the country.

LORD SHELBURNE.

10th July. Lord Shelburne, when attacked in the house of peers respecting the pensions granted to his two friends, particularly on that given to Barré, which excited the greatest comment, endeavoured to shift the origin, and consequently the odium, of having conferred the latter, on Lord Rockingham. In this attempt he proved, however, eminently unfortunate, as his assertions on the subject produced in both houses of parliament the most unqualified contradictions from the connections or adherents of the deceased marquis. However painful or humiliating such affronts must have been, which impeached his personal veracity equally as a man and as a minister, he nevertheless submitted to them without making any further effort to justify himself in the opinion of the public; and the circumstances that attended the prorogation of parliament seemed to indicate his impatience under the deliberations of that assembly, as well as his apprehensions of the impression made on many individuals by Fox's accusations. Lord Shelburne's courage, which was unquestionable, had been proved in the duel that he fought with Colonel Fullerton. It became therefore impossible to suppose that he would have tamely endured such imputations on his private charac-

ter, if he had possessed the means of effectually repelling them. Even on the subject of granting American independence, there appeared so much ambiguity, if not tergiversation and contradiction, in all his parliamentary speeches, as greatly tended to persuade mankind that Fox's allegations respecting Lord Shelburne's disinclination to concede the point, must have had a foundation in truth. The very principle on which he avowed, when addressing the house of peers, that he retained his place in the councils of the crown, seemed incompatible with strict regard to political rectitude. For he declared in the plainest language, that he was not only adverse, in his own judgment, to acknowledging the independence of the thirteen colonies, but that whenever such a recognition should be extorted from this country, "the sun of British glory was for ever set." Yet in the same moment he admitted that, as the majority of the Rockingham cabinet were of an opposite opinion, he acquiesced in the measure, which measure, though destructive, as he conceived, to Great Britain, he was now ready, in his new capacity, if parliament approved it, to carry into execution.

No political imputation affixed on Lord North had operated with more force in his disfavour, on the minds of the public, than the assertion of his enemies, that he prosecuted the American war in opposition to his own conviction, from a love of place, or from unworthy subservience to the royal will. But to a similar charge, the new first minister appeared voluntarily to subject himself. Lee, who had filled the office of solicitor-general under the late administration, but who had quitted his employment at the same time with the other adherents of the Marquis of Rockingham, a man of strong parts, though of coarse manners, and who never hesitated to express in the coarsest language whatever he thought—carried his indecorous abuse of the new first lord of the treasury to even greater lengths than any other individual of the party dismissed from power. He described Lord Shelburne as deficient in probity, integrity, and every estimable quality that ought to be found in a first minister of Great Britain—though he admitted that nobleman's external talents, comprehensive information, and specious accomplishments. The house of commons formed the scene of this extraordinary invective, leveled not so much against the public conduct of measures as against the moral character of a person placed in the highest office of state. As if to complete their attacks, the daily newspapers accused him of having undermined Lord Rockingham in the royal esteem, by the most unworthy arts, in order to get possession of his office—while the political caricatures exhibited in the shops of the metropolis, represented Lord Shelburne habited as Guy Faux, so notorious for the part that was assigned him in the "gunpowder plot," under James the First, holding a dark lantern in his hand, advancing under cover of the night, to blow up the treasury.

11th July. Amidst these inauspicious, humiliating, and painful symptoms of public opinion, commenced that nobleman's administration. Even to the last moment that the house of commons remained sitting, Burke, among the querulous lamentations that he uttered on being so suddenly ejected from his office of paymaster of the forces, a misfortune which seemed deeply to affect him, mingled the loudest exclamations against the falsity and defect of principle in the first minister. His philippic was cut short in the middle by the arrival of Sir Francis Molineux as usher of the black rod, sent to summon the attendance of the members at the bar of the house of lords, where the king, already seated on the throne, was ready to prorogue the parliament. A singular fact, arising out of the late reforms, accompanied this ceremony. Among the retrenchments of the royal household and dignity which Burke's bill had made, was included, as has been already observed, the suppression of the jewel office, the business of which was principally conducted by Mr. William Egerton, a relation of the Duke of Bridgewater and a member of the house of commons. The bill having so recently passed into a law, no new official regulation had been adopted for the removal or transportation of the paraphernalia of the crown. On the occasion of his majesty going to Westminster to prorogue the two houses, it became indispensable to convey thither the crown and sceptre, together with various other articles of state. The master of the jewel office being suppressed, in whose department these dispositions previously lay, application was made to the lord steward and to the lord chamberlain, praying that orders might be issued to the keeper of the jewels in the tower for bringing them to Westminster on the day of the prorogation. But these great officers of state not conceiving themselves to possess a power of interference, directions were at length despatched for the purpose from the home secretary of state's office. After some consultation held relative to the safest mode of conveying these royal ornaments, none of the king's carriages being sent to receive them, application was next made to the magistrates at Bow street, who detached four or five stout agents of the police for their protection. Two hackney coaches being provided, in which the various articles were placed, with a view to render the transportation of them more private, the procession set out circuitously from the tower by the new road, entering London again at Portland street, and so proceeded down to Westminster. The blinds were kept up the whole way, and after the prorogation they returned by the same road without experiencing any accident. But it is unquestionable that eight or ten desperate fellows, had they been apprised of the circumstance, might have easily overpowered the persons employed, and have carried off the jewels. The memorable enterprise of Colonel Blood, under Charles the Second, who got possession of the crown and sceptre, though he ultimately failed, was a far more hazardous undertaking, as in order to execute it he actually entered the tower, whereas in the present instance the attempt might have been made in the street or in the new road. Any accident of the kind would necessarily have thrown some degree of ridicule, as well as of blame, on a system of economy productive of such consequences in its outset.

SIR THOMAS RUMBOLD.

Among the interesting features of the session of parliament before us, which, on account of a degree of mystery or ambiguity accompanying them, greatly excited national curiosity, may be reckoned the proceedings commenced against Sir Thomas Rumbold. I say commenced, because they never were prosecuted to any consummation. This gentleman returned, as has been already mentioned, from Madras, early in 1781, under imputations the most injurious to his fame. He was accused of having, while governor of that important settlement, not only amassed by every unbecoming means an immense fortune, but of first provoking a war with Hyder Ali by acts of imprudent aggression, and then of abandoning the country entrusted to his care with pusillanimous or interested precipitation. These charges, which were solemnly brought against him by Mr. Dundas, lord advocate of Scotland, as chairman of the secret committee appointed by the house of commons to enquire into the causes of the war in the Carnatic, produced a deep impression on the public mind. We have already seen the steps which were immediately adopted by the legislature to tie up and impound Sir Thomas's person as well as his fortune. But, in addition to these precautions, a bill for inflicting on him pains and penalties as a man who had been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours was introduced by Mr. Dundas himself.

Such a measure, which excited general approbation, appeared to be worthy the national justice, exerted in punishing a great public culprit. The line of policy pursued by Hastings, when governor-general of Bengal, might possibly have led to many misfortunes, and might, perhaps, merit condemnation. But his motives were admitted even by his enemies to have been splendid and elevated, however pernicious, as they asserted, in their operation or consequences. The maladministration of Rumbold, on the contrary, seemed only directed to sordid and selfish purposes. Every party, it was therefore hoped, would concur in carrying through such a bill, and though Mr. Dundas, after the termination of Lord North's ministry, no longer acted in an official situation, yet, in his capacity of chairman of "the secret committee," he spoke from a great eminence, and might expect universal support. Least of all it was supposed could the Rockingham party, who had just come into power, who professed to call to a severe account all such as had plundered or injured the country, and who loudly demanded an enquiry into East India delinquencies, attempt to throw obstacles in the path of justice. Under these circumstances all men expected, and most men hoped, that the bill in question would have speedily found its way through the house of commons, and have finally passed into a law. The fact, nevertheless, turned out completely otherwise. Meanwhile the session advanced; a full attendance, as Mr. Dundas asserted and complained, could not be procured, and whether from the operation of that cause, or from any other reason more concealed, no progress was made in the business. Sir Thomas Rumbold's person and property remained, it is true, sequestered or restrained, but beyond that temporary interposition no permanent punishment was inflicted on him.

Men who had anticipated much more vigorous and speedy as well as decisive proceedings, and who beheld the supposed criminal thus elude or escape as it were the grasp of national pursuit, reasoned and commented on the fact. Malignity or credulity invented reasons for whatever appeared inexplicable throughout the transaction. Secret springs were asserted to have been touched which had arrested or paralysed the exertions of the prosecutor. Time, place, and circumstances, were even particularised, all which, though perhaps untrue or imaginary, seemed, nevertheless, not only in themselves possible, but so well fabricated and so minutely detailed as to appear highly probable. I shall, however, relate only such facts as are unquestionably authentic.

Rumbold, though a man of low extraction, and of a mean education, did not by any means want activity, judgment, or talents. I knew him well. In his person he was well made and handsome, but his features, though regular and manly, contained nothing in them prepossessing. His successful exertions while governor of Madras in reducing Pondicherry, had elevated him to the dignity of a baronet. On his arrival in England, aware of the storm that impended over him, he immediately contrived to get into parliament, by which means he came into daily collision and communication with those who might either injure or could defend him. That he was not idle is certain, and he attempted in his place, as a member of the house, to justify himself from the charges exhibited against him, with some ability. In addition, however, to these personal efforts, he soon found means to conciliate a friend who was supposed to have laboured efficaciously towards his extrication.

That friend, who was Mr. Rigby, the late paymaster of the forces, having enjoyed during a great number of years one of the most profitable places under the crown without any colleague, had acquired a large fortune. But his luxurious and expensive manner of living in town, his magnificent seat at Mistley Hall, in Essex, where he maintained a splendid establishment of every kind, when added to his purchases of landed property, had exhausted even means so vast, and left him as it were necessitous in the midst of wealth. In this situation of affairs the sudden termination of Lord North's administration not only deprived him of his employment, but in consequence of the system of reform adopted by the new ministers, and in particular from the regulations introduced by Burke, his successor in the pay-office, which compelled him to pay into the exchequer the immense balances of public money remaining in his hands, Rigby became involved in great pecuniary embarrassments. These balances having been vested by him in mortgages or in other securities, and the public funds suffering then under great depression, it could not be in fact an easy matter to find the means of answering promptly the demands made upon him by government for repayment.

Rumbold had brought with him from the East, as Verres did from Sicily, very ample resources, which he well knew how to use in time of need for his own protection; and Rigby's situation, which was generally understood, might render a loan of money peculiarly convenient. That gentleman having no children, his sister's son was destined to inherit his name and property. Rumbold had a daughter whose age and accomplishments qualified her to be united to him in marriage. The alliance being agreed on, it was supposed that by the secret articles the East India governor advanced to his friend such a sum as greatly facilitated those payments of the public money which he was necessitated to furnish without delay. After entering into so close a connection, cemented by such binding ties, it might be esteemed natural and even venial that Rigby should lend his reciprocal aid to Sir Thomas Rumbold. Though no longer paymaster of the forces, Rigby still possessed great capacities of being useful, and he was not supposed to lie under the dominion of any fastidious scruples. Above

all, his intimate friendship with Mr. Dundas, who took the lead in the parliamentary prosecution instituted against Rumbold, might enable Rigby to find means and opportunities of diminishing those prejudices or softening those impressions that operated most injuriously against the accused person. No proof has been, indeed, ever produced, that improper means were used to effect this object; but the public being in possession of certain facts, and observing that the proceedings so vigorously begun in parliament against Rumbold seemed unaccountably to languish, and eventually to expire instead of being propelled, necessarily inferred that there must exist some latent cause which had blunted the edge of the weapon. Rumbold, it is certain, finally extricated himself, though whether the ostensible reasons assigned for the fact formed the only circumstances that conduced to his escape, or whether more efficacious and cogent argument of any kind were used, must always remain matter of conjecture and assertion, like many other obscure points of biographical history.

THE MINISTER.

The session being now terminated, Lord Shelburne might be regarded as secure in the possession of his newly acquired power, at least for several months. During that interval, means, it was naturally imagined, could easily be discovered of cementing and confirming the ministry. Negotiations for peace were already begun with America, which, if successful, it was probable must eventually lead to a treaty with our European enemies. The talents of the first lord of the treasury were considered as eminently adapted to diplomatic discussions, in the conduct of which his enlarged knowledge of the foreign interests of Great Britain, and his minute acquaintance with the continental courts, enabled him, it was said, to act at once with vigour and perspicuity. If he had lost the abilities of Fox and Burke in the house of commons, he had on the other hand secured and attached to him two men no less able in different ways, Pitt and Dundas. He, moreover, possessed the confidence of the sovereign, who, as all men supposed, would from necessity, if not from inclination, support a minister preferred by himself to his present office. Lord North might even, it was hoped, feel a far stronger disposition to join the actual administration whenever parliament should meet again, than to unite with the Rockingham party, his inveterate enemies. Under this aspect of public affairs, though Lord Shelburne neither stood high in the national opinion as a man of severe integrity and probity like his deceased predecessor, the Marquis of Rockingham, nor could command that parliamentary strength which Lord North still in some measure influenced or led, yet many persons considered his tenure of office as by no means precarious, and augured well of its duration.

BURKE—FOX.

Burke's invectives against the first minister, which continued to the last instant that the forms of parliament permitted, were nevertheless suspended while the prorogation put an end to the business of the house of commons. However violent he might be in his place, as a member of the legislature, Burke never carried his complaints to the people. But Fox, who acted no less as a demagogue than as the representative of Westminster, and who always seemed to take the Gracchi for his model, anxious to appeal from his late dismission by the king to the popular suffrage, convoked his constituents, in order to lay before them the reasons for his resignation. They met, almost immediately after the session closed, in Westminster Hall, where he reiterated all the heads of accusation against Lord Shelburne, which he had already detailed a few days before in the house of commons: but the general impression, even among that audience, which heard him with partiality, seemed nevertheless to be, that personal ambition and rivalry, more than real principle or patriotism, had regulated his conduct. The specious pretence under which the meeting was assembled, namely, that of petitioning the crown for a more equal representation of the people, produced, however, as might have been expected, an unanimous assent. He then dismissed them till the ensuing winter.

THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Augu[illegible] .muel Hood, whom the victorious admiral in [illegible] Indies detached a few days after the defeat c[illegible]se, with several vessels, in pursuit of the flying enemy, having come up with some of them, captured two more French line-of-battle ships, as well as two frigates, off the east end of the island of St. Domingo. Though these eminent naval advantages secured Jamaica from invasion or attack, yet, far from regaining any of our insular possessions in that quarter of the globe, on the contrary, such was our state of exhausture, that Spain fitted out an expedition against the Bahama Islands, which she easily reduced to her obedience. But the attention of the capital of the nation became more powerfully as well as painfully attracted by the catastrophe of the "Royal George," which took place about the same time, than by the loss of any transatlantic settlements. This ship, the pride and ornament of the British navy, to the disgrace of a nation considered as superior to every other people in nautical skill, disappeared in an instant, on the 29th of August, as is well known, in the midst of Portsmouth harbour, carrying with her to the bottom an English admiral, and, as it was computed, near a thousand persons of both sexes. It is impossible, even at this distance of time, to reflect on such an event without amazement as well as horror. The gloom and consternation diffused by the intelligence over the metropolis, are hardly to be conceived, and the incredibility of the fact increased the sense of the disaster. No parallel circumstance is to be found in our naval annals; probably not in those of any other European nation. In a superstitious age, it would, no doubt, have been considered as ominous of the greatest national or royal misfortunes. That tempests, fire, or rocks and quicksands, should swallow up and destroy the proudest works of human art, is natural—often unavoidable. When Sir Cloudesley Shovel, under the reign of Queen Anne, perished, together with his ship and all his crew, wrecked on the Scilly Islands; or when the "Victory," under George the Second, foundered in the Race of Alderney, with Admiral Balchen, and eleven hundred persons on board; such calamities were in the order of things, however much to be deplored. But in the present instance, only an utter disregard to common prudential precautions, could have produced an event so unprecedented. Her very name, and her superiority in size, as well as in strength, to every other ship in the service, she carrying a hundred guns, added to the bitterness of the reflections which her loss occasioned throughout the kingdom. Those who recollect that the "Queen Charlotte," a man-of-war of the first rate, carrying one hundred and ten guns, with an admiral's flag, was consumed by somewhat similar negligence, together with near seven hundred of her crew, on the 17th of March, 1800, near the port of Leghorn, may find ample reason for speculation on the singularity of two such disastrous events having taken place within eighteen years of each other, under the same reign.

NAVAL DISASTERS.

September. The melancholy impression made by the catastrophe just related, became, if possible, still more strongly excited immediately afterwards, by other naval misfortunes equally afflicting in their nature. If the fact of the "Royal George" going down at her anchors, when no danger was even apprehended, stands without precedent in our maritime records, the fatality which seemed to pursue the ships of the line that had been captured by Rodney on the 12th of April, as well as most of our own men-of-war, accompanying the French prizes, on their return from the West Indies, can scarcely be equaled in modern history. The chain of shipwrecks and adverse events that attended Commodore Anson's expedition round Cape Horn, in 1744, which so greatly reduced the numbers of his squadron; even the disasters so pathetically related in the same work, that ruined the fleet of the Spanish Admiral Pizarro, nearly in the same latitudes, and at the same time—those calamities, however extraordinary and tragical they appear, yet sink on a comparison with the destruction experienced by our devoted ships in 1782, when crossing the Atlantic. Captain Inglefield has commemorated the fate of the "Centaur," as well as his own astonishing escape, when she foundered with her officers and crew. That affecting narrative may serve as too faithful a picture of the misfortunes experienced by the other vessels. The "Ramillies," a name proverbially unfortunate in the English navy, was set on fire when it became impossible any longer either to navigate or to preserve her. One of the French ships of the line, the "Hector," seemed to be reserved for more severe trials of every kind; in the course of which, all that human fortitude, skill, and courage, when combined, could effect, was performed by our officers and seamen. They were almost miraculously saved, though the "Hector" herself perished.

Over the closing scene of the "Ville de Paris," as well as over the fate of the "Glorieux," an impenetrable curtain is drawn. It is certain that the second, a French seventy-four gun ship, commanded by the honourable Captain Cadogan, disappeared during the middle watch, on the night of the 17th or 18th of September, after firing many signals of distress. Her lights had been visible till that time, but when day appeared, no vestiges of her were discovered, and she doubtless foundered during the storm. Nor was De Grasse's ship, originally purchased with so vast an effusion of blood, and herself the pride of the French navy, ever destined to reach an English port. The hasty repairs given her at Jamaica could only be slight or partial, and it was confidently asserted that, during the gale of wind which proved so fatal, her guns breaking loose, tore open her side, and accelerated, if they did not cause, her final destruction. Tidings of her were long expected, and the nation continued to nourish hopes for many months of her reappearance. About this time, while her fate still remained problematical, a man was brought to the admiralty, and there examined, who had been taken up at sea, nearly senseless and attenuated, tied to or floating on a hen-coop. He asserted, and his testimony appeared to be entitled to credit, that he served on board the "Ville de Paris" as a common sailor at the moment when she foundered. But few or no particulars relative to the event itself could be extracted from this survivor, who, as I was assured by a flag officer that questioned him, possessed neither faculties nor memory to recount almost any circumstance, except the fact of her loss. Admiral Graves, who commanded the fleet, was censured by the popular voice for having stood some degrees more to the northward, in returning home across the Atlantic, at that season, than he needed to have done, or than he was warranted in doing by Lord Rodney's orders. But this accusation may possibly have been more severe than just, though I think I have heard Lord Rodney himself state the circumstance, and express his conviction of the injurious consequences that resulted from navigating in too high a latitude during a time of equinoctial gales.

SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

Happily the gloom which these melancholy events diffused, was speedily relieved and dissipated by transactions of the most exhilarating nature. Minorca, it is true, had surrendered early in the summer, but Gibraltar, which fortress still resisted, attracted, no less from the prodigious means employed for its reduction by the enemy, than from the energy and activity exerted in its defence, the attention of all Europe. The two most memorable sieges which are recorded in modern history, namely, that of Antwerp, undertaken by Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, under Philip the Second, in the sixteenth century, and that of Ostend, begun by the Spanish General Spinola, only a few years later, however illustrious they have each been rendered from the long protracted residence made by the besieged, were both finally crowned with success. Gibraltar, on the contrary, repelled the assailants in the most brilliant manner. All the means that human art, expense, and force, could collect or combine, by land as well as by sea, were accumulated under its walls, while the two branches of the house of Bourbon, unconscious of the lamentable destiny preparing for themselves in the womb of time, seemed to vie in their efforts to accelerate its fall. Charles the Third, who then reigned in Spain, already anticipated the completion of an event which, as he justly conceived, would render his name and reign immortal in the Spanish annals. Under the same fallacious expectation, Louis the Sixteenth despatched his youngest brother, Count d'Artois, to assist at its surrender, while the Barbary powers, though by no means indifferent or uninterested spectators of this great contest, and though they are said to have put up prayers in all their mosques for our success, yet quietly expected the result without making the smallest effort in our favour.

If Lord Rodney acquired so much personal glory by his victory over De Grasse, General Elliot did not establish a less brilliant reputation by his repulse and defeat

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of the Spanish floating batteries on the 13th of September of the same year. The American war, which at Saratoga and at Yorktown displayed spectacles so humiliating to the British arms, terminated with the most splendid triumphs over our European enemies; and this portion of the reign of George the Third, (like the second Punic war in antiquity,) exhibits, between 1777 and 1782, the greatest reverses of adverse and of prosperous fortune. While we lost so vast an empire beyond the Atlantic, we humbled with one hand the French naval force in the West Indies, annihilating with the other the combined efforts of France and Spain, which were concentred for the subjugation of a distant garrison, apparently left to its own capacities of defence, and cut off from the obvious means of relief. But even after the destruction of the Spanish vessels and batteries, it seemed still impossible to throw into Gibraltar timely supplies of ammunition, competent to recruit the expenditure that had taken place during the siege. Provisions, fuel, clothing, as well as many other essential or indispensable articles, could only be sent out from England. Near fifty French and Spanish ships of the line, which occupied the bay of Gibraltar, appeared to set at defiance all approach. Notwithstanding these apparently insuperable obstacles, the attempt succeeded, in opposition to every impediment.

October. So low had sunk the numerical naval force of Great Britain at this period, as compared with the strength of the enemy, that the utmost exertions of the admiralty under the new administration could only equip and send to sea thirty-four sail of the line—which fleet did not quit Spithead till nearly the day on which General Elliot had already repulsed and burnt the floating batteries, under the walls of the besieged fortress. Yet never was the real superiority of our navy in skill and science more evidently demonstrated than in successfully throwing succours into a place invested by sea and land, without committing any event to hazard, or affording to adversaries so numerous the slightest advantage. Lord Howe, who conducted and commanded the whole enterprise, manifested such a combination of tactics and of ability in his manœuvres, as place his name deservedly high in the annals of his country. If the reputation that he attained on this occasion seems less brilliant than the fame acquired by Rodney in vanquishing De Grasse, it was not on that account less permanent or solid. Without engaging, he defied the combined fleets—offered battle, but did not seek it—effected every object of the expedition by relieving Gibraltar, and then retreated, followed indeed by the enemy, but not attacked. They made, it is true, a show of fighting, but never ventured to come to close action. And with such contempt did Lord Howe treat the cannonade commenced by the van, composed of French ships under La Motte Piquet, that, having ordered all his men on board the "Victory" to lie down flat on the deck, in order that their lives might not be needlessly exposed, he disdained to return a single shot against such cautious or timid opponents.

Pigot, who had succeeded to Rodney in the West Indies, in defiance of public opinion, by no means emulated his example of activity and enterprise. Though placed at the head of six and forty sail of the line, he neither effected nor attempted any object during more than six months that he held the command. Such inactivity seemed to reproach the ministry who had sent him thither, and excited severe animadversions on Fox. In the East Indies, and there only, where Sir Edward Hughes was opposed to Suffrein, France still maintained the contest on the water. That active and intrepid officer last named, the most able of any employed by Louis the Sixteenth during the whole progress of the war, made repeated, though ineffectual, efforts for compelling the English squadron to abandon the coast of Coromandel.

PEACE WITH AMERICA.

November. While Lord Howe thus placed in security the most brilliant foreign possession of the crown in Europe, negotiations of a pacific nature were carrying on at Paris, both with America and with the other coalesced powers. The articles concluded with the revolted colonies, which were first provisionally signed, did not indeed demand either any considerable length of time, or superior diplomatic talents, in order to conduct them to prosperous termination—where almost every possible concession was made on the part of England, merely to obtain from America a cessation of hostilities. Not only their independence was recognised in the most explicit terms—territory, rivers, lakes, commerce, islands, ports, and fortified places, Indian allies, loyalists, all were given up to the congress. In fixing the boundaries between Canada and the United States, ideal limits, ignorantly adopted on our part, were laid down amidst unknown tracts. Franklin, who, as one of the four American commissioners appointed to manage the treaty, affixed his name to the instrument of provisional pacification—enjoyed at the advanced period of fourscore years, the satisfaction of witnessing the complete emancipation of his countrymen from Great Britain, to effect which he had so eminently contributed by his talents and exertions. Few subjects, born and educated, like him, in the inferior classes of society, have, in any age of the earth, without drawing the sword in person, obtained so gratifying a triumph over their legitimate sovereign, or have aided to produce a greater political revolution on the face of the globe.

LORD SHELBURNE.

December. A first minister, who possessed so slender a portion of moral reputation, of popularity, or of influence over the two houses of parliament, as Lord Shelburne, would, it was supposed, have employed the interval subsequent to the prorogation in strengthening by every exertion, his tenure of power. Unless he either regained the heads of the Rockingham party, or conciliated Lord North, which last measure seemed to be more natural—it was obvious that he might at any moment be crushed by the union of those leaders. On the opening of the session, it soon however became evident that no such approximation had taken place, and that the administration relied for support upon its own proper strength. But on the other hand, Lord North and Mr. Fox, though both acted in opposition to government, and though both joined in treating with reprobation or with ridicule the provisional treaty concluded with America, yet remained nevertheless still in complete and hostile separation. Scarcely did they refrain, on every occasion that presented itself, from personal reflections on each other; and when Fox ventured to divide the house on the question of addressing the king, to lay before them some parts of the provisional articles, he was left in a minority of only forty-six—while the ministry, supported by Lord North, displayed an imposing majority of two hundred and nineteen. Neither the peace made with the American states, nor even the recognition of their independence by Great Britain, being however in themselves complete, till a treaty should be likewise concluded with France, attention became wholly directed to the issue of the pending negotiations with that court. On their termination, whether it should prove hostile or pacific, all men foresaw that the two great parties who now stood at bay, without joining each other or uniting with Lord Shelburne, would necessarily take some decisive step, most beneficial or most injurious in its results to the administration.

Though parliament sat for only a very short period during the month of December, scarcely exceeding a fortnight, previous to their adjournment till after Christmas, yet one very interesting debate which arose in the house of commons produced a material operation on some articles of the peace then negotiating with the house of Bourbon. Rumours which acquired considerable, if not implicit credit, were circulated throughout the metropolis, stating that Lord Shelburne had not only manifested a disposition, but had even consented, with the approbation of the cabinet, to cede Gibraltar to Spain on certain conditions. They were indeed of such a nature as in the estimation of many able men would have fully justified ministers in restoring to the catholic king that expensive fortress. I have been assured that Charles the Third, in his eagerness to reannex Gibraltar to the Spanish monarchy, offered in exchange for it the Canary Islands, together with Porto Rico in the West Indies; the former of which possessions, from their situation in the Atlantic, their climate and productions, might be rendered most valuable acquisitions to Great Britain, while the latter island must be considered as scarcely inferior to Jamaica in extent, fertility, and political importance. Gibraltar, however dear to the national vanity, and whatever flattering recollections the late glorious defence might awaken, could not, it was imagined, be put in competition with the Canaries and Porto Rico. Sir George Howard, who was himself a general officer, having nevertheless unexpectedly provoked and brought forward in the house of commons a discussion relative to that fortress, and the possibility that its cession or alienation to Spain might be in contemplation, it soon appeared that men of all parties were imbued with partialities so warm and violent in its favour, and such indignation was manifested at the bare idea of ceding it even for any equivalent however valuable, that the intention was relinquished. The substance of the debate having been taken down in short hand by a person stationed in the gallery, and immediately communicated to Lord Shelburne, he despatched a messenger with it the next morning to our minister at Paris, Mr. Fitzherbert, now Lord St. Helens, enjoining him to lay it before the Count de Vergennes and the Count d'Aranda. I know from good authority that the latter nobleman, who was then the Spanish ambassador at the court of Versailles, had received the most positive instructions not to sign any peace with Great Britain, however favourable the terms might be in other respects, unless the cession of Gibraltar constituted one of the articles of the treaty. Finding, nevertheless, after the communication above mentioned, that no equivalent would be accepted for its restitution, D'Aranda, in disobedience to these orders, finally affixed his name to the act, taking on himself the risk and the responsibility.

January, 1783. Throughout a considerable part of the month of January, the greatest fluctuation of public opinion prevailed relative to the final success of the treaties agitating at Paris, and as late as the 18th, the queen's birthday, the prevalent ideas in the drawing-room were generally adverse to the probability of a favourable issue; but five days afterwards, intelligence arrived in London that peace had been signed at Versailles. Lord Keppel, either from repentance of his conduct in having quitted Fox after the Marquis of Rockingham's decease, or suspicious of the approaching dissolution of the actual ministry, or, as he asserted afterwards on the debate which took place in the house of peers, disapproving the articles of the treaty recently concluded, immediately resigned his employment of first lord of the admiralty. He was succeeded by Lord Howe, and early in the month of February the Marquis of Carmarthen was named ambassador to the court of France. Though the house of commons had met on the 21st of January, pursuant to its adjournment, yet no business of moment was brought forward, either by ministers or by their opponents, during the considerable interval of near a month which elapsed previous to the day fixed for discussing the articles of the peace in both houses of parliament. They had intermediately been exchanged and ratified by the two governments. A more than ordinary interest was excited on the subject throughout the nation, the stability or dismission of the administration evidently depending on the parliamentary approval or disapprobation of the treaty. In the house of lords there seemed to be, indeed, little danger of incurring a vote of censure. But it was otherwise in the lower house, where the minister, in addition to his own slender personal strength, and the individuals holding offices under the crown, could only expect support either from persons inclined to maintain indifferently every government, or from those independent members who, disregarding all motives of party, might be induced to approve the treaties on the ground of their abstract merits, and their just claim to national gratitude.

Facts such as these, which were palpable to all, could not possibly escape the attention of him who was most deeply interested in their result. And it has always appeared to persons uninformed one of the most inexplicable events of our time, that Lord Shelburne, who must have perceived the impossibility of maintaining himself in power after the conclusion of peace without the aid of one or of the other of the two great parties in opposition, yet allowed parliament to meet for the express purpose of discussing the merits of the peace without conciliating previously the leaders of either side. Was he then indifferent to the preservation of that office which he had acquired with so much address, and not unaccompanied with a degree of obloquy? No person can believe or suppose it. Neither his adherents nor his enemies ever maintained such an opinion. How, therefore, are we to interpret a conduct so contrary to all the dictates of ambition, policy, and self-interest? In order to explain it, I shall state such circumstances as have been related to me from individuals possessing information, which will at least throw considerable light upon the subject.

It seemed certainly most natural that of the two parties excluded from power, Lord Shelburne should have addressed himself to that body of men which still considered Lord North at its head. To many of the individuals composing it I know that he did in fact make advances, either personally or by his friends. The American war being terminated, the principal object of disunion between the late and the present first minister was at an end. Lord Shelburne was, moreover, known to have pertinaciously resisted the concession of independence to America. His reluctance and duplicity, or at least his ambiguity, relative to granting unconditional independence to the thirteen colonies, formed one of the most prominent points of accusation against him on the part of Fox and the Rockingham party. It could not be doubted that the king, who, availing himself of favourable circumstances, had elevated the first lord of the treasury to the place that he held, and who deprecated no event so much as being a second time compelled to take Fox into his councils, would secretly approve, and would sincerely promote, any measure tending to exclude him from administration. Of all political unions that could be effected, an alliance between Lord North and Lord Shelburne, it was therefore assumed, must be most agreeable to the sovereign. Nor, as I have been assured, did there exist any insurmountable personal antipathies or impediments between those two noble persons which could have prevented such an event taking place. But though they might have been willing to coalesce, there were other individuals in the ministry not possessed of so tractable or so conciliating a disposition. Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Richmond, both inflexibly refused to sit in cabinet with Lord North, whom they considered as the chief author of the American war, and they remained firm upon that article. Such an obstacle was neither to be surmounted nor to be removed. The Duke of Richmond might, indeed, have been dismissed without any apprehension of its producing very injurious results, but Mr. Pitt was essential to the existence and duration of the ministry. His high character and his name, joined to his eminent talents, formed the best security that Lord Shelburne possessed for carrying any measure through the house of commons. If, therefore, in order to gain Lord North, he had thrown Pitt into opposition, no exertions could have long resisted his and Fox's united attacks, fighting side by side. And the house itself would probably, nay, infallibly, have reprobated such a junction, when attained by the expulsion of Pitt from power. These causes prevented any attempt being made to gain Lord North's support, by admitting him and his principal friends to places in the cabinet; and his friendship, it was obvious, could not be obtained on any inferior terms.

THE COALITION.

February. In this perplexing dilemma, overtures of conciliation were made to Fox, on the part of administration, offering to replace him and his connections in office, under Lord Shelburne, as first minister. The king was induced, though reluctantly, to allow and to approve of the proposals, on the ground of state necessity, it being esteemed a less evil to admit Fox into the cabinet by negotiation than to incur the risk of his entering it by storm. In the first case, he would remain still in a minority, while the treasury would be completely independent of him, whereas in the second event he would dictate the law. But Fox, though he professed himself willing to make a part in an administration formed upon a broad basis, and therefore disposed to listen to the proposition, exacted one indispensable preliminary, namely, Lord Shelburne's dismission or resignation. Unless the treasury were placed in the hands of the Duke of Portland, as the new recognised head of the Rockingham party, and unless Lord Shelburne were wholly excluded from a place in the cabinet, he peremptorily refused to accede to any terms of accommodation. With all the other principal individuals composing the ministry, he declared his readiness to act, but personally to Lord Shelburne his repugnance continued insurmountable, and could not be removed by any efforts.

Such, as I have always understood, were the two leading principles on which was subsequently reared that celebrated junction between Lord North and Fox, which, from its extraordinary nature, and more extraordinary effects, has obtained in English history, by way of distinction from all other political unions or alliance ever contracted in our time, the name of the "Coalition." The proscription of Lord North by Pitt, and of Lord Shelburne by Fox, of necessity drove these two excluded ministers into each other's arms, at once obliterated all past causes of offence between them, and impelled them, banishing every retrospect, as well as in some measure setting public opinion at defiance, only to look forward to the joint possession of power. As the 17th of February stood fixed for the consideration of the articles of peace in both houses of parliament, and as Lord North disapproved of many of those articles no less strongly than Fox, it became obvious that they must, in all cases, divide together on that night against the administration. And if they should find themselves in a majority, as was highly probable, it seemed to follow that the ministers must retire from office. But in order to avail themselves of their triumph, and to form a new administration, some mutual understanding, if not some principles of permanent accommodation, became absolutely necessary to both individuals. Otherwise, however victorious they might prove in parliament, they would probably derive no benefit from their superiority, and Lord Shelburne, though vanquished in the house of commons, might still contrive to retain his seat in the cabinet as first minister.

These considerations, in themselves most forcible, acquiring hourly strength as the day approached for the discussion of the peace, produced some symptoms of mutual tendency towards reconciliation. Never, perhaps, did two men exist more inclined by nature to oblivion of injuries or to sentiments of forgiveness than Lord North and Fox! The latter, whatever might be his defects of character, possessed in an eminent degree placability and magnanimity of mind. "*Amicitæ sempiternæ, inimicitiæ placabiles,*" was a maxim always in his mouth. The former, too indolent to retain the burthen of enmity, and conscious that Fox's hostility towards him had always been more political than personal, gladly deposited his resentments and his injuries at the feet of his interest and ambition. Both equally concurred in the necessity of agreeing on some plan of concerted action before they took their places side by side on the opposition bench. But however deeply they might be impressed with these feelings, they nevertheless abstained from any direct interview, leaving all matters to the intervention of mutual friends. The honourable George Augustus North, eldest son of Lord North, then member for Harwich, and afterwards himself Earl of Guildford, acted as the negotiator for his father on this occasion, while the honourable Colonel Fitzpatrick, Fox's intimate friend and companion, conducted the treaty on the other part. Mr. North by no means wanted talents, but in address, capacity, and accomplishments, the latter possessed an infinite superiority. Each, actuated by a warm desire to conduct the business to a successful issue, exerted his utmost efforts for the purpose. Two or three days elapsed in conferences and discussions; nor was it till a very late hour of the night of the 16th of February, that, after many visits to and fro between St. James's street and Grosvenor square, where Lord North then resided, they settled the outlines of a convention, by which, on the part of the two principals, it was stipulated, that if they effected a change of administration, the treasury should be given to the Duke of Portland; that Lord North should likewise take a cabinet office; that a fair partition of the spoils, in other words, of the great posts and emoluments of the state, should be made between the two parties, who agreed henceforward to coalesce. And, lastly, that in the debate of the approaching evening, they should speak, act, and divide in concert.

17th February. Such were the general preliminaries of the "coalition." Many difficulties on both sides, which impeded the progress of the negotiation, protracted its termination; nor did either Lord North or Fox retire to rest till four or five o'clock in the morning, when the business was at length concluded. Fox, accustomed to pass the greater part of the night at Brookes's, appeared in the house of commons with his usual freshness on the ensuing evening, and manifested, during the debate that ensued, neither inattention, lassitude, nor fatigue. But Lord North, whose natural somnolency was increased by having sat up for so many hours of the preceding night, under circumstances of considerable agitation, as well as by the prodigious heat arising from a crowded house, after taking his seat near his new ally, on the opposition bench, found himself so overcome by sleep, that its effect became irresistible. Unwilling, probably, to exhibit such a spectacle at such a moment, which would have excited matter of animadversion or of ridicule to both parties, he at length quitted his seat and came up into the gallery. I had placed myself there, immediately over the treasury bench, every part of the house below being filled. Lord North having seated himself by me, made various efforts to keep himself awake, but to accomplish it exceeded his power. As the discussion had already taken a very personal turn, severe sarcasms as well as reproaches being leveled from the treasury bench against the unnatural coalition just formed, particularly by Mr. Dundas, who stigmatised it with the strongest epithets of reprobation; he requested me to awaken him as often as any such expression should be used by ministers. I did so many times, but when he had listened for a few minutes, he as often involuntarily relapsed into repose. At the end of about an hour and a half, during the greater portion of which time he seemed scarcely sensible to any circumstance that passed, he began to rouse himself. By degrees he recovered his perception, and having heard from my mouth some of the most interesting or acrimonious passages that had taken place while he was asleep, he went down again into the body of the house, placed himself by Fox on the floor, and made one of the most able, brilliant, as well as entertaining speeches that I ever heard him pronounce within those walls. No man who listened to it could have imagined that he had lost a single sentence of the preceding debate, or that his faculties had been clouded by fatigue and want of rest.

Lord John Cavendish, whom Fox always selected for special and important occasions, as his high character for integrity and uprightness spread a sort of veil over the irregularities of his party, moved an amendment on that night to the address proposed by the friends of the administration. Lord John's amendment was however couched in terms so guarded, with a view to secure as many votes as possible, that it might rather be termed a hesitation in approving than any direct censure on the peace. Even Lord North, who afterwards proposed a second amendment, in which he recommended the American loyalists to his majesty's consideration; implied, more than he asserted, that they had been forgotten or abandoned by the framers of the articles of pacification concluded with the thirteen colonies. The coalition, avowed by Fox, was not only defended with the boldness and decision that marked his character, but he retorted on the lord advocate all the acrimonious expressions which fell from the latter, upon the sudden union of two such inveterate opponents. Mr. Townsend, as secretary of state, excelled himself in his defence of the peace, and may really be said to have in some measure earned, on that night, the peerage which he soon afterwards obtained. I never saw him display so much animation, nor heard him manifest such ability. Nor was Pitt wanting to himself, or to his party. But all their efforts proved unavailing to sustain an administration which, having been originally established on too shallow foundations, had received no subsequent reinforcement. After a debate, protracted till eight o'clock in the morning, they were left in a minority of sixteen. Only nine votes, therefore, taken from

the coalition and transferred to ministers, would have given them a majority, and above four hundred and thirty members voted on the occasion.

I composed one of the majority on that memorable night. But I owe it nevertheless to truth and to candour, which are the only guides or principles that I recognise, to acknowledge that, when I consider the articles of the peace concluded by Lord Shelburne after the lapse of thirty years, I am inclined to view it through a more favourable medium than I did at the time. Unquestionably, of the three treaties, namely, those signed with France, Spain, and America—for with Holland no definite convention had been arranged—the American treaty was much the most humiliating as well as injurious to Great Britain. Besides the unconditional recognition of the independence of the colonies, and the cession of so many fortified places which it is difficult to suppose that the Americans could ever have taken from us by force of arms, our abandoning the loyalists seemed, in the estimation of people the most dispassionate, to affix a degree of degradation and dishonour on the nation itself. To Spain we likewise ceded East Florida, in addition to West Florida and Minorca, of both which that power had already obtained possession. But in recompense for these sacrifices, it must be remembered, that France restored to us all our captured islands in the West Indies, with the single exception of Tobago, which we possessed nothing to offer her in return, except the restitution of St. Lucie. All the stipulations made respecting our possessions in the East Indies, those concluded relative to the gum trade carried on along the coast of Africa, and the articles regulating the right of fishery on the banks of Newfoundland—if not favourable or advantageous in themselves, might yet have been signed between two crowns treating on equal terms. Nor, when we consider the exhausted state of England at the close of the American war, could they justly be regarded as unbecoming us to concede, in order to dissolve the formidable combination then leagued against this country.

While, however, I thus readily admit Lord Shelburne's title to national approbation, if not gratitude, for the peace of January, 1783, though I voted against it, I must maintain, and I trust satisfactorily to prove, that if Lord North, instead of going out as he did, in March, 1782, had remained in office ten months longer, he would have concluded at least as advantageous if not a more beneficial treaty. We shall in fact find on examining the subject, that Lord North either adopted or laid down all the foundations on which his successor in office reared that superstructure. In other words, we must be compelled to perceive, that Lord Shelburne only used the materials left or provided him by his predecessor. The peace rested on seven distinct grounds or principles, of which the first was the recognition of American independence. But Lord North manifested a much greater readiness to obey the wishes of the house of commons on that leading point than was afterwards shown by Lord Shelburne, who did not yield till he was outvoted in the cabinet; whereas Lord North, after General Conway's successful motion of the 22d of February, declaring "the attempt to reduce the colonies to obedience by force, impracticable," immediately took measures for the purpose. On the 5th of March, a fortnight before he laid down his power, Wallace, then attorney-general, moved in his place for leave to bring in a bill, "to enable his majesty to conclude a truce or peace with the revolted colonies in America." Fox affected to treat it with derision, because he feared its operation on parliament, and on the public mind, might prolong the existence of an administration which he had so nearly run down: but no impartial man questioned the first minister's sincerity; and the victory of congress, in compelling Lord North, who had so long made war on them, to treat with America as a sovereign power, would have been more gratifying to the states than the same triumph obtained over any minister of Great Britain.

The second cause that produced peace, was Sir George Rodney's victory over De Grasse, which event, at once overturning all the plans of Vergennes in the West Indies, secured Jamaica from any further attack on the part of France. Of this splendid victory, though Fox reaped all the benefit, Lord North and Lord Sandwich had unquestionably the whole merit. We may even safely assert or assume, that if the Rockingham administration had forced their way into office three months earlier than they did, the action of the 12th of April, 1782, would never have taken place, or might have had a very different termination. It is not pretended that Pigot possessed any other merit than his connection with Fox, cemented at Brookes's over the faro table. The measure itself, of sending him out to deprive Rodney of the command, excited just indignation; nor did he perform a single act of energy after his arrival which could have accelerated or facilitated the negotiations of peace. I believe he never captured any thing except a Spanish polacre. Elliot's destruction of the Spanish gun-boats before Gibraltar, on the 13th September, by overwhelming all the projects of Charles the Third for the reduction of that fortress, laid the third foundation of the treaty, as it disposed the cabinet of Madrid to terminate the war. Happily, Fox did not recall Elliot, as he had done Rodney, nor send Burgoyne to supersede him. Lord Howe's most able manœuvres in supplying Gibraltar with stores of every kind, notwithstanding the combined opposition of France and Spain, formed the fourth groundwork of the peace. In the nomination of that great naval officer to the command of the fleet, and in that measure solely, had Lord Shelburne any participation or share, as contributing to terminate the contest. Nor would it be candid to deprive him of the merit which he may thereby claim, but neither ought we to forget that Admiral Darby had effected the same service in the preceding year, under Lord North's administration, and had relieved Gibraltar, in defiance of nearly similar impediments.

The three last foundations of general pacification were laid in the East, where, as early as 1778, Lord North had ably anticipated the French machinations, by getting possession of Pondicherry. Of these leading causes, the most essential, perhaps, may be deemed the separate peace made with the Mahrattas, a measure exclusively due to that first minister, who, in the spring of the year 1781, sent out Mr. Macpherson, since governor-general of Bengal, and created a baronet, as a member of the supreme council. I knew that his secret instructions were to endeavour by every exertion in his power, and even, if necessary, by making considerable sacrifices, to terminate the Mahratta war. In compliance with those directions, on his arrival at Madras in October, 1781, without waiting to consult Hastings, who was then at a distance from Calcutta, Mr. Macpherson, together with Lord Macartney, Sir Edward Hughes, and the nabob of Arcot, Mahomed Ali, acting together in concert, addressed letters jointly to the peshwah at Poonah, expressing to him, in the name of the sovereign and ministry of England, their sincere and ardent inclination to peace. It followed in a very short space of time, and flowed immediately from this course. Lord Sandwich, who sent out Sir Edward Hughes to command the British fleet in the East Indes, may claim the principal or exclusive merit of having laid the sixth basis of the pacification of January, 1783. For though the naval commander did not vanquish Suffrein, as Rodney defeated De Grasse, yet he repulsed the French admiral, when we were inferior to him in number of ships, disabled the enemy's vessels, and finally compelled him to postpone his projects of co-operation with Hyder Ali, thus protracting the contest till intelligence of a general pacification reached India. The last groundwork of peace was due to Hastings, as governor-general of Bengal, in conjunction with the supreme council, for the promptitude with which, after Hyder's successful irruption into the Carnatic in 1780, they despatched Sir Eyre Coote with military and pecuniary supplies to the aid of that nearly subverted presidency. He first arrested the progress of the Sultan of Mysore, and finally compelled him to retreat accoss the mountains of the Ghauts, into his own dominions. The vast fabric of British power in the East, originally convulsed by the errors or incapacity of the Bombay government, degraded by Rumbold's corrupt maladministration, and perhaps exposed to hazard by Hastings' plans of ambition or aggrandisement, was ultimately preserved and strengthened. When we fairly examine and appreciate these facts, we shall see that though Lord Shelburne signed, or rather *concluded*, the the peace of 1783, yet Lord North's administration *made* it. In fact, though no minister, however able or popular, could have longer prosecuted the war for subjugating the colonies, after near seven years of a ruinous and disgraceful contest, any minister, however moderately endowed with talents, having in his hands the means possessed by Lord Shelburne, might have terminated the struggle with our European enemies, on making the recognition of American independence. Unquestionably, Lord Shelburne obtained from the French government great restitutions in the West Indies, but the enemy kept possession of Tobago, and we restored St. Lucie, which last island, considered as a military post, was inestimable to France.

Spain reaped the principal benefit of the treaty, as, in addition to Minorca, she retained or acquired the two Floridas, these advantages were however dearly purchased by her severe losses before Gibraltar, in men, money, and ships. Louis the Sixteenth, besides Goree and Senegal on the coast of Africa, which possessions rendered him master of the gum trade, recovered the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, situate in the river St. Lawrence. Pondicherry, together with the French factories throughout Hindostan, were likewise restored by us: but Holland, in recompense for her unwise, as well as unjust, aggression, lost Negapatam, her only settlement of importance on the coast of Coromandel. America triumphed in the contest; and the greatest statesmen whom England had produced, though they concurred in scarcely any other political opinion, yet agreed on the point, that with the defalcation of the thirteen colonies from the crown, the glory and greatness of Britain were permanently extinguished. This sentiment pervaded Lord Chatham's last speech, pronounced on the 7th of April, 1778. "I will never consent," exclaimed he, "to deprive the royal offspring of the house of Brunswick, the heirs of the Princess Sophia, of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man who will dare to advise such a measure?" He considered it as a consummation pregnant with the greatest national misfortunes. Lord Shelburne even surpassed him in expressions of despair, at contemplating the consequences inevitably resulting, as he conceived, from the loss of America. Not once, but many times, he repeated this sentiment in the house of peers previous, as well as subsequent to his becoming first minister. On the 10th of July, 1782, when constituted first lord of the treasury, he declared that "whenever the British parliament should recognise the sovereignty of the thirteen colonies, the sun of England's glory was for ever set. He looked for a spark at least to be left, which might light us up in time to a new day. But if independence were once conceded, if parliament considered that measure to be advisable, he foresaw in his own mind that England was undone." It seemed impossible to clothe his ideas of despair in stronger or more energetic language. Lord George Germain entertained, as I know, similar apprehensions. Speaking in the house of commons, on the 12th December, 1781, he maintained as a position admitting of no doubt, that "from the instant when American independence should be acknowledged, the British empire was ruined." Here we have three persons distinguished by pre-eminent political talents, denouncing national ruin as inseparable from the loss of America. The same sentiment had impressed all classes of men throughout the country. How are we to account for the nonfulfilment of these predictions? How was the threatened calamity averted, and by what measures was Great Britain, after losing thirteen colonies, rendered more formidable, wealthy, commercial, and great, than before her misfortunes? Three causes appear to me to have principally produced so extraordinary a phenomenon, which has no parallel in the history of nations.

The first and leading cause was the preservation of the British constitution. Lord North, though he lost armies, commercial fleets, garrisons, islands, and provinces, yet defended and preserved the palladium of civil liberty. He transmitted to Lord Rockingham, in March, 1782, as he had received from the Duke of Grafton, in January, 1770, that invaluable possession, inviolate. Our obligations to him are great and indelible; for never, perhaps, did any minister surmount more severe attacks than he endured. The losses and disgraces of the American war, followed by heavy annual loans, gave rise to meetings and associations whose professed object was not only a change of administration, but to effect reforms and alterations in the parliamentary representation. These convocations of freeholders, which began in the county of York, towards the end of 1779, soon spread over the kingdom, and were adopted in the capital at an early period of the year 1780. Their resolutions, patriotic in profession, and perhaps in their

intention, were not the less revolutionary in practice. Like the clubs at Paris, in 1790, they immediately appointed corresponding committees, whose duty it was to prepare plans of association for ameliorating the constitution. Men of the highest rank, of the largest property, and of the most unsullied character, carried along by the torrent, and impatient to overturn the ministry, lent themselves to the accomplishment of this work. As early as February, 1780, Sir George Savile, when presenting in the house of commons the York petition, accompanied it with language such as Ireton or Fleetwood might have used, when addressing the rump parliament in 1652; language calculated to intimidate, and appealing obviously to external interference. These menaces were outdone by Sir James Lowther, in April of the same year, on bringing up the petition from Cumberland. He whom "Junius" denominates "the little contemptible tyrant of the north," threatened in his place, that if "the grievances enumerated were not redressed, the subscribers would withhold the taxes," thus attempting to overawe the legislative body whom he addressed. Fox, as might well be imagined, far exceeded his adherents in the violence of his appeal to the people. On the 6th of April, 1780, the corresponding committee having convened the inhabitants of Westminster in Palace Yard, Fox read and commented on the report presented by that committee, while the dukes of Devonshire and of Portland were present at his side; but the Marquis of Rockingham absented himself. Government having very properly ordered out a body of the military force, for the protection of parliament, and suppression of tumult or violence, Fox proceeded so far as to declare, in the house of commons, that "if soldiers were thus let loose on the constitutional assemblages of the people, all who attended them must go armed." The Cardinal de Retz, when conducting the Parisian populace, and attempting to overturn the first minister of that day, held and practised precisely the same doctrine. So would Mirabeau have done in our time, or Sir Francis Burdett, and Horne Tooke.

Nor were these the only adversaries with whom Lord North had to contend, when defending the constitution. "The coldest bodies," says Junius, "warm with opposition; the hardest sparkle in collision." Burke, who ten years later, drew forth his powerful artillery in defence of monarchy, lent himself too much, at this period of his political life, it must be reluctantly owned, to the machinations of party. Many of his parliamentary speeches, between 1779 and 1782, breathe the spirit of faction, blended with intemperance of language, sometimes descending even to invective. Dunning, though brought up to the bar, and possessed of an ample fortune acquired by his profession, yet leveled a vital blow at the constitution of his country, when, on the 24th of April, 1780, he moved, in the house of commons, "not to dissolve parliament, or to prorogue the session, till proper measures should be adopted for diminishing the influence of the crown, and correcting the other evils complained of in the petitions." Algernon Sydney, or General Ludlow, the most determined republicans of the seventeenth century, could not have made a proposition more subversive, in its results, of monarchical government. It is obvious that if such a resolution had passed, the king would have stood in the situation of Charles the First, in 1641; as the parliament would have been placed in the very position of the house of commons, at that awful period of our history. Happily Dunning's motion was rejected by a majority of fifty-one votes in a very full house. Fox, irritated to the most violent degree at the subversion of his hopes to drive Lord North from power, attributed his disappointment to the operation of ministerial corruption among the members who voted on the occasion. But it unquestionably resulted from the alarm excited among the moderate, independent part of the assembly, who desired, indeed, to limit and to reform, but not to annihilate the power of the crown. No man can doubt that, if the prerogative of prorogation and of dissolution had been taken from the sovereign till every alleged grievance had been redressed, the constitution must have been from that moment subverted, and a renewal of the calamities of Charles the First's reign must almost inevitably have followed. To Lord North, therefore, sustained by the king's firmness of character, we owe our preservation from all the evils of a republican, if not a revolutionary, form of government. Since 1688, down to the year 1792, when we were menaced with the still greater horrors of French fraternisation, it may be safely asserted that the British constitution never incurred so imminent a danger of subversion as in 1780.

To Mr. Pitt we are indebted for the second leading cause or principle of our national resuscitation and recovery, after losing America. His institution of the sinking fund of a million sterling, in the spring of 1786, by its beneficial operation on the public credit, commerce, and finances, might be said to revivify the state, and still continues to dispense with augmenting powers its salutary influence. The third source of our prosperity came from the East, where, without a metaphor, the sun of Britain rose, as it set in the West. Since 1783, our acquisitions and possessions in that portion of the globe have been perpetually in a state of progression. All our losses on the Delaware, and on the Chesapeake, have been more than compensated by our conquests on the Ganges, or on the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar. The augmentations of territory in Oude, as well as in Corah and Dooab, including Delhi itself, the metropolis of the Mogul princes; the seizure of the Carnatic; the dissolution of the Mysore monarchy in the person of Tippoo Sultan; the reduction of Ceylon, and of the Cape of Good Hope, not to mention many inferior objects of attention—these prodigious accumulations of power and wealth, have obliterated almost the recollections of the American struggle, and have closed all the wounds caused by that unfortunate war. An annual revenue of more than fifteen millions sterling raised in India, payable, not in paper, but in specie, together with the commerce of the East continually poured into our harbours, enabled us, after contending for nearly twenty years with the power of France, successively wielded by Robespierre and by Bonaparte, to terminate the conflict in the most triumphant manner. I return to the progress of public affairs.

However readily I admit that the treaty of 1783 may be entitled to national approval, yet the members of that administration, at the head of which Lord North had so long presided, might, nevertheless, be fully justified in severely arraigning a peace which relinquished to America almost every point or object for the maintenance of which they had contended, from 1775 down to 1782. They might justly feel indignant at the dereliction of the royalists; at the evacuation of New York and Charlestown; and at the sacrifice of immense tracts of territory, extending through near twenty degrees of latitude, and as many of longitude, including Indian nations, our allies, and containing incalculable commercial advantages. When Lord Sackville and Lord Stormont, in the house of peers, compared such a treaty with past periods of our history; when they accused the ministry of doing acts more culpable than even Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke had committed at Utrecht, they might at least be considered as speaking with consistency, and in conformity to their avowed principles. But I own that it seems more difficult to conceive and to explain upon what ground Fox could reprobate such preliminaries. He had loudly and repeatedly declaimed, for successive years, on the indispensable necessity of obtaining almost any peace, however comparatively bad it might be, as imperiously demanded by the fallen condition of Great Britain: he who, considering the Americans as originally justified in resisting the mother country, had often undertaken their defence in the house of commons, while he always stigmatised the loyalists with every opprobrious or contemptuous epithet: he whom I had myself heard declare, from the same side of the house, not twelve months before, on the fifth day of March, 1782, that "whenever he should enter into any terms with an individual of Lord North's cabinet, he would rest satisfied to be called the most infamous of mankind;" adding, that "he never could nourish the idea of coalescing with ministers who had proved themselves devoid of honour and honesty; as in the hands of such men he would not, for a moment, entrust his own honour." To varnish over, therefore, so complete a change of language, sentiments, and system, required all those talents, that bold eloquence, and disregard of public opinion, which met in him. I never, indeed, regarded him as animated by any other motives, in his opposition to the peace of 1783, than ambition and desire of power. Personally odious to the king, as he well knew himself to be, on account of his private irregularities, not less than for the line of political action which he had embraced during many years, he beheld no mode or chance of speedily entering the cabinet, except by uniting at once with Lord North. Those persons who think that abilities such as his ought not to have been lost to his country, or excluded from the councils of the crown, will however probably see cause to justify, in some degree, his sacrifice of political principle to an overruling necessity. But it became apparent, by the events that soon followed the coalition of 1783, how different a sentence the majority of the nation passed on that memorable union. The people beheld in it a complete renunciation of every object for which Fox had affected to contend; and they regarded, not merely with indifference, but with satisfaction, his subsequent expulsion from office.

Lord North's junction with the party which had so long opposed him, has always appeared to me to admit of much more palliation than the conduct of Fox and his adherents. The former nobleman, by no means in very affluent circumstances, encumbered with a numerous family, saw himself proscribed and excluded from the cabinet for having unsuccessfully maintained the prerogative of the crown, and the supremacy of parliament, against the American insurgents. In this situation, unprotected by the sovereign, who was unable to extend any assistance to him, and unpopular with the nation, because he had been unsuccessful, Fox opened his arms and offered him an alliance. Was he bound to reject it, and thus pass a sentence of political exclusion on himself? But even if he had so done, worse evils presented themselves in prospect. A union between Fox and Pitt would have eventually produced, in all probability, his own impeachment, and that of other members of his former cabinet. Nor could he have found any security from such a prosecution, either in the royal authority, in the adherence of the house of commons, or in the affection of the country. He might have been made the victim and the sacrifice for the loss of empire, for the disgraces, defeats, capitulations, and ruinous expenditures, of an unfortunate war. Fox and Burke had a hundred times menaced him with the block. Pitt, who, it was evident, entertained similar opinions respecting his administration, did not at all conceal them. By accepting the overtures of the Rockingham party, Lord North therefore at least secured his personal safety, and opened to himself an avenue to the resumption of power. It was not, as I have always thought, the act of uniting with Fox that in itself disgraced him; but the too ready subserviency with which he afterwards lent himself to every measure which that enterprising and ambitious statesman, having again forced his way into the cabinet, thought it necessary to adopt in order to maintain himself in a situation which he had attained contrary to the wishes of his sovereign.

The victory obtained by the new coalition over ministers, in the house of commons, however flattering it might be to their hopes, yet being by no means decisive, and the peace having been approved in the upper house, in order to compel Lord Shelburne's resignation, it became necessary to express, in more affirmative language, a parliamentary disapprobation of the preliminaries. For this purpose, four days after the first debate, a second discussion took place, when a motion or resolution to the effect above mentioned was brought forward, Lord John Cavendish lending himself again to introduce the business. It was indeed a service of some danger and delicacy, requiring all the reputation which that nobleman enjoyed for political rectitude, to protect his friends from the imputations excited by the late coalition. He endeavoured to justify it against the severe animadversions of Powis, and of other members who had generally voted with the Rockingham party, by comparing Fox's union with Lord North to the administration formed in June, 1757, when the first Mr. Pitt coalesced with the Duke of Newcastle, whom he had during many years opposed and reprobated. But however analogous in many respects that transaction might be, yet it failed in carrying the moral conviction to the minds of his hearers which Lord John aspired to produce by his comparison. The peace was again attacked and defended on its own proper merits, at great length, with equal ingenuity, asperity, and profound knowledge of the subject. Those who heard Mr. Pitt address the house on that evening, cannot easily forget the impression made upon his audience, by a speech which might be said to unite all the powers of argument, eloquence, and impassioned

declamation. He seemed to fight, indeed, as Cæsar did at Munda, not merely for empire, or for power, but for life. After defending, article by article, the treaties concluded, he finished by deprecating "the ill-omened and baneful alliance" which had just taken place between Lord North and Fox, as teeming with pernicious effects of every kind to the country. Then reverting to the consequences which it might produce personally to himself, he professed his readiness to retire to a private station without regret. Alluding to so material an impending change in his own condition, he exclaimed,

"Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertas honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit."——

With an admirable presence of mind, which never forsook him, he here paused; and conscious that the words of the Roman poet immediately following, "*Et mea virtute me involvo,*" might seem to imply a higher idea of his own merit or disinterestedness than it would become him to avow, he cast his eyes on the floor. A moment or two of silence elapsed, while all attention was directed towards him from every quarter of the house. During this interval, he slowly drew his handkerchief from his pocket, passed it once or twice across his lips—and then recovering as it were from his temporary embarrassment, he added with emphasis, striking his hand on the table,

"——probamque
Pauperim sine dote quæro."

Perhaps a more masterly and beautiful piece of oratorical acting is not to be found in antiquity. Even if we suppose the whole passage to have been studied and prepared, yet the delicacy of the omission is not less admirable. I believe, however, that both the lines which he cited, and the one which he suppressed, were all equally suggested to him by his feelings and his judgment at the time. Its effect on that part of the house which perfectly understood it, corresponded to its merit. But Mr. Pitt, who well knew how large a part of his audience, especially among the country gentlemen, were little conversant in the writings of the Augustan age, or familiar with Horace, always displayed great caution in borrowing from those classic sources. In the lapse of fourteen years that I have heard him almost daily address the house of commons, I question if he made in all more than eight or ten citations. Fox and Sheridan, though not equally severe in that respect, yet never abused or injudiciously expended the stores of ancient literature that they possessed. Burke's enthusiasm, his exhaustless memory, and luxuriant imagination, more frequently carried him away into the times of Virgil and Cicero—while Barré usually condescended, whenever he quoted Latin, to translate for the benefit of the county members.

21st February. A minority of seventeen, in which the ministry remained at the close of the debate, which took place at a very late hour, and in a very crowded house of commons, where near four hundred members voted, seemed to secure the triumph of the coalition. Yet, as the administration had not hitherto been directly censured, and as the condemnation expressed relative to the peace was couched in very moderate terms, simply stating that "the concessions made were greater than our adversaries were entitled to demand," it did not by any means follow that a change in the government would take place. Lord North himself had sufficiently demonstrated, during the two sessions of 1779 and 1780, how little effect a majority had in compelling him to retire from office; and the political, if not moral, disapprobation felt at the recent junction of two men who had so long condemned and reprobated each other, pervaded to a certain degree all ranks. Even the very majority which had disapproved of the treaties as inadequate to our just expectations, yet might not follow up their vote by any personal attack on ministers; or if they did, might fail to carry the house with them. And if so, the coalition would remain seated, as before, on the opposition bench, without deriving any benefit from their late success. A first lord of the treasury, who to conscious integrity joined fortitude and resources of character, seemed exempt from any necessity of resigning on account of the danger of impeachment—and might still, by protracting the struggle, terminate it advantageously to himself. Such were the opinions at that time generally entertained, and the expectations formed, both in and out of parliament.

But all these political speculations were suddenly overturned by Lord Shelburne's immediate resignation. Without waiting for any broader hint, or trying by any exertions to perpetuate his possession of power, he retired from the ministry, as so many of his predecessors had done during the present reign. There has always appeared to be something mysterious in the motives which impelled him thus precipitately, if not prematurely, to abandon a situation which he had attained with so much labour, as well as address, and from which he can scarcely be said to have been driven. So singular a fact was variously explained or interpreted at the time. As even his opponents neither attributed to him want of ambition nor any defect of firmness, it became requisite to discover and to assign other reasons for his conduct. Rumours, which sunk deep in the public mind, were not only spread, but remained uncontradicted, asserting that Lord Shelburne had not scrupled to avail himself of his official situation, and the knowledge of various kinds that it conferred, for the purposes of private emolument. It was pretended that during the period which preceded the late peace, and while the negotiations were still pending, persons, subsequently ascertained to have acted by his secret directions, had speculated largely as well as advantageously in the public funds. The active malignity of his enemies impelled them to trace these concealed agents, and to obtain proofs, real or fictitious, of the fact. Even the names of brokers, and the sums actually purchased, to an immense amount, which were maintained to have been done on Lord Shelburne's account, were accurately specified. Similar accusations had been indeed made, as I have before observed, against Lord Bute, in 1762, who then inhabited the house in Berkeley square, which the actual first minister had purchased of him, and now occupied. It was commonly said "to have been constructed by one peace, and paid for by another." If these reports originated only in political hostility, it must be admitted that Lord Shelburne was most unfortunate, no such imputations having been ever thrown on Lord North, on Fox, or on Pitt, while in power, even by their most implacable adversaries.

In addition to the pretended facts above related, others were invented or enumerated, strongly corroborating them. It was said to be matter of notoriety, that previous to his coming into office as first minister, Lord Shelburne's landed property in Ireland, as well as his estates at Bowood in Wiltshire, were all greatly encumbered. His enemies asserted, that soon after the conclusion of peace, the mortgages were paid off and his debts discharged. But a circumstance which made a greater impression arose from the weight which Mr. Pitt himself involuntrily gave to these allegations, by his own line of conduct towards Lord Shelburne. There seemed indeed an internal evidence in Pitt's mode of acting, which implied his disapprobation either of that nobleman's general character, or of some censurable act done by him while in employment. For though scarcely ten months elapsed before Pitt came again into power, yet he never associated Lord Shelburne to any share of it, nor would even consent to give him a place in the cabinet as lord president or as lord privy seal. So pointed an exclusion of the man who had first called him up to the councils of the sovereign, and placed him there as chancellor of the exchequer, at three and twenty, can scarcely be explained or accounted for, except by some such supposition. It is true that Pitt pronounced, as chancellor of the exchequer, from the treasury bench, the highest encomiums on his principal, during the course of the discussions relative to the peace. In his memorable speech of the 21st of February, he even alluded with indignant warmth to the "arts of defamation" which Lord Shelburne's enemies adopted for the purpose of degrading him in the national estimation—arts, of which Pitt professed his scorn, as well as his conviction of their falsehood. But either he subsequently altered his opinion, or his actions contradicted his professions. That towards the end of 1784, when Pitt was established in power, he advised his majesty to raise Lord Shelburne to the rank of a British marquis, must likewise be admitted. But that title was understood to be given, (like the earldom of Lonsdale, conferred by Pitt on Sir James Lowther, earlier in the same year,) as payment in full from the first minister for all past obligations or services. Lord Shelburne, after his resignation, seemed in fact to be regarded as politically extinct, though still in the full enjoyment of all his faculties of body and mind, nor at all supposed to want ambition. The Marquis of Lansdown, as a peer of parliament, sometimes took a part in the debates of the upper house, but he never openly aspired again to become first lord of the treasury, nor even to enter the cabinet.

March. Throughout the whole proceeding of the ministerial change that took place at this time, there was something personal which attached exclusively to Lord Shelburne. *He* resigned almost immediately after the second debate, of which I have spoken; but *the administration* was by no means on that account at an end. Pitt, far from following his example, remained in office more than five weeks as chancellor of the exchequer, after the first lord of the treasury had retired; a circumstance unprecedented in our history! An extraordinary and anomalous interval of time followed Lord Shelburne's resignation, during which the functions of government may be said to have suffered a suspension; while the king, the ministry, and the candidates for power, stood looking at each other. William the Third never displayed more steadiness or determination at any period of his life, either when Prince of Orange, or after his elevation to the crown of England, than George the Third manifested throughout the whole of this "interregnum," as it was denominated. Though his first minister, from whatever motives, had quitted him, he did not abandon himself, or forsake those individuals who remained faithful to him. On the contrary, he made the most desperate efforts to avoid passing under a yoke which he considered as equally painful to himself and pernicious to his people.

The *coalition* having twice defeated administration in the house of commons, and having compelled Lord Shelburne to retire, considered the business as effected, and their triumph secure. Resting, therefore, on their arms, without attempting to push their advantages further, they waited till the king should send to the two leaders, in order to form a new ministry. But in this expectation, however natural, they greatly deceived themselves. That prince, as if conscious that Lord Shelburne constituted the principal and the most vulnerable object of attack, having disembarrassed his councils of the weight that encumbered them, endeavoured to repair the breach, and to form a new rampart against Lord North and Fox. It might perhaps have been imagined, that the presence of the former nobleman in cabinet, and the share of power which must necessarily be allotted to him and his friends, in the formation of a new government, would have tranquillised the king's mind, by affording a security against the attempts or character of the latter statesman. But he knew, by the experience of many years, the pliability and easiness of Lord North's nature; nor was he unacquainted with the energy of Fox's mind, or unapprised of the efforts that he would probably make, in order to cement and to perpetuate that elevation which he had now nearly attained with so much difficulty. The king, who considered Fox as a man ruined in fortune, of relaxed morals, and surrounded with a crewd of followers resembling him in these particulars, deprecated, as the severest misfortune to himself and to his subjects, the necessity of taking such a person, however eminent for capacity, into his confidence or councils. When we consider these circumstances, we shall not wonder at the long though ineffectual resistance made by his majesty, before he submitted to receive the law from the "coalition."

During the course of the month of March, every measure was adopted on the part of the king, that promised to avert so great an evil, and to frustrate the hopes of the new confederates. Earl Gower, to whom the place just vacated by Lord Shelburne was offered, manifested the utmost readiness to accept it, if the probable means of maintaining himself there could be demonstrated. But by what expedient could a minority of the house of commons be converted by him at once into a majority? The difficulties being considered as insuperable, the experiment was therefore at length abandoned. Meanwhile, the coalition, indignant at so long a delay, began to manifest symptoms of impatience.

Mr. Coke, member for the county of Norfolk, a gentleman equally respectable for character, and distinguished for his immense property, having given notice, on the 19th of March, that, if no ministry should be formed in the course of two days, he would move an address to the crown on the subject, the king conceiving it dangerous, as well as useless, to protract the contest, sent his commands to the Duke of Portland and Lord North, to wait upon him at St. James's. I have been assured that, at the audience which took place, his majesty offered to concede every point in litigation except one, namely, that Lord Thurlow should not be deprived of the great seal. If that nobleman, he said, were permitted to remain in office, he would allow the new ministers to dispose of all other employments at their pleasure. But no arguments could induce the coalition to relax upon so essential an article. Fox equally disliked and dreaded the chancellor, whose intractability, when added to his influence over the royal mind, in a place which rendered him the director of his sovereign's conscience, exposed the new candidates for office to perpetual danger. They insisted peremptorily on putting the great seal into commission. Their proposition being as firmly rejected by his majesty, the conference terminated without any progress or beneficial result.

DR. MOORE.

19th March. Just at this critical juncture died the honourable Dr. Frederick Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury; a man of amiable character, though not distinguished by the eminent virtues or talents of Tillotson, or of Laud. The king, who well knew that the coalition, or in other words, that Fox had destined that great ecclesiastical elevation for Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, or for Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough; probably for the former of them; and who was also aware that, if he wished to dispose of it himself, he had not an hour to lose, immediately sent for Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester. That excellent prelate, whose piety and learning rendered him one of the ornaments as well as pillars of the Anglican church, having waited on his majesty, was informed by him that the see of Canterbury had become vacant, and that as he knew no person in his opinion more worthy to fill the metropolitan chair, he wished the bishop to accept it. He added, that in the actual position of public affairs, when he might every day be compelled to take new ministers into his councils, he hoped that the bishop would interpose no unnecessary delay. But Dr. Hurd, far from desiring a dignity so much sought after, besought the king to excuse him for declining it, stating that neither his health nor his frame of mind were adequate to the extended duties of the metropolitan see, though equal to fulfilling the more limited functions of his own diocese. His majesty having, not without great reluctance, yielded to these reasons, then insisted that the bishop should at least name the person whom he conceived most proper to succeed Dr. Cornwallis. Hurd, without long hesitation, mentioned Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London; and a messenger was instantly despatched to find him, at his house in St. James's square. The bishop arriving in a very short time, had no sooner entered the clóset, than the king made him the same proposition which he had done to Hurd. Extraordinary as it may appear, he met from that prelate with a similar refusal, and one not less sincere, as well as inflexible, than the former. In this unexpected predicament, the king, addressing himself to them both, said, "My lords, I will not press either of you further; but before you leave this room, you must recommend a proper successor to the deceased archbishop, and whomsoever you shall agree to name, I will accept." The two prelates having requested to be allowed a short time for consulting together, after a few minutes' deliberation, without quitting the royal presence, united in nominating Dr. John Moore, Bishop of Bangor. Being sent for to St. James's, on his arrival, to his no small astonishment, he learned the reasons for which he had been summoned to court. He accepted the preferment; but the requisite forms incident to the *conge d'elire*, and other ceremonies indispensable to the election, prevented the translation from being completed before the second of the following month, the very day on which, the king having surrendered at discretion, the coalition actually took possession of the government.

Dr. Moore, whom we have beheld during two and twenty years Archbishop of Canterbury, and who owed his elevation to that high dignity to the joint recommendations of Hurd and Lowth, was a prelate of an irreproachable life, added to a solid understanding. But his first advance in the ecclesiastical profession arose from one of those accidents which, whatever Juvenal may have said to the contrary, sometimes seem to determine, no less than merit, the colour of our fate. The duchess dowager of Marlborough, after the late duke's decease, in 1758, having occasion for a tutor to superintend the education of her youngest son, the present Lord Robert Spencer, applied to the dean of Christ church, Oxford, requesting him to recommend a proper person to her for the purpose. I have been assured that Mr. Moore, then a servitor of that college, of very obscure birth and connections, happening to cross the quadrangle at the precise moment of this application, it immediately occurred to the dean's mind that he would answer the description of the tutor demanded by the duchess. He hesitated nevertheless for some time whether he should make the proposition to Mr. Moore, her grace having positively insisted on his stipulating that whatever individual she should receive into her family, in quality of preceptor to her son, should not be admitted to have the honour of dining at her table. The offer, when made by the dean, was however accepted under that exclusion; but so rapid became Mr. Moore's progress in her personal esteem, no less than in her affection, that within a very short time she found herself unable to dine without him. Her preference assumed even so decided a character, as to leave him no room to doubt of her inclination, if he had encouraged it, notwithstanding the prodigious disparity of their respective situations in life, to have bestowed her hand on him in marriage. Instead of thus acting, as a man of narrow or selfish views would have done, his sense of honour and delicacy of sentiment led him to communicate the advances made him by the duchess to her son, the present duke. A conduct so highly disinterested, and principles so elevated, could not fail ultimately to meet their just reward. By the Duke of Marlborough's interest being promoted in the church, he was in progress of time made Dean of Canterbury, from which situation he soon became Bishop of Bangor, passing through no other intermediate episcopal stage till he attained to the metropolitan dignity. Such an impression indeed had his merit and character produced, while he remained at Canterbury, that on his promotion to the see of Bangor, all those persons who came to take leave of him expressed their full conviction of his returning to them again as archbishop. "We console ourselves, Mr. Dean," said they, "for losing you at present, by the confident expectation which we entertain of your speedy restoration to us." I return to the course of public affairs.

THE KING.

On the complete failure of the first attempt already mentioned, which his majesty made to form a new administration, many propositions were suggested to prop and renovate the still existing ministry, however difficult such a work might justly be esteemed under the actual circumstances. Mr. Pitt, desirous to meet the king's wishes on a point which coincided with all his own objects of personal elevation and ambition, suffered himself to be persuaded to promise that he would accept the post of first lord of the treasury, in addition to the office of chancellor of the exchequer; and during twenty-four hours he might be said to have in some measure actually held both these offices. But at the end of that short time, finding it impracticable, after full examination, to set up any government which promised duration, or which could make head against the "coalition" in the house of commons, he reluctantly retracted his engagement. Reduced almost to despair by so many disappointments, and unable to effect his emancipation, the king unquestionably meditated the extraordinary project of visiting his electoral dominions, and relinquishing for a time, to the "coalition," the power of which they had forcibly possessed themselves. But on communicating his intentions to the chancellor, that minister, far from encouraging the proposition, gave it his strongest disapprobation. "There is nothing easier, sir," said he, with his characteristic severity of voice and manner, "than to go over to Hanover. It may not, however, prove so easy to return from thence to this country, when your majesty becomes tired of Germany. Recollect the precedent of James the Second, who precipitately embraced a similar expedient. Your majesty must not think for a moment of adopting so imprudent and hazardous a step. Time and patience will open a remedy to the present evils." The king, happily for himself, acquiesced in Lord Thurlow's wise and wholesome advice.

24th March. While these interesting scenes passed at St. James's, the house of commons, completely in the hands of the "coalition," proceeded, though with great apparent caution and external testimonies of respect, to press the sovereign by every constitutional means, that he would put an end to the interregnum—which Fox denominated in the strong language familiar to him, "the most insolent domination that ever disgraced a free country." On the motion of Mr. Coke, an address to that purpose, being voted, was carried up to the foot of the throne; but the king, neither terrified nor shaken, replied to it in general and vague, though in gracious terms. The debate which took place in consequence of Mr. Coke's motion, was attended with a curious and interesting circumstance. Irritated by the delays and impediments to their attainment of power, the "coalition," affecting to consider them as caused by the operation of secret influence on the royal mind, and clearly applying the imputation itself to Jenkinson—that gentleman, who was present on the occasion, repelled the charge so often preferred against him in the course of the present reign, with the most decided and peremptory denial of the fact. He candidly admitted, indeed, that he had seen his majesty repeatedly in the course of the preceding month; but he justified the act, as in his quality of a privy-councillor he was bound to obey the summons of his sovereign, and repair to St. James's whenever officially required. The idea of secret influence he reprobated as only a bait for the multitude, invented to delude the nation, and brought forward on the present occasion merely to serve political purposes. Having exculpated himself, he conjured Lord North, though now allied with Fox, to state, as a man of honour and veracity, whether, during his administration of many years, when they acted together, his lordship had ever found or felt such a pretended influence lurking behind the throne. Jenkinson added, that so implicit a reliance had he on Lord North's principles of rectitude, as willingly to abide the issue of his declaration respecting the point. Thus called on, that nobleman rose, and in terms the most explicit confirmed all that Jenkinson had asserted—disdaining to swell the popular cry, and protesting that he never had experienced any concealed agency or interposition between himself and the sovereign, while he had presided in the councils of the crown. It was not possible for a declaration to be less equivocal, or better calculated to undeceive the believers in secret influence—but the opinion, which dated from a very early period of the king's reign, had taken too deep a hold of the public mind, and was sustained with too much art, to be eradicated, although by such concurring testimonies. Even at the present day, that conviction is by no means extinct.

No impression having apparently been made by the address, and his majesty remaining inflexible, Lord Surrey spoke out in stronger language—while Lord North, on the other hand, preserving more deference for the royal feelings, deprecated any harsh measures, and advised to wait with patience for the king's pleasure. Fox, however, less delicate, did not hesitate to accuse Lord Thurlow, if not by name, yet by description, as the cause of so culpable a suspension of all government—stigmatising him with the severest epithets, as the grand adviser of the crown in the other house. Lord Surrey, whose manner, person, and character, seemed all well fitted to so rough as well as invidious a task, rising again in his place, proposed more affirmative steps, in order to compel the king to listen to the wishes of the commons, by forming immediately a new administration. He nevertheless consented to postpone them, on receiving Mr. Pitt's information and assurance, given from the treasury bench, that he had resigned his office of chancellor of the exchequer. This event, which took place on the last day of March, terminated the struggle; and forty-eight hours afterwards, his majesty finding it vain to protract his resistance, surrendered at discretion, by sending a second time for the Duke of Portland.

2d April. If we consider, by the abstract principles of the British constitution, as recognised at the revolution of 1688, which compels the sovereign to listen to

the voice of the majority of the house of commons—the conduct of George the Third, in resisting, for near six weeks, their votes and their addresses—if we reflect, moreover, that the consequence of his pertinacity produced a suspension of many of the essential and vital functions of the executive government, at a moment too when the exertions of a vigorous administration were peculiarly demanded, in order to reduce various of the military and naval establishments to the standard of peace—if we try his actions by these criterions, we may be tempted to accuse him of sacrificing national objects to the gratification of his private resentments or prejudices. But theory and practice are often found to be so much at variance that it becomes unsafe to reason always from the former, however solid may appear the foundations. It is certain that though the country anxiously desired to see an efficient government established, and deeply lamented the want of it for so long a time, yet the king by no means suffered in the estimation of his people at large, on account of the desperate contest that he had maintained against the "coalition."

The nation in general regarded the union formed between Lord North and Fox as a mutual sacrifice of moral and political principle to ambition, or rather to the love of office. In vain did those leaders endeavour to justify it, by recurring to past periods of our history, when similar coalitions were said to have been made between contending factions. The interval of eleven months, which had scarcely elapsed since Fox and Burke were accustomed, day by day, to denounce their new ally as the most incapable and wicked of ministers, appeared too short—and the transition from enmity to friendship seemed too sudden, to admit of being easily or satisfactorily explained to vulgar comprehension. His majesty's principles, however mistaken they might be, were admitted to be upright, and intentionally directed always to the felicity of his subjects. America, which had so long formed the object of contest, being lost—with the termination of the war terminated likewise the king's unpopularity, which had principally originated from that source—while on the other hand, Fox, who during several years had stood so high in the estimation of the people as a patriot, now in his turn attracted severe observations on his recent junction with a minister, the author, as he asserted, of all the misfortunes which he had eloquently depictured, and which were still deplored throughout the country. These sentiments and opinions, which began already to operate, and which only required time to mature, protected the king against any effects of popular disapprobation. But they could not prevent, or longer protract, his surrender to the combined leaders, who now compelled him to receive them into his counsels without further delay.

In the audience that he gave the Duke of Portland, for the purpose of forming a new administration, he did not affect to conceal, or even to disguise, the painful emotions by which he was agitated on the occasion. He observed to that nobleman, that the ministerial arrangement to which he now submitted being altogether compulsory, the new ministers might dispose of the cabinet places and other offices as they should think proper; that he would not oppose or refuse his signature to any act presented to him officially for his sanction—but that the responsibility of advising such measures must wholly rest with them. And he added, that he would not create any new British peers at their reccommendation, a circumstance of which he gave them distinct and early notification. The "coalition" having acquiesced, at least tacitly, in these avowed principles of the king's conduct, took possession of the government—the Duke of Portland being placed at the head of the treasury, and Lord John Cavendish a second time becoming chancellor of the exchequer. Fox returned to the foreign office, as was naturally to be expected, leaving to Lord North the secretaryship of state for the home department. Lord Keppel, who disapproving of the conditions of the late peace had resigned the post of first lord of the admiralty, immediately after its conclusion, in which high employment he had been replaced by Lord Howe, was reinstated in his ancient functions—while Lord Stormont became president of the council. I have been assured that the nobleman last mentioned did not accept that situation till he had clearly understood, as he conceived, the king's pleasure upon the subject—who not only approved, but wished him to take the office, as it would exclude an enemy from occupying so important a place. Yet it is difficult to reconcile this asserted permission and approbation with the resentment that his majesty is known to have subsequently expressed at Lord Stormont's thus actively joining the coalition. The privy seal was lastly given to the Earl of Carlisle.

By this new ministerial arrangement the cabinet, which under Lord North had consisted of nine individuals, and which, under the two succeeding administrations, was augmented to eleven, became reduced to seven persons. At first inspection there seemed, however, to be something like an equal distribution of power between the two leaders and parties who had recently coalesced, the Rockingham party reckoning four and their new allies counting three votes. But on closer examination the fallacy became palpable, and it was evident that Fox in reality possessed the whole authority of government. Not only he commanded a numerical majority, he likewise held the treasury under his complete influence. Nor was this the single circumstance that gave him a preponderating weight in every measure or deliberation. The energy and activity of his talents, when contrasted with the flexibility and indolence of Lord North, doubled his personal as well as political consequence. His three friends in the cabinet were, moreover, incapable, if they had even been desirous, of setting limits to his ambition, or of restraining his ascendency. To Fox the Duke of Portland might indeed be said to owe his elevation to the post of first lord of the treasury, an elevation to which his own very moderate abilities could not of themselves have conducted him. In like manner Lord Keppel stood indebted for both his place and his peerage principally to Fox. Lord John Cavendish, from his great hereditary connections and recognised integrity of character, might be esteemed, it is true, an honour and an ornament to any ministry; but though independent in mind and in fortune, yet he appeared to be not the less under Fox's intellectual dominion, who, on all occasions, propelled and guided him, in and out of parliament. Lord North, on the contrary, by no means possessed or exerted the same influence over his two cabinet adherents as Fox maintained among his coadjutors; Lord Stormont, in particular, might be considered as wholly independent of Lord North's control. Nor did the offices of president and of privy seal in themselves confer the same active rights of ministerial interference, as the treasury, the exchequer, and the admiralty, all which departments lay in Fox's partition of employments. These circumstances are not unessential when we speculate on the state of public affairs under the duumvirs, and may partly explain the causes from which arose some of the most affirmative measures subsequently adopted by the "coalition."

LORD TOWNSEND.

If Fox, however, took effectual care to secure the real power of the state in his own hands, he in return allowed Lord North to bestow many of the great ostensible situations about the court among his immediate friends. The Earl of Dartmouth, instead of privy seal, the cabinet office that he had formerly held, was made lord steward, while the Earl of Hartford appeared again in the drawing-room, reinvested with his white wand of lord chamberlain. Lord Townsend, restored to his ancient employment, replaced the Duke of Richmond at the head of the ordnance. He was a nobleman of very considerable ability, but of great eccentricity of manners and character, which seemed sometimes to approach to alienation of mind. Cheerful in his disposition, affable, convivial, facetious, and endowed with uncommon powers of conversation, he was formed to acquire popularity. He eminently possessed the dangerous talent of drawing caricatures, a faculty which he did not always restrain within the limits of severe prudence, though he no more spared himself than he did others. In Ireland, while administering the affairs of that kingdom during five years, he gave general satisfaction, and I remember Courtenay eulogising him in the house of commons as lord-lieutenant, in the language which Horace uses to Augustus:

> "Longas, ô utinam, dux bone, Ferias
> Præstes Hiberniæ; dicimus integro
> Sicci manè die, dicimus uvidi,
> Quum sol oceano subest."

Indeed, not one of the viceroys sent over to Dublin in the course of twelve years, between 1772 and 1784, could compete with Lord Townsend in the affection of the Irish. Lord Harcourt was too grave and measured in his manners, the Earl of Buckinghamshire had too cold, stiff and lofty a deportment, Lord Carlisle was too fine a gentleman and too highly bred, the Duke of Portland and Earl Temple, both either from disinclination or from physical inability, observed too rigorously the virtues of temperance and abstemiousness; virtues by no means congenial to the soil—lastly, Lord Northington was too infirm in his health to acquire general attachment in a country where no virtues, however eminent, could recommend to national approbation, unless accompanied by personal sacrifices of various kinds. The Duke of Rutland, whom Pitt sent over to the sister kingdom early in 1784, by the magnificence of his establishment, the conviviality of his temper, and the excesses of his table, in all which particulars he resembled his father, the Marquis of Granby, obliterated or superseded Lord Townsend in their regard; but he paid for the triumph with his life, falling a victim in the vigour of his age, within four years, to his irregularities.

THE OFFICES.

Mr. Charles Townsend, commonly called "Spanish Charles," from the circumstance of his having formerly acted as secretary to the English embassy at Madrid, and whom Pitt created, with nine other individuals, a peer in 1797, by the title of Lord Bayning, was made treasurer of the navy. Wallace became once more attorney general. Lord Sandwich, instead of presiding over the admiralty and directing that great department of state, dwindled into ranger of the two parks, but as some compensation for this official degradation, his son, Lord Hinchingbrook, a nobleman deservedly acceptable to his majesty as well as one of the most honest, loyal, frank, and friendly men in the kingdom, was made master of the buck hounds. If he fell much below his father in ability, application, and talents for public business, he possessed greater private virtues. Sir Grey Cooper, who had been one of the joint secretaries of the treasury, obtained a seat at the board. Not that Fox appeared by any means oblivious of his friends, a fault which never could be imputed to him. Burke went back with great alacrity to the pay-office, as did his brother, Richard Burke, to the joint secretaryship of the treasury. Mr. Frederick Montague resumed his place at that board, while the Earl of Surrey, whose recent services and prominent merit in parliament, where he never shrunk from any exertion however rough or personal, could not be passed over without remuneration, filled the remaining vacancy. Considerably more than two centuries had elapsed since the gallant and distinguished earl of that name, so well known under Henry the Eighth, the last who bore the title, had occupied a situation in the councils of the crown.

Colonel Fitzpatrick was made secretary at war, and though his talents always appeared to me to be of a description more elegant than solid, more adapted to entertain than fitted for the desk or for the cabinet, yet I have been assured even by those who were not partial to him among his own profession, that he gave great as well as general satisfaction while he held that employment. His person tall, manly, and extremely distinguished, set off by his manners, which though lofty and assuming, were, nevertheless, elegant and prepossessing—these endowments added grace to the attractions of his conversation. No man's society was more eagerly courted among the highest orders by persons of both sexes. He possessed no mean poetic talents, peculiarly for compositions of wit, fancy, and satire, in all of which he far exceeded Fox. They had been brought up together from early life, remained inseparable to the last, and were strongly attached to each other. Fitzpatrick, like his friend, was a constant votary of Brookes's club, and became during many years a victim to play; but he possessed one advantage over Fox, namely, the support arising from a profession. As a member of the house of commons he obtained no distinction for eloquence, though he never betrayed, when addressing parliament, any want of ideas, language, or ability. Under Charles the Second he would have been more in his element and in his place than under such a prince as George the Third, of whose court he must nevertheless always be considered to have formed a constellation and an ornament. In the "Memoires de Grammont" he would assuredly have filled a

very distinguished niche. I witnessed the painful spectacle of his surviving almost all the personal and intellectual graces which nature had conferred on him with so lavish a hand. During the last twelve or eighteen months of his life, it might be said of Fitzpatrick, as the King of Prussia observed of Prince Eugene in the trenches before Philipsburgh, in 1734, "*Ce n'étoit que l'ombre du grand Eugene.*" His mind and body, perhaps impaired by excesses of various kinds, had equally fallen into a state of premature decay.

Sheridan became the other secretary of the treasury, and Lee was replaced in his former situation of solicitor general. For the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland the Earl of Northington was selected by Fox. His person unwieldy, vacillating, and destitute of grace, seemed to disqualify him for any active exertions of body, nor were his faculties brilliant; but I have always heard that he gave great satisfaction, and was as much beloved as his infirmities permitted during the period of his short residence in that kingdom. The embassy to Paris Fox destined for the Duke of Manchester. His figure, which was noble, his manners affable and corresponding with his high rank, prepossessed in his favour, but his fortune bore no proportion to his dignity. Though a man of very dissipated habits, and unaccustomed to diplomatic business, he did not want talents. Such were the leading arrangements made by the "coalition," on their coming into power. The great seal, which no expostulations on the part of the king could induce them to leave in Thurlow's hands, and which Wedderburn wisely declined accepting under the circumstances of the time, was put into commission, Lord Loughborough being placed at its head. He constituted a valuable acquisition to the new ministry in the house of peers.

Lord North, it must be reluctantly confessed, however circumstances may justify his union with Fox on principles of policy, of personal safety, or of necessity, did not perform in this great drama the most dignified part. After having occupied the post of first minister at the head of both the treasury and the exchequer for twelve sessions, it seemed to ordinary observers no little degradation at more than fifty years of age to accept the secretaryship of state for the home department, and to take his seat as such on the treasury bench where he had so long presided, now squeezed between Fox and Burke. I own that I never contemplated him in that situation without reflections allied to pity. It is true that we have since seen and now actually behold an ex-first minister placed in the same department, after having presided at the helm during more than three years. But it would be invidious, and it is unnecessary, to draw any comparison between the two individuals. Neither their descent, the period of their respective administrations, nor even, according to my estimate, their abilities, can be considered as having any similarity, and still less any parity. Mr. Addington was, moreover, removed from the immediate scene of his fall, in 1804, and translated to the upper house of parliament, while Lord North remaining a commoner, with the insignia of the Garter across his breast, exhibited a spectacle of ministerial greatness in eclipse, like Wolsey, or like Clarendon, or like Bolingbroke. Even the compliments and the caresses of his late bitter opponents, now become his coadjutors, always appeared to me only to sink him in the estimation of the house. But he seemed himself to be wholly exempt from, or superior to, any painful emotions at the political change that he had undergone. The same cheerful complacency, ready wit, and unaffected good humour, always characterised him under every circumstance. Sometimes he even jested on his own descent from the highest situation to a subordinate place in government. The apartments constituting the secretary of state's office at the treasury being situate on the second floor, he experienced some fatigue in ascending so many steps, and I recollect his once complaining, when out of breath, of the length of the staircase. Frequently, from the effect of long habit, or from absence of mind, forgetting the change in his official situation, he went straight to the treasury chambers on the first floor. Such was the oblivious felicity and equality of his temper, that these accidents, which would have distressed more irritable men, never externally discomposed him. His eldest son, Colonel North, who had so actively exerted himself to effect the "coalition," was made one of the two under secretaries in his father's office.

April. It is unquestionable that there existed a desire, if not an intention, on the part of the new administration about this time, of calling up Lord North to the house of peers. But various reasons or impediments probably prevented its accomplishment. The king having expressly informed the ministers when they came into office, that he would not create any English peer at their recommendation or request, it was not likely that he would violate his resolution, in order to elevate Lord North to that dignity, against whom, as may be supposed, he felt highly offended, or rather indignant, for his union with Fox. Lord North himself, however well he supported appearances to the world, yet probably would not have disliked, after the recent events, to have quitted a scene such as the house of commons, where he made an inglorious figure, and where recollections very humiliating must continually intrude on his mind. Fox, on the other hand, could not possibly be averse to such a removal, as he wanted no coadjutor to aid him on the treasury bench, while Lord North's retreat would have left him sole minister, as well as manager of the lower house of parliament. But, for that very reason, Lord North ought to have felt himself in some measure compelled to remain a commoner. His party, already shaken and diminished, he well knew, would have soon crumbled away, when they no longer beheld nor could have had daily access to their leader. Neither would he have attracted the same consideration in the other house as he excited in his actual situation. Pressed between the amity of Fox, and the hostility of Pitt, with the loss of America about his neck, he saw himself obliged, after having so long performed the first figure, to become only the third personage in the state.

The public business of every kind, which had been nearly two months delayed by the extraordinary occurrences that we have contemplated, at length began in parliament. The new chancellor of the exchequer opened his financial administration with a loan, the terms of which, if not as beneficial or advantageous to the country as might have been wished, were nevertheless, he said, as good as could be procured under the circumstances of urgency and retardment, in which the culpable obstinacy of the late ministers had involved every department. Mr. Pitt, who had now taken his place on the opposition bench, and who from this time, notwithstanding his youth, was justly considered as the head of that party in the house of commons, opposed and censured the terms of Lord John Cavendish's loan, but without venturing to divide the house upon it, as the "coalition," he was aware, would have much outnumbered him. Nor did he prove more successful in an attempt which he soon afterwards renewed to effect a parliamentary reform, than he had been in the former session. He pronounced indeed a most eloquent address upon the subject, and was supported in his motion by Fox. Two proselytes likewise, Mr. Thomas Pitt and Mr. Dundas, having read each their political recantation, adopted his principles for rendering the representation more extended, as well as more pure and incorrupt. But the house remained deaf to all these arguments, though illustrated by examples, the latter of which did not even appear to have obtained, for those who exhibited them, the praise either of disinterestedness or of sincerity. Fox and Sheridan, while they sustained Pitt's proposition, yet treated with contempt and derision the pretended sacrifice of the borough of Old Sarum, which Mr. Thomas Pitt affected to offer up at the shrine of the British constitution, as a victim to its renovated purity. If we reflect on the close degree of consanguinity that existed between William and Thomas Pitt, who were cousins-german, a relationship strengthened by personal friendship—and if we likewise recollect that Thomas represented the elder branch of the family, we may perhaps incline to think that he relied on being speedily raised to the peerage for this mark of devotion, as effectively took place scarcely eight months afterwards. Dundas, who had a long and a keen political sight, having already determined on attaching his future political fortune to Pitt, probably thought a speculative political tenet undeserving of contention. But the recantation pronounced by both, rather tended to throw a ridicule on the proposition, than to recommend it to the house. Lord North made ample amends for his passive inactivity during the preceding session, when a similar discussion took place. He spoke with uncommon ability, wit, and force of argument, against all representative innovation. Powis, who rarely coincided with him on any point, joined him on this occasion. Mr. Pitt's resolutions were finally negatived by a far greater majority than in the preceding year; out of near four hundred and fifty members who voted, only one hundred and forty-nine having divided with him.

BURKE.

May. No man in office made a more conspicuous figure, or attracted more attention during the session under consideration, than Burke; but it was not by any means such as his friends and admirers could in all respects contemplate either with pride, with pleasure, or with approbation. It excited indeed great regret, that a person endowed with parts so eminent, and animated by philanthropy so extended, should nevertheless allow himself at times to be led into the most unjustifiable deviations from ordinary prudence and propriety of conduct. In the present instance he involved his party as well as himself in equal embarrassment by his intemperate precipitation. Two individuals, Powell and Bembridge, the one cashier, the other accountant, of the military pay-office, having been accused of malversation in the discharge of their functions, had been dismissed by Colonel Barré from their offices, while he was paymaster of the forces, under Lord Shelburne's administration. On Burke coming again into that employment, one of his first acts, without previously consulting Fox upon the subject, was to reinstate both those persons in their respective situations. Such a proceeding, relative to functionaries labouring under heavy charges, and about to become subjects of criminal prosecution in the court of king's bench, naturally formed an object of discussion in the house of commons, where it excited very pointed animadversion. Burke, petulant and irritable, defended with warmth the step that he had taken, though a measure in itself evidently contrary to the judgment of all parties. Fox, while he tacitly lamented and disapproved the act, yet as he never abandoned his friends in distress, endeavoured to justify its author. The interference was, nevertheless, peculiarly painful and delicate on his part; Powell, who had risen under his father, the late Lord Holland, being supposed to have connived at some of the appropriations of public money, committed by that nobleman while paymaster of the forces, or of which appropriations at least he stood loudly accused by popular prejudice. It was for the corrupt concealment of a sum exceding forty-eight thousand pounds in the accounts of Lord Holland, that Powell and Bembridge were now about to undergo a trial. No circumstance therefore could have been less agreeable to Fox, while standing in the conspicuous situation of secretary of state, than to be thus compelled, by Burke's imprudence in restoring them to their places, to come forward as the advocate and apologist of such a transaction.

The house of commons, however much they showed on every occasion a disposition to approve and to sanction the general measures of administration, manifested, nevertheless, strong disapprobation of Burke's conduct in this instance, by compelling him to accept the resignation of Bembridge. Powell, overcome either by the weight of his own reflections, or by his inability to sustain the public opinion of his culpability, after losing in a great measure the use of his faculties, put an end to his existence with a razor. Bembridge, endowed with a firmer mind or stronger nerves, was reserved for the infamy of a public trial and condemnation before Lord Mansfield. The prosecution, reluctantly but ably and fairly conducted by Lee, the solicitor-general, terminated in the complete exposure of the fraud imputed to Bembridge, for which the court sentenced him to a severe fine and imprisonment. Every exertion which the purity of our jurisprudence will allow was made to soften or to avert the severity of the stroke. Burke, who did not hesitate to appear in court, seated upon the bench during the proceedings, gave the strongest attestations to Bembridge's character for integrity. He was accompanied there by Lord North, who likewise condescended to join in a similar testimony to the good conduct and probity of the accused, during the time that he had himself formerly held the post of joint paymaster of the forces. But these efforts, which proved unavailing, only attracted censure towards the persons who thus attempted to screen from punishment a conspicuous delinquent, while the proofs exhibited of his guilt impressed the public mind with opinions highly unfavourable, not merely to Burke himself, at least in a prudential point of view, but to the ministry in which he filled so distinguished a place.

3d June. Scarcely had this affair ceased to occupy attention, when Burke plunged himself into a second embarrassment, hardly less painful to his friends. A bill for the regulation of the pay-office having been brought into the house of commons by himself, which gave rise to much discussion and difference of opinion in its passage through the committee, the contending parties agreed to fill up the blanks amicably after the house rose, round the speaker's chair. Burke being paymaster-general, of course took an active part, as did many other members, and the clauses were understood to have been settled in the way specified by mutual consent. But Mr. Estwick, member for Westbury, on a motion for the third reading of the bill, to the astonishment of the house rising up in his place, preferred a formal charge against Burke, accusing him of having gone into the engrossing room after the bill in question had been carried there, of expunging three clauses and altering a fourth, all which he remodeled to his own taste. Such an act, if it had been proved, might have led to very grave consequences, and must in any case have attracted public censure, or produced a reprimand from the chair. Fox immediately came forward with his characteristic manliness of mind to the aid of his friend, whose conduct was severely arraigned by Pitt. The house admitted the secretary's justification as satisfactory, and did not inflict any mark of its disapprobation on Burke, though the excuses offered, or reasons alleged, for his conduct, were by no means such as completely exculpated him in the opinions of impartial men. It appeared, however, by the testimony of Cornwall, the speaker, that Burke had not, as he was accused of doing, either expunged or altered any clause in the engrossing office. The speaker at least asserted, and the house lent credit to his assurance, that the misconception had arisen from the circumstance of his having put the question on the four clauses in so low a tone of voice that they all passed without notice. Pitt contended, that even though this extraordinary fact were true, yet the expunged clauses must be restored and debated anew by the house. As the proposition could not be refused, they were therefore brought up, and negatived without a division. The speaker's testimony, whether accurate or not, extricated Burke, and Fox manifested the generous ardour of his mind throughout the whole transaction, an ardour which always impelled him to cover the errors of those with whom he was connected in politics or friendship. But he did not the less in private condemn Burke's imprudence, and he was said to have warned the paymaster of the forces as he valued his office, not to involve his friends and the administration, of which he composed so conspicuous a member, in a third similar dilemma, during the remainder of the session.

GENERAL SIR JOHN IRWIN.

Among the persons of eminence who have "strutted their hour" under the reign of George the Third, and who about this time disappeared from the great public theatre, may be named General Sir John Irwin. His person, manners, and conversation, were all made for the drawing-room, where he seemed always to be in his native element. Though declining in life, yet his figure, tall, graceful, and dignified, set off by all the ornaments of dress, accompanied with a riband and a star, rendered him conspicuous in every company. He constantly reminded me of a marshal of France, such as they are described by St. Simon, under Louis the Fourteenth. His politeness, though somewhat formal, was nevertheless natural and captivating. Perhaps, at least so his enemies asserted, his military talents were not equally brilliant with his personal accomplishments; but he had not risen the more slowly, on that account, to the honours or to the eminences of his profession. Besides a regiment and a government conferred on him by the crown, he had held during several years the post of commander in chief in Ireland, with very ample appointments and advantages. But no income, however large, could suffice for his expenses, which, being never restrained within any reasonable limits, finally involved him in irretrievable difficulties. The fact will hardly obtain belief, that at one of the entertainments which he gave to the lord lieutenant, in the year 1781, at Dublin, he displayed on the table, as the principal piece in the dessert, a representation of the fortress of Gibraltar, invested by the Spanish forces, executed in confectionary. It exhibited a faithful view of that celebrated rock, so dear to the English nation, together with the works, batteries, and artillery of the besiegers, which threw sugar-plums against the walls. The expense of this ostentatious piece of magnificence did not fall short of fifteen hundred pounds, and so incredible must the circumstance appear, that if I had not received the assurance of it from Lord Sackville, I should not venture to report it in these memoirs.

The greatest intimacy subsisted between that nobleman and Sir John, who owed much of his advancement and success in life to the protection of Lionel, Duke of Dorset. Lord Sackville's disinterested friendship still continued to bring him into parliament, as his own colleague, for East Grinstead, after Irwin's return from Ireland, which took place on the dissolution of Lord North's administration, down to his final departure from England. Decorated with the order of the Bath, which then conferred much distinction, and of which he never failed to display the insignia whenever he went to the house, his personal appearance was imposing. Even of a morning, in his greatest undress, he wore a small star embroidered on his frock, without which he rarely appeared any where; and his traveling hussar cloaks bore the same brilliant badge of knighthood. No man better knew the value of external figure, aided by manner; and Philip Earl of Chesterfield, himself, had not more successfully studied the graces. It was impossible to possess finer manners, without any affectation, or more perfect good breeding. With such pretensions of person and of address, it cannot surprise that he attained to a great degree of favour at St. James's. The king considered and treated Irwin as a person whose conversation afforded him peculiar gratification. He often delighted to protract the discourse with a courtier whose powers of entertainment, however extensive, were always under the restraint of profound respect, and who never forgot the character of the prince whom he addressed even for a single moment. Irwin, though so fine a gentleman, loved all the indulgences of conviviality, in which gratifications he never restrained himself. The king, not unacquainted with these particulars, having said to him one day, at the drawing-room, when conversing on his common mode of life, "They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine"—"Those, sir, who have so reported of me to your majesty," answered he, bowing profoundly, "have done me great injustice; they should have said a bottle."

Sir John Irwin's first wife, a daughter of the celebrated physician Sir Edward Barry, who wrote with so much elegance and information on the "wines of the ancients," brought him no issue; but he afterwards contracted a more obscure matrimonial connection. On his return to England, his debts became so numerous, and his creditors so importunate, that though as a member of parliament his person still remained secure, he found it impossible to reside longer with comfort in this country. Quitting therefore privately his elegant house in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, he retired to the continent, and landing in France, he hired a chateau, in the province of Normandy, where his military rank secured for him every testimony of respect from the surrounding gentry. He nevertheless soon experienced such pecuniary difficulties, that as he could nourish no hope of ever revisiting his native country, he removed over the Alps into Italy. I believe he died at Padua, about the month of May, 1788, in great obscurity, though not in distress. The king, who sincerely regretted his departure from England, and who well knew the causes of it, often expressed his concern for Sir John Irwin's misfortunes, which he endeavoured to alleviate, by sending Sir John the sum of a thousand pounds, from his private purse, in two separate payments. I know this fact from the late Sir Charles Hotham, who was, I think, himself the channel through which his majesty transmitted the first donation of five hundred pounds.

THE BUDGET.

Lord John Cavendish, though he had negotiated and brought forward the loan necessary to be raised, soon after he entered on office, yet did not propose the taxes which were to pay the interest of it until many weeks later in the session. He at length laid them before the house of commons, where, on the whole, they appeared to meet with general approbation, and even attracted some encomiums. But Lord John, whose talents were not eminently adapted for the discussion of measures of finance, having stated his ways and means with tolerable precision, left the task of explaining and defending them principally to his associates in power. Fox and Lord North, who undertook it with great ability, repelled the comments made from the opposition side of the house, on the new taxes, while the chancellor of the exchequer, quitting his seat on the treasury bench, retired, during a considerable part of the debate, behind the speaker's chair; from which retreat he peeped out on either side, as individuals rose for the purpose of approving or of censuring his budget. Lord John's acknowledged purity of character, when joined to his many virtues, not to dwell on his high descent, rendered him universally respected; and the advantage which his party derived from those qualities in the public estimation was incalculable. The nation even silently seemed to demand some such guarantee, when the interests of the country were committed to a man of Fox's ruined fortune and dissipated habits of life. Mr. Pitt, it is true, who had been so recently placed at the head of the exchequer, scarcely possessed more property than his rival. But the people of England knew how to discriminate between their respective deficiency. Pitt, though no more distinguished by habits of economy than Fox, yet had not dissipated his small paternal fortune in any ostensible vices, while Fox, besides a landed estate and a lucrative office, both which he sold, had squandered an immense sum of ready money. Indeed, though Fox always appeared to me, whenever loans or budgets were discussed in parliament, to display a capacity for arithmetical calculation, and all the talents requisite for a minister of finance, scarcely if at all inferior to Mr. Pitt's ability in that line; yet I believe it never occurred to any man's mind to place Fox in the control of the treasury, or of the exchequer, at any period of his life. Almost as well might Henry the Fifth have placed Falstaff there. Fox himself seemed not to emulate a higher post than secretary of state, always interposing Lord John Cavendish in the guardianship of the public money. Nor could the British people confide their interests to more incorruptible integrity than distinguished the chancellor of the exchequer; but he could not sustain the slightest comparison with Pitt, nor even with Lord North, in the powers of his mind and understanding, or in his parliamentary talents and knowledge of business.

While the Rockingham party during many years had been excluded from office, they loudly declaimed against abuses of every description, particularly against the extravagant expenditure of the public money in various departments. Nor during the very short period that the treasury was under their control, which did not exceed three months, can it be denied that they endeavoured to manifest the sincerity of their engagements. Burke, who stood forward in the invidious character of a reformer, acquired no inconsiderable merit with the country at large, by his exertions to reduce exorbitant demands, or to abolish obsolete and overgrown establishments of every kind. But with Lord Rockingham's life these efforts wholly ceased. From the period of their union with Lord North, when they began confidently to count on a quiet possession of power and emolument, at least for a few years, in consequence of their strength in both houses of parliament, they seemed to have greatly relaxed in the severity of their political principles. Above all, they manifested a decided aversion to any reforms which did not originate with themselves, and which were not subjected to their own ministerial control. A striking exemplification of this fact presented itself before the end of the session.

Mr. Pitt, who watched all their conduct, and canvassed all their measures, with jealous as well as unremitting attention, having brought forward a bill, in order to establish regulations in the fees, perquisites, and other emoluments received in most of the public offices, instead of finding any support from the other side of the house, as might naturally have been expected, met with the warmest opposition in that quarter. Lord John Cavendish, possessed indeed too much ingenuousness of character altogether to dispute the utility of the objects proposed, and therefore contented himself with partially and indirectly resisting the plan—while Fox and Burke loaded the bill, its author, and the administration of which he had lately composed a part, with the severest epithets or imputations. Some of the comparisons and allusions made by Burke in particular, reflecting contemptuously on Pitt as a projector and a reformer,

appeared, when falling from his lips, to affect his audience with no little surprise, he having so recently himself laid claim to general approbation in the same character. As it might nevertheless have seemed too indecorous not to permit the bill to pass the house of commons, ministers allowed it to go up to the peers; but there the whole force of government drew out in array against the measure. Even the Duke of Portland, who seldom exhibited any specimens of eloquence, stigmatised it as "more a disease than a remedy;" while Lord Fitzwilliam decried it as being both trifling and vexatious in its nature. Thus attacked, the measure was finally negatived. Such a repugnance, demonstrated to the very objects of retrenchment, which they had themselves affected to introduce only a few months before with so much zeal, even into the palace, and at the table of the sovereign, evidently because they were now proposed from a hostile source, did not fail to make an adequate impression on the public mind. It operated to the disadvantage of the ministry in every quarter of the kingdom; and, by unmasking them in some measure, it silently prepared the way for those astonishing events in the interior of the government which took place before the conclusion of the year.

Some of the abuses which Pitt had attempted to point out and expose in the progress of the bill which he introduced into the house of commons, were indeed of a description so singular as to excite not only astonishment, but even to produce a degree of ridicule. They served to show what extensive depredations had been committed upon the public in many or in all the principal offices, previous to the period of Lord North's resignation. That nobleman formed the mark at which Pitt leveled his severest censures; nor could the house altogether refrain from laughter at one of the charges, specifying a sum of three hundred and forty pounds, paid to the secretary of the treasury for the article of *whipcord*. The annual expense of the first minister for his individual *stationery* did not fall short, as it appeared, of thirteen hundred pounds. Lord North, when called on, made nevertheless not only a plausible but a very satisfactory defence to most of the alleged items. Relative to the consumption of whipcord, which had excited a great deal of mirth, having professed at the same time his total ignorance, Robinson undertook to give some sort of explanation, which, however ingenious or even well founded it might be, yet diverted more than satisfied his hearers.

It is certain that, during the period antecedent to 1782, the abuses practised in many great official departments, which exceeded all reasonable limits, loudly demanded parliamentary regulation. I have myself had occasion to hear, if not see, specimens and instances of depredation, (for they well merited the name,) which will hardly obtain belief in the present day. I know, with some degree of intimacy, a lord of trade, who, possessing a borough and a very large fortune, was himself a member of the house of commons in successive parliaments. On his being sworn in at the board of trade, he issued an order to provide a great number of pewter inkstands for his own use, which he afterwards commuted into one composed of silver. I have seen him at the levee, dressed in a suit of green velvet, fabricated, as fame reported, out of the materials ordered in his public character, for the ostensible purpose of making bags to contain office papers. His friends and correspondents could recognise the stationery, of which he had made an ample provision, more than ten years after the board of trade itself, abolished by Burke's bill, had ceased to have any existence. Even since 1782, similar facts are said to have taken place. This gentleman, or rather his wife, formed one on the list of British peerages intended to have been either revived or created by Lord North and Fox—the number of which, as I recollect, amounted to thirty-two or thirty-three, if the "coalition" had forced their way a second time into the cabinet in the beginning of 1784, as they confidently expected.

Nor were these the only official and ministerial appropriations of the public money to private purposes that distinguished the times under our review. From the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole down to the conclusion of Lord North's government, few places of considerable emolument in any department were given wholly unfettered to the nominal occupant. Even under Lord Rockingham's first administration, in 1765, we find Wilkes quartered on the whole of the treasury and admiralty boards, to the annual amount of £1040 a year—the marquis paying him £500, the inferior lords of the treasury £60 each, and the members of the board of trade each £40. This curious fact is stated in Horne's letter to "Junius," of the 31st July, 1771. It was not attempted to be denied. When the Duke of Grafton, in June of the same year, 1771, accepted the office of privy seal, which had been previously destined for Lord Weymouth, "Junius" more than insinuates that the last mentioned nobleman was quartered by the duke upon Rigby, who, from 1768 to 1782, nominally occupied the sole paymastership of the forces. I knew a lady of quality, who, having been daughter to a person high in office, was commonly said to have *rode* sixteen persons at one time, to whom her father had given places under that express condition or reservation. I believe she outlived them all. Governments, military appointments, offices in the excise and customs, in a word, places of every description, at home and abroad, were frequently loaded with *riders*. These practices were disdained by Mr. Pitt, when he became first minister—but he was necessitated in many cases to commit a greater inroad on the constitution, by distributing honours and dignities as a substitute for emoluments.

July. The fruitless attempt made by Pitt to regulate the abuses of fees in the public offices did not constitute the only unsuccessful parliamentary effort undertaken by him during the session. A short time before its close, Lord John Cavendish having, as it would appear somewhat incautiously or inadvertently, laid on the table a list of public accountants from whom balances of money, exceeding in the whole forty-four millions, were due to government—Pitt endeavoured to induce the house to vote an address to the crown, requesting his majesty to take measures for compelling the persons named to account for the sums so remaining in their hands, and for preventing a future recurrence of the same abuse. He seemed authorised to assume that such a motion would be too analogous to the avowed disposition and professions of the Rockingham party to experience from them any resistance. All the ability, eloquence, wit, and ingenuity of the ministerial benches, were nevertheless called out, in order to invalidate the authenticity of the very document laid by the chancellor of the exchequer on the table, which his colleagues now declared to be destitute of proper authority, and consequently an unsafe as well as inefficient basis on which to found the proposed address to the throne. This treatment of Lord John, in his official capacity, as minister of finance, by his own friends, in the face of the house of commons, did not appear at first sight either the most respectful to him, or even the most decorous to themselves. Sheridan, with consummate address, contrived however to render it in some measure palatable, by a delicate mixture of compliment to his integrity, and of censure on his prudence—while Lord North and Fox played their whole artillery upon Pitt. The two secretaries of state seemed on that day to act in perfect concert, and to be cordially united. Having thus extracted almost every clause from the address which rendered it efficient or useful, they allowed it, when mutilated and harmless, to pass the house.

PARLIAMENT.

16*th July*. The session, protracted to the middle of July, now drew towards a termination. During the space of about three months, that parliament remained sitting after the formation of the new ministry, both houses, in particular the commons, had manifested the utmost disposition to give them every support. The opposition, though conducted by Pitt and Dundas, while it was tacitly, as well as powerfully, sustained by Jenkinson, yet rarely ventured on a division, which only exposed the paucity and inferiority of their numbers. Lord North, however obscured he might be by the superior energy of Fox, still remained the nominal leader of a very numerous body, who looked to him for protection against the violent numbers of the Rockingham party. But his colleague, without the title, was already become the real first minister—as the great Earl of Chatham had been formerly, under the late and present reign, when only secretary of state, or when holding the privy seal. The strength of Fox's character, the activity of his mind, the warmth of his friendship, and the splendour of his talents—this combination of endowments naturally attracting adherents, enabled him to absorb the whole power of government. Burke, ardent, indefatigable, and never losing sight of his object, impatiently looked forward to the great task of reforming and remodeling India. The advanced season of the year at which the administration came into power, and that circumstance only, had induced him, as well as his colleagues, to allow the present session to elapse without immediately availing themselves of the patronage, and multiplied sources of advantage, which the Indian empire offered to their avidity. It presented a rich harvest, which they devoured by anticipation, and the enjoyment of which they reluctantly postponed even for a few months. But the magnitude, importance, and complicated nature of the political machine by which India was governed, demanded mature deliberation before they ventured to reconstruct it, as they meditated, entirely on new principles. It was therefore finally determined in the cabinet to call parliament together early in the approaching autumn for the purpose—and the king was expressly made to declare the intention in his speech pronounced from the throne on the prorogation. Sheridan, by a wonderful combination of almost all the talents which can meet in man, under the control of unalterable equality of temper, began already to compete with Burke in parliamentary estimation, and frequently obtained a more ready or patient hearing from the house. Every day, while it confirmed the ascendant which he had there acquired, placed him higher among the most distinguished supports of administration.

FOX—PITT.

If the coalition looked round at home, they beheld at this period a docile parliament, originally called together by Lord North, and of which assembly he still retained in his hands many of the secret springs or keys, in both houses. Abroad, every thing announced the continuance of peace. America was indeed lost; but the emancipated colonies had ceased to be hostile to Great Britain. France, exhausted even by her late advantages beyond the Atlantic, weak in her government, and altogether convulsed or deranged in her finances, already nourished in her vitals the seeds of that fatal revolution, which has since overturned order, religion, morals, and the ancient fabric of Europe. Joseph the Second, emperor of Germany, suppressing monasteries and religious establishments with one hand—with the other, in direct violation of all subsisting treaties, rashly and wantonly demolishing to their foundations, the works of the garrison cities of the Austrian Netherlands. I witnessed myself, during the course of that summer, the expulsion of the last remains of the Dutch troops maintained in the barrier towns, and the destruction or demolition of the fortifications themselves. Except Luxembourg, placed at one extremity, and the citadel of Antwerp, situated at the other termination—it was obvious that scarcely any obstacle remained to exclude France from overrunning the Low Countries at her pleasure. If these reflections appeared however to cause no uneasiness to ministers, yet a domestic source of just anxiety, which they could not surmount, presented itself in the fixed and unconquerable alienation of the king. In vain did they endeavour to insinuate themselves into his personal favour. He received with formality and coldness all their advances, allowed them to dictate measures, gave them audiences, signed papers, and complied with their advice—but he neither admitted them to his confidence, nor ceased to consider them as objects of his individual aversion. The consciousness of this sentiment existing in the royal bosom, which sunk deep into Fox's mind, naturally impelled him to substitute other foundations, on which to construct and to perpetuate his ministerial greatness.

No man who has enjoyed the opportunities of studying Fox's character, or of being informed respecting his political line of action, to which I have had access, can however doubt that he would have preferred gentleness before force, and conciliation in preference to harsher methods of confirming his power, if the means of accomplishing it had been open to him. He well knew how difficult it was to retain office in defiance of the sovereign, and he could not be ignorant that by his junction with Lord North, though he had stormed the cabinet, he had lost his popularity. All his original principles were monarchical, and even his ambition partook of the pliability of his nature. His very necessities rendered him ductile, and loudly called on him to bestow some attention on his private fortune. In fact we may question

whether a more complying minister, or one more disposed to have gratified his master in every legitimate object of royal desire, could have been found among his majesty's subjects. Mr. Pitt manifested by no means the same acquiescence or the same suavity and ready submission, on a variety of occasions, when afterwards in office. He was, on the contrary, often intractable and pertinacious, as I know, even upon points painfully interesting to the king. But if George the Third did not regard him with affection, he at least considered him with esteem, and, unfortunately for Fox, it was not easy to acquire the favour of the sovereign except through the channel of his moral approbation. "*Hoc fonte derivata clades.*" It was in vain that the secretary watched for a moment of weakness, of which he would no doubt have profited, to insinuate himself into the royal confidence. There was no mistress to facilitate his approaches, to soften asperities, and to form the medium of reconciliation. Under George the First the Duchess of Kendal or the Countess of Darlington would have performed that office for him, though not gratuitously, as Mrs. Howard or Madame de Walmoden would equally have done with George the Second.

Nor can we reasonably question, on the other hand, that his majesty justly appreciated the secretary's character, and was well aware that he would not prove more intractable or rigid while in office than other men. But he did not choose to avail himself of such assistance. I know that, some three or four years after the time of which I now speak, the king finding himself alone with the Duke of Queensbury, who had been one of the lords of his bedchamber ever since his accession to the crown, and with whom he was accustomed to converse unreservedly on many subjects, the discourse turned on the coalition ministry. "Sir," said the duke, "your majesty might safely have allowed Mr. Fox to remain in office, and you would have found in him every disposition to comply with your wishes. I can assert as an undoubted fact that there was scarcely any proof of his personal devotion, or any sacrifice that he would not have made, to acquire your favour." "He never said as much to me," answered the king. "No, sir," replied the duke, "assuredly he did not, because your majesty never gave him any encouragement to venture on taking such a step." George the Third, during the eight or nine months of his captivity, only looked to emancipation, and never attempted to gain or to conciliate his ministerial jailers.

Meanwhile, emerging, as the duties of his high office compelled him, from the dissipation and society of Brookes's, Fox, during this brilliant but transitory portion of his life, fulfilled with universal approbation, I might even say admiration, all the essential no less than the ostensible functions of secretary of state. At his house in Grafton street, where he resided, he received and entertained the foreign ministers then resident in London from the various European courts with distinguished eclat. They who were never weary of his conversation, respected his talents while they admired the immense variety of his information on all diplomatic points. Delighted at the facility with which he wrote or conversed in French, an accomplishment not so general at that time as it is now become, they were not less gratified by the liberal hospitality of his table, added to the noble amenity and frankness of his manners. Nor can it be sufficiently regretted that a man so much formed to have done honour and to have rendered essential service to his country as Fox, should, by the errors or imprudences of his conduct, have rendered himself obnoxious to his sovereign, and thus have excluded himself from office. We cannot reflect without concern that in the course of a life prolonged to its fifty-eighth year, Fox sat only about nineteen months in the cabinet taken altogether, while Pitt, who terminated his comparatively short career at forty-seven, passed almost his whole life, after he attained to manhood, in the first employments, or rather in the highest situation of state, that of prime minister. However we may dispute as to the superiority of *talents* in these two extraordinary and illustrious men, posterity will be at no loss to decide respecting the superiority of their *judgment*.

August. Pitt, availing himself of this interval of political leisure afforded him by the triumph of the "coalition," and the recess of parliament, endeavoured to catch a hasty glimpse of the continent, which he had scarcely ever before visited. As if he foresaw that no other occasion would ever again present itself for the gratification of his curiosity, he crossed over to Calais, and directed his course in the first instance to the Low Countries. Mr. George Rose, who had been one of the two secretaries of the treasury when Pitt filled the post of chancellor of the exchequer, and who has since deservedly risen by his distinguished financial talents or services to much higher official situations, accompanied him. I met them by accident at Antwerp. Pitt proceeding afterwards to Paris, was presented by our ambassador, the Duke of Manchester, to Louis the Sixteenth at Fontainbleau, where the French court always passed a considerable portion of the autumn. His name and the fame of his distinguished abilities, which had preceded his appearance, disposed all to admire him; but the king, in compliance with the studied etiquette that interdicted him from speaking to foreigners who were presented at court, when added to his natural shyness, did not, I believe, exchange one word with Pitt. The queen, whose superior energy of mind emancipated her from such restraints, treated him with the utmost distinction. Marie Antoinette entered into conversation with him as far as his cold manner, increased by an imperfect knowledge of the French language, would permit her to engage him in discourse. "*Monsieur,*" said she to him, on his retiring, with a manner even more expressive than the words, "*Je suis charmée de vous voir, et de vous avoir vue.*" Pitt took care to return to London from his short excursion in time to attend the meeting of parliament.

THE KING.

While the two leaders of ministry and of opposition were thus respectively occupied, the one in his official duties at home, and the other on the continent, the king became a prey to habitual dejection. Throughout all the troubles of his reign, when Wilkes and when "Junius" excited disaffection among his subjects, as well as during the most distressful periods of the American war, or when the capital exhibited scenes of outrage and of popular violence, he had maintained a serene countenance, and manifested an unshaken firmness. But his fortitude sunk under the bondage to which "the coalition" had subjected him. His natural equality of temper, suavity of manners, and cheerfulness of deportment, forsaking him in a great measure, he became silent, thoughtful, taciturn, and uncommunicative. Sometimes when he resided at Windsor, mounting his horse, accompanied by an equerry and a single footman, after riding ten or twelve miles scarcely opening his lips, he would dismount in order to inspect his hounds or to view his farming improvements, then getting on horseback again he returned back to the queen's lodge in the same pensive or disconsolate manner. From time to time he admitted Mr. Jenkinson and Lord Thurlow, both of whom were privy-councillors, to pay their respects to him. He even repeated to the latter of those distinguished persons his wish, already expressed, of going over to his electoral dominions for a few months, and abandoning to the ministers the power of which they had got possession. But Lord Thurlow, after again dissuading him from having recourse to any strong or violent expedients for procuring present emancipation, exhorted him to wait for a favourable occasion, which Fox's impetuosity or imprudence would probably furnish, to liberate himself from the yoke of the *coalition*. Time soon presented the propitious moment for putting this advice into execution.

DAVID HARTLEY.

September. His majesty remaining inflexible in his resolution not to create any *British* peers on the ministerial recommendation, they contented themselves with tendering him a list of eight or nine *Irish* peerages. However reluctantly, he yet consented to exercise this act of the prerogative. Nearly about the same time the definite treaties of peace were concluded with France and Spain, while David Hartley, who had been sent to Paris for the purpose, signed another treaty with America. Hartley, who was member for Hull, though destitute of any personal recommendations of manner, possessed some talent, with unsullied probity, added to indefatigable perseverance and labour. His sight, which was very defective, compelled him always to wear spectacles. The Rockingham party had not among them a more zealous adherent, but in parliament the intolerable length, when increased by the dulness, of his speeches rendered him an absolute nuisance even to his own friends. His rising always operated like a dinner bell. One day that he had thus wearied out the patience of his audience, having nearly cleared a very full house, which was reduced from three hundred to about eighty persons half asleep, just at a time when he was expected to close he unexpectedly moved that the riot act should be read, as a document necessary to elucidate or to prove some of his foregoing assertions. Burke, who sat close by him, and who, wishing to speak to the question under discussion, had been bursting with impatience for more than an hour and a half, finding himself so cruelly disappointed, bounced up exclaiming, "The riot act! my dear friend, the riot act! to what purpose! don't you see that the mob is already completely dispersed?" The sarcastic wit of this remark, in the state of the house, which presented to the view only empty benches, when increased by the manner and tone of despair in which Burke uttered it, convulsed every person present except Hartley, who never changed countenance, and insisted on the riot act being read by one of the clerks.

I have heard the late Earl of Liverpool, then Mr. Jenkinson, say, that Hartley having risen to speak about five o'clock, during the session of the year 1779, in the month of June, or July; and it being generally understood that he would undoubtedly continue a long time on his legs, as he was to conclude with making a motion, Mr. Jenkinson profited of the occasion to breathe some country air. He walked, therefore, from the house to his residence in Parliament street; from whence, mounting his horse, he rode out to a place that he rented, some miles from town. There he dined, strolled about, and in the evening returned slowly to London. As it was then near nine o'clock, before he went down a second time to the house of commons, he despatched a servant to Mrs. Bennet, the housekeeper, requesting to be informed of the names of the principal persons who had spoken in the course of the debate, and likewise to know about what hour a division might probably be expected to take place. The footman brought back for answer, that Mr. Hartley continued still speaking, but was expected to close soon: and that no other person had yet risen except himself. In fact, when Mr. Jenkinson entered the house soon afterwards, Hartley remained exactly in the same place and attitude as he was near five hours before, regardless of the general impatience or of the profound repose into which the majority of his hearers were sunk. However incredible this anecdote appears, I have related it without exaggeration

INDIA.

October. Autumn produced universal tranquillity; a peace with Holland, following the treaties made with France, Spain, and America. In India, hostilities had been long terminated with the Mahrattas; and the death of Hyder Ali, the most formidable enemy with whom we had to contend in the East, which took place in December, 1782, enabled us to continue the contest with France, in that quarter of the world, till the arrival at Madras of the intelligence of a general pacification in Europe. I availed myself of a fortunate circumstance to convey the first information of this event to India, and thereby stopped the further effusion of blood. Lord Walsingham, who honoured me with his friendship, having in his possession two "extraordinary gazettes," issued on the 23d of January, 1783, gave me one of them, which gazette I forwarded on the 25th of that month by the common post, overland, through Vienna, Constantinople, Aleppo, and Bussora, to a friend at Madras. It contained the preliminaries of peace just signed at Paris, between Great Britain, France, and Spain. The king's ministers, as well as the East India Company, were equally bound by every principle of humanity and policy to have anticipated that gazette. But Lord Sydney, then secretary of state for the department, having delayed, on account of the unsettled nature of the administration, which continued during many weeks in a species of suspension, after Lord Shelburne's resignation, to despatch the "Crocodile" frigate with the intelligence, and the court of directors remaining from the same cause equally negligent or torpid, my letter reached Madras about the middle of the following month of June. Full six weeks elapsed subsequent to that time, before any official information, either from the

court of Versailles, from the British government, or from the East India house, arrived on the coast of Coromandel. Our position, at the moment when my account was received in that quarter of the globe, might be esteemed most critical, as we had formed the siege of Cuddalore, and were under hourly apprehension of a sally being made on the part of the enemy, whose force within the walls far exceeded the number of our own troops stationed in the trenches before the place. Under these circumstances, Lord Macartney, then governor of Madras, having despatched his secretary, Sir George Staunton, to Cuddalore, with the gazette which my friend had laid before him; Bussy, who commanded the French forces, recognised its authenticity, and consented to publish an immediate cessation of arms. When the account of so extraordinary a fact was received in London from Madras, early in 1784, together with the recognition of its beneficial results to the East India Company, a member of the court of directors, who then enjoyed great consideration in Leadenhall street, impressed with a sense of the public benefits that had accrued from it, evinced a desire of procuring for me, as its author, some honorary mark of the company's satisfaction or gratitude. But, on his mentioning the subject to the chairman and deputy chairman, they observed, that to thank me for sending out intelligence of the conclusion of peace, must seem to imply a tacit condemnation of their own delay in so long withholding, or rather in neglecting to forward, the information. The business remained therefore in oblivion, but I do not the less reflect upon it as one of the most gratifying acts of my whole life.

HYDER ALI.

Hyder Ali, who had raised himself, like Bonaparte, from the rank of a military officer in the service of his native prince, the rajah or sovereign of Mysore, to the possession of supreme power in that country, was beyond all competition the greatest man whom India had beheld since the entry of Nadir Shah into Delhi, or perhaps since the death of Aurung Zebe. It was twice the lot of Hyder to overrun the Carnatic, and to penetrate to the gates of Madras. His first irruption, which took place in 1769, may even be said to have dictated the treaty of peace, concluded under the very walls of the city. Governor du Pré, who then presided over the East India Company's affairs on the coast of Coromandel, held more than one interview with Hyder, while the negotiations were pending, in order to adjust, or to accelerate, the conditions. Insensibly, during these personal conferences, as their mutual distrust and distance wore off, the nabob put many questions to Du Pré, indicating equally the enlargement of his mind, and displaying the easy familiarity of his manners. One of the circumstances which most excited the English governor's astonishment, was to see that Hyder had no eyebrows, nor indeed a single hair left on any part of his face. A man constantly attended near him, whose sole function and employment consisted in pulling out, with a pair of nippers, the first hair that made its appearance on the sultan's countenance. Hyder, perceiving the surprise which this fact occasioned in Du Pré, said to him, "I observe that you wonder at my having no eyebrows, as well as at my attention to cause every hair that appears on my face to be immediately eradicated. The reason I will explain to you. I am the Nabob of Mysore, and it is an object of policy with me, that my subjects should see no face in my dominions resembling the countenance of their sovereign." Du Pré assured Sir John Macpherson, to whom he related this anecdote, that he believed Hyder's practice proved him to possess a consummate knowledge of human nature, especially of his own subjects. "For," added he, "the impression which the nabob's physiognomy made upon myself was not a little increased by its singularity." From the universal testimony of all those Europeans who had opportunities of knowing this extraordinary prince, it is unquestionable that his manners, voice, and deportment, were the most soft and ingratiating to be imagined, whenever he wished to please, or affected to be gracious and benign; but he was terrible, and often ferocious in his anger, like the Caliph Haroun-Alraschid, or like Peter the First of Russia. He died of abscesses, or cancers, in his loins; probably the consequences of debauchery, which carried him off before he attained to old age. After a war which, from its commencement at Lexington, in 1775, had lasted near eight years, the world began to enjoy repose; but the efforts made by the coalition to consolidate their political power, soon produced at home the most violent convulsions, which terminated in their total downfal.

DUNNING AND WALLACE.

Two great legal characters finished their course nearly together, in the autumn of 1783. Dunning in August, and Wallace in November. Both were eminent in their profession; but all the intellectual superiority lay on the side of the former. Yet fortune had a greater share than merit or talents, in elevating the one to the peerage, while the other failed of attaining to that eminence. If Lord North's administration had continued two or three years longer, and consequently if Lord Shelburne had been excluded from office, their destiny might probably have been reversed. I have been assured that, a short time before Lord Ashburton's decease, these two distinguished lawyers, finding themselves by accident in the same inn at Bagshot, the one on his way down into Devonshire, and the other returning from thence to London; both of them, conscious that their recovery from the disorders under which they laboured was desperate, expressed a strong mutual wish to enjoy a last interview with each other. For that purpose, they were carried into the same apartment, laid down on two sofas nearly opposite, and remained together for a long time in conversation. They then parted, as men who could not hope to meet again in this world. By Wallace's decease Lee became attorney-general, and Mansfield was replaced in his former situation of solicitor-general, which he had filled under Lord North's administration.

LORD SACKVILLE.

I passed a considerable part of the autumn with Lord Sackville, at Drayton, in Northamptonshire. Though in his sixty-eighth year, he possessed activity of body, cheerfulness of temper, and the perfect possession of all his faculties. Drayton had formerly belonged to the Mordaunts, earls of Peterborough, from whom it passed into the possession of Henry, Duke of Norfolk, by his marriage with Lady Mary Mordaunt, under the reign of William the Third. He did not however long retain it, having been divorced from the duchess, on account of a criminal connection which she carried on with Sir John Germain; and as the duke had no issue by her, Drayton reverted to the lady. The room which had been occupied by Sir John Germain, when a visiter there in the Duke of Norfolk's time, communicated by a spacious dark closet with a large apartment, then the duchess's bedchamber. This closet was divided by a wooden partition, of about six feet high, which did not however reach half way to the ceiling. Sir John having, through the closet in question, gained access to the duchess's bed, was one day nearly surprised by the duke, who, coming unexpectedly to the door, which he found shut and fastened, demanded admittance. The lover, thus interrupted, had only time to jump out of bed in his shirt, to reach the closet, and to mount astride on the boarded partition, where he sat under the greatest alarm, not daring to descend on the other side, because the noise would have disclosed the place of his retreat. As if to increase his apprehensions, the duchess's lap-dog, which lay near her bedside, alarmed at the accident, followed him to the door of the closet, barking violently all the time. The duke, nevertheless, did not discover him, nor even suspect his wife's infidelity; and he reached his own room in safety, after passing some minutes in a most perilous as well as awkward situation.

Lord Sackville having, as is well known, assumed the name of Germain, and having inherited the estate of Drayton, it was natural that I should enquire how he came to be called to that succession. He has frequently related to me the particulars, which I shall recount in his own words.

"Sir John Germain's extraction," said he, "which was uncertain, and variously reported, has given rise to much discussion. His reputed father bore arms, as a private soldier, in the life guards of William the Second, Prince of Orange; but his mother, who possessed great personal charms, fame asserted to have been that prince's mistress, and her son was believed to stand in a very close degree of consanguinity to King William the Third. Other circumstances tend to confirm this opinion. Sir John Germain inherited no paternal coat of arms; but he assumed, or rather used as his seal and armorial bearing, a red cross, meaning thereby probably to imply that his pretensions ascended higher than his ostensible birth. Even when, by the provisions of his widow, Lady Betty Germain's will, I inherited Drayton on the condition of assuming the name of Germain, no mention was made of the arms, as is customary in almost all similar cases. King William, with whom Sir John came over here from Holland, in 1688, unquestionably regarded him with distinguishing affection, and advanced him in life. He became a member of parliament, received the honour of knighthood; and various pecuniary grants or donations to a considerable amount were conferred on him by that prince.

"Sir John Germain, who possessed a very handsome person, was always a distinguished favourite of the other sex. His connection with the Duchess of Norfolk finally procured him this place and estate, she having married him, after obtaining a divorce from her first husband. They lived together several years; but no children being left alive, and the title of Earl of Peterborough having reverted to a collateral branch of the Mordaunt family, she bequeathed to him by her will, in the year 1705, the house and property of Drayton, which lay entirely in her own disposal. Sir John, who, though he was naturalised, and become by long residence in this country in a great degree an Englishman, retained nevertheless many of the habits and particularities of a native of Holland, attached himself much to my mother. She being the daughter of Marshal Colyear, brother to the first Earl of Portmore, who had entered early into the Dutch service, and who was an old friend of Sir John Germain, he always called her his countrywoman, visited frequently at my father's house, and was kindly received by the Duke and Duchess of Dorset. Finding himself in possession of a considerable landed property, after the death of his wife, and desirous of transmitting it to his own descendants, but being destitute of any natural connections, he meditated to engraft himself on some distinguished family of this kingdom. For the express purpose, while resident at Bristol Wells, on account of his health, he cast his eyes upon Lady Betty Berkeley, a daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, whose birth, character, and accomplishments, rendered her every way worthy of his choice. She was indeed many years younger than Sir John, but as she possessed a superior understanding, added to the most correct deportment, she acquired great influence over him. Having been herself previously intimate with the Duchess of Dorset, the friendship between the two families became cemented by the alliance. Sir John Germain had several children by her, who all died young; and in the evening of his life, becoming a martyr to the gout, as well as to other diseases, Lady Betty assiduously performed every duty of an affectionate wife, and of a careful nurse about his person.

"A short time before his decease, which happened in the year 1718, having called her to his bedside, 'Lady Betty,' said he, 'I have made you a very indifferent husband, and particularly of late years, when infirmities have rendered me a burden to myself; but I shall not be much longer troublesome to you. I advise you never again to marry an old man; but I strenuously exhort you to marry when I am gone, and I will endeavour to put it in your power. You have fulfilled every obligation towards me in an exemplary manner, and I wish to demonstrate my sense of your merits. I have, therefore, by my will bequeathed you this estate, which I received from my first wife, and which, as she gave to me, so I leave to you. I hope you will marry, and have children to inherit it. But if events should determine otherwise, or if you should not have issue that survive you, it would give me pleasure to think that Drayton descended after your decease to a younger son of my friend, the Duchess of Dorset.' In consequence of this *wish*, expressed by Sir John Germain on his deathbed, I now enjoy the estate. Lady Betty, though young when left a widow, and though she survived him above fifty years, never married a second time. Her friendship for my mother always continued without diminution; and her respect for the desire manifested by her husband, induced her to fulfil his wishes, to the exclusion of any of her own relations."

While writing on this subject, I shall endeavour to throw into one point some of the numerous particulars

relative to his own family, which in the course of conversation I heard from Lord Sackville. They all may be said to hold, more or less, to English history. In order to give them more verity and accuracy, I shall, as nearly as I am able, present them in his own words.

"The Sackvilles," said he, "who came into England with the conqueror, and who derived their name from a small village of Low Normandy, have never branched in the lapse of more than seven hundred years. During the two last centuries, the family has produced three distinguished men, of whom the first was the Lord Treasurer Buckhurst, whom our great Elizabeth thought worthy to succeed Lord Burleigh in that high office, and whom James the First created Earl of Dorset. It would have been fortunate for the Scotish king, if he had presided longer in the councils of the crown; but he soon followed his royal mistress, and made way, after a short interval, for those favourites, Carr and Villiers, who covered James with disgrace. His grandson, Edward, Earl of Dorset, the friend and cotemporary of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, but better known by his duel with Lord Bruce, performed an eminent part under Charles the First. He accompanied that prince during the civil wars, and fought in most of the actions, from Edge Hill down to Naseby. But, like the virtuous Lord Falkland, he regretted and lamented the very advantages to which he contributed by his sword. Many of his letters, written between 1643 and 1646, which are preserved among the Dorset papers, descriptive of the scenes of havoc then acting in every part of the kingdom, convey a high idea of his principles. His days were embittered and abbreviated by his royal master's tragical end, which he only survived about three years.

"My grandfather, Charles, commonly called the witty Earl of Dorset, died about ten years before I was born, after having survived in a great degree his faculties. He was during his whole life the patron of men of genius, and the dupe of women. Bountiful beyond measure to both, though he inherited not only the paternal estate of the Sackvilles, but likewise that of the Cranfields, earls of Middlesex, in right of his mother, yet, at his decease, my father, then eighteen years of age, possessed so slender a fortune, that his guardians, when they sent him to travel on the continent, allowed him only eight hundred pounds a year for his provision. Charles, Earl of Dorset, married three times, but only one of these marriages contributed either to his honour or to his felicity. His first wife was the celebrated Countess of Falmouth, well known by her gallantries, the Miss Bagot of 'Grammont's Memoirs,' whom Dryden has designated as

'A teeming widow, but a barren wife.'

Happily she left him no issue, and in his second matrimonial connection he consulted not only his inclination, but his judgment, when he gave his hand to a daughter of the Earl of Northampton. He had then nearly attained his fiftieth year, and as he was only twenty-three at the time of Charles the Second's restoration, the excesses of that dissolute reign, in which Lord Dorset led the way, had already enfeebled his constitution. Strongly attached to the principles of civil liberty, he quitted James the Second, when that infatuated prince attempted to introduce popery, and conducted the Princess Anne of Denmark from her father's palace at Whitehall, to the coach which waited for her in St. James's Park, in order to convey her to Nottingham. While crossing over from the palace to the park by night, and in winter, one of her royal highness's shoes sticking fast in the mud, the accident threatened to impede her escape, but Lord Dorset immediately drawing off his white glove, put it on the princess's foot, and placed her safely in the carriage. To King William my grandfather rendered himself not less acceptable than he had been to Charles the Second, and I have always been assured that it only depended on himself to have been raised to a dukedom under William's reign; but his wife's relations, the Comptons, treating the matter when he mentioned it to them with great indifference, he said, 'the Earldom of Dorset was quite good enough for him.' In fact, my father only attained to that dignity near thirty years afterwards, under George the First.

"Extenuated by pleasures and indulgences, the Earl of Dorset sunk under a premature old age, though not as early as Rochester, Buckingham, and so many others of his cotemporaries, had done, including Charles the Second himself, all of whom fell victims to their immoderate pursuit of enjoyments. A few years before he died, he married a woman named Roche, of very obscure connections, who held him in a sort of captivity down at Bath, where he expired at about sixty-nine. She suffered few persons to approach him during his last illness, or rather decay, and was supposed to have converted his weakness of mind to her own objects of personal acquisition. He was indeed considered to be fallen into a state of such imbecility as would render it necessary to appoint guardians, with a view to prevent his injuring the family estate; but the intention was nevertheless abandoned. You have no doubt heard, and it is a fact, that with a view of ascertaining whether Lord Dorset continued to be of a sane mind, Prior, whom he had patronised and always regarded with predilection, was sent down to Bath by the family. Having obtained access to the earl and conversed with him, Prior made his report in these words. 'Lord Dorset is certainly greatly declined in his understanding, but he *drivels* so much better sense even now, than any other man can *talk*, that you must not call me into court, as a witness to prove him an idiot.'

"My father, having lost his own mother when very young, was brought up by the dowager countess of Northampton, his grandmother, who being particularly acceptable to Queen Mary, she commanded the countess always to bring her little grandson, Lord Buckhurst, to Kensington Palace, though at that time hardly four years of age; and he was allowed to amuse himself with a child's cart in the gallery. King William, like almost all Dutchmen, never failed to attend the tea-table every evening. It happened that her majesty having one afternoon by his desire made tea, and waiting for the king's arrival, who was engaged on business in his cabinet at the other extremity of the gallery, the boy hearing the queen express her impatience at the delay, ran away to the closet, dragging after him the cart. When he arrived at the door, he knocked, and the king asking 'Who is there?' 'Lord Buck,' answered he. 'And what does Lord Buck want with me?' replied his majesty. 'You must come to tea directly,' said he, 'the queen is waiting for you.' King William immediately laid down his pen and opened the door, then taking the child in his arms, placed Lord Buckhurst in the cart, and seizing the pole, drew them both along the gallery, quite to the room in which were seated the queen, Lady Northampton, and the company. But no sooner had he entered the apartment, than exhausted with the effort which had forced the blood upon his lungs, and being naturally asthmatic, he threw himself into a chair, and for some minutes was incapable of uttering a word, breathing with the utmost difficulty. The Countess of Northampton, shocked at the consequences of her grandson's indiscretion, which threw the whole circle in great consternation, would have punished him, but the king interposed in his behalf; and the story is chiefly interesting, because (as serving to show how kindly he could behave towards a troublesome child) it places that prince in a more amiable point of view than he is commonly represented in history. Henry the Fourth of France, when playing with his own children, could not have manifested more amenity or good humour.

"The queen being accustomed to take Lord Buckhurst in her arms and to caress him when he came to Kensington, his nurse, aware of the circumstance, gave him secretly a written paper, which she charged him to deliver privately to her majesty. He did so without acquainting Lady Northampton, who, being present, would have interposed to prevent him, but the queen insisted on perusing its contents. It contained a petition drawn up by the woman in favour of her brother, then condemned to death for a capital crime. Queen Mary, touched with the incident, laid it before the king, who caused enquiry to be made into the circumstances of the case, with a view of extending mercy to the culprit. On examination, the crime, from its magnitude, not admitting of pardon, the queen, as the only alleviation left in her power to bestow, gave Lord Buckhurst a purse containing ten Jacobuses, enjoining him to present it to his nurse from herself, with the assurances of her concern at the impossibility that existed of saving her brother's life."

"I was born," continued Lord Sackville, "in the year 1716, in the Haymarket, where my father then resided, and received my name from George the First, who was my godfather, having honoured the ceremony of my baptism by his personal presence. One of the earliest circumstances which made an impression on my mind, was that of being carried at five years of age, by the servants, to the gate of St. James's palace, in order to see the great Duke of Marlborough, as he came out of court. He was then in a state of caducity, but still retained the vestiges of a most graceful figure, though he was obliged to be supported by a servant on each side, while the tears ran down his cheeks, just as he is drawn by Dr. Johnson, who says,

'From Marlborough's eyes, the tears of dotage flow.'

The populace cheered him while passing through the crowd to enter his carriage. I have however heard my father assert, that the Duke of Marlborough by no means fell into irrecoverable or settled dotage as we commonly suppose, but manifested at times a sound understanding, till within a very short period of his decease, occasionally attending the privy council, and sometimes speaking in his official capacity on points of public business, with his former ability.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

"No man manifested greater zeal than my father, for the succession in the house of Brunswick. After Queen Anne's death, in 1714, he was sent to Hanover, returned with the new king from Heren Hausen to England in September, and had the honour to accompany George the First in the coach which conveyed him on his landing, from Greenwich to London. Thirty-three years before, he had been a suitor for the hand of the queen, whom he then succeeded, having come over with that view from Germany to this country in 1681, by permission of his father, Ernest Augustus, but the proposition failed of success. On his return, riding a common post horse from London to Gravesend, where he took shipping for Holland, the horse and the road being equally bad, he got a severe fall, and arrived at Gravesend covered with mud. The king, who related this circumstance to Lord Dorset as they came up together in the coach, recognised and pointed out the spot where the misadventure befell him.

"When the intelligence of his decease, which took place near Osnaburgh, in the end of July, 1727, arrived in London, the cabinet having immediately met, thought proper to despatch the Duke of Dorset with the news to the Prince of Wales. He then resided at Kew, in a state of great alienation from the king, the two courts maintaining no communication. Some little time being indispensable to enable my father to appear in a suitable manner before the new monarch, he sent forward the duchess his wife, in order to announce the event. She arrived at Kew just as the prince, according to his invariable custom, having undressed himself after dinner, had laid down in bed. The duchess demanding permission to see him immediately, on business of the greatest importance, the servants acquainted the Princess of Wales with her arrival, and the duchess without a moment's hesitation informed her royal highness, that George the First lay dead at Osnaburgh, that the cabinet had ordered her husband to be the bearer of the intelligence to his successor, and that the duke would follow her in a short time. She added, that not a moment should be lost in communicating so great an event to the prince, as the ministers wished him to come up to London that evening in order to summon a privy-council, issue a proclamation, and take other requisite measures at the commencement of a new reign.

"To the propriety of all these steps the princess assented, but at the same time informed the duchess, that she could not venture to enter her husband's room, as he had only just taken off his clothes and composed himself to sleep. 'Besides,' added she, 'the prince will not give credit to the intelligence, but will exclaim that it is a trick, designed for the purpose of exposing him.' The duchess continuing nevertheless to remonstrate with her royal highness, on the injurious consequences of losing time, and adding, that the Duke of Dorset would expect to find the prince not only apprised of it, but ready to accompany him to London, the princess of Wales took off her shoes, opened the chamber door softly, and advanced up to the bedside, while my mother remained at the threshold till she could be allowed to enter the apartment. As soon as the princess came near the bed a voice from under the clothes cried out in German, 'Was is das!' 'I am come sir,' answered she, 'to announce to you the death of the king, which has taken place in

Germany.' 'That is one damned lie, one damned trick von my father,' returned the prince, 'I do not believe one word of it.' 'Sir,' said the princess, 'it is most certain. The Duchess of Dorset has just brought the intelligence, and the duke will be here immediately. The ministers hope that you will repair to town this evening, as your presence there is indispensable.' Her royal highness then threw herself on her knees to kiss the new king's hand, and beckoning to the Duchess of Dorset to advance, she came in likewise, knelt down, and assured him of the indisputable truth of his father's decease. Convinced at length of the fact, he consented to get up and dress himself. The Duke of Dorset arriving in his coach and six, almost immediately afterwards, George the Second quitted Kew the same evening for London." I return to the progress of public affairs.

MR. FOX.

November. When we reflect on the manner in which Fox had attained to power, as well as on the long though ineffectual resistance made by the king, followed by his sullen resignation under a yoke which he found it impossible to elude or to throw off,—when we consider these facts, it cannot excite surprise that Fox should meditate the means of confirming and perpetuating his precarious tenure of office. He felt himself personally odious to the sovereign, whom he had too deeply offended easily to obtain forgiveness. From that quarter, therefore, he well knew that he might be undermined or subverted, but he could not hope to receive a cordial support. Unfortunately, he had likewise recently lost, in a very considerable degree, the confidence and attachment of the people. So long as the American war lasted, he retained, in defiance of his private irregularities, their ardent affection. Of this sentiment they gave him many proofs; particularly after his duel with Mr. Adam, when, the wound which he received exciting apprehensions for his life, the populace surrounded his lodgings, with testimonies of clamorous anxiety, as well as of corresponding resentment against his ministerial and personal opponents.

Since that time, the inhabitants of Westminster, manifesting the same partiality, had elected him one of their representatives in parliament; a situation which enabled him not only to defend their liberties in the house of commons, but conferred, likewise, the means of convoking, haranguing, and propelling them in tumultuary assemblies, convened for the express purpose, in Westminster Hall. To a man of Fox's energy and talents, this additional facility of thus presiding in a species of mob, at the very door of the two houses of parliament, as well as at a very inconsiderable distance from the royal residence, doubled his consequence, and might be said to render him a tribune of the people, in the most literal sense of the word, nearly as that office was exercised in ancient Rome, previous to the subversion of the commonwealth. Nor had his popularity suffered at all, in the general estimation, by his acceptance of office under Lord Rockingham; though the fallacy and delusion of many of his promises or assertions had become sufficiently manifest, even during his short stay in the cabinet, under that administration. On the motives, and on the propriety or necessity of his resignation, after Lord Shelburne's elevation to the head of the treasury, mankind seemed indeed divided; some applauding it as an act of magnanimous public virtue, renunciation, and self-devotion; while others beheld in it only personal rivalry, enmity, and resentment.

But, relative to his junction with his present colleague, Lord North, the suffrages of the world, from the highest down to the lowest classes, united to reprobate it, in a greater or in a less degree. And I have always thought that Fox, himself, in his impatience to regain office, miscalculated, or did not sufficiently appreciate, the operations on the public mind, of his conduct, in thus taking to his bosom, in March 1783, the very minister on whose head, in March, 1782, he had invoked the utmost vengeance of an offended and ruined nation. Some longer interval of time was required, to reconcile men to such an apparent dereliction of principle, and so total a sacrifice of decorum, at the shrine of ambition. Here the transmutation had been so rapid, as not only to shock the most ordinary understanding, but even to impress with secret concern or disgust many of those who, nevertheless, affected to justify, and to support the measure. Pope says,—

"Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all female kind."

But it must pass through those refiners, and leave its dross behind, or conceal it, before love can charm, or challenge respect. I have heard Colonel Macalister, late governor of the island of Penang, in the East Indies, frequently assert, that there existed in the town of that colony, a receptacle or space of ground, surrounded by walls, into which was commonly thrown every species of corrupted and putrefied substance. In a hot climate, the process from dissolution to revivification, we know, is very quick. Maggots in immense numbers, of a prodigious size, were speedily generated or produced from this filth, which the Chinese inhabitants of the settlement, who possessed no means of regular subsistence, and who, therefore, were not fastidious about their diet, used to collect with rakes, from off the heaps of carcasses, and to devour immediately, after frying them in ghee, or melted butter. Colonel Macalister indeed added, that the Chinese who used such aliments became subject to cutaneous and leprous diseases of the most inveterate kind. We perceive, however, that all animal and vegetable substances perpetually change their forms; and disgusting as this recital may be, that sentiment only arises from the rapidity of the metamorphosis. Precisely of the same kind, in a political sense, appeared the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox; a transformation, which being consummated in the space of a few hours, was then imposed upon the house of commons and the nation. But the English, indignant at such a compact, which revolted their moral feelings, rejected in general with abhorrence the dish served up to them, and dismissed the state cooks who had prepared it for the country.

Well aware as Fox was, therefore, that though he had a second time forced his way into high employment, yet that he neither enjoyed the favour of the crown, nor any longer possessed the affection of the people in general, it was natural he should look to some other quarter for permanent support. In the two houses of parliament, where he commanded a decided majority, he beheld the foundation on which he might construct a citadel, unassailable, as he conceived, either by the sovereign or by the nation. India, which presented the materials for his edifice, seemed to invite his exertions to remodel that vast empire, convulsed and half subverted by internal discord or corruption, added to external hostilities. Burke, whose friend or relation of the same name, William Burke, was already stationed in the East, as agent with the Rajah of Tanjore, and who had himself taken a most active part in all the parliamentary discussions arising out of the reports of the secret and select committees, during the two preceding sessions, aspired with equal ardour to second Fox in this great undertaking. It had even been announced from the throne, when the king terminated the sitting of parliament, in the preceding month of July, that India would form the first object of their deliberations, on their again meeting for business.

During the course of the autumn, Fox and Burke therefore drew up and prepared the memorable bill, which it was intended to introduce as soon as the session should commence in November. They communicated all the heads and outlines of it to Lord North; with whom, indeed, as being in his department, the measure ought strictly to have originated,—but who was induced in this instance, as in many other cases, to allow the superior energies of his colleague, added to the superior information possessed by Burke on the subject, to supplant and in some measure to supersede him in his official functions. The bill, thus far organised, and having been approved in the cabinet, was then submitted to the king for his private perusal and sanction, accompanied with becoming expressions on their part, of the wish and desire entertained by ministers to accommodate it to his majesty's ideas upon every point, before it should be brought into parliament. Unable of himself, without some assistance, to form a competent judgment upon its complicated provisions, operation, and general results, it was understood and believed that the king had early thought proper to lay it confidentially before Lord Thurlow, desiring at the same time to know his legal opinion respecting its nature. Common rumour added, that the opinion delivered by Lord Thurlow represented it as calculated to render ministers independent of the crown, and as containing many clauses injurious to, or nearly subversive of, the British constitution itself; but that his majesty was advised to wait for its more complete development, before he expressed any disapprobation, or attempted any resistance. Such might be considered the general state and aspect of things in the first days of November, when a curious incident, which unexpectedly took place at St. James's, and which excited no little speculation, seemed to show that the ground on which the ministry stood was hollow and treacherous.

Sir Eyre Coote, who long commanded the armies of the East India Company, on the coast of Coromandel, with distinguished reputation, after repulsing Hyder Ali, and rescuing the Carnatic, expired at Madras, worn out and extenuated by disease, on the 26th of April, 1783, having survived his antagonist, Hyder, scarcely five months. The intelligence of his decease, which was transmitted over land, reached Leadenhall street, early in November. No sooner had it been communicated to Fox than he immediately destined the riband of the order of the Bath, which became vacant on Sir Eyre's death, for one of his intimate friends, Mr. Bielby Thompson. This gentleman, who possessed a very fine estate in Yorkshire, at Wetherby Grange, near the town of that name, sat at the time in parliament, as member for Thirske in the county of York. Fox, after conferring on the subject with the Duke of Portland and Lord North, whom he acquainted with his intentions, repaired to St. James's, where, having gone into the closet, he announced to the king the event that had taken place in India. He then mentioned Mr. Thompson, as the person whom he wished, on the part of ministers, to recommend for the vacant riband, and his majesty in answer seems to have expressed that species of acquiescence, more probably tacit than couched in precise words, which the secretary at once interpreted, whether judiciously or not, to constitute full compliance. Without waiting therefore for any more explicit declaration from the king on the subject, as prudence seemed to dictate, Fox informed Mr. Thompson of his having received the royal assent, and added that the investiture would take place at the next levee. Directions were accordingly issued to Norroy, king of arms, and the proper officers belonging to the heralds' college, to attend at St. James's for the purpose. The circumstance being publicly known, Mr. Thompson was felicitated, by anticipitation, on the honour destined for him; but the sequel proved that Fox had either miscalculated or misunderstood the whole transaction.

On the day fixed, his majesty went to St. James's at the usual hour, to prepare for the levee. After he had finished dressing, he sent out the groom of the bedchamber in waiting, as was his frequent custom, to bring him information relative to the number of persons who were arrived. The gentleman returning, acquainted the king that besides a great crowd come to attend the levee, the officers of the Bath stood likewise without, ready for the investiture. With some surprise marked in his countenance, the king asked what investiture he meant. To which question he replied, not without hesitation, that he understood it was intended to confer the order of the Bath on Mr. Bielby Thompson, who was attending there in person for that express purpose. His majesty made no answer, and immediately afterwards, the Duke of Portland entering, went into the closet. In the course of his audience, the king observed to him, that no official account having been as yet received from India of Sir Eyre Coote's death, however authentic the information of that event transmitted from Madras might prove—and his riband, together with the other insignia of the order not having been hitherto delivered back to himself, he apprehended it informal to fill the vacancy till those points were previously ascertained and executed. The duke, taken by surprise, after attempting respectfully to bring his majesty to another way of thinking, withdrew, and finding Mr. Fox in the next room, communicated to him this most unexpected and mortifying piece of information.

The secretary, equally astonished, as well as chagrined, instantly went in, when a long conversation took place between him and the sovereign. In its progress, Fox stated that having some days preceding laid the business before his majesty, and conceiving that he had obtained his royal approbation and consent to confer on Mr. Thompson the vacant red riband, it had been so signified

to that gentleman, who, together with the proper officers, were then waiting without, in readiness for the ceremony. He added, that in point of fact no possible doubt could be entertained of Sir Eyre Coote's death, and that a disappointment, after the preparations and publicity of the affair, could not fail to be attended with very unpleasant consequences to administration in the general opinion. To all these arguments and expostulations the king, after alleging his own reasons, remained inflexible. Fox therefore quitting the closet, returned to his colleagues, various of whom, assembled in the outer room, were waiting under considerable anxiety, and imparted to them the unsuccessful result of his audience. No little confusion ensued among them. Mr. Thompson, apprised of the mortifying fact, returned home. The officers of the Bath, ordered to withdraw, were acquainted that the ceremony expected would not take place on that day. Every person present formed his own comments or conjectures respecting the scene which had just passed under his eyes; and the old courtiers did not fail to draw inferences from it highly adverse to the duration of ministers. It was obvious that the king, who felt no disposition to oblige them, had got possession of the vantage ground in the contest, whereas Fox had acted with some degree of indiscretion, as well as precipitation, in presuming upon an assent, rather implied or assumed than unequivocally expressed. Many men considered the whole proceeding as a thing concerted, and the result of deeper causes than were apparent to common observers. By exposing the administration to ridicule, as well as to mortification, it unquestionably served to prepare the public mind for some approaching convulsion or alteration in the government.

PRINCE OF WALES.

If the business of Sir Eyre Coote's riband was attended with these unpleasant results to the ministry, they received on the other hand, just at this time, a prodigious accession of strength and consideration from the avowed junction of the Prince of Wales, who, having attained his twenty-first year in the preceding month of August, had recently established his court and residence at Carlton house. Nature had bestowed uncommon graces on his figure and person. Convivial as well as social in his temper, destitute of all reserve, and affable even to familiarity in his reception of every person who had the honour to approach him, he presented in these respects a contrast to the shy, correct, and distant manners of the king his father. Endowed with all the aptitudes to profit of instruction, his mind had been cultivated with great care, and he was probably the only prince in Europe, heir to a powerful monarchy, competent to peruse the Greek as well as the Roman poets and historians in their own language. Capable of warm and steady friendship, he possessed a heart not less susceptible of love, and alive to the impressions as well as to the seductions of female charm. Humane and compassionate, his purse was open to every application of distress, nor was it ever shut against genius or merit. Even if these virtues were mingled with considerable alloy, yet his facility, his ardent pursuit of pleasure, and his inattention to economy, all might derive some apology from his youth, and the elevation on which he stood—circumstances that necessarily exposed him to great as well as corresponding temptations of every kind.

Nor ought we, if we candidly examine the subject, to feel either surprise or any degree of moral disapprobation at the predilection and preference which he had imbibed, and which he openly manifested, for an administration odious to his father. When he looked back on the twenty-three years of George the Third's reign, he beheld little matter of admiration, though ample reason for regret. At the peace of 1763, Lord Bute had sacrificed or restored to France and Spain almost all the acquisitions of Pitt. Wilkes and "Junius," aided by Churchill and Mason, had covered with opprobrium or with ridicule the ministers employed between the treaty of Fontainbleau and the commencement of the American war; nor had the sovereign himself escaped their severe animadversions on his personal conduct and government. In the gulf of the American contest, the treasures of England had been expended, her navy disgraced, her commerce nearly destroyed, her public burthens accumulated, her national debt immensely augmented, her armies defeated or made prisoners, and we had finally lost a vast empire beyond the Atlantic. Precisely as this calamitous consummation took place, the Prince of Wales, emerging from the restraint under which he had been hitherto held, made his appearance on the theatre of public life, and emancipated himself from parental superintendence or control. It was not merely natural, but almost unavoidable, that he should view those events through the optics and representations of Fox and Burke, rather than through any other medium. Neither George the Second, nor Frederick his son, could plead the same apology or exhibit such valid causes to justify enlisting, as they respectively did, under the party adverse to the measures of the crown. Fox and his friends, who well knew how to improve these favourable circumstances, contrived to effect a deep, as well as a permanent, impression on the affections no less than on the understanding of the heir apparent.

PARLIAMENT.

11th November. The session of parliament now commenced—a session rendered memorable beyond any other of the long reign of George the Third, by the magnitude, singularity, and importance of its events. A species of ostensible unanimity, like the calm that precedes the storm, characterised its opening—Mr. Pitt concurring in the address to the throne moved by administration, for approving the definitive treaties concluded with France, Spain, and America—though he did not fail to remark with indignant asperity on the inconsistency of thanking the crown for merely consummating the very work, of which he and his colleagues had laid all the foundations—in consequence of which national benefit they had been driven from office. Fox, with much ingenuity, endeavoured to demonstrate to the house that the definitive treaties, far from being servile transcripts of the preliminaries, were, on the contrary, materially altered in favour of this country. And with a view to prove his assertion, he particularised three articles, on each of which, as he asserted, important ameliorations had taken place. These were, first, relative to the condition of the British inhabitants of the island of Tobago; secondly, an accurate definition of the geographical limits within which the gum trade on the coast of Africa might in future be carried on; and lastly, the precise boundaries affixed to the possessions of our allies in the East Indies. I own, however, that the aggregate merit of these concessions, or rather alterations, did not appear to me entitled to much encomium. They seemed to be rather inaccuracies or inadvertencies, which every administration must equally have perceived and remedied after the lapse of a few months.

Pitt made no answer to the secretary of state's speech, in the progress of which he had announced his intention of bringing forward almost immediately his plan for the new government of India. But Governor Johnstone, with the warmth, not to say violence, which characterised every sentiment that usually fell from his lips, claimed for Mr. Hastings all the merit of expelling Tippoo Sultan from the Carnatic, as well as of effecting a treaty of peace with the Mahratta empire—services which, if they were justly due to the ability or wisdom of the governor-general, might have challenged higher testimonies of national or parliamentary approbation than Fox's boasted improvements contained in the definitive treaty made with France. Johnstone concluded by warning the ministers not to enforce any plans for the administration of India without previously consulting the persons, who, from local knowledge and experience, knew the remedies most applicable to the disorders of those remote and valuable possessions. The treasury bench observed a profound silence, and the house soon afterwards broke up—all men looking forward with anxiety to the great measure now announced from official authority, and of which the leading features were already known from common report, to be of the most vigorous, as well as affirmative nature. The celebrated "East India bill" followed after the interval of a few days. It was natural to suppose that Lord North, within whose department lay all regulation of our concerns in that quarter of the globe, would of course open the measure to the house. But, instead of so doing, he absented himself on account of indisposition, leaving Fox to perform the task; a line of conduct which, whether it arose from real necessity, or whether it was preconcerted, operated very disadvantageously on the minds of many individuals attached to Lord North, who had hitherto supported the coalition. They beheld themselves in fact completely abandoned by their ancient leader, who seemed to have delivered up himself, his followers, his sovereign, and his political principles, to the uncontrolled dominion of his new associates, Fox and Burke.

It is no longer possible, after the lapse of above thirty years, to deceive either ourselves or mankind relative to the nature, provisions, and effects of the bill in question. Its most determined enemies cannot dispute the energy, vigour, and decision which breathed through every clause; nor will candid men refuse to allow the beneficial tendency of many of its regulations. But neither can the friends of Fox, however they may idolise his memory, deny the unwarrantable spirit of ambition, rapacity, and confiscation, by which it was equally distinguished. The instant seizure of all the effects, papers, and possessions of a great chartered company; the total extinction of the court of directors, who had so long conducted its affairs; and the substitution of two new boards, named by the ministry, through the medium of parliament, for the future government of India—these measures, however their necessity might apparently be made out, seemed rather revolutionary subversions of property by arbitrary authority than suited to the mild, moderate, and equitable spirit of the British constitution. Other features of the bill appeared still more open to objection, since they evidently vested in administration, and therefore in Fox as the ministerial leader, a power independent of the sovereign. Such in particular might be esteemed the clause which extended the duration of the act to four years—a term exceeding the possible period to which the existence of the house of commons then sitting could be protracted, they having already entered on their fourth session.

Many other regulations growing out of or connected with the measure excited just alarm. Even in the selection of the seven commissioners who were to be appointed for the future administration of the East India Company's affairs at home and abroad, Fox's ascendant over his colleagues was clearly defined; Lord Fitzwilliam, as the personal representative of the deceased Marquis of Rockingham, being placed at the head of the board, while Mr. Frederick Montagu, another most respectable adherent of the same political party, stood second in the list. Colonel North, Lord Viscount Lewisham, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, the three next commissioners, represented Lord North's interest and connections. But in order to secure at once the majority of voices, together with the efficient control of the board itself, Sir Henry Fletcher and Mr. Robert Gregory were added to the members. Both these last named gentlemen, well known for their devoted attachment to Fox, and possessing seats in the house of commons, having likewise in their own persons recently and repeatedly filled the highest situations in the East India direction, it was obvious must be resorted to as guides on account of their local knowledge and experience in the company's concerns. No measures, it must be owned, could have been more ably concerted for bringing under ministerial influence, and for permanently retaining under their subjection, the immense patronage and all the sources of power or of emolument connected with India; while, on the other hand, it was well understood that the first employments, civil and military, from the post of governor-general of Bengal or commander in chief at Calcutta down to the seats in council at Madras and at Bombay, were already promised or filled up principally with members of parliament distinguished for their adherence to administration. The names of the individuals destined for these high situations became circulated in every company, and as many of them were better known among the club at Brookes's than in Leadenhall street, the consciousness of all India being speedily subjected to their rapacious hands, by no means tended to reconcile or to tranquillise the public mind.

December. Fox himself gave indeed the strongest indication of his own apprehensions from the operation of time, or from the interposition of delay, by the haste, not to say the precipitation, with which he propelled the bill through the house of commons. Notwithstanding the opposition given to it in every stage by Mr. Pitt and his friends, in defiance of petitions presented from the proprietors as well as from the directors of the East India Company, and equally contrary to the general sentiment of the capital no less than to the almost unanimous voice of the nation which soon began to manifest

itself, he pushed forward the measure with indecent ardour. Scarcely three weeks elapsed from the time of his moving for leave to bring in the bill on the 18th of November, to his appearance at the bar of the house of peers, on the 9th of December, when he presented it in person, "*magna comitante caterva*," after its having passed the house of commons. An ordinary turnpike, canal, or enclosure bill, if opposed in its principles or progress, might have taken longer time than did this gigantic experiment to render administration in some measure independent of the crown and of the people. Yet so well had the secretary meditated his plan, such was the parliamentary strength possessed by the "coalition," and such the ascendency of Fox over the lower house, that upon every division he carried the question by a vast superiority of numbers, generally exceeding the proportion of two to one. On the question of going into the committee, which took place on the first of December, when two hundred and seventeen voted with government and only one hundred and three against them, I quitted Lord North, whom I had commonly supported up to that time, and joined the minority, conceiving it to be, upon every view of the subject, improper longer to adhere to a minister who seemed to have forsaken himself.

The consternation which Fox's bill occasioned in Leadenhall street among that description of men against whom its provisions were known to be peculiarly leveled, was commonly, though erroneously, said to have proved fatal to Sir William James, who died very suddenly just at this time. It is, however, true, that he was seized with an indisposition while sitting in the house of commons during the progress of the "East India bill," which compelled him instantly to return home; but he recovered in a certain degree the attack, though he never afterwards quitted his own house. His death took place instantaneously during the performance of the ceremony of his only daughter's marriage with the late Lord Rancliff, then Mr. Boothby Parkyns. I knew Sir William James with great intimacy, and discussed with him the probable results of the East India measure during the short interval which elapsed between his first seizure and the day of his decease, at his residence in Gerrard street, Soho. His origin was so obscure as almost to baffle enquiry, and he had derived no advantage from education; but he possessed strong natural abilities, aided by a knowledge of mankind. Having been sent out early in life to Bombay, in the East India Company's naval service, he there distinguished himself by commanding the memorable expedition undertaken against Angria the pirate, when we made ourselves masters of fort Geriah, his principal establishment on the coast of the Concan. Returning to his native country after this successful enterprise, by which he acquired not only some fortune but considerable reputation, he rose to the first employments at the India house as a member of the court of directors, sat in successive parliaments, was elevated by the friendship of the late Earl of Sandwich, when first lord of the admiralty, to the baronetage, and had been elected deputy master of the Trinity house in the preceding month of June, when Lord Keppel was chosen master of that corporation. Those persons who asserted that Fox's bill killed him, seem to have forgotten that he had nearly attained his seventieth year when he expired. As his dissolution took place on the 16th of December, he had not the satisfaction to witness the rejection of that obnoxious measure by the house of peers, which happened on the following day.

Never, probably, was so great a portion of intellect brought to bear upon one point or subject in so short a space of time as the house of commons exhibited between the opening of the East India bill and its triumphal arrival in the upper house of parliament. All the sources of argument, declamation, wit, and pathos, were successively touched by master hands. Every species of information enlightened the object under discussion, nor was any weapon of sophistry, humour, or even severe invective, left untried, which might operate on the understanding, passions, and feelings of the audience. The salient points of debate were so many, so striking, and so animated, as to defy the powers of memory, leaving on the hearer's mind only a confused recollection of their beauty, delicacy, or severity. History, ancient and modern, poetry, even Scripture, all were successively pressed into the service or rendered subservient to the purposes of the contending parties. Will it be believed that the "Apocalypse" of St. John furnished images which, by a slight effort of imagination, or by an immaterial deviation from the original text, were made to typify Fox under the form of the "beast that rose up out of the sea, having *seven* heads?" Their application to the seven commissioners appointed by the bill, was at once so happy and so natural, that it could not be mistaken, and stood in need of no explanation. Mr. Scott, who now, as Lord Eldon, holds the great seal, was the person by whom so curious an allusion was presented to the house. But Sheridan, though he could not possibly anticipate an attack of such a nature, yet having contrived in the course of the debate to procure some leaves of "the book of Revelations," with admirable ability found materials in that work equally suited to Fox's defence or justification; transforming him at once from "the dragon and the beast," under both which types he had been designated, to a species of angelic being, by producing other quotations from St. John fully as applicable in their tenour to the secretary of state.

The powers of mind exerted throughout the progress of the bill, seemed to be concentrated in the memorable debate that took place on the first of December, which was opened by Powis. His beautiful and severe animadversion on the double author of the measure, a metaphor drawn likewise from holy writ, made a strong impression. "I hear, indeed," said he, "the voice of Jacob," meaning Fox, "but the hands are those of Esau." Lord North, who was present at the time, though much indisposed, quitted the house in the course of the evening, overcome with the immoderate heat; he had, however, delivered his opinions with equal ability and energy, on the 27th of November, in an earlier stage of the business. Powis, who did not hesitate to denominate the bill "the modern Babel," which already almost "reached the clouds," and who compared Fox's treatment of the East India Company with "Shylock's demand of a pound of flesh to be cut nearest the heart," expressed, nevertheless, his personal respect for the secretary, but added that "he wished to see him the servant, not the master of his sovereign." Burke, unable longer to observe silence after such reflections, then rose, and in a dissertation, rather than a speech, which lasted more than three hours, exhausted all the powers of his mighty mind in the justification of his friend's measure. The most ignorant member of the house, who had attended to the mass of information, historical, political, and financial, which fell from the lips of Burke on that occasion, must have departed rich in knowledge of Hindostan. It seemed impossible to crowd greater variety of matter applicable to the subject into a smaller compass, and those who differed most widely from him in opinion, did not render the less justice to his gigantic range of ideas, his lucid exposition of events, and the harmonic flow of his periods. There were portions of this harangue in which he appeared to be animated by feelings and considerations the most benign, as well as elevated; and the classic language in which he made Fox's panegyric, for having dared to venture on a measure so beset with dangers, but so pregnant, as he asserted, with benefits to mankind, could not be exceeded in beauty.

But, however persuaded Burke himself might be of the reality and truth of these predicted advantages which were to flow from the bill of his friend, the moral effect of his own speech in producing conviction, by no means kept pace with the admiration excited by his eloquence. From every quarter of the house the keenest shafts were aimed at the measure, some of which penetrated deep, while others only appeared to graze on the surface, but all left their impression. While Pitt, sustained by Mr. William Grenville and Dundas, attacked it with the arms of reason, others tried the operation of irony and ridicule. Arden, who soon afterwards became solicitor-general, on the change of ministry, clung to it through every stage with great pertinacity and spirit, not unaccompanied by legal ability. The seven commissioners and their eight assistant directors, were compared by Mr. Wilberforce to so many doctors and apothecaries summoned for the purpose of putting the patient, the East India Company, to death, according to the rules of art. Many members, long accustomed to consider Fox as the star by which they guided their political course, covered him on this occasion with reproaches or maledictions. Mr. Martin, member for Tewkesbury, a man who, though not distinguished by superior intellectual parts, yielded to none in probity, invoked curses on the coalition, as the grave of all principle. Wilkes, in a speech of considerable length, acuteness, and severity, stigmatised the East India bill as "a swindling bill, drawn up to obtain money on false pretences." Sir Richard Hill, to whom Scripture was familiar, compared the secretary's conduct in affecting to protect and caress the East India Company, while he immolated them to his ambition, with the treachery of Joab to Amasa, who at the moment that he pretended to embrace him stabbed him to the heart. In more homely language, destitute of all adventitious ornament, Sir Cecil Wray declared that the measure impressed him with horror from its enormity, corruption, and pernicious consequences to the state. Some of the finest passages of Shakspeare, taken from his "Julius Cæsar," were applied by Scott and Arden to Fox, with extraordinary effect. Jenkinson temperately, but in language of energy, depictured the unconstitutional nature of the power thus attempted to be set up, which must prove subversive of the royal prerogative, and from opposite sides Fox was assailed as the enemy of his country, who sacrificed to his insatiable ambition the fame, the character, and the consideration that he had attained by a long series of public services.

Not that he by any means wanted defenders distinguished for integrity as well as for legal and parliamentary ability. Mr. Erskine, who, like Mr. Scott, has since attained to the highest honours and dignities of the bar, first spoke, as a member of the house of commons, in support of this obnoxious measure. His enemies pronounced the performance tame, and destitute of the animation which so powerfully characterised his speeches in Westminster Hall. They maintained that, however resplendent he appeared as an advocate, while addressing a jury, he fell to the level of an ordinary man, if not below it, when seated on the ministerial bench, where another species of oratory was demanded to impress conviction, or to extort admiration. To me, who having never witnessed his jurisprudential talents, could not make any such comparison, he appeared to exhibit shining powers of declamation. Lee, the attorney-general, in a speech replete with that coarse, strong, and illiberal species of invective, which usually accompanied his addresses to the house, and which always appeared to me more befitting the Robin Hood society, than accommodated to a legislative assembly, treated with indignant contempt the repugnance manifested to violate the charter of the East India Company. He did not even hesitate to describe that charter, esteemed by many members so sacred, and incapable of subversion except by arbitrary violence, as "a mere skin of parchment, to which was appended a seal of wax." This imprudent, if not censurable declaration, however qualified or palliated it might be by subsequent explanations, operated injuriously to ministers. The chancellor of the exchequer, irritated at the severe animadversions made by Mr. Thomas Pitt, on the rapacity with which administration, after having seized on the reins of government, were now dealing a death blow to the constitution of their country, denied the charge with much indignation. His eloquence fell however far short of his feelings, and was addressed rather to the moral sense of his auditors than it appealed to their understandings, or to their judgment.

General Burgoyne, arriving post from Ireland, spontaneously, as he asserted, and quitting the meaner duties of commander in chief, which employment he held in that kingdom, in order to fulfil his higher obligations as a legislator at Westminster, spoke warmly in favour of the bill. Having, many years earlier, acted as chairman of one of the first committees appointed by the house, for enquiring into the affairs of the East, he was heard with attention. He confirmed all the horrors and enormities attributed by Burke to the Europeans who governed Asia; atrocities which the general illustrated by a citation prepared for the purpose, extracted from the sixth Æneid of Virgil, descriptive of the guilt of a powerful criminal, such as Hastings might be esteemed, condemned for his crimes on earth to undergo the pains of Tartarus. Rigby, professing an equal contempt for quotations from Shakspeare, or from Milton, and expressing his admiration at hearing Scripture fall from the lips of a lawyer, with none of which materials for debate, he said, that he came provided, yet professed to have furnished himself with some argument applicable to the subject under discussion. Without circumlocution, or any false scruples of fastidious delicacy, he declared his

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PART I. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 14, 1837. NO. 11.

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utter disregard of the chartered rights of the company, which he said he considered "as a bugbear, only fit to intimidate children." He even advised their violation, as the primary step to all reform in the administration of India.

No individual distinguished himself more throughout the whole progress of these interesting proceedings than Sheridan, whose matchless endowments of mind, equally adapted to contests of wit or of argument, and ever under the control of imperturbable temper, enabled him to extend valuable assistance to the minister. But neither was Fox wanting to himself or to his friends. On the contrary, performing every function of a general and of a private soldier; combating in the front ranks; leaving no charge unrepelled, no insinuation unnoticed, no argument unrefuted, he filled with astonishment, as well as with admiration, even those who thought themselves best able to appreciate the magnitude and extent of his parliamentary talents. After defending his bill from the severe attacks of Pitt, he did not disdain or omit to answer the allegations made by various members of inferior weight. To Powis, to Scott, to Dundas, and even to Martin, he severally directed the most pointed replies, calculated to justify him, not only as a minister but in his individual and moral capacity. Determined on carrying through the bill, without a moment's delay; apprehensive of new obstacles arising every hour within as well as without the walls of the house, and seeming to regard parliament as convoked, not for the purpose of deliberation, but of decision, he refused to postpone the measure even for a single night. Vainly Scott adjured him, in the language of Desdemona to Othello, "Kill me not to night, my lord! let me live but one day!" The secretary never relaxed his exertions, till, having surmounted all opposition, he carried up the bill, accompanied by a vast number of his adherents, who participated in his success, to the bar of the house of peers. Its passage through that assembly being already secured, as he justly conceived, on solid grounds, the measure seemed apparently to be placed beyond the reach of fortune.

But, with the arrival of the East India bill in the house of lords, terminated nevertheless the prosperous career of ministers. The king, whose opinions and wishes, however they might have been suspected by or even known to a few persons, were not as yet publicly divulged, or clearly ascertained, now coming forward, as the urgency of the occasion seemed to demand, communicated through authentic channels his utter disapprobation of the measure. Lord Temple, though one of the first individuals thus authorised, formed by no means the sole or exclusive medium through which the royal pleasure was so signified and circulated. Very little time, in fact, remained to the sovereign, if he desired to avert the impending misfortune. For the secretary of state, who seems to have been well aware that as soon as the measure was felt and understood it would excite universal alarm, had betimes secured such a majority in the upper house, and must speedily have left to the crown no possible means of relief, except one scarcely known to the British constitution since the revolution of 1688, namely, a refusal of the royal assent to the bill, after its passage through both houses of parliament. In this critical juncture, his majesty caused such arguments or expostulations to be offered to many members of the house of lords, spiritual as well as temporal; and the necessity of resistance was so strongly depictured by his emissaries as to overturn all Fox's machinery in an instant. Proxies given to the minister were suddenly revoked; and after first leaving the administration in a minority of eight, upon the question of adjournment, the bill itself was subsequently rejected two days later, on the 17th of December, by nineteen votes. One hundred and seventy-one peers voted on the occasion, either in person or by proxy; a prodigious attendance, if we consider the limited numbers of the British peerage at that time.

The archbishops of Canterbury and of York led the way, though the former prelate, whose connections, political and matrimonial, seemed to connect him with the "coalition," had been previously regarded as a firm supporter of the measure. Nor can it excite surprise, that all those noble individuals without exception, who occupied situations in the royal household, or near the king's person, should, without fastidiously hesitating, give the example of tergiversation. They abandoned ministers, and joined the crown, manifesting by their votes how vast is the personal influence of the sovereign, when strenuously exerted, over the members of the upper house of parliament. The Prince of Wales, who, when it was moved to adjourn on the 15th, had voted in person with the administration, having received a notification of his father's disapprobation of the East India bill, absented himself on the second division, when that measure was finally rejected. Lord Rivers, one of the lords of the king's bedchamber, who had given his vote by proxy to the "coalition" on the first question, withdrew it on the second division, as did the earls of Hardwicke and of Egremont. Lord Stormont, though, as being a member of the cabinet and president of the council, he had personally supported the bill on the 15th, yet voted on the other side forty-eight hours afterwards. His uncle, the Earl of Mansfield, who was supposed to have influenced him in this determination, exhibited the same example. Both were present in the first division as supporters of the measure, and both appeared in the house as enemies to it, when thrown out on the 17th of December. The Earl of Oxford, one of his majesty's most ancient servants, who had been near his person more than twenty years, in the capacity of a lord of the bedchamber, having been induced to support the "coalition" by his proxy on the 15th, sent it to the opposite side, on the subsequent division. Fox and Burke, together with many of their warmest adherents, who during the progress of the first debate had remained on the steps of the throne, in order, by their presence, to encourage their friends in the upper house, had the mortification to witness the defeat experienced on that evening; a defeat which served as a warning of its final destiny.

The debates which took place in the upper house, on the two questions of adjournment and of rejection, however inferior an interest they excited, when compared with the discussions that agitated the house of commons on the same subject, yet strongly arrested national attention. Lord Thurlow, after reprobating the bill, and treating with contemptuous ridicule the reports of the "select committee," on which defective or erroneous foundations the pretended necessity for the measure rested; declared that, "if it passed, the king would in fact take the diadem from his own head, and place it on the head of Mr. Fox." In more intemperate language, scarcely befitting so dignified an assembly, the Earl of Abingdon, a nobleman of very eccentric character, and restrained by no forms in expressing his abhorrence of a coalition which had given birth to this political monster, qualified Charles James Fox by name, as "a mountebank secretary of state, accustomed formerly to ascend the stages at Covent Garden and at Westminster Hall, from which he harangued the mob; but now calling himself the minister of the people, though animated by the criminal ambition of Cromwell, and aiming at regal power." He even accused the secretary with exceeding in violence, by his seizure of the East India Company's charter, the worst acts of those tyrants, Charles the Second and his brother James. With great pertinacity the Duke of Richmond pointed out the injustice of the measure; nor did the ties of consanguinity that connected him with Fox, prevent him from severely arraigning the recent grant of a pension of one thousand pounds a year, made to Sir William Gordon, in order, by vacating his seat for Portsmouth, to enable government to introduce Mr. Erskine into the house of commons at this critical juncture. Unsolicited, and unconnected with party, Lord Camden entered his strong protest against such an infraction of all law, by bringing forward an act, not of regulation, but of rapacious confiscation.

Ministers, thus assailed, if they exhibited the talents, by no means displayed the energies, exerted by their opponents. Lord Loughborough, on whom devolved the principal weight of defending the government, found himself ill supported in that attempt. The speaker, Lord Mansfield, voted indeed with administration on the question of adjournment, but remained altogether silent, and extended no active assistance. Conscious that his colleagues had lost the confidence of the king, the Duke of Portland alluded with warmth, in the course of debate, to Lord Temple's recent audience of the sovereign, which he denounced as a violation of the constitution. But that nobleman avowing the fact, and justifying it as the privilege of an hereditary counsellor of the crown, to offer advice, called on the duke to bring forward against him a specific charge. Lord Shelburne, though he once, I believe, attended in his place, took no part whatever in the discussions, nor ever voted on the question, either in person or by proxy—a line of conduct which, when we consider that he had been expelled from power by the "coalition," only a few months earlier, opened a wide field for political speculation, on the motives of his silence or secession.

It will be readily admitted, that if we try the conduct of George the Third, in personally interposing to influence the debates, and to render himself master of the deliberations of the upper house, by the spirit of our constitution, as fixed since the expulsion of James the Second, it appears at first sight subversive of every principle of political freedom. Such an ill-timed and imprudent interference had in fact laid the foundation of all the misfortunes of Charles the First. But the same line of conduct, which in 1641 excited general indignation, in 1783 awakened no sentiment of national condemnation. On the contrary, the king's position being perfectly understood, the impossibility of his extrication from the ministerial toils wound about him, appeared so clearly demonstrated, unless by a decided personal effort to arrest the bill, that the country at large affixed its sanction to the act. There were, nevertheless, it must be admitted, many individuals who thought that the royal disapprobation should have been earlier signified, and who inclined to accuse the king of something like duplicity or deception in his treatment of administration. We must however candidly allow, that he was not bound to observe any measures of scrupulous delicacy with men who had entered his cabinet by violence, who held him in bondage, and who meditated to render that bondage perpetual. Nor was it easy for him to discover and to detect, by the force of his own intellect, without legal assistance, the invasions on his independence and prerogative, contained in the provisions of the bill, as originally submitted to him, till they were exposed and made manifest by the discussions that took place in the house of commons. The rapidity with which it was carried up to the peers, and the little delay which Fox evidently meant it should there undergo, before it was presented for his concurrence, left him no option and very little time for action. These reasons exculpated and justified an interference, apparently so irreconcilable with the genius of the British constitution. A fact not generally known, but not less true, is, that his majesty was advised, and had taken the resolution, if the bill had actually passed the house of lords, to have refused to it the royal assent. He would then have instantly changed his ministers, dissolved the parliament, and thrown himself for protection on his people. Those who have had the best opportunities of knowing his character, and his firmness under the most alarming or distressful circumstances, while sustained by the conviction of acting right, will not doubt or disbelieve the fact. Nor would the nation probably have condemned his conduct, or have delivered him up again into the hands of the "coalition." Happily, however, the middle line which he adopted prevented the necessity of recurring to such painful extremities.

17th December. Though Fox's bill was thus rejected by the upper house, he still remained, together with Lord North, in possession of their respective offices, no change whatever in administration having yet taken place. Fox even delivered, as secretary of state, from the treasury bench, the most bitter and animated philippic

ever pronounced within the walls of the house of commons—in the course of which he dealt out every accusation against the sovereign, and those members of the house of peers, the prætorian bands, or rather the janisaries, as he denominated them, who had strangled the measures by their sultan's order. Nor did he hesitate to compare the paper entrusted by his majesty to Lord Temple, which had operated such injurious effects to the administration, with the rescript of Tiberius sent to the Roman senate from Capræa, for the condemnation of Sejanus, unheard in his defence, and without adducing proofs of his guilt. In classic language, and in the words of Juvenal, he reprobated such an interference as wholly subversive of the British constitution.

Vainly, however, Mr. Pitt urged him to retire, and thus to anticipate his dismission from employment. Content with rendering the majority of the house subservient to his views, by passing various resolutions calculated to stigmatise, as destructive of the constitution, the late interference of the crown; and intended at the same time to prevent the interruption of their deliberations, by an act of prerogative, the "coalition" ministers refused to give in their resignation. Under these circumstances, which called for decision, the king displayed no irresolution. Conscious that he had advanced too far to recede, either with honour or with benefit, he passed the whole of the 18th of December in making dispositions for the formation of a new cabinet; and finding, at a late hour of the evening, that the two secretaries of state still declined to resign, he signified to them, by a messenger, that he had no further occasion for their services. They received, at the same time, information that a personal interview would be disagreeable to him—and were ordered to deliver up the seals of their respective departments, through the medium of the two under secretaries, Fraser and Napean. Mr. Fox immediately complied: but Lord North having deposited the seal of his office in the hands of his son, Colonel North, one of his under secretaries, who could no where be found for a considerable time, the king waited patiently at St. James's, till it should be brought to him. Mr. Pollock, first clerk in Lord North's office, who had already retired to rest, being called out of his bed, in consequence of the requisition from his majesty, went in search of Colonel North. After a long delay, he was found, and produced the seal, which being brought to the king about one o'clock in the morning, he delivered it into Lord Temple's hands, and then returned to the queen's house.

NEW MINISTRY.

19th December. On the ensuing day, it being indispensable to form a government with the least possible delay, Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding his youth, was placed at the head of the new cabinet, as first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer; an instance without precedent in our annals, and which will probably never be again realised! Lord Bolingbroke, then Mr. St. John, had indeed, under Queen Anne, been made secretary at war, as early in life; and we have since seen Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis of Lansdown, at about the same age, raised to the chancellorship of the exchequer, in 1806, after Mr. Pitt's decease. But there is a wide interval from either of the above examples to the elevation before us. If we reflect likewise on the decided majority against which Pitt had to contend in the house of commons, conducted by such energies and talents as Fox possessed, we may be tempted, on first consideration, to accuse him of imprudence and temerity. The event nevertheless proved that, in accepting employment under all the disadvantages here enumerated, he had maturely weighed the peril and the consequences. Other impediments, no less serious, presented themselves in the interior of the cabinet recently formed, where Lord Temple insisted on the immediate dissolution of parliament, as a step necessary to their ministerial, if not even to their personal preservation. But Pitt, with consummate judgment, while he retained in his own hands so powerful an engine, which he held suspended over the house of commons, abstained from using it till the progress of affairs should justify the interposition. Conscious that no act of the royal prerogative could be more generally repugnant to the inclinations of the members of the lower house than a dissolution before they had sat half the period for which they had been elected, he resisted Lord Temple's proposition, who in consequence immediately resigned, only three days after his appointment—thus involving the half-formed administration in confusion and embarrassment, not wholly exempt even from some degree of ridicule and of danger. Never did any ministry commence its career under a more inauspicious and apparently desperate predicament, which was destined so long to retain possession of the reins of government.

22d December. Even after Lord Temple's resignation, when the cabinet was at length completed, Pitt might be said to constitute its whole strength in one house, as Lord Thurlow equally did in the other assembly. The great seal was entrusted to the latter, for the fourth time under the reign of George the Third. Lord Gower, made president of the council, and the Duke of Rutland, who was apppointed privy seal, brought indeed collectively a considerable accession of parliamentary interest and connections; but a very scanty addition of eloquence, or of talents. The new secretary of state, Lord Sydney, and the Marquis of Carmarthen, even if their abilities had been of the most brilliant description, an assertion which assuredly could not be made with truth, yet were both members of the house of peers; a disadvantage only to be surmounted by Pitt's taking on himself the whole weight of business in the house of commons, and thus uniting in some measure in his own person the defence of every department. Lord Howe, restored to the head of the admiralty, was readmitted into the cabinet, and the Duke of Richmond returned to the ordnance; but no mention was ever made of Lord Shelburne, for any place in the administration. He seemed to be completely extinct in the public recollection.

Sir George Howard obtained the command of the forces, but neither he nor the Duke of Richmond were taken into the cabinet. The new commander in chief, who had long been decorated with the order of the Bath, was a man universally esteemed, highly bred, and a gallant soldier; but, like Sir John Irwin, of whom I have had occasion to speak, he owed his military elevation and employments more perhaps to royal favour than to any distinguished talents or professional services. His descent from, or alliance by consanguinity with, the dukes of Norfolk, notwithstanding the apparent evidence of his name, was, I believe, not established on incontestable grounds. He attained, as did General Conway, not many years afterwards, to the rank of field marshal, a dignity of which the British service had antecedently furnished only a few examples. For the embassy to Paris, the Duke of Dorset was selected by Pitt. As he honoured me with his friendship down to the close of his life, it may be naturally expected that I should say a few words respecting him. He was the son of Lord John Sackville, elder brother of Lord George, and succeeded collaterally to the title on the demise of his uncle, Charles, second Duke of Dorset, mentioned so frequently in "Dodington's Diary," as Earl of Middlesex. The duke, when named ambassador to Versailles, had nearly attained his fortieth year. His person, if not handsome, was highly agreeable, the expression of his countenance noble and interesting, his manners soft, quiet, ingratiating, and formed for a court, destitute of all affectation, but not deficient in dignity. He displayed, indeed, neither shining parts nor superior abilities. Yet, as he possessed good sense, matured by knowledge of the world, had traveled over a considerable part of Europe, and had improved his understanding by an extensive acquaintance with mankind, he was well calculated for such a mission. He nourished a strong passion for all the fine arts, and a predilection for men of talents and artists; a taste which he indulged, and in the gratification of which he manifested that he inherited some of the qualities of his celebrated ancestor, Charles, Earl of Dorset. But the mediocrity of his estate, when contrasted with his high rank, imposed limits on the liberality of his disposition. If considered as ambassador to France, though he could not sustain a comparison for diplomatic ability or strength of intellect with the Earl of Stair, or with the first Horace Walpole, brother of Sir Robert, who had represented the English sovereign at the courts of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, he might at least be regarded as equal in talents to any of the noblemen who had filled that office during the last years of George the Second, or under the reign of George the Third, if we except, perhaps, Lord Stormont. To Marie Antoinette, the French queen, the Duke of Dorset rendered himself highly acceptable, possessed her esteem, and enjoyed some degree of her personal favour; a circumstance by no means unessential in his public situation, as that princess performed a much more important part in the cabinet and councils of Louis the Sixteenth than did the two queens her immediate predecessors, Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip the Fourth, King of Spain, who espoused Louis the Fourteenth, and Maria Leczinska, consort of his successor, possessed no shadow of political power or interest. Marie Antoinette's protection, aided by his connection with the Polignacs, had sufficed to procure for the Count d'Adhemar, at the conclusion of peace, the embassy to the court of England; but he was a man far inferior in every accomplishment of mind and of manners to the Duke of Dorset.

Mr. Arden became solicitor-general. Nature has seldom cast a human being in a less elegant or pleasing mould. Even Dunning's person would have gained by a comparison with Arden. Nor were his legal talents more conspicuous in the general estimation of the bar. But his early acquaintance with Pitt, which time had matured into friendship, covered or concealed every jurisprudential deficiency. That powerful protection, in defiance of Lord Thurlow's avowed dislike, or rather antipathy, conducted the new solicitor-general rapidly to the honours and dignities of the law, finally placing him where almost all those individuals patronised by the minister found their ultimate repose, in the house of peers. It must, however, be admitted, that no man in parliament had given a more pertinacious and unremitting opposition to Fox's East India bill than Arden. The last blow aimed at it before it passed the lower house, came from his lips. For I recollect that after that obnoxious measure had been carried on the third reading, by a majority of more than two to one, the solicitor-general, Mansfield, having risen to move for leave to bring up a clause declaring it to be a *public bill*, Arden exclaimed, that "he had no objection, but that he was not surprised at its having escaped his learned friend's memory, as every other person considered the bill to be a *private job*." With that stigma impressed on the measure, Fox, regardless of the sarcasm, bore it in triumph to the bar of the lords.

The king's table, covered with badges of office, seals, wands, and gold sticks, profusely given in by the adherents of the dismissed ministers, presented an extraordinary spectacle. Among the foremost to testify his ministerial fidelity, the honourable Charles Greville, next brother to the Earl of Warwick, resigned his office of treasurer of the household. Possessing, like his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, an elegant mind, and a taste for many branches of the fine arts, which pursuit had carried him into expenses beyond the bounds of severe prudence, his resignation of such an employment could not, therefore, be to him in any sense a matter of indifference. I have heard Mr. Greville, whom I very particularly knew, often say that the king most kindly expostulated with him when he entered the closet to lay down his place, and urged him by no means to commit an act so unnecessary, the treasurership of the household being not a ministerial but a personal situation in the family of the sovereign. I ought likewise to add that Fox, who well knew Mr. Greville's private embarrassments, had, with a liberality of mind truly noble, exhorted him to retain his post, absolving him at the same time from all considerations of a political kind. But his feelings of honour were too delicate to permit of his following either the suggestions of convenience, the exhortations of Fox, or the expostulations of his sovereign. He retired for several years from court and from public life into comparative obscurity.

Lord Hinchingbrook, less scrupulous, and with better sense, instead of quitting his office of master of the buck hounds, though his father, the Earl of Sandwich, followed the fortunes of the "coalition," wisely abandoned that obnoxious party, and declined to give in his resignation. Sir George Yonge went back to his office of secretary at war, which he had held under Lord Shelburne's administration, a post that seemed to be hereditary in his family, his father, Sir William Yonge, having occupied it with much distinction under the reign of George the Second. Sir William, who performed no inconsiderable part in the political annals of that period, was equally distinguished likewise among the men of wit and gallantry. Lady Vane makes honourable mention of him in her memoirs, which Smollet has inserted

in his "Peregrine Pickle." I have heard Lord Sackville, who remembered him, say that Sir William Yonge, when secretary at war, having waited officially on John, Duke of Argyle, then commander in chief of the forces, in order to make his report on a matter of business, the duke kept him standing, while he himself remained seated for a considerable time. Their ministerial conference being ended, he requested Sir William to take a chair. "No, sir," replied he, "if the secretary at war is not worthy to sit down in the presence of the commander in chief, it would be altogether unbecoming Sir William Yonge to be seated in company with the Duke of Argyle." So saying, he quitted the room. Sir George Yonge did not want talents, and he maintained his place in a debate, but in ability he by no means equaled his father.

MR. FOX.

Meanwhile, Fox, who remained completely master of the house of commons, where Mr. Pitt could not even be personally present during the time necessary for his re-election, in consequence of having vacated his seat for Appleby, might be said to sway with absolute power the deliberations of that assembly. His first cares were directed to prevent either a prorogation or a dissolution of parliament, by passing resolutions calculated to render each of those proceedings difficult and dangerous to ministers. Having carried his motion by a large majority, he consented to pass the land-tax bill; but no assurances given by Mr. Dundas from the treasury bench, though confirmed by Mr. Bankes, as the friend and representative of the new first minister, declaring in his name, and by his authority, that he would neither advise such an act of prerogative, nor would continue in office if the crown had recourse to it, could prevail on Fox to allow of an adjournment for the Christmas recess, till he had voted, without a division, an address to the throne, of the most criminating nature, which was ordered to be presented by the whole house. On receiving the king's answer, which, though gracious and conciliating in its expressions, did not breathe the less determination; after passing upon it the most severe comments, as a mixture of duplicity and ambiguity, Fox then permitted of an adjournment for the short period of sixteen days; an interval indispensably requisite to complete the ministerial arrangements. The resignation or dismission of the new administration, was, however, confidently anticipated by the party, and announced by Fox himself in one of his speeches, when he ventured to predict that its duration could not possibly exceed a few weeks. The most experienced members among them, with Welbore Ellis at their head, joined in this opinion, which, it must be confessed, was built upon all the precedents known since the elevation of the house of Hanover to the throne.

LORD NORTH.

Lord North, who had been absent from the effect of indisposition, during a great part of the debates, while the East India bill was in its progress through the house of commons, made ample compensation for his short and involuntary retreat, by his presence and exertions after the dismission of ministers. During the number of years that I sat with him in parliament, I never witnessed a more brilliant exhibition of his intellectual powers than on the 22d of December, when Erskine moved for an address to the throne, deprecating a dissolution. In the commencement of his speech, Lord North justified by cogent arguments his union with Fox, as having been dictated by state necessity and public utility, eulogising, in animated language, the virtues, no less than the abilities, of his late colleague, whom he wished in future always to be designated as his "right honourable friend." Then, after severely arraigning the mode of Pitt's admission into the cabinet, which he stigmatised as surreptitious and unconstitutional, he diverged with inconceivable humour into the path of ridicule, so analogous to the formation of his mind. Alluding to the wish expressed more than once by Mr. Martin, that a starling should be perched on the speaker's chair, who might incessantly repeat the words, "cursed coalition!" he observed, that so long as an honourable member of that house "continued to pronounce those sounds, as if by rote, and without any fixed idea, let what would be the subject of debate, he conceived the starling to be unnecessary, inasmuch as the gentleman would make just as great an impression as the bird on his hearers." Having convulsed the house with laughter by this remark, he compared, or rather he contrasted, the conduct of the two men who were shut up in the Eddystone lighthouse, during six weeks, with the opposite line of action embraced by Fox and himself. "Those men," said he, "from reciprocal enmity, preferred letting the fire go out, and beholding the navy of England dashed to pieces, rather than lend each other any assistance. But we, animated by other and more enlarged sentiments, considered the preservation of the vessel of state our primary duty, and we agreed, that at all events the fire in the lighthouse should not be extinguished." An allusion so ingenious, as well as felicitous, almost electrified his audience, and if wit could have supported or restored the "coalition," it must have overborne every impediment. But the moral impression made on the public mind, to their disadvantage, daily acquiring strength, finally completed their downfall, though the catastrophe was protracted for more than three months, by various circumstances.

PITT.

If the struggle for power had lain only between Pitt and Fox, the former of whom, whatever might be the extent of his talents, was unable to command a majority upon any question in the house of commons, while the latter carried every motion, the contest would no doubt have been soon decided. Or had the dispute been, as under Charles the First, between the sovereign claiming to exercise prerogatives antiquated and oppressive on the one hand, and the representative body on the other, propelled and sustained by the people, as their organs and protectors against arbitrary violence—the termination might have been foreseen without much penetration. But Fox, though he was become, by his union with Lord North, master of the deliberations of the lower house, had sacrificed to that very union in a considerable degree the good opinion of the country, and the remains of his former popularity which survived his coalition with Lord North, had since been shipwrecked in the India bill. He had therefore imprudently, though as it would nevertheless seem reflectively, engaged in a conflict, where the crown and the nation both combined against him. Without the aid of the people, the sovereign would indeed have been powerless. As little could the house of peers, unsupported by the public voice, have checked his career. It was their union which became irresistible. Fox, who, whatever his admirers may assert, possessed more talent than judgment, does not appear to have deeply weighed and appreciated these facts, before he entered the lists. Unfortunately for him, too, the champion wanted by the crown, and who seemed to be made for the conjuncture, presented himself in Pitt. His name, rendered illustrious by his father, the decorum of his manners so opposed to those of Fox, even his very youth, which should have operated against him, appeared to recommend him to national favour. The king availed himself of these aids, to overwhelm the "coalition" under the ruins of the fortress which they had constructed and fondly deemed inassailable. Only time was still wanting, in order to awaken and to animate the nation at large, which, not yet fully informed upon all the points of Fox's bill, required to be roused into exertion before the last address should be made to them as electors. Pitt, with a judgment beyond his years, instead of prematurely dissolving the house of commons, as a man of meaner talents or of less resource would have done, undertook the experiment of endeavouring first to conciliate or to convince the majority, thus allowing the popular sentiment full leisure to expand, and finally to overpower all resistance, while he reserved for the proper moment, whenever it should be thoroughly matured, his final appeal to the country by a dissolution. Such was the real state of affairs in the last days of December, 1783, at the time when Pitt, contrary to all precedent, and under apparent difficulties the most insurmountable, ventured to accept the reins of government.

It forms an object of the most natural curiosity, minutely to survey him at this critical period of his life. He was not then much more than twenty-four years and a half old, and consequently had not attained the age at which many individuals under the testamentary dispositions of their parents are still legally considered to be in a state of tutelage or minority. In the formation of his person he was tall and slender, but without elegance or grace. His countenance, taken as a whole, did not display either the fine expression of character or the intellect of Fox's face, on every feature of which his mind was more or less forcibly depictured. It was not till Pitt's eye lent animation to his other features, which were in themselves tame, that they lighted up, and became strongly intelligent. Fox, even when quiescent, could not be mistaken for an ordinary man. In his manners, Pitt, if not repulsive, was cold, stiff, and without suavity or amenity. He seemed never to invite approach, or to encourage acquaintance; though, when addressed, he could be polite, communicative, and occasionally gracious. Smiles were not natural to him, even when seated on the treasury bench, where, placed at the summit of power, young, surrounded by followers, admirers, and flatterers, he maintained a more sullen gravity than his antagonist exhibited, who beheld around him only the companions of his political exile, poverty, and privations. From the instant that Pitt entered the doorway of the house of commons, he advanced up the floor with a quick and firm step, his head erect and thrown back, looking neither to the right nor to the left, nor favouring with a nod or a glance any of the individuals seated on either side, among whom many who possessed five thousand a year would have been gratified even by so slight a mark of attention. It was not thus that Lord North or Fox treated parliament; nor from them would parliament have so patiently endured it; but Pitt seemed made to command, even more than to persuade or convince, the assembly that he addressed.

In the flower of youth, when he was placed at the head of administration, he manifested none of the characteristic virtues or defects usually accompanying that period of life. Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden, could not have exhibited more coldness, indifference, or apathy towards women; a point of his character on which his enemies dwelt with malignant, though impotent, satisfaction; while his friends laboured with equal pertinacity to repel the imputation. To him the opposition applied, as had been done to his father, the description given of a Roman youth—

"Multa tulit, fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit;
Abstinuit venere"——

In order to justify him from such a supposed blank in his formation, his adherents whispered that he was no more chaste than other men, though more decorous in his pleasures; and they asserted that he made frequent visits to a female of distinguished charms, who resided on the other side of Westminster bridge; but I never could learn from any of them her name or abode. Pitt's apparent insensibility towards the other sex, and his chastity, formed indeed one of the subjects on which the minority exhausted their wit, or rather their malevolence, as if it had been necessary that the first minister of George the Third should be, like the chancellor of Charles the Second, "the greatest libertine in his dominions." I recollect, soon after Pitt became confirmed in power, his detaining the house of commons from the business of the day, during a short time, while he went up to the house of lords; and as Mrs. Siddons was to perform the part of "Belvidera" that evening, when Fox never failed, if possible, to attend in the orchestra at Drury Lane, the opposition impatiently expected Pitt's return, in order to propose an adjournment. As soon as the door opened, and he made his appearance, one of them, a man of classic mind, exclaimed—

"Jam redit et virgo!"

If, however, the minister viewed women with indifference, he was no enemy to wine, nor the social conviviality of the table. His constitution, in which a latent and hereditary gout early displayed itself, which disorder, heightened by political distress, domestic and foreign, carried him off at forty-seven, always demanded the aid and stimulus of the grape. It was not, therefore, in him so much a gratification, or an indulgence, as a physical want, though he unquestionably yielded to its seductions, without making any great effort at resistance, resembling, in this respect, a distinguished consular character of antiquity, relative to whose virtue Horace says—

"Narratur et prisci Catonis,
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus."

In the autumn of 1784, he had indeed nearly fallen a

victim to one of those festive meetings, at which no severe renunciations were enjoined by the host, or practised by the guests. Returning by way of frolic very late at night, on horseback, to Wimbledon from Addiscombe, the seat of Mr. Jenkinson near Croydon, where the party had dined, Lord Thurlow, then chancellor, Pitt, and Dundas, found the turnpike gate, situate between Tooting and Streatham, thrown open. Being elevated above their usual prudence, and having no servant near them, they passed through the gate at a brisk pace, without stopping to pay the toll; regardless of the remonstrances or threats of the turnpike man, who, running after them, and believing them to belong to some highwaymen who had recently committed depredations on that road, discharged the contents of his blunderbuss at their backs. Happily he did no injury. To this curious and narrow escape of the first minister, which furnished matter of pleasantry, though perhaps not of rejoicing, to the opposition, allusion is made in the "Rolliad:"

"How, as he wandered darkling o'er the plain,
His reason lost in Jenkinson's champaign,
A peasant's hand, but that just fate withstood,
Had shed a premier's, for a robber's blood."

Probably no men in high office, since Charles the Second's time, drank harder than Pitt's companions; as, in addition to the individuals already named, we should not omit the Duke of Rutland and Lord Gower, neither of whom professed or practised mortification. Once, and once only, the house of commons witnessed a deviation from strict sobriety, in the first minister and the treasurer of the navy, who having come down after a repast, not of a Pythagorean description, found themselves unable to manage the debate, or to reply to the arguments of the minority, with their accustomed ability. No illiberal notice or advantage was, however, taken of this solitary act of indiscretion. The house broke up, and it sunk into oblivion. Fox never subjected himself, either in or out of office, to similar comments. He was always fresh; but the treasury bench, under the coalition ministry, had not wanted some noble advocates for the quick circulation of the bottle.

Pitt, at his coming into office, was soon surrounded by a chosen phalanx of young men, who participated in his triumph, pressed near him on a day of expected debate, and constituted the resource of his leisure hours. Powis, when describing, about this time, "the forces led by the right honourable gentleman on the treasury bench," in his speech of the 9th of March, 1784, only a few days previous to the dissolution of parliament said, "The first may be called his body guard, composed of light young troops, who shoot their little arrows with amazing dexterity against those who refuse to swear allegiance to their chief." High birth, personal devotion, and political connection, more than talents, formed the ordinary foundation of the minister's partiality for those distinguished individuals, most of whom, with only one exception, we have since seen elevated to the peerage, or loaded with preferments and sinecure appointments. In general, the Duke de Montausier's observation to Louis the Fourteenth, when speaking of Versailles, "*Vous avez beau faire, sire, vous n'en ferez jamais qu'un favori sans merite,*" might well apply to them. With Fox's associates and comrades, Hare, Fitzpatrick, and Sheridan, they could sustain no competition for mental endowments. Lord Grenville, then Mr. William Grenville, must not, however, be included in this remark. His near connection with the first minister, by consanguinity, when added to his distinguished abilities, placed him on far higher ground. As little will the observation apply to Lord Mornington, since created Marquis Wellesley; to the present Earl of Harrowby, then Mr. Ryder; or to Wilberforce, all three men of undisputed talents.

In suavity of temper, magnanimity of disposition, and oblivion of injury or offence, Fox rose superior to Pitt. Even Dundas possessed far more liberality of character, as he manifested on many occasions. I have heard Fox, after dealing out the severest insinuations or accusations against Lord North, when that nobleman was at the head of the treasury, towards the end of the American war, on being convinced that he had exceeded the fair limits of parliamentary attack, or had deviated into personal abuse, explain, retract, and apologise for his violence or indecorum. Mr. Pitt, though he rarely committed such a breach of propriety, and was more measured in his censure or condemnation, seldom if ever made concession. He even tried, at an early period of his ministerial career, to overbear Sheridan, by making sarcastic allusion to the theatrical employments or dramatic avocations of that eminent member, as forming a more appropriate object of his attention, than parliamentary declamation and pursuits; allusions, which, however classic the language in which they were couched, might be justly deemed illiberal in their nature. But Sheridan, with admirable presence of mind, turned against him his own weapons, leaving behind him the impression of his genius, drawn from the very key on which Pitt had pressed, when he applied to the first minister the denomination of the "angry boy," with which Ben Jonson furnished him on the instant.

In classic knowledge, and acquirements of every kind, as drawn from Greek and Roman sources, Pitt and Fox might fairly dispute for pre-eminence; but the latter left his rival far behind in all the variety of elegant information derived from modern history, poetry, and foreign languages. We ought not, indeed, to be surprised at this superiority, if we recollect that Fox was above ten years older than Pitt; that he nourished a much stronger natural attachment to polite letters, and enjoyed infinitely more leisure for its indulgence. Pitt, as far as my means of information ever enabled me to form a judgment, possessed comparatively small general acquaintance with those authors, which furnish the libraries of men of taste and science. How, indeed, we may ask, should he ever have attained it? Several months before he completed his twenty-second year, he found himself with a very slender fortune, placed in the house of commons, which situation opened to his aspiring and ambitious mind the most brilliant prospects of elevation. From that period, if we except the prorogation of 1781, —for in 1782 he was chancellor of the exchequer, and in 1783 he visited the continent,—what portion of time could he devote to literary pursuits or accomplishment? Near seven years later than the period of which I speak, in the autumn of the year 1790, when it was expected that a rupture would have taken place between the crowns of Great Britain and Spain, respecting the affair of Nootka Sound, conversing with him on the subject of the Spanish possessions lying along the shore of the Pacific ocean, he owned that he not only never had read but he assured me he never had heard of Commodore Byron's narrative of his shipwreck in the "Wager," on the coast of Patagonia, a book to be found in every circulating library. But, on the other hand, the rapidity and facility with which he acquired, digested, and converted his knowledge to purposes of utility, was altogether wonderful. With the French language he was grammatically conversant; but at twenty-five he spoke it imperfectly, and wrote in it without freedom or facility, though he subsequently improved in these particulars. I repeat it, as a secretary of state for the foreign department, he could have sustained no competition with Fox, in all the branches of solid or of ornamental attainment that qualify for such a situation.

It is not easy to decide relative to their respective superiority in eloquence. Fox's oratory was more impassioned; Pitt's could boast greater correctness of diction. The former exhibited, while speaking, all the tribunitian rage; the latter displayed the consular dignity. But, it must not be forgotten, that the one commonly attacked, while the other generally defended; and it is more easy to impugn or to censure than to justify measures of state. Had they changed positions in the house, the character of their speeches would doubtles have taken a tinge, though it would not have been radically altered, by such a variation in their political destiny. From Fox's finest specimens of oratory, much, as it appeared to me, might have been taken away without injuring the effect, or maiming the conclusion. To Pitt's speeches nothing seemed wanting, yet was there no redundancy. He seemed, as by intuition, to hit the precise point, where, having attained his object as far as eloquence could effect it, he sat down. This distinctive and opposite characteristic of the two men arose, partly at least, from an opinion or principle which Fox had adopted. He calculated that one third of his audience was always either absent, or at dinner, or asleep; and he therefore usually made a short resumption or epitome of his arguments, for the benefit of this part of the members. So that, after speaking at great length, and sometimes apparently summing up, as if about to conclude, whenever he saw a considerable influx of attendance, he began anew, regardless of the impatience manifested on the part of those whose attention was already exhausted by long exertion. Pitt never condescended to avail himself of such a practice; neither lengthening his speeches nor abbreviating them, from any considerations except the necessity of fully developing his ideas. Indeed, so well was the relative proportion of time generally taken up by the two speakers, known to the old members, that they calculated, whenever Fox was three hours on his legs, Pitt replied in two. In all the corporeal part of oratory, he observed likewise more moderation and measure than Fox, who, on great occasions, seemed like the Pythian priestess, "to labour with the inspiring God," and to dissolve in floods of perspiration. The minister, it is true, became sometimes warmed with his subject, and had occasionally recourse to his handkerchief; but rather, in order to take breath, or to recall his thoughts by a momentary pause, than from physical agitation.

A vital defect in Pitt's composition as a man, must be esteemed his want of economy; it was hereditary, constitutional, and insurmountable. The great Earl of Chatham, his father, had to contend with the same deficiency, and never understood, as Lord Holland had done, the art of accumulating a fortune. But the first Mr. Pitt, besides the lucrative sinecure of the privy seal, which he held during several years, enjoyed the estate of Burton Pynsent, in the county of Somerset, bequeathed to him by Sir William Pynsent, together with a pension of three thousand pounds a year bestowed on him by the crown. None of these possessions, however, descended to his second son, whose whole patrimonial inheritance amounted, I believe, only to five thousand pounds; and it never received any ostensible augmentation, except a legacy of three thousand pounds, bequeathed him in October, 1787, by the Duke of Rutland. We may therefore be enabled, with these data, to form some idea of the elevation of Pitt's mind, his contempt of money, and his disregard of every selfish or interested object. When, on Sir Edward Walpole's decease, in January, 1784, he disdained to take the clerkship of the pells in the exchequer, though, as the head of that department, he might have conferred it on himself; though Lord Thurlow pressed him not to reject such a fair occasion of rendering himself independent; and though every man in the kingdom must have approved the act, on an impartial survey of his situation; for he might not have retained his official employments a single week: perhaps it is to be regretted that he should have made such a sacrifice of private interest to glory: but it operated throughout his whole life, and even beyond the grave, by its effect on parliament and on the nation. Antiquity cannot exhibit any more shining instance of disinterestedness, either drawn from Theban and Athenian story, or from the consular ages of Rome. Juvenal's observations on human nature—

"Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?"

did not seem to apply to Pitt. Possibly, however, on a deep estimate, he found even his pecuniary recompense in this noble act of renunciation. The house of commons would hardly have bestowed the posthumous marks of solid admiration and respect, which they voted in 1806, on any minister who had enjoyed, during two and twenty years, a sinecure place of three thousand pounds per annum, in addition to his official emoluments.

The salaries annexed to the place of first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, even though unaided by any private fortune, yet undoubtedly, with prudent management, might have been found adequate to Pitt's expenditure. But, unsupported by economy, they proved wholly insufficient for the purpose. When he was appointed first minister, his youngest sister, Lady Harriet Pitt, resided with him, and superintended his establishment in Downing street. She possessed, in addition to her other eminent intellectual endowments, that quality which her father and brother wanted; and so long as she personally controlled his domestic affairs, I have been assured that they were restrained within very reasonable limits. Unfortunately for him, in September, 1785, within two years after he came into power, Lady Harriet gave her hand to Mr. Elliot, who became Lord Elliot on his father's demise; and, subsequent to her marriage, Pitt's pecuniary concerns fell into the utmost

disorder. Debts accumulated; and it was commonly asserted, that the collectors of the taxes found more difficulty in levying them from the chancellor of the exchequer than from almost any other inhabitant of Westminster. Even tradesmen's bills were said to be frequently paid, not in money, but by ordering new articles, and thus augmenting the pressure of the evil itself.

It was not till 1792, on the Earl of Guildford's decease, that Mr. Dundas having learned the intelligence, and knowing his friend's disinterestedness, hurried to St. James's, went into the closet, and asked of his majesty the place of lord warden of the Cinque Ports, for Pitt; which office the king immediately conferred on him, though it had been previously intended by the sovereign, as I know, for the late Duke of Dorset. Such was the superiority of the first minister's mind, to every object of personal emolument or acquisition, that he disdained to ask any reward, even from the prince whom he had so long and so efficaciously served. For my knowledge of this curious and interesting fact, I am indebted to the right honourable William Dundas, nephew to the late Lord Melville, whose authority on such a point is superior to all contradiction. The salary, which in Mr. Pitt's person was rendered nominally three thousand five hundred pounds a year, might have formed a very handsome addition to his income; but the necessary deductions of many kinds to be made from that sum; the expenses which he incurred in altering or embellishing Walmer Castle; and, more than both, his facility or liberality in granting small pensions to invalided or aged artificers of various descriptions belonging to the Cinque Ports—these combined causes reduced the real receipt below half its ostensible amount. Yet when he went out of office, in 1801, loaded with debts, he possessed no other independent means of subsistence. It is indeed true, that as early as 1790, he had been elected master of the Trinity House; but I have always considered that appointment, though honourable, as unproductive of any pecuniary emolument. When we reflect on the circumstances here enumerated, we may regret, but we cannot wonder, that after holding the reins of government almost his whole life, and conferring so many dignities as well as offices, during a period of near nineteen years, he should die not only poor but oppressed under a burthen of debt. Yet must we distinguish between a sort of virtuous, or at least venial poverty, if I may so express myself, caused by want of economy, in a man who devoted his exertions to the public service, and Fox's similar wants, produced by a rage for play, which not only reduced him from affluence to a state of dereliction, but finally compelled him to accept an eleemosynary contribution from his political and personal friends, in order to furnish him with the means of subsistence. It is unnecessary to contrast the two positions or characters, which undoubtedly excite in our minds very opposite sensations, and awaken widely different degrees of moral censure or disapprobation.

Pitt's great superiority to his antagonist, and his consequent ministerial success, flowed principally from two causes. The first was his admirable judgment. That intelligence restrained his parliamentary exertions during the American war, and induced him, while heaping accusations on the ministers, to spare the king. I know that he received a hint, soon after he began to speak in the house of commons, warning him to avoid that rock on which Fox had split, and to be cautious how he mentioned or alluded to the royal name. He did not despise the advice. The same superior intelligence impelled him, when Lord North was driven from power, to refuse office under an administration which he foresaw, from its component materials, could only be of short duration. It dictated to him to take the chancellorship of the exchequer under Lord Shelburne; but it equally suggested to him the impracticability of retaining the situation of first minister, when pressed by his majesty, in March, 1783, to assume that high office, after the Earl of Shelburne's resignation. In renouncing a situation so flattering to his pride and his ambition, though it lay within his grasp, he exhibited, when not twenty-four, the deepest and calmest discernment: for, if he had yielded to the wishes of the sovereign, it seems certain that he could not have maintained himself in power against Fox and Lord North, who had not then committed any other act calculated to excite the public condemnation, except the mere approximation of their respective parliamentary adherents, and their own political union. Pitt, with consummate judgment, waited till the coalition had brought forward the "East India bill," and could no longer recede, in order to profit of their indiscretion. He accepted, in December, the employment which nine months earlier he had wisely declined—exhibiting, on both occasions, equal ability: but he never associated Lord Shelburne to his power, nor allowed him a place in the cabinet. His whole conduct, while struggling against Fox's majority in the house of commons, during successive months, formed the triumph of paramount capacity over imprudence and rapacious precipitation. If we were to pursue the comparison lower in Pitt's life, we should trace the same effects resulting from similar causes during the critical conflict between him and Fox, in the winter of 1788, when the latter, instead of advising the heir apparent to accept the regency under any conditions, however severe, on which parliament might think proper to confer it during the king's malady, laid claim to it as a matter of right. The minister instantly perceived and fastened like an eagle on his adversary's error; which, by producing delay, happily allowed time for his majesty's recovery, and of course perpetuated the duration of Pitt's power.

The second point that gave him an ascendant over Fox, arose from the correctness of his deportment, and regularity of life. This circumstance, which, under Charles the Second, would have counted for little in the scale, operated with decisive effect under a prince such as George the Third. Nor did it produce less beneficial results with the people at large. Some internal guarantee, drawn from moral character, high integrity, and indisputable rectitude of intention, seemed indeed necessary, in order to justify to the nation the choice of the sovereign, when entrusting to a young man, destitute of property, the finances and concerns of an empire, reduced, by a long and disastrous war, to a state of great depression. Pitt had in fact no other stake to deposit as a security for his good conduct, unless we take into our calculation his possible reversion of the earldom of Chatham. He had likewise to contend with another deficiency. During the whole course of the eighteenth century, and I believe I may say since the accession of Elizabeth, he is the only English first minister who lived and died in a state of celibacy. He was not, therefore, attached to the commonwealth by those endearing ties which blend the statesman with the husband and the father, thus giving a species of compound pledge for good conduct to the country. Mr. Pelham, who presided over the councils of Great Britain during ten years, under George the Second, was, it is true, like Pitt, only a younger son of a noble house; but his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, might be justly considered as one of the greatest subjects in fortune, as well as in rank, to be found within the kingdom. Mr. Pelham, who married a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, had likewise by her a numerous family, and possessed in his own person considerable landed property.

Even Fox, though he remained long unmarried, yet finally entered into that state; and he aspired to have done it much earlier in life, if his efforts for the purpose had not proved unsuccessful. During the early part of Hastings' trial, in 1787, he raised his eyes and hopes to the Duke of Newcastle's box, in Westminster Hall, where usually sat Miss Pulteney, afterwards created, by Pitt, Countess of Bath, in her own right, then justly esteemed one of the greatest heiresses in the kingdom. After exhibiting his powers of oratory as a public man, in the manager's box below, he sometimes ascended in his private capacity to try the effect of his eloquence under the character of a lover. All his friends aided a cause which, by rendering their chief independent in his fortune, would have healed the wounds inflicted by his early indiscretion. General Fitzpatrick usually kept a place for him near the lady, and for some time the courtship assumed so auspicious an appearance, that I remember Hare, when speculating on the probable issue of the marriage, said, with admirable humour, that "they would inevitably be duns, with black manes and tails;" alluding to the lady's fair complexion and red hair, contrasted with Fox's dark hue. The affair nevertheless terminated, from whatever cause, without success. Pitt, though at different periods of his life he distinguished certain ladies, some of whom I could name, by marks of great predilection, and in one instance seemed even to meditate marriage, yet never persisted in the attempt; but his name, descent, abilities, and private character, surmounted every impediment to his elevation. Fox could no more have been placed at the head of the treasury than Dean Swift could have been made archbishop of Canterbury, or than Lord Bolingbroke, under Queen Anne, or the Duke of Wharton, under George the First, could have filled the office of first minister. He wanted, like them, an essential quality—high moral character. Of this deficiency he was himself sensible, and was said to have expressed his conviction of it, in laconic but forcible terms.

While Pitt unquestionably anticipated the probable necessity for his ultimately recurring to the measure of calling together a new house of commons, he by no means disdained to avail himself of all the means and modes that could be suggested for diminishing, and, if possible, annihilating the majority, to which Fox owed his actual consequence. Every effort was exerted by himself and by his friends, in order to accomplish that point. The recess, limited to little more than a fortnight, allowed him only a very short space for exertion; and the numbers which had hitherto supported the coalition during the progress of the "East India bill" through the house, in every stage, generally amounted to double or almost double the votes on the opposite side. Two hundred and seventeen members had voted for its commitment—a great proportion in an assembly then composed only of five hundred and fifty-eight persons. To reduce such a superiority, first to something approaching an equality, and finally to a minority, might well seem a hopeless undertaking, even admitting all the venality, want of principle, or tergiversation with which that assembly has been so often reproached. Much more success was however expected from applications addressed to that part of the coalition which might be considered as holding to Lord North, than from the adherents of the Rockingham party, or among the personal supporters and friends of Fox. Many of Lord North's political connections, who had in fact voted with him on the India bill, under a conviction of the measure itself having obtained the consent of the crown, were naturally disposed to withdraw their support, if not to transfer their services, on the discovery of their mistake. There existed only three ways by which Fox's majority might be reduced. In consequence of the attendance of new members, who had not hitherto taken any part—by the future non-attendance of those who had supported the coalition up to the present time—and lastly, by desertion from the enemy's ranks over to those of the new administration. The latter votes as counting double, of course became most sought after and valued.

A separation had indeed already taken place among Lord North's immediate personal followers. Of the two former secretaries of the treasury, Sir Grey Cooper continued to support him invariably; but Robinson, conceiving himself absolved from any obligation to accompany his ancient principal through all the consequences of his new political alliances, quitted altogether that party. No man in the house of commons, as I have had occasion to remark, knew so much of its original composition—the means by which every individual attained his seat—and, in many instances, how far, and through what channels, he might prove accessible. Though Mr. Pitt made the fifth first minister whom that parliament had beheld in the short space of little more than twenty-one months; yet the individual members composing the lower house had undergone only a very trifling variation, since the general election. Recourse was therefore had to Robinson, under the present delicate and arduous circumstances of public affairs, in order to obtain his active exertions for government. He complied with the application, and unquestionably rendered very essential service. I have always considered the earldom of Abergavenny as the remuneration given by the crown for that assistance. Robinson's only daughter and child had been married some years before, to the honourable Henry Neville, eldest son of Lord Abergavenny, who was placed at the head of the list of earls created by Pitt, on the 11th of May, 1784, not five months after the facts took place, under our discussion.

BRIBERY.

While I am engaged on the subject of the house of commons, and of the influence or corruption by which it has been always managed, particularly during the last,

and a part of the present reign, I shall relate some particulars which cannot, perhaps, be introduced with more propriety than in this place. We may see in the "Memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy," what influence he attributes to the "presents of champagne and burgundy" made by Marshal Tallard, then a prisoner of war in England, to "right honourable members of parliament." Nay, the prince asserts positively, that in the same year, 1711, when he came over in person to London, with the avowed object of retaining, if possible, Queen Anne and her ministers in the grand alliance against France, he had recourse himself to corruption. "*Je fis des présens*," says he, "*car on peut acheter beaucoup en Angleterre.*" If such constituted the ordinary practice under the last princess of the Stuart line, at a time that parliaments were not septennial, but only triennial, we may be quite assured that they did not become more virtuous after the accession of the reigning family, when the house of commons was elected for seven years.

Proofs of the venality practised by Sir Robert Walpole, during the whole course of his long administration, it seems unnecessary to produce, as that minister did not disclaim or resent the imputation. Nor did his political adversaries disdain, whatever professions of public virtue they might make, to have recourse to the same unworthy expedients, in order to effect his removal. We have the authority of a member of their own body for the fact. "Don Carlos," (Frederick, Prince of Wales,) says Mr. Glover, in his "Memoirs," recently published, "told me that it cost him twelve thousand pounds in corruption, particularly among the tories, to carry the Westminster and Chippenham elections, in 1742, and other points, which compelled Lord Orford, at that time Sir Robert Walpole, to quit the house of commons." It is difficult to adduce more satisfactory and unimpeachable proof of a fact, as Glover was a man of strict veracity. Neither was Mr. Pelham, who, after a short interval, succeeded Sir Robert, and who held his situation near eleven years, though he may be justly esteemed one of the most upright statesmen who presided in the councils of George the Second, less liable to the accusation of corrupting parliament than his predecessor.

A friend of mine, a man of rank and high character, whom I do not name, because, being still alive, I consider myself not at liberty to divulge it, but whose name would at once stamp the veracity and authenticity of whatever he relates, has frequently assured me, that about the year 1767, he was personally acquainted with Roberts, who had been secretary of the treasury under Mr. Pelham, but who was then old, infirm, and near his end. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner, where his epitaph describes him as "the most faithful secretary of the right honourable Henry Pelham." This gentleman, conversing with Roberts upon the events of those times when he held a place under administration, and particularly on the manner in which the house of commons was then managed, Roberts avowed without reserve, that while he remained at the treasury, there were a number of members who regularly received from him their payment or stipend, at the end of every session, in bank notes. The sums, which varied according to the merits, ability, and attendance of the respective individuals, amounted usually from five hundred pounds to eight hundred pounds per annum. "This largess I distributed," added Roberts, "in the court of requests, on the day of the prorogation of parliament. I took my stand there, and as the gentlemen passed me, in going to or returning from the house, I conveyed the money, in a squeeze of the hand. Whatever person received the ministerial bounty in the manner thus related, I entered his name in a book, which was preserved in the deepest secrecy, it being never inspected by any one, except the king and Mr. Pelham. On the decease of that minister, in 1754, his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and others of the cabinet who succeeded to power, anxious to obtain an accurate knowledge of the private state of the house of commons, and particularly to ascertain the names of all the individuals who received money during Mr. Pelham's life, applied to me for information. They further demanded of me to surrender the book in which, as they knew, I was accustomed to enter the above particulars. Conceiving a compliance to be dishonourable, I peremptorily refused to deliver it up, except by the king's express command, and to his majesty in person. In consequence of my refusal, they acquainted the king of the circumstance, who sent for me to St. James's, where I was introduced into the closet, more than one of the above mentioned ministers being present. George the Second ordered me to return him the book in question, with which injunction I immediately complied. At the same time taking the poker in his hand, he put it into the fire, made it red hot, and then, while we stood round him, he thrust the book into the flames, where it was immediately reduced to ashes. He considered it, in fact, as too sacred and confidential a register to be thus transferred over to the new ministers, and as having become extinct with the administration of Mr. Pelham."

It is unquestionable that the Duke of Newcastle, though he failed in getting possession of his brother's secret information, in consequence of Roberts's firmness, yet pursued the same mode of management on becoming himself first lord of the treasury. Under Lord Bute's government, when, from a variety of causes, a violent opposition in parliament arose, which required the whole power of ministry to stem, similar practices were carried to a greater length. John Ross Mackay, who had been private secretary to the Earl of Bute, and afterwards, during seventeen years, was treasurer of the ordnance, a man with whom I was personally acquainted, frequently avowed the fact. He lived to a very advanced age, sat in several parliaments, and only died, I believe, in 1796. A gentleman of high professional rank, and of unimpeached veracity, told me, that dining at the late Earl of Besborough's, in Cavendish square, in the year 1790, where only four persons were present, including himself, Ross Mackay, who was one of the number, gave them the most ample information upon this subject. Lord Besborough having called after dinner for a bottle of excellent champagne, of which wine Mackay was fond, and the conversation accidentally turning on the means of governing the house of commons, Mackay said that "Money formed, after all, the only effectual and certain method." "The peace of 1763," continued he, "was carried through and approved by a pecuniary distribution. Nothing else could have surmounted the difficulty. I was myself the channel through which the money passed. With my own hand I secured above one hundred and twenty votes, on that vital question to ministers. Eighty thousand pounds were set apart for the purpose. Forty members of the house of commons received from me a thousand pounds each. To eighty others I paid five hundred pounds a piece." Mackay afterwards confirmed more than once this fact to the gentleman above mentioned, who related it to me. He added that Lord Besborough appeared himself so sensible of the imprudence, as well as impropriety, of the avowal made by Mackay at his table, that his lordship sent to him and to the fourth person who had been present on the occasion, next morning, to entreat of them, on no account to divulge it during Mackay's life.

Wilkes was, however, perfectly well instructed on the subject, and made no secret of his information, even at the time when the treaty of Fontainbleau was a recent transaction. In his memorable letter addressed from "Paris, 22d October, 1764," to the electors of Aylesbury, he says, "I will not compliment the present profligate majority in the house of commons, so far as to say they were so well informed, that they knew the exact truth of every assertion in the 'North Briton,' No. 45. One particular, however, came within their knowledge; the means by which it is hinted that the *entire approbation of parliament*, even of the *preliminary articles* of the late inglorious peace, was obtained, and the previous step to the obtaining that *entire approbation*, the large debt contracted on the *civil list*. They knew this assertion was extremely *true*, and I am as ready to own that it was extremely *scandalous*." It is impossible to convey a charge of such a nature in less equivocal or ambiguous language.

Relative to the three successive administrations, namely, that of George Grenville, of the Marquis of Rockingham, and of the Duke of Grafton, which comprised the period of time between April, 1763, and January, 1770, I can state nothing from my own personal knowledge. Bradshaw conducted that department, under the Duke of Grafton. The same system certainly continued during the period of the American war, when Robinson, and under him Brummell, were its agents. I incline, nevertheless, strongly to doubt whether, towards the termination of Lord North's ministry, these practices subsisted in all their force, by which I mean to say, that I question whether any individual member of the house of commons, was paid for his vote and support in bank notes, as it would appear had been done under Walpole, Pelham, and most, if not all, their successors, down to that time. More refinement had insensibly been introduced into the distribution of gratifications, which were conveyed in oblique shapes, such as lottery tickets, scrip, jobs, contracts, and other beneficial forms, by which the majority was kept together, in defiance of a most unfortunate, if not an ill conducted, war. Lord North, when first minister, was supposed to command full one hundred and seventy members at his absolute devotion, who were prepared to vote with him upon every question; nor would his head, indeed, have been secure, from 1777 down to 1782, unless he could have counted upon such a steady and numerous support, at a time when every month teemed with misfortunes or defeats. Of this great body, only a comparatively small portion had, however, continued to adhere to him, after he joined with Fox, and many more had quitted him on the first introduction of the "India bill." Still, even in the last days of December, 1783, when dismissed from employment, he remained the nominal head of a considerable party, upon many individuals composing which it was natural to suppose that an impression might be made, by representations addressed to their principles, their passions, or their interests. Nor can Mr. Pitt, standing as he did, in the critical, as well as hazardous predicament, of having accepted the first offices of government, unsupported in one house of parliament, be blamed for availing himself of every fair or honourable means to diminish the majority possessed by his adversaries. I am at the same time persuaded, from the elevation of his mind, and the purity of his principles, that he was incapable of authorising, no less than Robinson would have disdained to practice, any other methods of procuring adherents, than such as the British constitution either recognises, or which are in fact inseparable from its practical existence.

LORD SACKVILLE.

Among the persons of eminence to whom Mr. Pitt had recourse for support, at this delicate crisis of his ministerial life, when every parliamentary aid which could sustain him against the coalition was anxiously sought after, the late Lord Sackville attracted his attention. That nobleman had hitherto taken no decided part in the debates, during the progress of the "East India bill," though he voted against it personally in both the divisions which took place on the 15th and 17th of December, in the house of peers. He had, indeed, early considered it to be a measure which would excite great fermentation throughout the country, as well as opposition on the part of the crown, when its political consequences came to be well appreciated and understood. He even repeatedly predicted that it would probably overturn the ministry of Lord North and Fox. Impressed with these sentiments, he exhorted his nephew, the Duke of Dorset, who arrived in London from Paris soon after the session opened, to be cautious how he engaged himself too far in supporting it, till he had ascertained and sounded the ground. The duke profited of the advice. Lord Sackville, besides his own vote, and his brother-in-law Lord Milton's proxy, of which, from his influence over that nobleman's mind, he might be said to dispose in the same house of parliament, brought in gratuitously two members at East Grinstead—for he had a mind too noble ever to sell either of the seats—thus commanding or influencing four votes, in addition to his own personal weight and connections.

During the Christmas recess, after the adjournment of the two houses, having quitted London, he went down to his seat at Drayton. Mr. Pitt having applied to a member of the house of peers, requesting his exertions to procure Lord Sackville's personal attendance and support, at a moment of such difficulty; he mentioned my name to the minister as a person capable, from the friendship with which Lord Sackville honoured me, of facilitating his wishes on the subject. The nobleman in question having subsequently called on me, at a very late hour of the night, on the 29th of December, after I was in bed, acquainted me with the abovementioned circumstances. Impelled by the wish of serving Mr. Pitt, I waited on him at his brother Lord Chatham's house, in Berkley square, next morning, and at his desire undertook the service. But I candidly informed him, at

the same time, that from my knowledge of Lord Sackville's sentiments, and for the obvious reasons which must render Lord Howe, as well as the Marquis of Carmarthen, who were both members of the new administration, personally distasteful to him, I doubted his compliance, unless the solicitations were sustained from various quarters; and I exhorted him not only to write, himself, to Lord Sackville, but to procure similar applications from his three personal friends in the cabinet,—the chancellor, the lord president, and Lord Sydney. Mr. Pitt readily adopted the suggestion. I then assured him that I would set off on the following day, it being previously settled that the messenger, who was to be charged with the ministerial letters for Drayton, should not pass me on the road, but allow me to arrive before him at my destination.

On the ensuing morning, being the 31st of December, I left London very early, in order to have time to see and to converse with the Duke of Dorset, in my way to Lord Sackville. The duke was then on a visit at Lord Salisbury's, at Hatfield. I acquainted him with the object of my journey, in the success of which he co-operated with all his exertions. It was past ten at night when I reached Drayton, in most inclement weather. Lord Sackville, whom I found engaged at chess with his youngest daughter, expressed some surprise at my first entrance into the apartment. But his natural penetration soon led him to conceive that my visit, at such a season, must have a deeper motive than friendship or amusement. As soon as we were alone, I therefore told him the cause of my unexpected arrival, and related every circumstance that had taken place, except the advice which I had ventured to offer Mr. Pitt, respecting applications from his friends in the cabinet. Next day the messenger brought the despatches; and Lord Sackville, after perusing them, returned the answer which I had foreseen, namely, that "though he would accept no office under ministry, nor ask any favour from the administration recently formed, yet that his principles, and the dutiful submission that he felt towards his majesty, would impel him to give every support to the new government, in the present arduous crisis of affairs." He punctually performed this promise, evincing himself a steady friend to the ministry during the whole future progress of the eventful contest then carrying on in parliament.

CARICATURES.

It was not, however, by individual applications of any kind, nor even by private exertions and assistance, however successful they might be, nor even by the personal interference of the sovereign himself, that Pitt could have been maintained in office. The public, and the public only, enabled him to defeat the powerful phalanx drawn up against him. During the two first weeks of December, while the fate of the "India bill" remained still doubtful, the committee of proprietors, which sat unintermittingly in Leadenhall street, sounded the alarm from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. A member of that committee, who took an active part in their deliberations, assured me, that in the circular letters which they addressed to almost every town or corporate body throughout Great Britain, they contented themselves with saying, in few words, "Our property and charter are forcibly invaded. Look to your own." A copy of Fox's bill, enclosed, which served as the best commentary on the text, produced a corresponding and general effect. Ridicule and satire joined their aid to expose the "coalition." Two prints in particular, conceived with admirable humour, were circulated throughout the metropolis. In one, Fox, under the character of a "political Samson," appeared carrying away on his shoulders the India house that he had pulled down; out of the windows of which edifice the terrified directors were endeavouring to effect their escape. The other print, denominated "The triumphal entry of Carlo Khan into Delhi," displayed the secretary of state, habited in the costume of a Mogul emperor, seated on an elephant whose countenance bore a most striking resemblance to Lord North, and preceded by Burke, as his trumpeter. It is difficult to conceive the moral operation and wide diffusion of these caricatures through every part of the country.

MR. THOMAS PITT.

About the close of the year, the new first minister exhibited, (perhaps not without profound design,) a proof of power which his predecessors had never been able to display, in elevating his relation and active supporter, Mr. Thomas Pitt, to the peerage. Before the month of January had elapsed, two other individuals were raised by him to the same dignity. He probably meant to show his adherents, as well as his opponents, in the house of commons, the facility with which he disposed of the honours of the crown, withheld by the sovereign from the "coalition," and consequently the rewards which might attend the early repairing to the royal standard. In order to counteract this display of ministerial favour, and with a view to keep their forces together, his antagonists were said to have promised a long list of contingent British peerages, exceeding thirty in number, to their principal friends in the lower house. The names of these gentlemen were in general circulation; and the greater part of them have since, at different periods subsequent to the French revolution, received from Pitt the boon which they had failed to obtain from the coalition administration.

PARLIAMENT.

12th January, 1784. Whatever favourable effect the peerage conferred by the minister on Mr. Thomas Pitt, might produce within the walls of the house of commons, an act which he performed soon afterwards operated far more beneficially for him without doors, on the minds of the public. Sir Edward Walpole's death having vacated the lucrative post of clerk of the pells in the exchequer, Pitt, instead of taking it for himself, or conferring it on his brother, Lord Chatham, as might not only have seemed natural and venial but as he was urged to do by his political friends, immediately gave it to Colonel Barré, in order to extinguish the ample pension enjoyed by him ever since Lord Shelburne's accession to power. So unusual a proof of superiority to pecuniary temptation, exhibited by a man destitute of patrimonial fortune, even though it might have originated in deep policy, more than in disinterestedness, as his enemies asserted or insinuated, yet attracted just admiration, and extorted general applause. Fox, nevertheless, while he admitted the abstract merit of the action itself, did not reprobate with less severity the principles on which Pitt had acquired possession of office. Nor did he display with less ostentation, on the day when the house of commons met, after its short adjournment, the unlimited command that he exercised over the majority of that assembly. Of this empire he gave the most convincing proof, by not only in parliamentary language taking possession of the house when it reassembled, but by precluding the chancellor of the exchequer, in subversion of all usage, from being heard, though charged with a message from the king, till Fox had submitted and carried five resolutions in a committee on the state of the nation. Three of these he moved himself. The other two he delegated to Lord Surrey, who was said to have been selected from among the numerous candidates for parliamentary service, in consequence of a classic recommendation. It having been agitated at the meeting of the opposition, held on the preceding evening, at Burlington house, what individual to choose for bringing forward two of the resolutions next day, in the house of commons, one of the persons present, being appealed to for his opinion, exclaimed with Richard—

"Saddle black *Surrey* for the field to-morrow!"

Throughout the whole debate which took place on that occasion, Fox appeared as the arbiter of the scene, propelling, restraining, and directing the machine, according to his volition; while the minister, sustained only by the vast powers of his mind, and a consciousness of possessing equally the royal and the popular favour, struggled vainly against the current. He was borne away, together with his followers, by its violence, after making an eloquent and masterly appeal to the candour of his audience. One of Lord Surrey's motions, calculated to stigmatise the king personally, as having permitted "his sacred name to be unconstitutionally used, in order to affect the deliberations of parliament," was voted by a very considerable majority, in a crowded house, at seven o'clock in the morning. Yet, even amidst so conspicuous a triumph, Fox might find subject for just apprehension in his already diminished numbers. Instead of dividing, as he had done before the recess, nearly *two to one* upon almost every question, he carried the first division against administration, upon "going into the committee on the order of the day," by only *thirty-nine*, though four hundred and twenty-five members voted on the occasion. Lord Surrey's motion passed, it is true, by *fifty-four*; but as only three hundred and thirty-eight persons voted on that question, it appeared evident that the augmentation on the side of opposition arose from the better discipline and closer attendance enforced among their followers than was observed by the adherents of government. When Fox, elated by his advantage, attempted, four days afterwards, on the 16th of January, to make the house declare that, "the continuance of ministers in office was contrary to the principles of the constitution," he found his majority declined to *twenty-one*, on a division where three hundred and eighty-nine members voted. His parliamentary ascendency, therefore, however apparently imposing, palpably rested on a most precarious and decaying foundation.

Never, in the history of parliament, were debates conducted with more asperity and personal recrimination than during the period of Pitt's and Fox's contest for power. Accusations the most futile and unbecoming in their nature were preferred on both sides, with the view of rendering each other odious to the nation. Sir Richard Hill, member for Shropshire, animadverted with some severity on the attendance and marks of interest exhibited by the Prince of Wales, while present in the lower house. His royal highness, though, from deference to his father's avowed wishes, he had absented himself on the day when the "East India bill" was finally rejected in the house of peers, yet did not the less retain his predilection for its authors. His presence in the house of commons might therefore be considered as indirectly encouraging to Fox and "the coalition." Frederick, Prince of Wales, his grandfather, had however given the same marks of partiality to the minority which drove Sir Robert Walpole from power, in the beginning of 1743, without exciting any comment or disapprobation. Pulteney, then at the head of opposition, even alluded in one of his speeches to his consciousness of the august personage before whom he spoke. Sir Richard Hill was one of the most upright, disinterested, and honest men who ever sat in parliament. Andrew Marvel was not more incorrupt; but his religious cast of character laid him open to the shafts of ridicule. The "Rolliad" describes him as

"Friend of King George, but of King Jesus more."

In the same manner, the Earl of Dartmouth, while a member of Lord North's cabinet, being likewise known to entertain very deep sentiments of religion, had obtained from the opposition the nick-name of "the psalm-singer."

The indecorous personality of debate that distinguished the lower house during this extraordinary crisis of affairs, produced scenes apparently unbecoming the assembly where they originated, and such as we would vainly expect to find in more tranquil periods of our parliamentary history. General Ross, rising in his place, accused a lord of the bedchamber, the Earl of Galloway, with endeavouring to influence his vote, by allusions or direct intimations of the royal displeasure at his supporting "the coalition." Lord Galloway's brother, the honourable Keith Stewart, read a written denial of the assertion; but the general persisted in maintaining the charge. Lampoons, a weapon in the management of which the opposition unquestionably excelled their opponents, were circulated with great assiduity and effect. In one of them, Stewart was thus apostrophised:

"Captain Keith, Captain Keith,
Keep your tongue in your teeth,
Lest you bedchamber secrets betray.
And if you want more,
Why, my bold commodore,
You may borrow of Lord Galloway."

Keith Stewart had incurred, as a professional man, some censure or reflections, perhaps unjustly, during the war with Holland, for having allowed a homeward bound Dutch ship of war to slip through the Downs, and reach the Texel, while he was said to have been on shore at Deal. His brother, Lord Galloway, having very defective teeth, it was well known, used a complete set of artificial teeth. Sir Richard Hill, who almost always drew his allusions or authorities from holy writ, endeavoured to prove the benefit of secret influence, by adducing the instances of Haman and of Mordecai. "The

honest Israelite," he observed, "repaired privately to court, and averted the danger which threatened the people of God from Haman's ambition—who, being driven from the cabinet, was finally suspended from a gibbet." I thought, however, at the time when Sir Richard pronounced this speech, that Mr. Pitt was not perfectly pleased at the comparison made between himself and Mordecai. Even Mr. Dundas, who might have been esteemed incapable of descending to such modes of attack—yet, referring to Lee's very imprudent assertion, that "a charter was only a scroll of parchment, with a piece of wax dangling to it," he observed, that it had been asked, "What was the great harm of hanging an attorney-general? A hanged attorney-general, was only a carcass dangling at the end of a rope." Sheridan, however, retorted on him with equal ability and severity, for this metaphor. Lord North accused the ministers with canvassing for votes from one extremity of the kingdom to the other—an imputation repeated in still stronger language by General Conway, who denominated their agents, "*rat catchers*;" but which charge was repelled by the chancellor of the exchequer, as destitute of proof. On the other hand, Rigby complained that Robinson, in the anticipation of a speedy dissolution of parliament, had made use of ministerial influence, to effect the future election of a member for the borough of Harwich, though he did not think proper to ground any specific motion on his complaint.

Alluding to the reflections thrown out by Sir Richard Hill, on the Prince of Wales, for attending questions under agitation in that house, Fox exclaimed with warmth, "God forbid that royal personages should not participate in its political concerns! Where can he so well imbibe a knowledge of the principles of our constitution as within these walls? How can he better illustrate the excellence of his character than by thus blending personal respect for the king his father with attachment to his country?" Not deterred by such observations from animadverting on other circumstances connected with his royal highness's personal appearance under the gallery, the new treasurer of the navy remarked hypothetically, that "if the great personage in question, not content with merely listening to the debate, should on any occasion testify by his behaviour or gesticulations, while in the house, a predilection or partiality for any set of men—such marks of his preference would be unbecoming, and might operate as a means of influence." No answer was given, by any member of the opposition, to the supposed case thus stated; but Lord North, in the course of the evening, after expatiating on the eminent virtues of the heir apparent, expressed a becoming admiration at "his attending the house of commons, where he might imbibe the true spirit of our constitution, and become acquainted with the nature of this limited government, rather than listening to flatterers." The comments on this delicate subject proceeded no further, and were not renewed during the remainder of the parliament.

16th January. The city of London led the way to the rest of the kingdom, by going up at this juncture to the foot of the throne, with an address, thanking his majesty for the very interference which the house of commons had pronounced to be subversive of the constitution. They retorted at the same time, upon the framers of Fox's India bill, the charge of "raising a power unknown to this free government, and highly inimical to its safety." Encouraged by such unequivocal demonstrations of the affection of the metropolis, and of the corresponding defection in the ranks of the opposition, Pitt ventured to propose another East India bill, framed by himself, the second reading of which took place on the 23d of January. All the faculties of the two great leaders who had originated those respective measures, were exerted in the attack and the defence of Pitt's bill, which was rejected only by *eight* votes, out of four hundred and thirty-six persons who divided. Such indeed was Fox's consciousness of these victories finally terminating in defeat, that no sooner had he thrown out the bill of the minister than he moved for leave to introduce his own bill a second time; but so changed and modified in its leading principles as to be scarcely recognisable for the same measure. He unquestionaby perceived, when too late, the error into which his own ill regulated ambition, propelled by Burke's ardent and theoretical spirit, had precipitated the party. In order therefore to conciliate the favour of the house, and of the country, to the measure, he now offered to abandon almost all its obnoxious provisions—particularly the patronage, which had excited so much obloquy and clamour. There remained only two fundamental principles or features, which he declared himself unable to retract, namely, the permanency of the system for the government of India, under parliamentary authority; and secondly, that the supreme control itself should be established, not on the Ganges, but here at home. The proposition, however, appeared to be no longer suited to the exigency. It is impossible not to accuse Fox of want of judgment throughout every part of the transactions which led to his ministerial downfall. A cautious or a temperate politician would not have furnished the sovereign to whom he was personally unacceptable, with the means of precipitating him from the elevation to which he had attained with so much labour. Had the "coalition" made a judicious and moderate use of their power, the king, however he might have lamented his situation, could not have liberated himself from their yoke. They enabled him, by their errors, to emancipate himself. When we reflect that another coalition, formed by Lords Grenville and Grey, in 1807, uninstructed by experience, renewed and exhibited nearly the same error, followed by the same results, it affords no common matter of astonishment.

After the rejection of the minister's bill for the government of India, Fox, sustained by members in various parts of the house, endeavoured to force from Pitt an explicit declaration of his intentions relative to a dissolution of parliament; but neither interrogatories nor menaces could prevail over his determination to observe a profound silence on that point. He was with difficulty induced, on the following day, to guarantee the existence of the house of commons, even for eight and forty hours.

23d January. Notwithstanding the rising indignation of the capital and the country, which every day manifested itself with augmenting energy, in favour of administration, yet the minister's situation at this juncture, equally painful in itself, as it was without precedent, appeared to be at times not wholly exempt from personal danger. Fox might be said, without either metaphor or exaggeration, to hold suspended over his head the severest marks of the indignation of an offended house of commons. His removal from the king's presence and councils, as an enemy to his country; his impeachment, or his commitment to the tower—any, or all of these propositions, might probably, nay might certainly, have been carried, in moments of effervescence, when the passions of a popular assembly, imflamed by such a conductor as Fox, seemed to be ripe for any act of violence. The irritation and impatience produced by debates, protracted or repeated night after night, rendered his followers susceptible of impressions the most hostile to the minister; who, in sullen majesty, or in contumelious silence, heard, unmoved, their clamorous denunciations, seated calmly on the treasury bench. Mr. Pitt displayed in that situation, during successive weeks, a combination of fortitude, self-possession, and ability, which I never recollect without admiration. He did not indeed manifest the suavity, amenity, and wit, of Lord North, or of Sheridan. But always preserving the command of himself, he was never led into deviations from caution and prudence, even when he seemed most to set at defiance the menaces of his adversaries. If we reflect on his period of life, our surprise is augmented. He constituted indeed, in himself, the administration which he defended, and which, without him, could not have been maintained in existence.

It may naturally be asked why Fox, holding in his hand so powerful an engine as the majority of a house of commons, which assembly, he well knew, might every day be dissolved, and the individual members composing which superiority he saw diminishing after almost every debate or division, in consequence of the natural operation of a variety of obvious causes, yet should never have let fall its vengeance on the head of the minister, whom he apparently held in his power? Why, when he saw all the ordinary expedients exhausted or ineffectual, which might compel the king to dismiss his administration, or induce the ministry to resign, did he tamely wait till, Mr. Pitt's measures being ripe, and the country having declared almost unanimously on his side, a dissolution reduced the "coalition" to insignificance, and overwhelmed their ill-concerted schemes for perpetuating their authority? Fox wanted neither vigour, decision, nor inclination, to have anticipated his own downfall, and the extinction of his ambitious plans. Nor could he deceive himself relative to the political destruction which impended over the "coalition," if they did not prove victorious in the actual contest. How then are we to explain this seeming contradiction in his conduct?

Fox possessed no absolute certainty in the first place, whatever he might believe, that the same majority which had supported him in voting remonstrances to the throne, would either stop the supplies, or carry up an address for Mr. Pitt's removal. Various country gentlemen called for a union, and thought that no administration from which he should be excluded was equal to the national emergency. Even many of Fox's supporters among them deprecated all extremities. They might abandon him. He might therefore be left in a minority, and all his consequence, as the head of a great party, would thus be lost by one imprudent step. But granting, however, as seemed most probable, that he should carry a personal question against Mr. Pitt by ten, twenty, or thirty votes, in a crowded house, what would be the inevitable effect of such a victory? That the king, sustained by the voice of the country, and not susceptible of fear, when he believed himself to be acting right, instead of dismissing his ministers, would dissolve the parliament, and confidently appeal to the people against their own representatives. In that case Fox, far from attaining his object, would only have accelerated a dissolution, and would afford to his antagonist a plausible, if not a solid excuse, for advising the sovereign to adopt that measure. These were unquestionably the real causes of Fox's apparent moderation. Nor did Pitt, on the other hand, want motives equally powerful in restraining him from any precipitate movement. The county members who supported him were adverse to a dissolution, unless circumstances rendered it indispensable. By temporising and protracting, however irksome, and even in some degree humiliating, might be considered his situation in parliament, he gave time for the public sentiment to be loudly, as well as generally, pronounced, and could avail himself of it any moment. Such were the considerations which mutually withheld the two chiefs from proceeding to extremities till the natural and unavoidable progress of affairs produced the final consummation.

PROPOSED POLITICAL UNION.

26th January. The idea of endeavouring to reconcile two men who combined in their characters almost all the great endowments fitted for government, if it could be realised, seemed apparently pregnant, at first view, with incalculable benefit to the country. Some individuals of respectability in the house of commons, impelled by these feelings, undertook the experiment. However specious in theory, it nevertheless proved impracticable, and only served to demonstrate the futility of the attempt. The St. Alban's tavern became the scene of this exhibition, to which place repaired about sixty or more members, distinguished for character, large property, and uprightness of intention. Though they chose Mr. Thomas Grosvenor for their nominal chairman, their deliberations and proceedings were chiefly conducted by two gentlemen who had already, on various occasions, taken a lead in the debates carried on within the walls of the house. The first, the honourable Charles Marsham, son and heir of Lord Romney, though a man by no means prepossessing or engaging in his manners, which were coarse and rude, attracted deservedly general consideration in his parliamentary capacity. The other, Mr. Powis, member for the county of Northampton, who commonly prefaced his speeches, on occasions of interest, by a copious discharge of tears, which he seemed to command at will, challenged attention from his recognised integrity and assumed impartiality.

The Duke of Portland, as nominal head of one party, and Pitt, as leader of the other, affected equally to receive with deference the propositions made to each on the part of the associated members. It is probable, however, that the duke, in this profession, might be more sincere than the minister. Difficulties and objections, either to a personal interview, or to a negotiation, were started in turn by both. Pitt refusing to resign, or even to hear of a virtual resignation, which was required of him as a previous step to any conference for the purpose

of forming an extended administration, the overtures were suspended, and finally broken off, in consequence of these preliminary impediments. But the patriotic zeal of the St. Alban's meeting was not to be overcome by ordinary obstacles, and they returned to the charge, apparently under more propitious auspices. In compliance with their suggestion and wishes, the king was even induced to send a message to the Duke of Portland, recommending a conference between him and Pitt, with a view to constitute a ministry on "a wide basis, and on fair and equal terms." Instead of instantly closing with such a proposition, from which neither the sovereign nor the chancellor of the exchequer, whatever might have been their secret wishes, could easily recede, without incurring the imputation of insincerity, the Duke of Portland and Fox thought proper to cavil about the acceptation of the term "equal." At this opening, with which they furnished him, Pitt escaped by refusing to define any expressions before the proposed interview.

All further efforts were abandoned, therefore, with a view to produce a political union between two men, whose mutual animosity and rivalry seemed to have derived new force from the unsuccessful attempts made to effect a reconciliation. With whatever complacency and ostensible alacrity Pitt received the propositions for such a junction, it is difficult to persuade ourselves that he could cordially desire their accomplishment. He beheld the prize for which they were contending, nearly attained and secured. His ambition impelled him to govern alone, without an equal and a coadjutor in the cabinet of such energy as Fox. Their mutual recriminations in parliament, which had been so acrimonious and so recent, seemed hardly to admit of being buried in instant oblivion. We are warranted, therefore, in believing that an accommodation, forced on both by imperious circumstances, would have proved hollow, insincere, and of short duration. They appeared to be not formed for acting together, nor did they ever coalesce for an instant during their whole remaining lives. The French revolution itself, which brought over to government, as to an asylum against anarchy, accompanied by all the evils of a sanguinary republic, so many other individuals, at whose head were the Duke of Portland, Burke, and Windham, could never induce Fox to quit the opposition bench. He remained fixed there above two and twenty years, till death liberated him from his antagonist; and he then only became a minister when his own career drew to its close.

February. The discussions which took place in the house of commons, between the close of January and the middle of the ensuing month, though equally violent and acrimonious with the preceding debates, contained less matter of interest or of novelty. Accusations, leveled against the "East India bill," from the treasury bench, or against secret influence, from the opposite side, began to weary their hearers, and made little impression. Fox continued, it is true, master of the deliberations of the lower house of parliament; his majorities sometimes falling as low as nineteen, and at other times rising to thirty-one; but this superiority was far overbalanced by his decline in the popular esteem. No eloquence, nor any exertions of sophistry, could reconcile the public to his union with Lord North, followed immediately by a measure obviously calculated to cement their political power at the expense of the crown, which it must have reduced to a state of vassalage. In the course of the debate that arose on the 3d of February, Sheridan avowed, without circumlocution, that when Fox first communicated to him the proposition of coalescing with his ancient adversary, he advised his right honourable friend by no means to accede to it, as the insurmountable prejudices imbibed throughout the nation would infallibly produce the loss of his popularity, character, and general estimation. Sheridan added, indeed, that on maturely weighing the motives of state necessity by which it was dictated, when sustained by his experience of the honour, principles, and steadiness of Lord North, he rejoiced at the union which had taken place, even in contradiction to his own advice. But it is evident, from this disclosure of his sentiments, that he reasoned more dispassionately than Fox, who, seduced by his ambition, goaded by his wants, and beholding only the ascendant which Lord North's junction would give him, in one, if not in both, houses of parliament, imagined that he could coerce the sovereign, and either persuade, delude, or despise the people. The event fully justified Sheridan's opinion, and manifested the superiority of his judgment; since, even though we should admit that Lord Shelburne would inevitably have remained in power, if Fox had not joined Lord North, yet the former must have occupied the most imposing situation, as a public man, at the head of the Rockingham party, while maintaining his original ground of opposition, and could not have been long excluded from a participation in the councils of the crown, even by Pitt himself.

In vain did Sheridan, with admirable wit, endeavour to show that an equal sacrifice of all political principle had taken place on the ministerial side of the house as among the members opposite them; an assertion which he attempted to illustrate by the spectacle which the treasury bench exhibited, where the individuals now seated side by side were recently acting in hostility towards each other. But the union of inferior or subordinate persons did not excite sentiments of equal repugnance, nor awaken such moral condemnation, as the coalition of two principals, the one of whom had, for successive years, been loaded by the other with the severest imputations, and denounced as a just object of national vengeance. In vain did Fox accuse the first minister, "after assassinating the constitution, by secret influence in one house of parliament, with having recourse to methods of the basest corruption, in order to procure a majority in another." As vainly did Rigby reproach Pitt with lavishing peerages for the same purpose, while it was notorious that the late administration was debarred from conferring similar dignities, and had not been able to make even a single British peer. With as little effect did Marsham read the resolutions adopted by the meeting at the St. Alban's tavern, affirming "that any administration founded on the total exclusion of the members of the last, or of the present ministry, would be inadequate to the public exigencies;" or did Powis urge the chancellor of the exchequer to resign, as a necessary preliminary to all conciliation. Pitt, though he professed to desire an union, "provided it could be effected without a sacrifice of principle or of honour," yet not only refused previously to retire from office, but started many ulterior impediments to the accomplishment of the object itself.

No symptoms of approximation between the contending parties, beyond unmeaning professions of mutual disposition to bury in oblivion past animosities, took place—while among their respective adherents a spirit of inveterate enmity was exhibited. Lord Mulgrave charged Fox with "trampling the house of Brunswick under foot," by his "East India bill;" and though called to order by the late secretary of state, inveighed against him as "a plunderer and an invader." Governor Johnstone said, that "if an election for a *king* were to take place in this country, Mr. Fox should have his vote, so high an opinion did he entertain of those transcendent abilities which the right honourable gentleman possessed; but wishing to preserve the constitution, he had negatived a bill which would have placed its author above all control." Wilberforce declared, that "even if that obnoxious measure had passed the house of peers by as great a majority as it did the lower house, yet he should equally have thanked the crown for dismissing the late ministers." Mr. Beaufoy leveled his censures against Lord North, for "preserving the hilarity of his temper, and insulting the sorrows of Britain with his jokes, after ruining her finances, shedding the blood of her people, and losing the half of her empire." Pitt himself treated with defiance, as well as with contempt, Fox's indirect attempts to force his resignation; called on his antagonist to come boldly forward, and either to criminate his conduct as a minister, or to move a personal question for his removal from office. Professing his own purity, both as a man and as a public functionary, he avowed his indifference for all the clamour of party, or the unfounded imputations brought against the mode of his attaining power; and concluded by trusting that the house would do justide to the motives which actuated his present line of conduct.

11th February. Burke by no means took the same active or conspicuous part in the debates that followed the rejection of the "East India bill," as he had exhibited while the measure was on its progress to the upper house. With the loss of the pay-office, he seemed to have lost much of his energy of mind. Even Lord North scarcely occupied the second place in these parliamentary convulsions, where Sheridan and Erskine, Powis and Marsham, severally attracted almost as much attention as the late first minister. His blue riband, seen conspicuous among the great coats, buff waistcoats, and dirty boots of his new allies, involuntarily recalled the reflection of his having given the law from the treasury bench, during twelve years, to the same assembly, in which he now performed so humiliating and inferior a character. He bore, nevertheless, this political change, under which many men would have sunk, with that imperturbable serenity and equality of temper which ever distinguished him through life. He acquired even the applauses of every party, by the manly promptitude, and cheerful readiness, which he showed to sacrifice all personal objects or interests, to the public tranquillity. When Pitt avowed, that however highly he might respect that nobleman's abilities, or private character, yet they could never sit together in the same cabinet—Lord North, while he loudly censured the contemptuous dignity and unaccommodating spirit of the chancellor of the exchequer, yet declared, that no considerations relative to himself should for an instant impede the formation of a new ministry consonant to the general wishes of the country. This declaration called out the warmest expressions of admiration from Marsham and Powis—eulogiums the more noticed, as no individuals in the house had treated him with greater acrimony, when first lord of the treasury, during the latter part of the American war. He was nevertheless unable to prevent the borough of Banbury, for which place he sat, and where his family had always possessed a decisive influence, from joining in the general cry against the "coalition," and even framing an address thanking his majesty for the recent dismission from office of their actual representative in the house of commons. A delegation from the inhabitants of Banbury waited on me in London, bringing with them the address itself, accompanied by a request that I would present it to the king on the first levee day at St. James's. But, on full consideration, I declined taking such a personal part against a nobleman whom I greatly respected, loved, and honoured, though I had withdrawn from the party with which he had connected himself. Lord North, alluding afterwards, during the debate which took place on the 27th of February, to this address, declared that "he had the consolation to know it was not signed by one of those individuals, his constituents, who returned him to parliament." It spoke, nevertheless, the sentiments of a large and respectable portion of the inhabitants and householders of the place.

18th February. No circumstance could more forcibly demonstrate the little apprehension felt by Pitt, of the indignation of parliament, or prove in a stronger manner the confidence with which his own popularity inspired him, than his conduct at this juncture. Almost immediately after the extinction of the fallacious expectations awakened by the St. Alban's tavern meeting, the chancellor of the exchequer, rising in his place, calmly acquainted the house, that "the king, notwithstanding their resolutions, had not thought proper to dismiss his ministers; and that they had not resigned." Such a piece of information, so delivered, seemed meant to force the "coalition" on some measure of violence. Fox, nevertheless, while he did not affect to conceal his indignation at the affront offered to the legislative body, and at the defiance conveyed in the minister's words, yet knew too well the feeble state of the machine over which he presided, to press heavily on its springs. He reprobated indeed the treatment which the house experienced; a treatment demanding, he said, exemplary punishment. But he concluded with only proposing an adjournment of eight and forty hours, in order to give the minister time for reflection. This motion, so distinguished by involuntary forbearance, he carried by *twelve*—a very slender superiority, where above four hundred members divided. Fox, on this occasion, though he pretended to deprecate any intemperate step, and only demanded a respite of one or two days; exclaiming with Dido, while he accommodated her complaints to his own feelings,

"Tempus inane peto; spatium requiemque furori;"

yet endeavoured, by a most able and laboured appeal to the wounded pride of the house, to inflame their passions, while he directed their resentment against the minister.

Pitt, on the other hand, charged him and his adherents

with systematically withholding the supplies; thus sacrificing their country to private faction, enmity, or ambition. A distinction was however drawn by the opposition, between withholding the supplies, and only postponing them; which latter line of conduct, Powis, in moderate language, and Marsham, with much stronger asseveration, declared to constitute their sole intention. The last mentioned member recriminated with asperity on the chancellor of the exchequer, as expecting from him the same servile submission, in registering the ministerial edicts, which the French sovereigns exacted in the assemblies denominated parliaments. With more ability, Fox attempted to make a compromise with the minister, offering instantly to vote the supplies, provided that the house might receive assurances from him, that "his majesty would comply with the desires of his faithful commons." But Pitt, after first declaring the conviction of "his personal honour being inseparably connected with his present official situation, and his determination never to resign, as a prelude to negotiation;" peremptorily refused to barter office for supply, or to enter into any stipulation on the subject. From this resolution, expressed in laconic but energetic terms, neither menaces, blandishments, nor expostulations, could induce him to recede; and after a prolonged debate of two successive days, Fox, as the master of the house, finally moved to adjourn the sitting on the state of the nation, which was carried without a division. He was all-powerful within those walls; but Pitt's superiority lay without doors, in every county, town, and village.

Already adddresses crowded in, from London down to New Sarum, a borough which, though consisting only of one solitary farm house, yet, as belonging to Lord Camelford, who had just been elevated to the peerage, did not omit to offer its tribute of loyalty to the crown, and of abhorrence for the measures of the opposition. Middlesex, Southwark, and even Westminster, abandoning Fox, approached the throne with congratulations, or with testimonies of approbation at the dismission of the late ministers. York, a city where the Cavendish interest had always been predominant, and which place the late chancellor of the exchequer actually represented in parliament; Edinburgh, Worcester, Exeter, and many other inferior towns, followed the example, which spread with rapidity throughout the whole island. When we reflect on these facts, we shall probably think that Mr. Pitt, whatever professions he might either make himself, or whatever wishes for "an united and extended administration" he might judge proper to put into his royal master's mouth, in reply to the addresses of the house of commons, yet could have nourished no serious intentions of dividing his power with Fox.

THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

February 4th—16th. The house of peers, which assembly, after arresting the progress of the "East India bill," as if exhausted by that effort, had ever since remained silent and supine spectators of the contest between the crown and the commons, exhibited some symptoms of animation about this time, by adopting, early in the month of February, two propositions, of a nature tending to condemn the conduct of the lower house, and to strengthen the hands of the sovereign. The Earl of Effingham, who during many years of his life, had manifested the most decided hostility to the king's government, and who, as late as June, 1780, was accused of personally mixing in the riots of the capital, now appeared as the zealous defender of prerogative. He was sustained by the Duke of Richmond, whose political character and opinions had undergone, since 1782, a similar transformation; while on the other hand, the resolutions moved by Lord Effingham found the warmest opponents in Lord Mansfield, in Lord Stormont, and in Lord Loughborough, so long the systematic champions of royalty.

Few debates more animated, as well as acrimonious and personal, have ever taken place within the walls of the upper house, than occurred on this occasion. While Lord Fitzwilliam drew the most unfavourable portrait of the young first lord of the treasury, whom he described as deficient not only in experience, and averse to every social source of information, but as devoured by an overweening and insatiable thirst of power, the Duke of Richmond panegyrised his industry, his abstraction from dissipation, his application to public business, his frugality, and elevation of mind—the last of which qualities had been so conspicuously displayed in his recent renunciation of a lucrative sinecure place. Lord Stormont endeavoured to point the public indignation against him, for his presumption in continuing to retain his situation, in defiance of the votes and resolutions of the house of commons—while his predecessors in office, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord North, and the Earl of Shelburne, had each in turn anticipated, or respectfully obeyed, the first demonstrations of the pleasure of that branch of the legislature. The Earl of Mansfield, with the political timidity so characteristic of his whole life, in every situation, judicial or parliamentary, deprecated, as the greatest of calamities, any resolution which, by interrupting the harmony subsisting between the two houses, might lead to a dissolution. He seemed to contemplate such an event, as commensurate with the destruction of the British constitution itself; as disbanding the army, laying up the navy, suspending the functions of government, and throwing the country into irremediable confusion. The house, neither deterred nor intimidated by these denunciations, voted the resolutions by a large majority of forty-seven; and followed them immediately with an address to the throne, expressive of their reliance on his majesty's wisdom in the selection of his confidential servants, as well as by the assurances of their support in the just exercise of those prerogatives entrusted to him for the protection of his people. It was difficult to imagine a triumph more decisive over the "coalition," or a more opportune and important accession of strength to the first minister, struggling against a majority in the house of commons. The king received and replied to the address, in laconic but warm and affectionate language.

In other periods of our history, such an interference, followed by such a censure, might, and unquestionably would, have called out the resentment of the representatives of the people. But, as Fox justly dreaded all occasions of rupture, or of dispute between the two houses, which might afford the new ministers a plausible pretence for the dissolution of parliament, he contented himself with dictating and carrying six counter resolutions, tending to justify the line of conduct that had been adopted by the house of commons. Lord Beauchamp was selected for the performance of this service; and after a series of debates, which occupied eleven days, distinguished throughout by the same asperity as had been exhibited in every preceding discussion, the resolutions finally passed without a division. In the progress of these gladiatorial exhibitions of parliamentary ability and dexterity,—for such they could only be deemed,—Fox, conscious that the conflict in which he had engaged, wore from day to day a more sinister appearance, and must, however protracted, terminate in his downfall, assumed every shape, and tried every means, of inducing his adversary to propose, or to accept, some principles of accommodation. At one time he denounced the first lord of the treasury, and held him up to national execration as a conspirator, who aimed at the life of the house of commons,—whom he at the same time daily insulted by appearing among them as a confidential servant of the crown, though destitute of their confidence or support. Changing altogether his tone a few days afterwards, in soothing accents, calculated to win their way into the heart, he complimented Pitt's abilities—professed respect for his political principles—expressed his readiness, nay his eagerness, to form an union, provided it was grounded, not on private interest or aggrandisement, but on great public meritorious motives of action—apologised for any harsh or unguarded expressions which might have occurred in the warmth of debate—avowed his ambition and love of glory, as sentiments which he felt in common with the first lord of the treasury—and finished by protesting that he would make every personal sacrifice at the shrine of his country.

In further corroboration of these conciliating dispositions, Fox took occasion to declare, that he was ready to accommodate and modify his obnoxious bill for the government of India, so as to meet the public wish, and to acquire the public confidence. He would abandon the patronage which it conferred, and would submit every clause or regulation of the measure itself to the discussion of parliament. His noble friend, Lord North, would prove no obstacle to union between the two parties. There remained only one stipulation from which he could never recede: namely, Mr. Pitt's virtual resignation; as indispensable in itself, and as an expiation to the violated constitution of Great Britian. In reply to these alternate menaces and blandishments, the minister, on his part, affected and professed an equal desire of union, on bases of principle and honour—disclaimed all personal views in the line of conduct which he had adopted by his acceptance of office—declared that he should ever think he had performed an essential service to his country by defeating a measure big with destruction to the constitution—expressed his consolation at finding that Fox was disposed to renounce any of its pernicious features—protested that he and his colleagues were all ready to resign their employments as soon as a prospect presented itself of forming an administration by which the state might be effectually served—but concluded by declaring, that he could neither reconcile it to the duty which he owed his sovereign and the people of England, nor to his own honour, to lay down his office, before he beheld such a prospect. It was evident that, amidst these reciprocal professions and demonstrations, not the smallest advance was made on either side, towards real approximation.

20th February. However decidedly the sentiments of the capital and of the nation had been already pronounced in favour of the new ministers, yet Fox still retained firm possession of the house of commons; though he held that assembly, as he well knew, only by a frail and decaying tenure. Powis, who, notwithstanding his avowed disapprobation of "the East India bill," and his invincible repugnance to the "coalition," did not the less condemn and oppose the formation of the new administration, as wholly subversive of the dignity and inherent rights of the lower house of parliament, rising in his place, originated another effort for compelling the king to dismiss the first lord of the treasury. A most animated, long, and acrimonious debate ensued, terminating in favour of opposition, at a very late hour of the morning, after two divisions, both which Fox carried; the first by a majority of twenty, and the last by twenty-one. The address voted was ordered to be presented by the whole house. But this triumph, however apparently gratifying, might be considered rather as nominal than real; not extending in fact beyond the threshold of the lobby, and being neither calculated to intimidate the sovereign, nor to accelerate the first minister's resignation.

I have never witnessed greater oratorical exertions made by Fox, than on that evening. In a speech of prodigious length, which might be said to try the patience of the house, he endeavoured to concentrate every argument, and to exhaust every topic of declamation. But his antagonist, elevated by the victories obtained without doors, in various towns and counties, as well as nearer home, at Hackney, where the freeholders of Middlesex had been convened, and above all, in Westminster itself, where Fox had just received the most unequivocal marks of the disapprobation, or rather indignation, of his own constituents,—elated by his consciousness of these advantages, Pitt, with far more brevity, but in a higher tone than he had ever yet assumed, retorted on his adversary with inconceivable severity. After exposing to derision the inconsistency of his present conduct, in becoming the champion of a small majority of the house of commons, instead of constituting the distinguished organ of the popular voice, as he once was; and complimenting him on the dexterity with which he supported in turn the most opposite political characters;—Pitt justified himself from the charge of imposture in representing to the nation the pernicious consequences to the constitution that must have resulted from "the East India bill." Then descending to personal objects, "The right honourable gentleman," said he, "calls me a mere nominal minister, the puppet of secret influence. It is because I disdain to become *his* puppet, by resigning my office, that he thus denominates me. But his contemptuous expressions shall never provoke me to resignation. My own honour and reputation I never will resign to place myself under his protection, to accept a nomination from him, and thereby to become a poor, powerless, self-condemned, unprofitable minister in his train: a minister, serviceable to him, perhaps, but altogether incapable of serving my king, or my country." He concluded by leveling the severest reproaches on Fox, for stopping, or, as the opposition termed it, suspending and postponing, the supplies; thus sacrificing the public interests to private animosity or ambition

No reply was made to this eloquent harangue, which seemed finally to extinguish all the fallacious hopes, so long nourished by sanguine or credulous individuals, of beholding an administration founded on a broad basis. It became evident, that no intentions of such a nature were seriously cherished or encouraged; and it was equally palpable, that one of the two contending parties must ultimately sink under the superiority of his opponent.

21st—27th February. Already Fox's majority, undermined by many causes, began to exhibit symptoms of rapid decay. While some members abandoned the "coalition," in deference to the public voice, or to the remonstrances of their immediate constituents, others yielded to suggestions of a personal or interested nature, and withdrew from a sinking party, whose approaching extinction they anticipated. These latter individuals drew on themselves the bitterest sarcasms for their desertion, not only from Fox, but at different times from various members of the opposition. The king's answer to the last address, drawn up with consummate skill, gracious in its language, conciliating in its professions, declaring how anxiously his majesty desired to form "a firm, efficient, extended, and united administration;" but lamenting the inefficiency of his efforts for that purpose; denying that it would be advanced or facilitated by the previous dismission of his ministers, against whom no charge or complaint was preferred; observing that numbers of his subjects had expressed their satisfaction at the late change in his councils; and finally declining to vacate the essential offices of executive government, till he should see a prospect of such a union as his faithful commons recommended:—this reply augmented the embarrassments, while it added to the dismay of the "coalition" leaders.

On the question being agitated, of adjourning its consideration for two or three days, after a short debate, Fox found himself indeed still in a majority, but it consisted only of *seven*, though near three hundred and fifty members voted. He made, nevertheless, on the first day of the ensuing month, when the royal answer was read, another desperate attempt to carry the ministerial trenches by storm, and sustained it by his accustomed display of eloquence. The debates themselves had, however, ceased to excite the same interest, or to awaken the same attention, as they had produced in earlier stages of the contest. Yet in a very full house, falling little short of four hundred, the opposition maintained their superiority, and even rose to *twelve*. Another address was voted; but though it still besought the sovereign "to lay the foundation of a strong and stable government, by the previous removal of his present ministers;" it lamented "the failure of his endeavours for forming an united administration; and their concern, as well as disappointment, at his majesty's not having been advised to take any further steps for effecting the object." It was impossible more clearly to admit their inability to dictate to the crown, and their desire of dividing with Pitt the power, of which it had become evidently impracticable wholly to deprive him.

4th—5th March. In his answer to their address, the king nearly repeated his preceding declaration; only subjoining, that "he did not consider the failure of his recent endeavours to form an extended and united administration, as constituting a final bar to its accomplishment, if it could have been obtained on principles of fairness and equality." But, as though he had been desirous at the same time of extinguishing any such expectations, he added, "I know of no further steps that I can take, that are likely to remove the difficulties that obstruct that desirable end." Fox, who beheld, as in a mirror, the sentence of his perpetual exclusion from office conveyed under these expressions of the sovereign, after first postponing the consideration of his majesty's reply for four days, endeavoured to throw an insurmountable barrier in the way of dissolution, by delaying the progress of the mutiny bill through the house. An animated debate ensued on the subject: in which, while the two leaders took only a comparatively inferior share, Lord North spoke at considerable length, and with great ability. Under the possible anticipation that the majority might prevent the mutiny bill from passing, opinions had been hazarded from the ministerial benches, that even though that annual act should be suffered to expire, yet the king might keep the army together; both the men and the money for their payment being already voted. When therefore the consent of the house of peers should be obtained, the crown, it was asserted, might have an army, with the recognised approbation of parliament.

This doctrine, which, it must be confessed, was not to be found in "the bill of rights," and which might, in its effects, have proved subversive of the British constitution, received, it is true, no direct sanction from Pitt; but it did not the less provoke and produce from various quarters the severest animadversion. Lord North observed, that "such a discovery, if founded in law, might well make every man tremble for his liberty. But those who maintained it must likewise assert, that the army might be kept together without discipline, and without punishment; the first being only enforced, and the latter only inflicted, under the mutiny act." He concluded by reminding ministers, "that notwithstanding the money had been *voted* for the payment of the army, yet, until the act specifically *appropriating* it to that branch of service had passed, no power or right existed in administration to issue any sum, however small, for the purpose." Finally, he warned them, that "as a prorogation or dissolution does away every vote of supply, not previously carried into an act of parliament, if, therefore, the minister should have recourse to such a measure, the votes of army, navy, ordnance, and supply of every kind, must instantly be destroyed, and fall to the ground." No answer was made or attempted from the treasury bench to these denunciations, which did not indeed admit of any constitutional reply, and only served to show the critical as well as awful position of the country, left without a government, and apparently on the verge of a suspension or extinction of all its establishments.

Powis and Marsham, who commonly acted in concert, uniting their efforts on this occasion, attacked the minister in language of equal energy and acrimony. The former, after expressing his amazement at the king's answer, and wishing for time to shed a tear over the expiring dignity of the house of commons, lamented that administration appeared to be determined on prosecuting their mad career, and on elevating prerogative above privilege. Marsham reiterated the same sentiments, while he protested that no act could be more remote from his intention than to delay the public business, or to plunge the country into confusion. Rigby, who had been called on by the attorney-general, only a few days before, to pay into the exchequer the vast balances of public money remaining in his hands, a demand of which he loudly complained as harsh and illiberal, though he could not venture directly to oppose or resist it, came forward very conspicuously in the course of the debate. With that blunt, bold, dictatorial, and coarse style of oratory which always characterised him, but of which, since the extinction of Lord North's government, he had exhibited very few specimens, he reprobated the audacity of a minister who presumed to remain in office, with a majority of the house of commons against him; observing, that it was reserved for the present days to produce a chancellor of the exchequer, who said to parliament, "I care not for your majority. The king has appointed me, and you have nothing to do with the business." He finished by declaring, that his blood boiled with indignation at the bare mention of retaining an army without a mutiny bill. Pitt did not condescend to notice these personal sarcasms or animadversions, which he well knew, however they might operate within the walls of the assembly where they were pronounced, would produce no injurious consequences to him among the people without doors. On the division for adjourning the committee upon the mutiny bill, he was again left in a minority of *nine*; the numbers being 171 against 162; Fox still retaining his slender possession of the house.

8th March. But the termination of this great conflict, on which not only England, but all Europe had their eyes fixed, and which had already lasted near eleven weeks, to the suspension of every kind of public business, could not be longer protracted by any efforts of eloquence. The king, in terms of gracious yet firm determination, had twice refused to comply with the demand of a majority of the lower house, and that majority was become not less odious to the people than hostile to the crown or administration. So unnatural a state of things carried in its essence the seeds of its speedy extinction. Fox, though apparently master of the house, found himself unable to advance, and he could not remain stationary without exposing his party to ridicule, while they were silently undermined from day to day. His embarrassments, which did not admit of concealment, necessarily augmented the confidence of his ministerial adversaries. Nor did he attempt to disguise them, when the consideration of his majesty's answer to the last address came before the house. In terms of querulous indignation, he stigmatised the reply as a compound of contradiction, duplicity, insult, and violation of the British constitution. Having attempted to justify and defend the right of the commons to demand the removal of ministers without stating their reasons, or assigning any specific cause for such dismission, he avowed that the only becoming measure now left, was to move a resolution that, "whoever should advise his majesty to continue his present administration, was an enemy to his country." But however disposed and desirous he might be to proceed to this act, he was restrained by his consciousness that he could not carry with him even a majority of the most limited description, if he made the attempt. Many of his adherents had already announced to him their determination to proceed no further, accompanied with menaces of withdrawing their support, if he tried so desperate an experiment. Thus situated, Fox stopped, and after loading ministers with the bitterest reproaches, for having, as he asserted, overset the country, involved public credit in remediless confusion, suffered our foreign concerns to run to ruin, and incurred the guilt of leaving our East Indian possessions a prey to every species of enormity, peculation, and tyranny, he declared that it was not his intention to stop the supplies. While he charged Pitt with inordinate ambition, as well as with having manifested a decided aversion to political union, he finished by only moving, not an address, but a representation to the king. It was long, expostulatory, argumentative, if not criminating; and recapitulated all the points on which the crown and commons had so obstinately contended; but it contained no new matter, except lamenting that "his majesty's advisers had not thought fit to suggest any farther steps for removing the difficulties which impeded the formation of an extended administration."

The chancellor of the exchequer took little or no part in the debate which ensued on that evening. Dundas, however, supplied his place with great acuteness, energy, and severity. Retorting on the opposition all the accusations of pursuing a mad and desperate career, to the subversion of the constitution, whose true principles they outraged, he endeavoured to show that Fox's experience proved the incapacity of the house of commons itself, however powerful a branch of the legislature it might be, to enforce its own unconstitutional resolutions. He treated the representation as a manifesto, calculated to delude the nation by disguising the real intention of Fox, which aimed at elevating the speaker's mace above the royal sceptre, and giving virtually to the representatives of the people the right of naming ministers. Towards the conclusion of his able harangue, after vindicating Pitt from the imputation of opposing a union of parties, if it could have been effected on fair and honourable principles, he alluded with great force, though guardedly and hypothetically, to the well authenticated lists of peerages, offices, and emoluments, known to be promised to their adherents by the opposition leaders, who thus condescended to avail themselves of every engine of seduction or corruption; engines by which it was obvious the country might be as completely enslaved, and the constitution subverted, as by the worst minion of the most wicked or arbitrary monarch. Burke, who, ever since the rejection of "the East India bill," as if overcome by his second dismission from the pay-office, had scarcely once risen in the house, or taken his accustomed share in the discussions within its walls, made ample amends on that night for his preceding silence. He spoke with great animation, and with equal eloquence; but no exertions could sustain a declining as well as unpopular party, or infuse new vigour into its component members. Even the subject of controversy itself, agitated and exhausted by so many repetitions, no longer inspired the same interest, the greatest ingenuity being scarcely able to suggest any new ideas, or to strike out any fresh matter of argument. Uncommon anxiety was manifested and impatience displayed for the division, which took place about midnight, when Fox's majority became reduced to one solitary vote, the numbers on each side considerably exceeding those on the

division of the 5th of March. Three hundred and eighty-five members were present, of whom 191 divided with opposition, and 190 with administration. Great exultation was expressed by the ministerial side of the house, while corresponding depression appeared on the opposite benches, at so decisive a proof of the approaching fall of the "coalition."

9th March. The spell which had so long suspended and paralysed all the functions of government, was now dissolved; and on the ensuing day, the mutiny bill, no longer opposed, passed through the committee. Fox, divested of that control which he had exercised over the assembly ever since it met in November, appeared there, but "shorn of his beams;" nor can we consider the discussions which subsequently arose on various points, as other than mere conversations, since no division was ever again attempted by the opposition, down to the period of the prorogation and dissolution of parliament. Yet scarcely any debate which took place during the interesting session under our review, opened more curious matter of speculation or of controversy, than the one that followed Fox's defeat. Powis and Marsham, who had taken so conspicuous a part throughout the whole contest, appeared for the last time on the theatre. The former, in a speech replete with pointed animadversions, and conceived with great powers of mind, endeavoured, while he justified himself from the charge of inconsistency in his conduct, to throw on Pitt the accusation of duplicity, in his pretended negotiation for forming an extended administration. He admitted that the house of commons was conquered; "for though scarcely a century had elapsed since a vote of the commons could bestow a crown, it could not, in 1784, procure the dismission of a minister." Having related, with apparent exactitude, the leading points on which had hinged the attempt to produce an interview between the Duke of Portland and the chancellor of the exchequer, as forming the first indispensable step towards union, he hesitated not to declare, that "all the concession was on one side, while the minister refused either explanation, or the smallest advance leading to conciliatian." Pitt made, it is true, a prompt, able, and animated reply to this imputation; but I will fairly own that it impressed me as more rhetorical than solid, and carried with it no conviction, though the reasons assigned by him for the rupture of the proposed conference, if not severely scrutinised, appeared specious and reasonable to the ear.

Those persons who best knew the secret springs of affairs at the period of our review, have, I believe, felt, and some of them have candidly avowed, that the first minister could not sincerely desire, or even mean, to form a coalition with Fox. Nor, if he had wished it, can we easily conceive on what basis it could have reposed, that offered a prospect of completion, and still less of duration. The cabinet must have preponderated in favour of one or of the other candidate for power. And which of them would have submitted to become the subordinate? When Lord North struck his bargain with the Rockingham party, he consented to act under them a secondary part; receiving, in compensation, a share of the ministerial spoils, and obtaining from them protection against impeachment, for the errors or calamities of the American war. The motives therefore for his conduct were obvious, natural, venial, perhaps justifiable in every sense. Lord North did not demand to be received among his new allies, "on fair and equal terms." He exacted only indemnity, oblivion, and a participation of offices. But Pitt must have begun, like Sylla in antiquity, or like Fairfax in our own history, by laying down his power, at a moment too when he had nearly consolidated it.

Other motives for avoiding such a connection with Fox, would unquestionably suggest themselves to his mind. The late secretary of state was no longer an object, either of popular affection, or of royal apprehension. His own imprudence, ambition, and rapacious policy, had precipitated him from his double elevation. Nor could the minister have formed a junction with the colleague of Lord North, the author in his own person of the "East India bill," without perhaps incurring some degree of political condemnation, if not of moral contamination or censure. Fox indeed might, and probably would, have consented to modify that obnoxious measure in a way to render it harmless to the constitution. But experience of the bitter fruits produced by the late "coalition," held out no encouragement to Pitt for concluding a second similar union. He stood moreover on far higher ground than his antagonist, combining at once the favour of the sovereign, the attachment of the people, and the command of the house of peers. How is it to be supposed, that he would voluntarily descend from such a situation, and consent to mingle his future fortunes in some measure with a man whose line of public action he had stigmatised with the severest epithets, merely to conciliate the suffrages of the gentlemen who met at the St. Alban's tavern? These reflections may probably induce us to believe that neither George the Third nor his minister could really intend to replace Fox, in any degree, on the eminence from which he had fallen; though, during the progress of a contest, in which he remained, for many successive weeks, master of a majority in the house of commons, deference towards that branch of the legislature dictated an apparent compliance with their anxious wishes.

Pitt, with great ability, in the course of his reply to Powis, probably conscious that he could not altogether disprove, however he might deny or repel, the charge of insincerity, contrived to bring forward a counter accusation against him and Marsham—to both of whom he indirectly applied the appellation of "a spy," as having obtained, by a pretended impartiality, access to the secrets of the two contending parties. They took fire at the term; and after respectively vindicating themselves from so dishonourable an imputation, Marsham read in his place the letter addressed by the Duke of Portland to the chancellor of the exchequer. It served fully to prove that the chief of the opposition party as anxiously desired to commence a negotiation with the first minister as the latter dexterously eluded and avoided a conference. Marsham professed his own perfect conviction of the fact. So did Fox himself, who spoke with his usual ability, though not in the commanding tone that had characterised him, when conscious that he could dictate his pleasure to an obsequious majority. With more bitterness than was natural to him, he felicitated his rival on "having attained to something like a majority to support him;" nor did he spare his severest animadversions on those individuals who, having long voted with opposition, had recently changed sides, and joined the administration. Fox concluded by pointing out the delusion of Pitt's proposition to treat on "equal terms," while he rejected the offer made by the Duke of Portland, that the ministerial arrangement should be conducted "with attention to principles of equity and fairness." There could remain no doubt in the mind of any impartial person, that the expressions, "fair and equal," were in themselves ambiguous, and understood in different or opposite senses, by the two contending parties. But these recriminations, however they might for a moment agitate the minds of men, no longer impeded the progress of public business, the house voting on the ensuing evening, the extraordinaries of the navy, without a division.

11th—22d March. It became indeed more and more apparent from day to day that, Pitt's machinery being now nearly complete, a dissolution of parliament would not be long delayed, Yet the opposition still fondly indulged a hope, for it did not amount to a belief, that, as no act of appropriation had passed, though the supplies were voted, ministers would not dare to apply the public money to specific purposes, contrary to all precedent, if not to law, and in direct violation of the prohibitions of the house. Various attempts were made to sound the minister on this delicate point, but without effect. Fox took however no personal part in them; and though he occasionally attended in his place, I believe he hardly if ever spoke on any subject during the last eleven or twelve days that parliament continued in existence. Burke remained equally mute—while Powis and Marsham, engaged in preparations for an approaching general election, disappeared altogether from a scene where they had recently performed the principal characters. The little degree of opposition experienced by the chancellor of the exchequer, arose from the adherents of Lord North, or was made by that nobleman himself. Sir Grey Cooper, on the order of the day being moved for going into a committee of supply on the estimates for the extraordinaries of the navy, conscious that it offered the last occasion which would present itself for protesting against a dissolution, expatiated with considerable energy on the infraction of the constitution that would arise from such a measure. He at the same time warned the ministers, that "to issue money for the pay of the forces, contrary to a resolution of the house, declaring such an act to be a high crime and misdemeanour, and without any appropriation act," was not only illegal, but a subversion of the very tenure by which the king held his crown. No answer whatever was returned to these denunciations from the treasury bench; but the supply being voted in the committee, without any division the house adjourned to the following day.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

23d March. As the immediate dissolution of parliament had now become matter of universal notoriety, and preparations for carrying it into effect were already making in the public offices, a considerable attendance was produced in the lower house, by curiosity to witness its extinction rather than by any other motive. The first minister appearing in his place, was assailed from various quarters on the question being put by the speaker, that "the report on the army extraordinaries should be read a first time." Mr. Eden led the way, and was followed by Lord North, as well as by General Conway. While each of them avowed that they considered themselves as addressing for the last time an assembly which they knew was on the point of being dissolved, they did not remonstrate or menace in less animated terms, on the supposition that such a measure should be actually carried into execution. Every argument adduced in the preceding debate was reiterated, pressed, and urged with augmented force of language. The chancellor of the exchequer remaining nevertheless contumeliously silent, the report was read; but on a motion being made for the second reading, Lord North once more rose, and after some expostulations relative to the contemptuous treatment experienced by the house upon the present occasion, demanded, "on what principle of law, on what doctrine respecting the constitution, on what argument, or on what authority, when parliament should be dissolved, would ministers presume to issue money for the subsistence of the army?"

Pitt had not however advanced so far, to be now deterred from consummating his triumph, by the impotent threats of a powerless and exhausted as well as an unpopular faction. He cut the knot, which he was unable to untie—declined any discussion of those great constitutional points which he could not solve, and the infraction of which he could not abstractedly justify, and confidently trusted to the universal sentiment of national approbation, for covering any deviation from parliamentary usage. Like *Iago*, who in reply to every enquiry, answers,

"Ask me no questions; what you know, you know;"

he briefly observed, that "Gentlemen might make whatever speeches they chose, and the house might act as it thought proper; he would not say one word upon the subject." The report being then read a second time, the house adjourned, and was summoned on the following day, to attend the house of peers—where the king, having prorogued the parliament, after pronouncing a short but judicious speech from the throne, well calculated for the emergency, stated it to be a "duty which he owed to the constitution and the country, under its actual circumstances, to recur as speedily as possible to the sense of his people, by convoking a new parliament." A dissolution followed within twenty-four hours; and the "coalition," confounded, as well as overwhelmed, amidst the storm which they had injudiciously excited, disappeared in an instant, leaving the fragments of their political greatness scattered in all directions.

25th March. I have related these events, as they passed under my own eyes, with the most rigid impartiality. And if I have dwelt minutely on the transactions or debates that took place in the house of commons, during the contest between Fox and Pitt, it must be remembered, that within the walls of that assembly the history and the very existence of the country were concentred during more than three months. We would vainly seek them elsewhere. All the functions of government stood still—while the sovereign, the peers, and the nation looked on, expecting the issue of so extraordinary a conflict, which must necessarily impress a new character on the opening year. Never did any king of Great Britain contend for so vast a stake, since Charles

the First! In contemplating the scene, Mr. Pitt arrests our first attention.

Nothing in the history of this country, subsequent to the accession of the house of Brunswick, bore any analogy to his position. When we consider that he struggled against a majority of the house of commons, conducted by such talents as those of Fox, from the 19th of December, 1783, up to the 9th of March, 1784—on any day of which interval he might have been impeached: and if we reflect that he vanquished so vast a combination of party, without prematurely recurring to a dissolution, till all his necessary arrangements of every kind were completed, and the whole nation had declared on his side—we shall probably admit that, as no such instance occurs before him, no similar example will probably ever be again exhibited. If, in compliance with Lord Temple's opinion, he had begun by dissolving the parliament as soon as he was appointed chancellor of the exchequer, in December, 1783, when the people at large, and when even the inhabitants of London, as well as of Westminster, were imperfectly informed on the nature and tendency of "the East India bill," it is possible that a very different result might have been the consequence.

Fox's defeat arose from one fundamental error or miscalculation, into which he was nevertheless led by the experience of all parliamentary contest, namely, that a majority of the house of commons could compel the crown to dismiss its ministers, or could oblige the ministers themselves to give in their own resignation. In his hands this constitutional weapon, hitherto irresistible, lost its edge, and became harmless. He attributed its failure to a spirit of delusion, which, as he asserted, and as his adherents maintained, had incapacitated the British people to distinguish truth from error, imposture from reality. There is, however, no sophistry capable of blinding completely a whole nation, upon points so level to every understanding; and if there existed any delusion in the estimate formed by the country, respecting the nature and tendency of "the East India bill," the delusion still survives at this day, in all its force. But there existed another delusion into which Fox himself fell, when he erroneously conceived that a majority of the lower house, in whatever manner acquired, and whatever measures or objects it might pursue, must necessarily dictate its pleasure to the sovereign, to the house of peers, and to the public. The two former would, indeed, if unsupported by the body of the people of England, have been found only dust in the balance, when engaged in a struggle with the genuine representatives of that people, the real organs of their will and opinion. Charles the First and James the Second each made the experiment, by which the former lost his head and the latter his crown. But George the Third neither attempted to exercise oppressive and antiquated, if not illegal prerogatives, nor to impose on us a religion prohibited by law, and odious to his subjects. And never did the British constitution manifest its latent energies so strongly as in the very act of arresting that assembly which, calling itself the representatives of the nation, became, in the instance before us, the instruments of the ambition of a faction, or rather of an individual.

The steadiness, the principles, and the repugnance of the king towards the "coalition," operated as powerful secondary agents, but they were not primary causes. Fox, attentive only to the three branches of the constitution, which he considered as omnipotent, regarded as null the nation itself. But when awakened, roused, and informed, the people hurled him in an instant from his situation. For it was not the dissolution of parliament which would have reduced him and his party to insignificance, if the public opinion and confidence had accompanied him. Of this truth a great example was exhibited in 1780, when Lord North dissolved the parliament. The government was not idle on the occasion, and a large sum was believed to have been expended in endeavours to procure favourable returns to the new house of commons. Yet so unpopular was the sovereign at that time, so weak the administration, and so odious the American war, that the first minister derived little permanent strength or advantage from the measure. He held out with difficulty for one session, and surrendered early in the next, on the 20th of March, 1782. Fox, on the contrary, remained for many years only an illustrious victim of his inordinate ambition, seated on the opposition bench, till the memorable malady of his majesty, in 1788, recalled him for a moment into day, only to plunge him deservedly anew into greater political depression.

THE KING—CONCLUSION.

The obligations which the king owed to Pitt for liberating him from the chains of the "coalition," at the time when they were about to have been riveted, were certainly of the first magnitude. No other subject in his dominions would probably have attempted, but assuredly no other individual would have successfully performed, so important and arduous a service. After witnessing the formation and extinction of three administrations, within the space of little more than twenty months, George the Third beheld in prospect domestic tranquillity, personal freedom, and national prosperity. Nor were these the only benefits that resulted to him from the events that we have related. All the errors and misfortunes of his reign seemed to be swallowed up and forgotten in the grave of the "coalition." The odium of Lord Bute's ministry, and the peace of 1763, aggravated by the prosecution of Wilkes, the humiliating negotiation and compromise relative to Falkland Islands, which the pen of "Junius" had consigned to perpetual reprobation, lastly, the disgraces of the American war, followed by the loss of an empire beyond the Atlantic, for which national defalcation of power and territory the king was regarded by a large portion of his subjects as peculiarly responsible; the accumulated evils of three and twenty years, disappeared at once, and were obliterated. Only the virtues of the sovereign seemed to survive in the memory of his people. The same prince who, in March, 1782, laboured under a load of prejudice and unpopularity, was considered in March, 1784, as the guardian of the constitution, worthy the warmest testimonies of affection, gratitude, and respect. They poured in upon him from all quarters, acknowledging the blessings of his paternal government, and approving the recent interference of his prerogative, for the destruction of the unprincipled faction. Wilkes, who had been among the most ardent opposers of "the East India bill," and among the foremost supporters of Pitt in parliament, as member for Middlesex, reappeared at St. James's, where he met with the most gracious reception. A new order of events, and a new era, seemed to commence from this auspicious date. In fact, if we would point out the period of time, from the commencement of this long, as well as eventful reign, during which the sovereign and the country equally enjoyed most felicity, we should not hesitate to name the interval, comprising about four years and a half that succeeded Pitt's triumph over Fox, in the spring of 1784, down to the king's severe seizure, in the autumn of 1788. Here, therefore, as at a political landmark, I shall conclude the second part of the historical memoirs of my own time.

THE END.

NEWTON.

We with pleasure extract the following, being the concluding paragraph from a memoir communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, by M. Biot, the subject of which is astronomical refractions. "Thus, to so many other discoveries made by this great man (Newton), we must now add the theory of astronomical refractions, comprising the exact differences of these refractions, and their numerical integrations by quadratures, for a case of uniform temperature. If we consider that he must, as his letters show, have discovered, step by step, all the physical bases of this theory, and all its meteorological elements, at a period when no one but himself suspected that the indications of the barometer and thermometer had any affinity with refractions; that he obtained by a direct method, due to himself alone, those numerical valuations, which the geometricians of the succeeding age have deemed one of the greatest efforts of perfect integral calculations, we shall doubtless feel that such a work is one of the most beautiful productions of this immense genius, and one of those, moreover, which best show the sagacity with which he seized on all the constituent elements of the phenomena which he investigated. Among the results of the work which I present to the Academy, that which has afforded me most pleasure, is to have been able thus to ascribe to Newton that entire glory which others have not known was his due."

The Tragical Passion
OF
MARMADUKE PAULL.

The last number of Blackwood's Magazine, in an article or review of "The Mountain Decameron," by Mr. Downes, contains the following abridgment of one of the stories of the book; in its incidents and language it strikes us as being a very near approach to Sir Walter Scott.

Alice Wolstoncraft, the widow of an old man to whom she had been married when almost a child by covetous parents, after a long chronic ailment had withered her for years, and her charms, for she had been beautiful, were a little on the wane, was wedded to Marmaduke Paull, a very young man, with whom she was deeply enamoured, but lived without hopes of a child—it being to her a constant "mortification, or misery, that she was not to present one so loved with one image of himself." But this grief was soon to be swallowed up in one all-overwhelming—for Paull, who had been once to sea, was seized by a press-gang, and Alice was again a widow. "She retired directly to a wild and melancholy farm (her own) within the mighty shadow of the great Orme's Head, to never more (as she said in her wild wo) be out of the reach of the roar and spray and uproar of that sea which was beating round her husband." Here she became a mother—or rather a child was found crying in her bed; for the rumour from the first ran that 't was no child of hers, but that she had bribed its poor parents to part with it, that she might bless her husband, on his hoped return, with the sight of "a beautiful babe, his imagined own," and thus kindle for herself his affection into love. Ruth, so the child was named, grew up almost to womanhood, in that most melancholy abode, with her supposed mother, who, worn out with ceaseless mourning, for her husband returned not, at last lay at the point of death. Her perpetual watchings, day and night, during so many years, and the effect of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, are most impressively painted; and there is true pathos and poetry in the description of the childhood and maidenhood of poor Ruth, surrounded with mysteries and glooms. From the first uncared about for her own sake, and neglected towards the end, since he for whom she had been brought up was to return no more.

"A strange, dim, yet more than dreary remembrance, hung on her mind, of her very first stage of memory. It was that a very wretched and withered old woman repeatedly landed in a crazy and foul little boat, rowed by but one man, and hobbled up to her mother's dark stone house, roofed with reeds or fern stalks, in the rock shadows. That whenever she followed her in (like a child curious), Alice always excluded her, and was always in tears and great trouble. That this tattered and fiercish old woman would stop on the beach to gaze in her infant face long together; sometimes made an angry groan or grunt at her, but once gave her a cake, and kissed and cried over her. And besides this, she had heard, or caught somehow, the unaccountable impression that she was a *murderess*—had killed a child!"

* * * * *

"It was nothing strange that the little girl should, at the earliest age, begin to share that despairing kind of expectation of the father's return, which possessed the parent; and weep, when she wept for him, and fancy how fine a form he had when she so painted him to the girl grown bigger; that she should learn to live in perpetual waiting, as it were, for him whose very bones, in all likelihood, had long since mingled with that brine, till the very despair of the withered wife became, in the happier buoyant breast of the daughter, a lively living hope. *She* would not despair—*she* hoped a father in every sail that specked the background of cloud, or gleamed like a mighty bird of snowy plumage in the closer view of the green sea."

* * * * *

"Alice had been accustomed to kindle a beacon fire, in heavy fogs and dark weather, on the dark greensward hill, for the service of her absent husband, should he, possibly, be making homeward on that dangerous coast.

The child would sit or play by this melancholy hopeless beacon for hours, with which the forsaken woman mocked her own despair. She pursued this wild fancy till Ruth was grown of age to understand its purpose. When the mother grew weary of the dream, and no longer busied herself with that beacon, which was more connected with the wildness of despair than hope, the girl often lit one alone, till the few remote farm people began to whisper of madness in both daughter and mother."

No place could be more fitted as a retreat for melancholy madness, and even to breed it, if that be possible, in an infant mind, than such wild abode; and though there was no absolute madness about Ruth, then or afterwards, an imagination so excitable as hers, dealing with a heart so tender and affections so profound, might, under trials, derange her reason, till love should become reckless of life. In twenty pages, concluding with this extract, Mr. Downes has compressed as much meaning, and as many emotions, as will be found within the same space in any other work of fiction. "Alice of the Broken Heart," selfish as she is in her misery, and neglectful of the duteous creature, who in filial affection is indeed her daughter, nevertheless we cannot but pity; having been let into the secret of her character and her condition, ere yet she was wedded to the man she so passionately loved; but Ruth we take into our heart, and strangely sorrowful do we feel to be the lot of such an orphan,—less sad to have lost one who had never acted to her a mother's part, than to lose that fancied image of a father, which from earliest childhood she had cherished in her soul—its only comfort.

"A dun-green marsh, rushy, dry, with a few crags peeping pale through its treeless nakedness, formed the foreground. One or two monastic ruins of *ruins*, the mere wreck of what have been picturesque relics, are dimly visible. Before was the open sea, with all its sounds, and all its waves sunken into one mighty moaning, and one restless floor—and the sea-sky, with all its clouds clustering in purple but lurid pomps round the great sun, on the horizon's edge. On one hand the pyramidal headland of the Great Orme's Head, on the other that of the Lesser Orme's, stood like huge towers, reared by giants, to sentinel eternally the majestic pass or gorge they form of that marshland, with its few tomb-like colossal stones and prostrate ruins. The only sound was that immense one of the deep, made more awful by the reverberation of the whole body of the mountain of the Great Orme's Head, which gave a distinct peal and roll in addition to the breaking thunder of the sea.

"In such a naked vast of prospect, whole families and all their homes would hardly have relieved that solitude. Dwarfed into moving figures, and their houses into beaver huts or molehills, under that mighty bulk and its shadow, and beside that illimitable dome and its floor, they would have rather added to the solemnity. Much less did that one figure relieve it, which this evening, placed just in apposition with the now tempered glory of the sinking sun's dilated globe, gave to the eye it intercepted (like some figured spot in its disk), the doubtful image of a human form, diminished to a mere dust atom. If the romance of the image was destroyed on approach, by the discovery that this imagined 'angel in the sun' was no other than our Ruth, a Welsh cottage girl reclining on a knoll of rock, with dry sea-weed for a pillow, her raven hair flying in wild grace, with some touch of a poetic fire in that eye, albeit a humble stocking from her mother's few sheep's wool, was growing on the knitting-needles in her hand, which her taper fingers plied rapidly, without a moment diverting her attention from the dim speck in the distance that she fancied into a sail—(yes! a *father's* sail even yet!) I say, whatever the scene lost in the illusion of romance, it gained in interest, actual living interest. It is an advantage of this general occupation of our Welsh housewives and children, knitting, that it goes on mechanically, without withdrawing the mind, or eye, or limbs from any other pursuit; the two hands only keep producing the useful commodity, leaving the mothers to walk, fetch cows, talk, and quarrel, the young to go errands, to learn reading, &c., quite as if no stockings were on the stocks. Then it is so clean a task! the slender needles so bright, and the growing clean woollen affair so needful!

"It was on this evening of melancholy splendour, which we have been describing, thus sleeping in lurid crimson along the grand sort of inverted arch of mighty span, formed by the two great headlands, that Ruth was hastily summoned home by a neighbour. She ran like a wild fawn, her stockings and part of her attire left on the rock slab; she ran—and found her mother dying; who, collecting her little breath, addressed her with a smile, after kissing away her incessant tears. Poor Ruth had rarely known the touch of those mother-lips; and now they were bluish, and ghastly, and her eyes told that the hand of death was already advanced between her and that parent. All return of tenderness had formerly been confined to the sad woman's heart; she had no more the zest, no longer the active spirit of even maternal love, enough alive within her to give kiss for kiss, endearment for endearment. Now she kissed and clasped her fervently, then said:

"'I must leave you, poor child! I feel myself going, going where I trust my Marmaduke is long ago gone before me.'

"'Oh no! my mother,' poor Ruth broke forth, sobbing, 'he is *not* gone, *live* for him! live, and he will come again! We will light our fire again every dark nightfall. Don't say *he's* gone, and *you* are going, or I shall die *before* you! don't *both* leave me; pray don't! oh dear! oh my heart!' and she held her side, where it seemed bursting from her bosom.

"'Good, dear girl,' the faint woman pursued, 'though you think me unhappy in quitting life, and though folks talk of dying as if it were to fall asleep, and it were a *dreadful* sleep, indeed, my dear, it's to *me* nothing dreadful, but just like a waking. My *life* has been the sleep, God knows! My *life* has been the dream, and Heaven forgive me for making yours the same, poor child! but *you've* a life yet to come, I do hope; yet I'd rather see you dead now than that it should be *such* a life as it has pleased God to send me. I fear me it's a crime to love as I've done; I'm sure it has cast me down into such despair, as must be wicked, if we have any heart left to fight against it: but what can a broken heart do? *Now* I see that I should have turned my eyes that couldn't sleep, and my heart that was never at peace, and my arms that were ever ready to do a desperate something, oh! *not* to that deaf sea, *not* to that empty distance, not to a foolish false figure on my brain, of my Marmaduke, my *dear!* rocking on a masthead—oh no! but to the God that I almost grew wroth against for dividing us! Oh, and *was* not my God merciless to me to give the uttermost I ever could wish for, in the way of passionate love, only to take it away directly? *only* to take him away? Never could I, never *did* I say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" Therefore perhaps he refused me my dear Marmaduke back to these arms. But I must be short.' Then she waited till the neighbour who had fetched Ruth was gone, and at last said, trembling all over—'My poor, poor Ruth? Yet *not mine*——'

"'Not *yours*, my mother? Not yours? Well-a-day! she's moythering.* Oh! let me fetch the woman back.'

"'Stay, be quiet, child; you are now sixteen years old, I must not die in falsehood. Ah! you'll hate me and the memory of me *now*. But what's love and what's hate to *me*, but only Marmaduke's? *I am not your mother.*'

"Ruth rolled her eyes in bewilderment, through tears, turning death-pale, and muttering '*Not my mother?*'

"'Hear me, my poor child! I had prayed to God to permit me to hold but one image of my Marmaduke, and he would not! I envied the most destitute of mothers only for that they were *mothers!* I watched the soft eyes of my Marmaduke, and thought how they would look *at* me, *on* me, if——Oh, I shall live again, to go mad! I shall rouse myself from this death, that I'm as glad of as a poor creature long at sea is of land, if I begin to *remember* again, to feel afresh, and flutter all over again! I *was* mad, Ruth. My longing to meet him *with an infant*, when he wrote to me about his coming back, drove me into a scheme for deceiving him. But never did he come back to be deceived! but *my* guilt was the same. I began to act my plot; and when that other woman's time of trouble came, by the aid of her nurse, we contrived to make it believed her child was still-born, and long before its time, while the old woman brought *you*, (*you* were the child) and nursed me in my pretended lying-in. This old midwife never betrayed our plot; and oh! how I doated on you, for nothing but the promise your little helpless body afforded me of becoming *all* to my dear husband, which other wives are to theirs! I tried to dream awake that you *was my* own. How soon I taught you to say 'Dad, dad!' I'm sure I trembled at thought of losing you, so as never *mother* did. But when you grew so pretty and grew to prattle so, and one trick came after another, that I so wanted *him* to see, all came, but *he* never came, he never saw them, and one by one was forgot; when your little teeth showed, and you began to go alone, and *he* never watched these things *with* me; oh then, I began not to care for you, poor darling! for *then* I cared for nothing; and so, you know, you've grown, and grown to a great girl, a *woman!* ha! ha! ha! yes, *you're* a fine woman-figure now! and what am *I?* An old withered one, a wicked one! But what matters? *he'll* never see me so; God wouldn't let him be deceived; God punished me, for never, never, never more did Marmaduke come back! But mind, I charge you, Ruth, I *implore* it, my dear, if he *do* come back, *don't tell him*, don't make me out a liar to *him!* Swear you won't expose me! Let him *pity* me, let him come and plant my grave! Oh, Ruth!'

"'I swear I never will, my dear, dear mother!' Ruth sobbed distractedly. With one finger raised towards heaven, and the poor girl's face on her panting bosom, Alice sunk back; and when Ruth, alarmed, raised her tearful face to answer her more audibly, the dreadful eyes were fixed upon hers, never to be veiled by those moveless lids again, but by another's hand."

It was formerly a Welsh custom, to bring out the straw which might have formed part of the bed-furniture of a person who had died, and set it on fire before the door of the house—a signal of death. This was done by the person who had performed the last duties to Alice—the night was dark and stormy—and that solemn but feeble beacon might be seen by any eyes that chanced to turn from land or from sea towards the foot of the Orme's Head Mountain.

"The wild imaginative character which her mode of life had formed in the solitary girl, Ruth, gave impulse to her nerves, and a spirit bold beyond the weakness of her sex and age, on exciting occasions. She entreated to be the sole watcher by her lost protector. The howling and rising wind almost extinguished the two rushes, dipped in grease, which, fixed each in the small iron vice used to bear them about, stood on each side of the sheeted corpse; the cottage shook violently, the echoes of the tremendous falls of the broad sea's sweep lashing the rocky beach on the seaward side of the Great Orme, were like thunderclaps run into one another; and the real thunder of the sky (shut up by clouds as by mighty folding doors hung with mourning) already came groaning from the distance, and the blueness of the lightning made itself seen within the room, spite of the light within; yet Ruth persevered in her desire to watch alone, to have that last sad office all her own, and the women retired to rest, not in the house, but according to common usage even at this day with the farmer's servants in retired pastoral districts, in summer at least, to a night's rest in the straw of the cow-house; all the older farm houses accommodating their cattle under the same roof with the family, only divided by a wall of rough stones.

"The dead of night was now on the world, or rather, in such solitude, on two mountains, their double-figured blackness frowning out sudden in the quiver of lightning, with its ghastly *day* of a moment; a sea running mountain high; a sea-lashed dismal beach, and an upward cataract of spray, that mounted half way up the face of the Orme's Head precipice next the waves, and volatile as it had flown *up* on the wind's wing, of steady force, as it blew a settled hurricane, in falling thundered like whole waves that had ridden air and broken against that wall of crags, rather than the mere foam of that wave's raging. The stir and uproar of the elements without strangely contrasted with the everlasting peace and the never-to-be-broken silence of the mortality within. That form, so lately agitated as those elements, so lately, even to the last, trembling with the last convulsions of the most powerful of the passions, the earthquake of the heart—now lay still as a summer night, when scarce a moth is heard flitting, a dull shape frightfully hinting its nature, by projecting features of face and limb, beneath a sheet, the necessary veil between its metamorphised self and its, so recently, fellow beings—a perishing image of clay; and all those elements of being—those

* Delirious talking.

hopes, fears, wraths, regrets, dotings, jealousies, which had raged within that little vault of a bosom, as do thunder, lightning, wind, and hail, in that of our visible heaven—all, all sunken into peace, and no more left of the yearnings, the rapid outstretchings of the busy spirit, than remains of its eager insect-hunting, and its flight outstripping our sight, to the winter-stricken bat, when it steals away to a ruinous tomb, damp cleft in rock, or the depth of some dungeon in a tower's ruin, and there hangs, with hundreds more of its race, so stricken, a dull mass to be handled without their feeling the hand, not a wing stirred of so many swift ones, a mere black appendage to such vault!

"Ruth, full of awful and sad thoughts, thus ruminated:—'And I shall be some time—I care not were it now—like this dear, solemn—something—Oh, is it possible! is this *not* my *mother's* corpse? Yes, I *will* call it so—like *you*, my mother, as now you are. Why should I fear to raise the sheet? She loved me, as well as her poor distracted heart could love any thing, dear soul! she never hurt me while living—why now? Yet I fear. Like what you *are* I shall be—shall I ever be like what *you have been?* Oh, I can feel what you have felt, even by what I, a foolish child, feel towards a father I never knew. Ah, my God! what a new world I have come into since this morning's sun rose on me! My dear father beyond that sea is *not* my father—I've been dreaming of a stranger! I've watched and wept, and lit up my little watch fire, and thrown my silly arms in my sleep, and dreamed I was sleeping on his bosom, and he 's *not* my father! *He* is not! *Who* is not! Oh mother, mother, you 've made my mind like this storm, and left me alone, directly! Why do I say '*Mother?*' What a confusion! I have no fear of storm, or your poor pale death-look, or any thing, for I wish I were like you! How it howls! Was that the wind?'

"It was not the wind. She approached the casement, and screamed at sight of a human face, very pale, laid close to the panes, and then two hands, lain open all about them, as of one groping in blindness. It was a shipwrecked man, who, having by miracle saved himself by scrambling along a ledge of the rocks, in the retrocession of the waves, and clinging, during their assault, had groped his way round to the land side of the Great Orme's Head, and directed perhaps by voices to the house of death, was now seeking the entrance. After her first surprise, Ruth did not forget her nature so far as to delay the dues of hospitality towards the drenched, exhausted man, violently as her heart beat and limbs trembled. She opened the door, but the wretched man was turning the contrary way, and she found that he was blind, in addition to his other calamities. Weather-beaten, with hands wounded and bleeding with the sharp rocks he had held by, and his face smeared with the blood his hand had left there in throwing back his black hair, that flew over his face in profusion, blown by the wind; his voice shrill and piteous; his whole appearance was terrific as a spectre, and his feeble groping in darkness, added to its piteous horror. Ruth shuddered at taking his hand as humanity prompted, yet, looking in his face, was surprised to catch a glimpse of two of the finest eyes that ever rolled, notwithstanding their loss of sight. Lightning had so far paralysed the optic nerve, as to nearly destroy its function, without destroying that mysterious power in the organ by which it converses with other eyes, in the universal language peculiar to the human eye. She led him by his clay-like hand to the fire, proposing to leave him while she roused the women in the cow-house, when a dreadful embarrassment detained her, about explaining to him the melancholy task she was engaged in, for the apartment was small, and with his groping to the least distance he would grasp the dead. She told him distractedly the situation, and ran to call up the women.

"And there lay that impassioned, long-agitated being who had dreamed and groaned out life (a cold automaton with breath) for the sake of that dear one, *now*, in that extraordinary moment, by such awful coincidence, returned to her *clay*, not to her, not her warm heart leaping towards him, nor her arms that would have so grasped him! She lay, and not a pulse stirred at his presence, not a hand was extended to his helplessness, as he felt about, nor one sigh was left for the dear, dearest Marmaduke, the long lost husband, shivering and bleeding, a shipwrecked man, and the heaven and the earth blotted to him, for ever! Such are human hopes, passions, prospects, and such and so terrific in its change, is death! He was returned, but only as earth was opening for the white ashes that alone remained of so mighty a flame, as had consumed a heart, and made it dust even before it ceased to palpitate, antedating the work of death itself."

The beacon formed of the death-bed of Alice of the Broken Heart, had effected the purpose for which she had for so many years kindled fires in vain. The seamen of the vessel which Marmaduke was on board, were led by that light to make for the bay between the two Orme's Heads, but missing it through the fury of the gale, they drove on the Head itself.

Mamaduke's joy on finding he has a daughter, is profound—and his parental love lor her is not less, but greater, because he cannot see the features of her face, for "lightning had so far paralysed the optic nerve as to nearly destroy its function, without destroying that mysterious power in the organ by which it converses with other eyes, in the universal language peculiar to the human." The shock and melancholy of the death and burial of his wife, under circumstances at once so wonderful and so affecting, had caused a long and dangerous illness, during which he was attended by Ruth. "Nothing could have soothed that poignant agony so speedily but the constant watch and the soft weeping tears and tender heart of the being who stepped in to fill the blank void in his affection; that novelty of sweet relation—*daughter*—above all the daughter, as he believed, of that lost dear friend whom he missed with more of a filial than conjugal pain of affection." The desire of a daughter had been strong in his heart from the first; and he soon resolved to abandon the melancholy house of the Orme's Head promontory, and having done so, obtained the very farm-house in which he was born, beside the river Conway, in the pastoral, rich, and romantic vale of that name; nor could such loss of sight as his obliterate its charms from his memory—and thus Marmaduke Paull was contented with his lot, and grateful to Providence.

But alas! for poor Ruth. An ideal father had all her life long been the object of her devout and reverential love; and now that she had found a real father, as Marmaduke Paull believed himself to be, not a drop of his blood was in her veins—not a drop of her blood who had been his wife. "While she looked at this object as one come back from the dead, and recalled the long portion of her little life, throughout which he had been to her as some gracious being of some unknown state of existence, to be reverenced and mourned, rather than expected, she felt a confusing contrast between that venerated shadow and the actual person of a father—that, spiritualised by distance, and almost certain death, this a palpable blessing, a smiling, conversing, tender, helpmate (for time had familiarised to him the horror of blindness, and light was not quite shut out,) who made her feel, for the first time, her womanhood—her own capability of pleasing and of being pleased—which the dismal taciturnity of love-melancholy in her former ill-fated companion had never elicited. She could not help often wishing that her dream of the parent figure, vague as it was, had been less violently broken—that Marmaduke had been older, even sterner, less inclined to be gentle to her gentleness, and almost submissive to her childish will."

And thus Ruth loves—is in love—with Marmaduke Paull—but for his sake would desire to live on his virgin daughter still; nor ever shall the secret, which she had sworn to keep at the death-bed of "Alice of the Broken Heart," be suffered to escape her lips—if it be muttered not in the delirium of dreams. Marmaduke was indeed old enough to have been her father; but he had married Alice when he was but a boy, and in spite "of all the disastrous chances which his youth suffered," he was in the prime and strength of manhood, "gentle of eye, pensive, sensible, of noble forehead and presence, a strong mind and feeling heart." On her blind father's knee she sat—round his neck at his bidding she wreathed her arms—kissed his lips many a time and oft—and lay like a child in his bosom. To such a father "so kind and so forlorn," what affection did she not owe, what duty was it not the holy impulse of her pure spirit to perform? And she was his daughter still—for pure of all passion was she in her whitest innocence—and how could she have the heart to hurt by coldness, which to him would have seemed so very cruel, the noble being who had received her into his heart of hearts! The situation is strange indeed, and almost too distressful; but Mr. Downes has conducted the story of her sinless love with that unerring delicacy, which knowledge of human nature in its purest state inspires, and so far from there being any thing repulsive in the picture of her filial endearments—fatal as they became—Cordelia's self is not a holier daughter than Ruth—but how fares it with her father—and why is the tale entitled "The Tragical Passion of Marmaduke Paull?"

Marmaduke had never loved Alice as a happy husband loves his wife. He had married her because she was dying of love for him, and Alice herself knew that she had his affection, and no more—and thence her "pious fraud," by which she hoped, without injury to any body, to make him love the mother for the sake of her and his child. For eighteen years or more, he knew not that a child had been born unto him, or what it was to have a father's heart. All in a moment he found a full-grown daughter in his arms, to him the most blessed of God's creatures; and blind as he was, for he had but a glimmer of sight, he knew that she was also one of the most beautiful, and in the sound of her voice there was to his ear music angelical and born in heaven. And must the time come when that ministering and guardian angel will leave him to his blindness, be no more the daughter alone—holiest of all holy names—*but a wife!* Caring little for her father—for how then could she care much—inhabiting another house—watching not in her bed to hear through the thin partition if her blind father—often restless as sailors are who go no more to sea—had composed himself to sleep. Then life indeed would be worse than worthless, and welcome the sleep of the grave.

It had so happened that the only youthful companion of Ruth had been William Paull, a nephew of Marmaduke, and like him a sailor. They were such lovers as a boy and girl are wont to be when so placed, and it was taken for granted by the neighbours that in good time they would be man and wife. William was a fine manly spirited lad, and loved Ruth with all his heart and all his soul; but her love for him was but that of a sister, for her imagination had been so entirely filled with dreams and visions of her father's return, and her life one of such trouble and desolation, that there had been no room in her breast for any strong emotion towards any other object; and of such love as William sometimes spoke of she knew nothing but the name. Now she knew that she loved Marmaduke far more dearly and profoundly than William—yet as a daughter still—only as a daughter—and her feelings are thus described.

"For some time this affectionate girl's heart, in which the love and longing of a daughter towards a visionary father had wrought so long its singular effect, sunk, as it were, into an intoxicated sleep. The power of self-delusion was never more manifested. She indulged a waking dream, strong as reality, that this was her actual father. She hardly indulged one thought towards the unknown real authors of her being, still regarding even her, who dying disclaimed her, as her mother. While this strong fancy remained, the change in herself was even externally striking. That dreamy, listless, over-sensitive look and whole manner, which allied the wild-dressed, self-dependent, solitary girl of the Orme's Head downs and rocks to the characters of romance, was now changed into the more natural, if more homely, character of a happy, healthy, though delicate farmer's daughter, who, instead of lying on sea-weed and rock, rolling those expressive eyes round a dim horizon of hazy sea, in search of a visionary father's sail, now cast them round a gentler home-horizon of sheep walk, to view the flocks whitening there, (the new property of Marmaduke,) or seated on her humble milking stool, in some recess of those green meadows on the Conwy's side, where the evening sun's low beams slept sweetly, would milk as many ewes as the stoutest, while the blind man, sitting on some oak root, thickly mossed, or a bank of the rocky brook that came down foaming into the Conwy, would amuse her by relating the modes of farming life, and of dairy keeping in distant lands.

"It was during this strange but happy forgetfulness on her part, that the visits of her handsome cousin William grew frequent, his attentions of a kind not to be misunderstood, the talk of his sister Sophy explicitly tending to the view of courtship on his part—and not long after that a sudden and total change came over her

thought and feeling on the subject of her strange situation. The necessity of telling the truth to Marmaduke, and the pain of so doing, grew hourly upon her. Her cheek would burn with blushes, not such as she had been used to feel, whenever his parental fondness urged him to the pure, fond endearments of a father. Her eyes would shrink down from his sightless ones, and remain fixed on the ground in an innocent shame for the deceit it seemed almost her doom to practise, on one so fond, so helpless, so much needing a daughter, so likely to feel acutely the bitter disappointment of having a darling hope and feeling, for which he had resolved to resign all others, at so early a stage of life, thus harshly and eternally baffled and rooted out of his bosom! He had said to his own heart, 'I will live only for this sweet daughter—she shall be to me, friend, helpmate—wife, mourner—every thing! for her I will live and die a widower! No hand but Ruth's shall lead me; no hand but Ruth's be about my death-bed; or close these eyes, or plant my grave.' She could ill bear to break this dream by saying, '*You have no daughter.*' She began to loathe food, lose sleep, cheerfulness, colour, under this pressing occasion for divulging a secret that had grown by concealment only more grievous to be divulged. And her temper changed."

Ruth often thinks of her whom till her death-hour she had thought her mother, and whom, all for her love for Marmaduke, pitying neighbours had called "Alice of the Broken Heart." Her bones could not lie still in the grave, were some whisper heard there by the dead, that the orphan on whom that oath had been imposed loved *her* Marmaduke, and was enjoying his presence in the light of day and the sunshine of heaven. Ruth felt as if her love were a wrong to the dead—and an angry ghost haunted her sleep. She tells Marmaduke her dream.

"'Oh! I have had *such* a dream!' Ruth said one morning, on meeting her fatherly protector, at the farm-house door, just as the sun was rising, and the soft, dim, blue haze of the parting summer night was seen curling like a steam, all along the course of the Conwy river, and growing all alight with the horizontal beams from across the grand expanse of sea, and all was still throughout the river-side, dales, copses, and flowery recesses between the whitening rocks—'I saw poor dear Alice.'

"'Your mother?' he interrupted her. 'Aye, my *mother*—I saw her lying as she lay that dreadful night you came home—(blessed night for *that*, as it was)—I thought as I stood looking at her solemn face, through my tears, and was stooping to kiss those poor lips, so shockingly formal, they came a little apart, and a slow smile seemed coming—but oh, what a smile! spiteful, scornful, sneering, bitter—ghastly!—and her dead eyes half opened to leer at me, and oh, they were crueller than even the smile! Then a heaving of the shroud over her poor bosom, came on, and then a sound crept hollowly through her cold mouth, that at last made up a word—"*Rival! rival!* me! *Me?*" And as it grew stronger, more words—furious ones came, and her ruffled arm started up—oh, father! sprung up and tore open her winding sheet at the breast, and I heard, "What if this breast did *not* give you suck? *dare* you wound this heart within it? Dare you torture it? *Rival* me?" Oh, I can't tell you how frightful it was to see dead and white lips sneer, and glassy fixed eyes stir again to bitterly curse one with a look!'

"'That's a *wild* dream, in truth,' Marmaduke replied. 'Poor soul! her jealousy hardly would survive death; and to be jealous of her own child!—What could put such fancies into such an innocent little brain as my Ruth's, I wonder! And *did* poor Alice not suckle you, my dear?' He missed the deeper meaning of these fancied words. 'And that wasn't all. I heard the same roaring as was all night then—but—oh, father!—the wildest winds that bellow among the sea caverns of Llanduddno rocks, that snap the trees rooted in the mountain stone off short, and pile the waves up like ruins tumbling about, all along the coast, were never like that in my dream, for that had a frightful human *voice!* It was a terrible wind and a voice too, in one, a wild, threatening, furious, mad, maddening voice—for I ran mad to hear it when they told me that was my *mother's* voice—no—it was the "Fury of the Great Orme's Head"—(what *is* a Fury? I've read of it, but forget—Something like a mad ghost that has a bloody whip, isn't it?)—No matter—well! this voice of this Fury was my mother's turned into that thing! and go where I would—it raved behind me—off sea and off land, up from earth, and down from the clouds, and raging along the beach, and the mountain's side, every where that wind, or that voice or the wind followed me, a pale wretch, sometimes turning to ask mercy, sometimes lying flat on the earth, like as praying for my grave to let me in, from it, and the sound it made was, "Ruth shall rue! Ruth shall rue! Ruth the wretch! Ruth the wretched!"'

"'It's this melancholy life you lead with me, poor child! that gives you these wild dreams,' Marmaduke said, deeply musing. 'To lead about a blind useless being from one sunny nook to another, is not a life for a beautiful young——'

"She interrupted him eagerly—'*Melancholy?*—I should go melancholy mad, if any body *but* I led you so! And oh! do you think it possible that the dead—that Alice—my mother, I mean—*can* look down jealously on your being led by me, I mean by *any body* but her? I would be sore sorry to pain her poor ghost, if I knew it, and indeed I do fancy that if *I* were dying, I should cry bitterly when I was shown the new girl, or the woman, or wife—whatever it might be, who must take your Ruth's office—your forgotten Ruth's! So I can feel for *her*.'

"'But you must marry, sweet—will your husband leave you to me, think you?' said he, laughing.

"'Never!—*Husband?*—I never will give one the power to part us! never while I live! Yet, what do I talk?' And she sighed with almost the deep hollowness of groaning.

"'And what was that deep sigh for?' he enquired. 'I've remarked your tones of voice altered of late; how low they are, yet how softly sweet, and how mournful! What is the matter, my own?—Gone!'

"Ruth had vanished at the moment of his putting this question."

The recital of this dream had a wild effect on Marmaduke, who grew daily a more and more altered man. Ruth was pained to perceive a certain coldness in his manner, some changes in his mode of endearment—and an alteration in his familiar terms of addressing her—and wist not what could be the cause. The dream haunted Marmaduke, when Ruth had forgotten it. "Oh! that I might see her face but once! and then I should see it forever! What would her going for ever be like? Like a death-bell that told me every human heart but my own stood still! Yet she *must* go! Yes! she *must marry*, but that's a *distant thing*; and they will have it you are much like *me*, Ruth; yet *you're* fair, they say, but dark-eyed, and I am *all* dark! Do you think you're like me, child?" During this soliloquy Ruth happened to approach, was dumb, confused, statue-like a moment, then sprung away from sitting by him. "That can never be. Oh, no! well-a-day, how should that be? But our old folk talk silly about these things." Marmaduke was so engrossed in thought that he heard her imperfectly, and soliloquised aloud and unconsciously on a fresh topic. "I wish I were again at the Orme's Head now. I was happier in the eternal melancholy music of that sea, the whistling of that gorse on the bleak sea side down where Ruth and I first walked together, than I have been here, in the midst of sweet meadows and singing birds, and Conwy plashing pleasantly against its sod banks." "And so do I!" Ruth exclaimed eagerly, "let us go back there!—let us make a change. I do so love the wildness of every thing there—the fierce screaming sea birds, the hollow bellowing of our mountains, the storms, and the waves."

Marmaduke, soon after this, hears from Ruth's own lips an innocent confession of the intimacy—the affection—it might be the love—and something like an engagement between herself and his nephew. We pass over some part of the story here, which is very painful in the book, and would be more so in an abridgement—and simply mention that he vehemently urges their marriage, believing now that she is in love with her cousin, and that, after some distressing situations, Ruth resolves to tell William that she never can be his, and if possible to bring herself to tell Marmaduke that she is not his daughter. She breaks with her lover—but she falters and fails in all her attempts to bring on such a conversation with her supposed father as may end in her communicating to him that strangest secret. Meanwhile, Marmaduke, who knows not that she has refused to marry William, leads a solitary and almost insane life in a sort of cave hollowed out in the base of Llanduddno rocks by the waves, not without danger of his being surprised by the returning tide, and climbing the Orme's Head, is often seen at a height where few would have believed it possible for a blind man to clamber alone. Ruth leads not his steps now, but lives with Sophy, William's sister, who is sorely perplexed with her mysterious conduct, at the farm in the Vale of Conwy. But sometimes she visits him—and on one occasion, after she had been speaking passionately, but vaguely, of her determination never to separate from him—he exclaims, "We never, *never* will—kiss your father, my sweet innocent! nay do! *Part!* have I been mad? My own dear child, dry your eyes—nay, let me kiss them dry. Stop *here* this week—stop a month. Nay, but I'll come back to the other farm. William must give you up. At least *defer* it, my dear: defer the matter." "*Defer?*" she said sobbing. And nothing now was talked of in the little round of the hamlet, and cots up the Vale of Conwy, but the mysterious conduct of father and daughter.

Marmaduke, in the multitude of the thoughts within him, at last resolves to confess them all to an elderly clergyman named Llewellyn, whose condition, character, and occupations, are beautifully described—quite in the spirit of Wordsworth's Churchyard among the Mountains—and contrasted, perhaps needlessly, though naturally, and we fear in that time truly, with those of a sad scamp—once an exciseman—but who had long been in holy orders—nick-named "*Smash.*" The pastor and his friend walked out in the twilight—and here is the account of what passed between them, as far as it might be revealed.

"'I'm always vexed,' said the patient pastor, 'when that poor man comes over the bay; but if one thwarted him, and shut our doors against him, who knows how much malice and uncharitableness we might be accessory to instilling into his heart and poor blind soul, so adding to his deformity in the sight of God? For a like reason, I never argue with him, for knowing it must be a chastening hand—pray God it be not too heavy for the old man to bear!—an Almighty chastening *hand*, not my feeble *voice*, that can alone reform him, what would my haranguing do, but add stubbornness and ingratitude to his other faults?'

"'You're in the right, sir!' Marmaduke suddenly broke forth; 'the least said to an incorrigible or inevitable sinner, is the most mercy.'

"'And what would you with me, my friend and neighbour?' the other enquired as they reached the strand.

"'In truth, I know not what!' said Marmaduke in a hurried manner—'advice; yet who can advise about such a point? More sympathy, then,—pity—no—*abhorrence!* yet I wrong myself——some human heart besides my own to conceive what I feel,—but how *can* another feel it? *That's* the very point! I pant after fellow feeling in a pin, a hideous perplexity, the very essence of which is, that my fellow men never did, never can feel it! The worst, the foulest, are as new-born babes and innocents in *that!* Let's go back! I may make you hate me, shudder at me, but never, never make you a sharer, a comforter in my most strange trouble! One point that I thought to ask advice on, I have had settled even now, by talking with that man; the other is not one of human action—no matter of choice, nothing to reject or admit—but something I am already a committed wretch in having dared to divulge even thus far!'

"'Sit on this ledge of rock, I entreat you,' said the pastor, trembling with the suddenness of this seeming confession of some black sin, from one whose religious feelings he knew to be strong, and whose life, at least while on shore, simple and innocent.

"'Nay,' Marmaduke rejoined, with hollow voice of suppressed anguish, 'lead me to that shadow. It is the cliff, or is night thickening eastward, that I see?'

"'No, it's that horn of this cove which cuts off the west and its light from our eyes.'—'No matter—lead me into some dark——Oh, father! let me so call you, for I know your goodness, your loving-kindness to me and to all men, beyond any of these old holy men that people used to confess themselves to, and cry to "Father, father!—oh, father! what shall I do!" As a mortal father, too, one blest in a sweet daughter, as I am cursed in one, I must ask you, what shall I do? what

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PART I. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 31, 1837. NO. 12.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

can I do? You cannot more doat on your sweet girls at home, than I do on mine—yet'——

"'What! Ruth turned out so ill? Cursed in *her?* My heart bleeds for her, as much as for you. Oh! what has that once innocent creature done?'

"'*Done?* Made mine a happy life were it ending now, by but the short time she was with me here, where she must not lead me longer! Oh never think it was she that I meant cursed me! She 's innocence itself—*She* has done nothing.'

"'Be composed,—trust in God's promise to save the wicked man's soul alive, who turneth away from the wickedness he hath committed,—and so trusting, now trust *me* also with this hidden sin that is so heavy in your breast.'

"'I talk and but mislead you,' answered Marmaduke. 'I *have* no heavy sin here! I have committed none, or but what belongs to the common evil of our natures. It is my very loathing of sinful thoughts, and promptings of the foul fiend, that drives me to you.'

"'You are in danger then of falling—you cannot resist some fierce temptation, or fear you will fail in the conflict?'

"'Oh no, no, by all-seeing God, no! so far from that'—

"'Nay, nay, brother, keep to yourself the nature of the temptation—I have no curiosity—I can equally pray for your deliverance, know it, or know not. It is before God, not man, we are to prostrate ourselves, and be ashamed. Be not angry, however, if I say—be not *too* bold—Let him who standeth take heed lest he fall.'

"'Dear and good man—feel for me! I have nothing to confess! the ideas, the feelings that come between me and—and—that dear child of mine—are horrors, ugly horrors, not temptations. This perplexed talk—this delirium, as it must seem to you, is a faint picture—wo's me! *but* a shadow—of that confounding of finest and foulest feelings, delicious and pure thoughts, and loathsome ones, that are now for ever fighting *here*, and here!' and he struck his forehead and his breast.

"'The only temptation I know, as such, is the all-pure joy that tender fathers feel in their dear daughters! What you feel to yours—what you 'll feel to-night when you kiss her and say "good night, my love." *That's* what I alone want. Is that a crime? *That's* what I had for a while—that is what I despair ever to have more! Is that a wish to be confessed? *Wish* beside, Heaven that hears me knows, I have not—I would not live to have—I would execute on my most execrable self, justice, bloody justice, could it ever amount to that!'

"'And what deprives you of a father's happiness? I can't yet understand.'

"'You well may not—I cannot clothe the subject in its proper words, to startle a pure and innocent-*thoughted* father all at once. Ah! sir, *you* never dream of wishing that dear child of your bosom, to be *not* the child of your bosom; *you* are proud to feel her your own—you have her babyhood in your eye yet! *I* never knew I had that longing of my soul, foolish longing! granted, a baby girl, till in the full beauty—yes! my *soul* is not blind—the glorious beauty of womanhood, it burst upon me, mixed with the blandishments of a sweet child, and a helpless one! If yet you are in the dark, I 'll try to talk with something like method, by the edge of the sea—but I detain you from home.'

"'Till midnight, and welcome, if I can but lighten your breast a grain of its load. The curate will not stir after his jug and pipe are given to him, and the night 's sweet and soft. Methinks I see a little, and I hope, that whereas I at first feared that sin and shame brought you to me, as a guilty man, the truth is, that a virtuous horror of even its image too close, and a delicate purity and over-dread of even an involuntary step out of nature's (or our second nature's) strict path, brings you to me as your adviser, *not* confessor.'

"The conversation that followed was long and low, as they walked on the margin of the sea by starlight. The words of Marmaduke as they returned, and he paused near the house, were——'So by that time you will have weighed all I have said, and you will seal my doom? I expect your judgment as I might that of heaven made audible, and will no more think of disobedience to it, than to the voice of God, whose minister you are. Two fates depend on it. If my child must be a wife—if we must live apart—if she *ought* to become an *unwilling* wife, and keep her faith, if my heart burst, I 'll not rebel against your verdict, it shall burst *alone!*'"

On his way home, Marmaduke, under the safe conduct of the clergyman's daughter, is met by Ruth, in great alarm at the lateness of the hour, who, struck at sight of her old office taken by another, could not speak a word for a short space, though she knew who was his guide. Resuming her too dear office, she walked happy by his side.

"The deep stillness of the summer night, something of boldness which dark and a starry heaven's free vastness, and glooms of wood and mountain (for they had to pass along the skirt of an ancient wood enclosing a monastic ruin), never fail to inspire, and possibly the recent view of *another* leading him, these or other deeper springs of female resolve and strong emotion, possessed the forlorn girl on this solemn walk.

"'Suppose it possible,' she began to say, tremulously, but, as she proceeded, energetically, 'that I should *not* be your daughter after all! no kin at all to you! no more nearness of blood than there is between two people that may marry; not so much of course as between two cousins (and a burning blush suffused her whole face); just as if I had been only at nurse with Alice Woolstoncraft, or any poor soul you was married to, and directly forced away from, as you was from her; *Alice* no mother of mine! only "make believe" so, as children say; and *could* you love me afterwards, *at all!* When I should be *nothing* to you, not your Ruth, but somebody else's Ruth, you would never care for me more, *would* ye, now?' she said, affecting playfulness, '*Dear* Marmaduke!—a funny way of calling my dad!—*make believe* now I'm a poor strange girl on a sudden, *you* not my father, *she* not my mother—would'nt that be being quite a stranger? And *now, do you love me?*'

"This was a wild start of feeling, in that so softening hour, and that love-whispering scene among the fragrant lime trees, and low twitter of sleepy birds, which the next moment made the impassioned girl start at herself, and wish to God she could recall the words! They smote her like guilt, in spite of truth, that told her she but veiled the simple fact as a wild hypothesis; for Marmaduke had not even been *foster*-father to her, and his wife had not been mother, and he had never even witnessed or shared at all her part of foster-mother, which alone was hers. What was he then to her? Even the shadow of affinity existed not, and a brief period's mockery of a relationship alone stood between them as a barrier to mutual warmer passions. Ought it to divide them, so *needing* as well as so loving each other? Might not such a singular advent of a tie render it only firmer, fonder, perhaps purer, for the short delusion?

"All these questions flew over the mind of her companion as a crowd of some flying things might do across a sky of leaden hue, which, whether black as night, or snowy as silver-winged sea birds, the aroused eye cannot distinguish ere all are past, and nothing *is* again except that sky of leaden hue. And yet they have disturbed its calm and monotony. Not a word of answer had he the recollection to make, so busy was he with this wild train of thoughts; but when it had passed over, *then* the (imagined) actual nature of their connection, and his own diseased state of the imagination, induced by excess of fondness, and consisting rather of ominous fancies of *future* unhallowed fires, than any present mischief, like that sky assumed an added gloom. Fancy for the very first time had been set loose, not by his own thoughts but by her innocent fears of *utterly* losing his affection, forcing way from her full heart. But fancy would not return to her restraint. And '*Suppose it possible she was not my daughter after all!*' This echo of her words was destined never more to be silent in the heart of Paull, idle and dreamy as they *seemed*, till that agitated heart found a sweet or dismal rest—the rest of love's hope or life's end."

The good clergyman had undertaken to find out, for Marmaduke, what was truly the state of Ruth's affections towards her cousin, who had been greatly exasperated by her hesitations, retractations, and delays; and having employed his daughter for that purpose, she, from Ruth's blushes and agitation, concluded that she was in love with him, but averse to leave her blind father without a protector. The result of her enquiries having been communicated to Marmaduke by the pastor, he betrayed no strong emotion; "but a paleness, so marked in its steady usurpation of his whole face, through all its weather-marks and bronze of climate, so nearly amounting to the complete bloodless marble hue of a corpse." After this he commanded her to marry her cousin, and her strength of mind being completely subdued, she gave her consent, though with a breaking heart. She now passed most of her life alone in the most out-of-the-way places; but prying eyes were upon her—and she had been several times observed, on any person coming near her, to huddle away some needle-work, and look like "a guilty thing surprised." Wan, sunken-eyed, and drooping, vulgar malignity circulated the most infamous whispers against her and her father—"this privy preparation of baby-linen was necessary"—and "the simple sea-faring youth" was pitied as about to become the legal protector of a worse than spurious offspring. The horrid rumour reached the ears of Mr. Llewellyn's modest and virtuous daughter; and though recoiling from all credit of such a crime, she one day told her friend what had been said by many, and "then fixing her eyes on a little shut basket, unable to speak, fell into hysterical sobbing." Ruth was neither astounded nor incensed by the shocking slander; her only thought was, that *now* she must no longer assume the disguise of a daughter. Then opening the basket, she took out and unfolded before her friend—"an almost finished *shroud*—her own." That very night she disclosed to Mr. Llewellyn the secret of her birth, and broke a promise made to the dying, "the last degree of cruel impiety, in the universal opinion of the Cambro-British rural population even to this day."

Mr. Llewellyn cautiously broke to the "altered man, whose whole aspect had assumed something of gaunt ghostliness and wildness," the extraordinary revelation of his supposed daughter; and its effect upon him is described with prodigious power. It was not joy—but acute anguish and grief. "Ah! sir," at last he said, "what was this you murmured on my ear? or did I dream? *Ruth* no child of mine? God! I can never believe it! Not a father!" These are indeed

"Gleams of redeeming tenderness;"

Marmaduke is vindicated from all that might have seemed questionable, or worse than questionable, in his distracted love for his daughter, and we "sympathise with the pleasure of the good man in this evidence of his neighbour's purity of secret mind; for grief and regret were the first visible signs of returning consciousness." The darker idea of some unholy flame, instead of proving its reality, by now leaping out the sphere of troubled dreams into life, as the barrier was removed, had vanished *as* a dream; but the *father's* love, distinct and pure, survived the ordeal, and came forth mourning over the loss of its object, instead of being swallowed up in any more selfish species of passion.

They who had been most forward to spread the horrid calumny were as forward to crush it, and to believe the truth. Old rumours, corroborative of Ruth's confession, were revived; and Marmaduke having obtained a certain clue to the residence of a person important to the establishment of the fact, set out with a boy for his guide, to a hut in a sequestered spot, tenanted by an ancient woman of the obstetric (also the black) art, who had been the agent in the strange yet tender stratagem of his deceased wife. But not till he had written thus to Ruth:—

"Daughter of my *heart* still! I have nothing to forgive! I believe you only deceived me at first, in pity to a dying woman, and afterwards in love for me. We will not part. Nothing but the hand of death shall now divide your hand from mine, my sweet guide, my

child, my all in this world. Be comforted and live for me, and so that you live *with* me, make whatever your own innocent love likes of your poor blind friend,

"MARMADUKE."

Let us now accompany him to Margery Foulke's hovel.

"They had met no creature in their way, even up to the moment of reaching the very rock and huge mound described as the site of Margery's house, neither had any smoke been discoverable. At last they stood on an eminence of seared sod, with huge stones and deep gorse clumps, and which sunk abruptly before them.

"'We must go back, we're out of all track here,' said the lad. 'I think she's surely dead; there was no smoke all round every where; and I don't know the exact spot now we're at it, though it looked distinct as a reef out of the sea, a bit ago. Lord have mercy on me, what's that sound?' cried the boy, bending his ear to the earth, when he saw behind an angular bit of crag, a deep hole with stakes, whisped round with fern stalks; felt a feeble creeping up of some warm vapour in his face, invisible in the light as smoke, though smoke it was, it was so trifling; and then a voice said from under their feet, with the languor of illness, 'What be ye wanting there?' the sound taking strange hollowness thus ascending out of the earth, as it were, up the aperture. The hut was in fact beneath their feet. A great weight of earth and turfs had been piled as roof to this subterranean abode, partly formed of the excavated mound, probably an ancient tumulus containing ashes of the dead (generally to be found in these regular hillocks, with an adjacent cairn, such as was seen close by), and for the chimney or funnel use had been made of a rift in the mountain stone. A few steps would have brought them to the brink of this wild roof, with deep gorse for eaves, beneath which was the cavern-like entrance, marked by a few white peat ashes thrown forth, a pitcher, and water dipped out of the dingy sluggish little stream, such as creeps through the soil of peat moss in such places.

"They found their way off the house top, round and down and into the house itself. A shriveled face, smoked, blear-eyed, yet deathly wan, through that mask of smoke, stain, and wrinkles, was just visible, as coming forth, disturbed, not alarmed; and a decrepit form bowed almost double with age, so that it seemed an exertion to her to raise her visage enough to gaze at theirs, came moaning towards them.

"'I've come for ye to tell my fortune, mother.' Marmaduke began, jocosely, partly because he was happy, and more from an awkwardness in commencing his business. And now he begged the youth to divert himself outside, while he addressed her. But the woman was too near that grave she seemed to desire as much as to need, to be alive to jokes, or enter into the spirit of his address.

"'Go, go thee ways, foolish man!' she muttered despondingly, 'think ye, if I could tell fortunes, I could not mend 'em too, somehow—and then, would *I* be here? No more need to deceive folk now! I'd best make my peace with Him I can't deceive.'

"'Let me pour you a thimbleful of rum, good dame, I've a drop in a bottle.'

"'None o' your rum for me! What's brought you here? I can't see but just one—wasn't there two on ye? You talk like a foreigner, and are free, like a sailor-man. If ye come to tak my goods, here be none for ye; and if ye seek my life, so as ye will show the mercy you'll want some day, and stop while I say a prayer or two, mayhap ye'll take it just as easy as my death-hour will, or easier: so it's much matter *what* ye want, puddering and tramping over my head. God's will be done. Lord! forgive me!'

"Enfeebled in mind and frame, through solitude and sorrow and age combined, she mingled human anger with human sullen resignation. But her hearer was shocked, and by degrees, after blowing up her embers for her, and almost forcing on her a cordial, won on her so as to elicit a few answers to his questions.

"'Did you know a person they called Alice Woolstoncraft—Paull was her husband's name—a man that was press'd once?'

"'To be sure I did.'

"'Did she ever bear a child while he was off, that was christened *Ruth?* Didn't you come as midwife, Margery?'

"The old woman tried to view his face.

"'Who *are* you, come to tempt me to tell a lie again, and anger my God that has heard too often my curses of rage, as well as my many wicked lies? I have told *that* lie, you seem to know; but why are ye so *curst*, now, as to want me to tell it o'er again? *She never bore babe, not she, manchild or womanchild—never!*'

"A mournful, a childless pain, shot across the heart of her hearer at this full last demonstration of the fact, which had yet, but a little before, buoyed that heart like a reprieve from death! His eyes swam in tears, and he was ready to ejaculate, 'Farewell, my *daughter!* So ends my dream of a *father!*'"

Here the scene shifts, and we are removed to the Orme's Head, and into the midst of the attempted execution of a rash and violent, though under the circumstances not inexcusable, scheme of William Paull's to get possession of the person of Ruth who had so often broken her engagement to marry him, and lately on the very day appointed for the marriage. But we must give the continuation and conclusion of Marmaduke's interview with Margery Foulke; and we do not hesitate to say that, with some abatement on the score of language and of keeping, it will not suffer from comparison with almost any scene of like character in the novels or romances of Sir Walter Scott.

"'Alice Woolstoncraft never bore babe, manchild, or womanchild, never!'

"After the mournful pause already mentioned, poor Paull's long farewell to the father-feeling, he quickly revived, and with a trembling of anxious curiosity, said,

"'And now, as you see, I know every thing else—how you brought a child across the bay, a new-born one, for that poor creature to pass off on me, for hers and my child'—

"'*Yours*, did ye say? Then you're the husband come back?' She interrupted him, but with torpid indifference. 'I did hear some talk of his being come home, or dream it, methinks—and *you're* he, are you? Yes, we meant to cheat you—but you came too late—well, well! it's all one now.'

"'And *now*, dear good woman, tell me who were the parents who could part with that beautiful poor naked thing, and let you bear it off in a boat over waves and—who was her mother? who was the father?'

"The woman seemed, or was, of great age; but long living alone, and that loathsome sort of despair that froward minds, when worldly hope is quite gone, sink into, and long habit of hating mankind for having imputed to her crimes beyond what she had ever contemplated—all these tended to shut her up, as it were, with her evil and wretched self, thus to give added appearance of a near departure from a world she loathed, and its creatures that she shunned and was shunned by.

"But his last question seemed like the spear of Ithuriel to conjure up the whole fierce woman, beneath this living shell or coffin, as such a ruinous carcass might be almost called, and to his question, 'who was the father?'—'I'd bless God yet before I die, if man or devil, black art or black dog, would tell me *that!* Yet, God take me,' she added with dropt voice, looking at her two arm-bones loosely lapped in sallow shriveled skin (for such the two arms she held up appeared) now trembling with passion, and curving the long-nailed fingers, with the action of a hawk's foot just clutching a prey, as expressing their readiness to tear out the eyes of the object of her long deliberate rage of revenge, burning yet under ashes,—'God take me! helpless wretch that I am, what could *I* do, if I *was* told?'

"'But you knew the *mother?*'

"'Aye, I ought to know—my *own only child*, I ought to know! And a good girl, and good to me till'—

"'*Your* own, was it *your* daughter?—My God! are you my Ruth's grandmother then?—and shall we never know who—'

"'What could *I* do, if I *was* told?' her hollow, now horrid, voice kept reiterating to herself, her hands now clenched into two trembling impotent fists, and her toothless gums working like the jaws of ruminating beasts, only more rapidly—with the action, as impotent of purpose—of a raging gnashing of teeth.

"'But the *mother*—*your* daughter—does she live?'

"'No, no!—she's in her dry bones, poor creature, and I *here* in the flesh—such flesh as *this* is—against right course of nature,' and she grasped up the whole remaining muscles of her left arm between her thumb and finger—'She did not desire to live—and *I*, I was cruel to her—*that's* the curse on me!'

"'What was your daughter's name?—where lived she?'

"'Elizabeth.'

"'Ha!' *Something* struck the mind of her now trembling interrogator, which allowed but this interjection, and instantly plunged him into dumb deepest reverie. His heart began to palpitate most violently, a dizzy whirling of a moment seized his brain, his very knees knocked together: some fatal past, known only to himself, was presented, like a phantasma which some evil worker, or that human rain herself, as a demoniac sorceress, conjured up to stand like his own black death-scaffold before his mind's eye. Conscience took the alarm, and all was dismal as death and the judgment itself shadowing his soul could make it, in that pause. Suddenly he burst forth—'Elizabeth *Foulke!* Your name's Foulke? Betsy *Foulke*. I thank God!' But she was muttering in her stupidity of exhaustion after such a rage, long unawakened, though never dead, and noticed not his words.

"'Yet who could *not* be cruel? *She*, my only help, came home crying, blushing, hiding her head, poor creature! and instead of helping me, must have help—I was old, old *then!* If that had been all! But she came to shame me—to bear a bastard to call me granny, to be dragged up through years of our poor helpless selves only, and never a father to 't. For never would the poor ruined creature tell me who was its father, and she *never* told! 'T was enough to make me cruel, make me mad, wasn't it? The soft creature that did never know will but mine before, to refuse to tell, when it was what would have taken the charge off me, and got the little torment a man's protection? But she was always shamefaced, dear child! and it's my belief it was some married man was the dog—all the plagues of hell follow him! But she said it were no good to tell, for he would never be seen more—and she should never see him more! and then she fell into 'steries.' 'Curse him!' said I, 'who brought this upon two lone women!' and I'd have her said Amen! but 'I *won't*, mother, if I *die!*' she said. 'Out with ye, then, into the snow, with that harlot *shape*, and lye in there.' God pardon me! I've said, and she'd sit crying outside our threshold—'Will ye *tell*, to come in? Will ye *curse* him, to come in, out of the sleet and snow?'—'I *can't*, mother! and the sooner it freezes *me* to the heart the better!—only for my poor unborn thing's sake, let me in, mother!' So we went on! So we went on!'

"'Wretch! did you leave her to perish in the snow!'

"'Wretch in your own teeth!' retorted the wretched woman, her dormant nature now roused—'did I say such a thing? I lay on our earth floor that she might lie on the one bedstick I had, and all I could get her I got; but I had planned what to do with the brat ere it came. For many a time did your poor wife (if you be the man) come to consult me, the 'cunning woman' as they called me, about her misfortune, as she called it—in not having family like other wives, and asking about 'charms' and the like lies and vanities, to make an alteration, and she was for ever fancying herself in the way to be happy, and she'd cry and say she knew her husband would soon cease loving her unless—'

"'Margery *Foulke is* your *certain* name, isn't it?' asked Paull again, inattentive to her words.

"'Aye, aye, poor old Madge Foulke's my name. So she'd cry, and when the man was off, how she did take on, because he'd come and find no hope of a little one! —Now when my poor child was in that way, to her sorrow and mine—I bethought me what it was to be rich, and what a pity it wasn't that foolish wife that was pregnant, in place of my one poor lamb of my bosom. And it was I did put the thing in her head, and *I* did scheme every thing, and I'll say so to the man her husband if he were ever to come back at last. I'm afeard of nothing alive and nothing dead! And did somebody say he *did* come back? Did I dream *you* are the very man, I see so dim through a fog there of my old eyes, blind of smoke, and tears too in their time? To be sure! who else was I talking to?'

"'Where died she, this unhappy Elizabeth *Foulke?*' Paull now asked, who had not ceased to tremble during this burst of her long-pent burthens of memory.

"'Betsy OLIVER! that was, *her* name—*Betsy the* BEAUTY! God help our pride, poor idiots! proud I

was *once of* that name—proud of her that was to be my shame. I've had two husbands, man, but never a babe of my body but her, and some villain unknown made me curse myself that I had not been barren, as that woman.'

"'No more!' Paull cried out in a voice of desperation, 'I won't hear any more!—Ruth *is* my daughter! Heaven! Heaven! why have you avenged the wrong of the mother, through *such* an instrument? Why none but my own child?'

Wild involution of crime with misery! But we must hurry on to the catastrophe. Ruth falls into the hands of William Paull's associates, the chief of whom, one Shakerly, a desperate villain, had purposed to carry her off for himself, and had a boat with a crew ready to row him with his prey out to sea. Marmaduke, not far from the place where this diabolical rape was to be committed, had flung himself down, after his visit to the hovel, in a hollow of the "Marsh of the Monks," and close by a small rushy pool was lying asleep—but in convulsions—when he was disturbed by the footsteps of William Paull. Starting to his feet, not from being awakened, but in some frightful dream, for his words were part of one, though his eyelids were uplifted, and his eyes stared wildly, he exclaimed, "How long have you been watching me asleep? Dreams are nature's, not ours. How dare you, sir, pry into my brain and heart, when exhausted nature——what have I been saying? Where's she? Have patience, boy!" His nephew having soothed him as well as he could, Ruth became the subject of their speech. Paull had resolved to drop in eternal oblivion his last discovery, and let the fact stand simply, that he was the real father, without the fruitless avowal, to William at least, of the fate of the mother. So he implored his nephew without delay to make Ruth his wife; but William, though altogether ignorant of Ruth's fatal passion, had for some time been convinced that her heart was not his, and must have been given to another, though to whom he could not conjecture, and with proper pride, and a feeling better than pride, resigned all claim to her, and had only to pray that she might be happy. He had repented of his plan to seize her person, and believed she was safe under the protection of Mr. Llewellyn, and had no suspicion of Shakerly's projected outrage. At that moment Ruth comes flying with torn garments, pursued by Shakerly and his gang, and Marmaduke in his blindness assisting William in the rescue, the ravishers are overpowered; and the Three Friends take their way to the parsonage.

There Marmaduke, "with a sort of sunkenness of spirit and heart as well as voice," in making his strange disclosure to the clergyman, confined himself to briefly assuring him that after all *Ruth was his own undoubted daughter*—that the contrary opinion had proved to be a mistake—and he left it to his paternal kindness to impress that certain fact on the mind of his long mistaken child—and to reconcile her to a speedy marriage with her cousin—for "what protector has she else?"—"My dear neighbour, has she not *you*, her father?" He but shrugged his shoulders, and smiled dismally, and was silent.

Ruth needed an hour or two's sleep, and as she was retiring to a chamber in the lowly parsonage, Paull called her back, kissed her, and gave her his blessing, in a solemn, new, and mysterious manner, but with such soothing tenderness, that she suspected no evil—and lovingly entreated him to go to rest.

During the supposed sleep of Ruth, Paull had a long and affecting conversation with the pastor; he saw William too, and to him, as her husband, and to that benignant man, as second father, he committed Ruth, during his absence, for he was about, he told them, to take a journey.

"It was already twilight when a shepherd of the promontory came running in, without stopping to knock, and sought the vicar through private rooms, in his eagerness to tell that he had seen Paull the blind man stealing under the high rocks of Llanduddno, there rising like a wall to the height of the highest cathedral, the seaward buttresses of the dreadful Orme's Head, although it was a spring tide, the sea running in, and the passage obliterated at high tide, and always without an exit, except into those deep watery caves, worn by the action of the sea.

"No time was to be lost—strange doubts of his design whitened the cheek of the religious man, who had become deeply interested in the fates of the father and daughter—but he imposed silence on his household, to avoid terrifying the poor wearied, and still sleeping girl: but except Kitty, who stayed in doors, all were quickly at the near end or aperture of the avenue. No storm threatened, but a great swell of the sea, and its advance with all the force of a spring-tide, aided by some wind blowing on shore, had in itself all the terrors, if not the uproar of a storm, and the deadliness of a hundred storms, on such a shore. Wo to whatever, existing by breath, should be caught in that lessening prison, walled beyond the cunning of any architect or tyrant that ever contrived a dungeon or a tower! The vicar would not be restrained from advancing a long way into that impassable gorge of cliff and ocean, now flinging its long breadth of froth, nearer and nearer, high in air, like a mighty beast, secure in his mightiness,—advancing in measured pace tossing his wrath's foam. The rest, William, the shepherd, and one other person, followed him to the furthest extent possible with safety; all then joined in one long shout to the unseen adventurous man, but the sea was too loud, with its fresh breeze, and its furiously running tide, to allow hope of their being heard. Nothing answered but rock birds, cormorants, and puffins, that came flying out overhead with their shrill clangour of many notes; yet did that long, hopeless shout of the human—and that following wild discord of the sea-birds' voices, seem less dismal than the succeeding and last—the superhuman, solitary, immense voice of the deep, when considered as the trump of its invading march—the dead march of the towering waves closing in on a single human being, certainly somewhere in the jaws of that destruction! The silence, and that solemn sound dreadful as the silence, and the lengthened desolate perspective, dwindling to what seemed a mere ledge already of the rock-strewn beach, lost in the tossing and leaping white of surf, this dire perspective, that low thunder of sound, that death-silence of the pause, all struck funereal horror on every sense of every one of the party now stopping baffled, thus unanswered except by wild creatures and wild waves—compelled to turn, and hurry for their own lives, yet certain that a devoted life must there be left behind.

"William had recovered enough to rejoin those who had reached the top ridges of headland overlooking the beach; that dreadful prison in which Marmaduke had immured himself to meet death, with a steady eye and stern welcome, on its frightful slowness of advance, bringing his watery shroud to the living man, in the near and nearer surf-foam, and his only dirge in the measured thunder-peal of every falling wave.

"The lone extent of his death-vault was however so great, that it was merely at random they could fix on any spot of the long range of precipice, over the brink of which the bolder might halloo down, or the bolder still, such as the samphire-gatherer (turned shepherd) might make an experimental descent from, perhaps so far down as to reach the determined suicide with the voice. Yet this could do little, as it would be too late for him to regain the entrance of his dire watery cloister, and impossible to scale perpendicular crags.

"Thus, in this quiet little green nook of country (under a moon now come forth refulgent, so calm, so safe-looking!) some were hunting for the corpse of its most lovely native-born, with many tears; others were trying to drive a heavy boat down the rough beach stones, with noisy but zealous dint of strength; and others perilously peering over craggy edges of cliff, that lifted them to a level, in their eye, with the tremendous Penmanmaur, seen dusky in moonlight shade, just across the bay; and two already fixing ropes (used in taking puffin's eggs) in two or three parts, to suspend themselves even over that brink, and down those terrible and sharp-jutting walls, worse than smooth perpendicular—all was distress, dismay, and a tragedy in act or expectation, where all had been peace and a fine sunset and happy cottages, so lately.

"A cloudless moon, and brilliant evening sky, burnished, as it seemed, by the fresh sweeping of the breeze across its deep blue and all its stars, now gave to the eye of the man daringly descending by the rope, the whole bird's-eye view of the now very narrow beach below. He saw it already washed over by every dash of the broad sea-sweep, the light snowy foam-shower (a treacherous beauty, glittering in the moonshine, lovely yet so deadly), quite shutting the black conspicuous stones below from his eye, as if overarching whatever was below of life, though this as yet was but an illusion of the sight, for some little of even the lower sandy smooth part of the strand was yet visible on each retirement of the sea.

"A general cry rose now among those behind, on the top—the man suspended having shouted up to the man minding the rope, and he to Mr. Llewellyn, who was on his knees scrambling to look over, and to the rest—that he could see Marmaduke distinctly.

"'Cry to him!' was the general voice. 'Can you let down another rope? What's he doing?'

"'Not another rope, nor ten on end, would reach him! He waves his hand to us slowly, and he walks quite calm, just stepping back and back a little from the surf: the horridest part of the cliff too, he's under! It's a sheer wall, I know it well, forty fathoms high over his head; that's all he has to step back to! Only a cavern there is, and that's shallow; not ten minutes' life will that give him!——I've cried to him, again, but I hear no voice answer.'

"'I've caught birds many a fathom deep, myself,' William exclaimed. 'Let me try that other rope, and get down to you!' he hallooed down.

"'It's quite useless!'

"Another still more agitated outcry and stir now ran among the group, mixed with a most lamentable cry and groan from the young man.

"'I see somebody or something upright, come all along the beach, *narrow* beach 'tis now!' the man said to those above, and the man on the brink saw it too, 'so narrow that the surf-froth breaks over her, and drives her up on the very foundation of the rough rock, off the sand, quite!'

"'*Her?* how!—is it a woman?'

"'God in heaven knows what it is! a woman from the grave, I believe—the moon shines full upon her—ha! *now* he cries to us—he cried out dreadfully then—a melancholy long cry it was. 'T was *not* to *us* he cried—it was to her, to that person; now he's like a madman! now he's throwing his arms all about, and to the sky and to the sea! Hark! he cried out again! now he has rushed to meet her, she's come up to him. They're embracing! Mercy upon us, and keep us, sure it's a ghost! If ever I saw grave-clothes in my life, that's a *shroud* it wears! Look! look you, man! look down all of ye, isn't it walking in a shroud? Yes, it *is* a shroud—but it is a living woman!'

"'But who? Is it not Ruth?'

"'Who can see that?'

"'Do you see them now?'

"'No, he's gone, after throwing his arms round her, gone up the shore *like mad*, carrying her, I think—yes, he *flies* with her!'

"'He might as well try to lift her up to us, or the moon, with his arms, as carry her to where she came in—that's sure to be some fathoms deep by this time, you know, for all this here part is very hollow, quite a cove, here; he'll meet deep sea directly.'

"'Ah! you're right, shepherd, here he comes back with her. Hark! Did ye hear? "Death?" "Death?" God! God! "My child!" I heard him then! Another sea!—It's *just* over 'em!'

"William had again fainted, and remained in stupor on the heathy ground, dumb and helpless. The two men continued their colloquy, the group above sharing in the horror, and holding their breaths to listen. The depth precluded all possibility of help, and the closeness of the whole sea would now not allow time for a single manœuvre, had any been practicable.

"'I heard a dreadful groan just now; hark! Now he's quieter, and she has sure persuaded him to kneel—they are both kneeling fronting the high wave, and as far back as they can get, up to the rocks——*There was* a sea! God have mercy! They're gone——No!—but it must have struck them—I couldn't see them for the monstrous leap of the surf! I thought it would have reached up to me a most——I see 'em again, now——It's for her he groaned, and for her he ran so wildly, for he was calm as a ghost, and stood like an effigy before—Ha! *that* was a very thunder!—Halloo! Shepherd! do you see 'em *now?* d'ye see 'em still?'

"'Stop a moment—there's such a fog of the foam——There's nothing but sea! nothing but deep sea! The Lord have mercy upon their souls!'

"'Amen!' Mr. Llewellyn responded, and throwing himself along, hid his face in the withered broom of the

height. But the next minute he rose—and begging silence—drew forth his pocket prayer-book, and said—'None knows *certainly* what was the intent of these poor souls in coming hither. I at least will not judge them—but as others may, I take this time—'Man that is born of a woman,' &c., and faltering, he went through the form of Christian burial of the dead.

"The body of Marmaduke Paull and that of his ill-fated child, still in that ghastly dress which she had resolutely assumed to meet death with decency, deliberately following him she had so often led, were found in close embrace in a hollow of a little reef of rock, dry at low water, in whose wave-worn cleft, no broader than a chest, they lay as in a single coffin formed for two bodies. So ended THE TRAGICAL PASSION OF MARMADUKE PAULL."

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

Tales of the Cleikum Inn,

ST. RONAN'S.

"Be reasonable, my good landlady—we shall make your inn as renowned as 'The Tabard,' 'The Gordon Arms,' or the very 'Boar's Head' in East Cheap, if you will only be conforming," said the well-known Captain, now Major Jekyll, who, after a dozen years of Indian service, had returned to England, and come for a time to St. Ronan's, partly in search of health, and partly for amusement. The good dame he thus addressed, though now turned fourscore years, was as alert and active as ever, and quite as zealous for the accommodation of her guests and the credit of her house, although she had for ten years been constantly talking of retiring.

Mistress Dods was by no means insensible to the eclat of seeing another printed book emanate from her domains, bearing the title and blazon of her famous hostel; but she had now a reputation to preserve, and, like other great people, was chary of committing herself.

"If I could but see it a feasible thing—creditable to my house and the country, and a douce, sensible, usefu' beuk"—said Meg, hesitating.

"Sit down, dame, and take a glass of wine," returned the nabob, in whose teeming brain the project had originated, though his ideas differed from those of his friends as to the plan and subject. "Every soul now-a-days makes a book. Wheel in the arm-chair to the table for your mistress, Jenny." And he went on—"A man can hardly hold up his head in town, unless he is *suspected* to be the author, or *known* to be the editor of something—every man and most women write a book."

"And so signs on them—the beuks I mean," said Meg, drily; "but what is a' this to the purpose, gentlemen?"

"Why, I should peer out this season myself, in three neat duodecimos of a fashionable novel announced before it is even named," said Jekyll, "could I only prevail with our excellent hostess to edit me, or to grace my title page with her name, in lieu of that of some dowager of quality."

"Nane o' yer skits, noo, major. But I see ye are just the auld man. India hasna sobered ye. Think o' my douce, and, though I say it, 'sponsible name, on a nonsense novelle!—or the name of my hoose either! My certes! But this claret should please, I hope, gentlemen?" and she kissed the cup.

"Supereminent!—No trumpery novels, however, should tarnish the well-earned glory of your house's great name. True stories, gently entertaining, mildly pathetic, or such as 'purge the soul through pity and terror,' shall be all we chronicle. Sure, I have heard you tell yourself, dame, of the 'Weird of the Winrams,' and of 'Pearlin Jean.'"

"Ye dinna surely ca' thae things nonsense stories!" cried Meg, in astonishment. "True facts, known from generation to generation to a' this country-side; and no like to be soon forgotten: such judgment-like dealins wi' great houses never are."

"Precisely—facts; and what do we want, madam, but facts?" said a gentleman of a semi-clerical cast, habited in a full suit of Oxford gray, or, as it was here called, pepper-and-salt mixture.

The nabob, whose morbid activity seemed to increase with his years, had, before now, swept away his filbert shells, and whipped out his tablets. He read—

"*Tales of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's. No. 1—The Begum Saali-Ul-Poori. By Peregrine Touchwood, Esq.*——

Or, stay, shall I touch them off a something on political economy, in the style of Miss Martineau? The world will no longer abide direct instructions, I am told, or what is called prosing."

Major Jekyll had not forgotten his old trick of putting up his lip, with a motion equivalent to a Frenchman's shrug of the shoulders. He curled it quietly upon the present occasion.

"Na, na, Nawbob," cried Meg, who saw as far into a millstone as the hewer of it; "if ye *are* to begin—and if, moreover, the credit of my public at St. Ronan's is to be concerned—let us make a wiselike job o't. Sir Walter, to be sure, is awa; and even James Hogg o' the Ettrick, puir fallow! But, if ye can get Allan Kinnygemm or John Galt to countenance ye——"

"Countenance us!"

"Ay, countenance ye, and help ye oot;—and the Maister O'Haras, wha tell sae weel aboot Irish firesides, and their doins; and oor ain dominie there. Will ye tak yer glass o' wine, dominie? I'm sure the gentlemen would ne'er hae boded it on ye, had they no made ye welcome." And the modest dominie, on this remonstrance, modestly sipped his wine. "They'll hae need o' you to mend the spellin', and the wordin', and maybe the sense too, a bit, noo and then; for, if ye haena that muckle mother-wit, ye hae but the mair clergy."

The nabob went on scribbling:—"Such a corps! all under my drill!—For whom more do you undertake, Jekyll?"

"For the admirable author of 'The Beggar's Wallet,' 'Mrs. Armytage,' and 'Mothers and Daughters.'"

The dominie made wondering eyes—round as an owl's.

"Famous beginning! And you, Pepper-and-salt?"

"For myself, sir, in the first place; for *Phadde and all his friends*, in the second; and—but this was confided to me under the seal of confession——"

"Good, again. I can, I believe, engage the aid of the author of the 'Experiences of Richard Taylor,' if worth our while."

"Na, tak Maister Taylor by all manner of means," cried Meg; "I'm glad to hear o' a man o' experience among ye. And what's the natur o' his Experiences? But ye're no to put oot lees in my honest name, and cheat the public, saying stories were told in the common parlour, ye get frae your grand Lon'on authors; nor yet to pretend that the clavers the major wrote doun frae gaberlunzies and gangrel bodies in my out-kitchen, were made up by yoursels. But I'm sure ye can help the gentlemen, dominie; for ye hae a hantle o' the auld-warld stories Sir Walter likit sae weel. He would hae made a silk purse, an' gien him but a sow's lug, and stored it with the red gowd. Ye see hoo muckle he made oot o' yoursel', nabob."

"Well, well, dame—every dog has his day," returned the nabob, hastily. "What resources have you, dominie? Undo your fardel, man."

"No resource have I," said the pale, worn dominie; "none save Nature, who is still as rich as before Shakspeare and Scott drew their hundred volumes from her bosom."

Jekyll looked up somewhat amused by the pragmatical simplicity of the speaker.

"Then we shall seek her at first hand, if you please, sir. Pray, what if we adjourn down stairs, and try what fortune shall send us in the shape of a first story? Your house is full to-night, madam?" enquired Jekyll.

"A' kin-kinds o' folk. This sair weather makes dreich traveling; an', indeed, I'm owre lang here, though I maun hear the tale, and see if the thing look feasible. There's horse-coupers frae about the Morpeth side; writer chields that hae been up at the Jeddart circuit; a Paisly body, i' the saft line; and a Sheffield lad, i' the hard line, as sharp as a whittle."

To cut short all superfluous preliminaries, it was the latter who, after a long talk which we have greatly abridged, made the first contribution to the Tales of St. Ronan's.

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THE CHRISTENING CLOTH.

"I wish I had something to tell you, in return for your good entertainment," said the hearty-looking young man, in the mahogany topped-boots, who had abstained from joining in the potations, being as intent upon the configurations of a well piled, glowing fire, as if occupied in working a problem in the embers. "It is true, I have seen as much of the world as most people—whether by the world you understand nature or human nature—but, somehow or other, I seem to have wanted the gift of observation; for never has it fallen to my lot to run my head against a picturesque robber in a wood, or an interesting swindler in a city—the blackguards with whom I have been involved in adventures, being all sneaking fellows of small account, not fit to figure in the poorest of melodramas. Nor was it ever my luck to travel, per coach or mail, inside or out, with any thing sufficiently above or below my own condition of life, to become the hero or heroine of a romance."

"Not even in those foreign countries where I think you said you had traveled in the Sheffield line?" enquired the strange gentleman in pepper-and-salt, whose curiosity had already served to draw forth a variety of interesting particulars from our little community.

"You mean when I was collecting-clerk to the furnaces of old Coquerel, in the neighbourhood of Liege? Why, what was I likely to find *there* which you have not all seen in Colebrook Dale, or at some of the Welsh forges?'

"But the people—the industrious natives of eastern Flanders, who work all night as merrily by the harvest moon as we by the noonday sun, and are said to be the best agriculturists in the north of Europe?" demanded Pepper-and-salt.

"I understand little or nothing of rural labour," answered Bagshaw, (for such was the name by which he had inscribed himself in the Chronicle of Mistress Dods;) "but, as to night-reaping or the like, I certainly do recollect having heard the merry laughs and songs of the lads and lassies in the meadows, when they were getting in their after-grass by moonlight, near Battices, in the Netherlands; and, for the life and soul of me, I could not persuade myself but what the good people were at work doing an ill turn, maybe, to the farmer, by destroying at night what his men had been completing by day. It was no such thing, however—'twas nothing but the farm-folks working double-tide, by the light of a moon that might have served a nun to thread her needle by, for embroidering a mantle of point lace for the blessed Virgin of Liesse.

"And, by the way, it was on that self-same night, ladies and gentlemen, that I met with something which, for want of a better, I shall call an adventure. I had been making a circuit of the country for Coquerel's house, visiting Namur, Luxembourg, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and divers other places of traffic; and was to finish, before I returned to business at Liege, by giving up an account to old Coquerel, who was residing at his favourite country-house at Spa. It was a fine moonlight night, as I have already told you; and I was trotting briskly along the highroad, on a steady old beast of a Mecklenburg mare, which at thirteen years was as fresh as a four-year-old. The heats of a sultry August day had brought out all those fragrant country smells which *we* city-bred people think so much finer than the finest of perfume; and the road lay for a mile or two through a wildish sort of wood, where the spiciness of the resinous fir trees, and the astringent scent of the weeping birch, and here and there a gush of overpowering sweetness from a thicket of wild honeysuckle, filled the air with wholesome perfume. Then there was the yellow broom, somewhat sickly in its odour, but soon overpowered by the aromatic vapour of the juniper plants, crushed by the hoofs of my mare, as I indulged the old jade with an occasional canter on the strip of turf skirting between the coppice and the road.

"I was guiding her somewhat more cannily among certain dikes which intersected the grass ground just at the extremity of the road, when, lifting my eyes from the ground, which I had been carefully examining for the sake of my nag, I perceived, on one side the road, a few hundred paces before me, one of those stone shrines or chapels so common in the Netherlands; in a great portion of which the influence of the bigoted Austrian government of other times may still be traced. I may

be wrong in my views on that subject; but, wherever I have met with those simple shrines in a country—those spots of holy ground amid the vines, the woods, and the cornfields—I have found the peasantry the better for it. The husbandman's is, we all know, a life of early labour. He must be astir while the dew is on the grass. The shepherd must lead his flock betimes to the pastures, and the reaper must stand, sickle in hand, before lark or grasshopper begin their song. It is not the life of those who kneel down at leisure, like a lord—(though, in spite of leisure, velvet hassocks, and gilt psalm books, I am afraid even lords themselves are sometimes too swift in their devotions;) and 'tis a happy thing for the hinds, in the pauses of their toil, to find the image they regard as holiest of holies, standing beside them, under the great, glorious canopy of heaven, inviting them to say a grateful prayer, or to breathe an intercession to the Almighty for a continuance of his mercies.

"Well, useful or useless, *there*, as I said before, stood one of those little shrines—just a sort of stone alcove, which glimmered white as marble in the moonlight, sheltering what they call, in papist countries, a Calvary—that is, the Saviour on his cross, and the three Maries at its foot; and, round the head of Christ, a garland of fresh vine-leaves, or hop-leaves, or ivy, according to the productions of the neighbourhood. As I passed, my eyes glanced towards the Calvary—for a beautiful effect of light and shade was produced on the kneeling figures of the Virgin and Mary Magdalene, by the moonbeams streaming full upon them, while the cross itself remained deep in the shadow of the alcove. But, behold! just as I was about to resume the burthen of the song with which I had been cheering my way, when the sight of this sacred object warned me that I was upon holy ground, I fancied that a dark object, close on the northward side of the shrine, (which at first I had mistaken for the withered stump of a tree, such as one often sees beside such monuments, outlasting, as they do, the verdant shade under which they were originally erected, and the remains of which have acquired too much sanctity from such neighbourhood ever to be rooted up,) was the crouching figure of some living thing! I have admitted that I am no robber-finder. Habituated to both the highways and byways of other countries and my own, I never yet hit upon a highwayman—no, not even on a simple footpad. But *this* time, said I to myself, 'I have him!' or, to have better expressed my thoughts, I might perhaps have phrased it, 'He has *me!*' The pocket-book snugly deposited in the bosom of my waistcoat, containing notes and bills of larger amount than old Coquerel would have cared to lose, or than I should have cared to account for to his cashier, began to grow as troublesome to me as a certain magic book to a certain moss-trooper, whom I have read of in one of Sir Walter's stirring stories, prose or verse. I made up my mind, in short—the loneliness of the place considered—that I was about to be called upon to render an account of my clerkship to some fellow nowise entitled to claim the balance at my hands. I forget whether I grew hot or cold—whether I stood upright in my stirrups, or whether my hair stood upright on my head—and no great matter. Only I observe, that whenever story-tellers protest they were frightened out of their wits, they seemed to have retained exactly wit enough to note every beat of their pulse, and how the owls shrieked, and the crickets cried. Leaving them to account for their presence of mind, I own I *had* so thoroughly prepared myself for a rattling blow about the ears with a cudgel, or for the whistling of a bullet, that I was scarcely less surprised than pleased to find myself trotting on as safely a hundred paces after as a hundred paces before I reached the little chapel. What I said to myself *then* I shall not repeat; for my words were complimentary neither to my courage nor my understanding; but, as there was no one at hand to gainsay the epithets bestowed, I thought it right to assure myself that I certainly had seen something; and that, if neither the trunk of a tree nor of a brigand, it might be the devil in proper person, for aught I knew to the contrary.

"Now, if I acknowledge myself to have had small personal intercourse with those who have been called clerks of Old Nick, still less have I to boast of with their master. I have read Tam O'Shanter till I almost regretted the same; and, on the present occasion, a sort of dare-devil, gallop-by-moonlight spirit came over me—the species of heroism that sometimes grows out of fear. As the aforesaid notion accordingly flashed into my mind, I turned the mare's head so much more suddenly than was my wont, that the old lady began to testify, by divers snortings and wincings, her disapprobation of my change of movements; and seemed as determined to go on as I to go back.

"'Is it even so?' thought I, overmastering her obstinacy without much effort. ''Tis a well-known thing that dumb beasts have a quicker instinct of such matters than the human kind. Katchen is, no doubt, aware that we are in a bad neighbourhood. Yet so near the Calvary! Impossible! Well, 'twill be no great trouble to set my doubts at rest.'

"I was proceeding at a foot's pace. The shrine lay before me, now, to the right of the road, with its little screen of abele trees close behind; rustling (foolish, fluttering things!) with even so little of a breeze as the soft night air of an August night. Up went the ears of Katchen, as she started and stood listening! What did the old mare hear besides the shivering leaves of the white poplar trees?"

"Ay, what *did* she hear?" interrupted the pepper-and-salt gentleman.

"She did not condescend to inform me," replied Bagshaw, drily; "I can only tell you what I heard myself."

"You *did* hear something?" persisted Pepper-and-salt.

"You shall relate the rest to-morrow at breakfast," quoth Mistress Dods. "'Tis ill talkin' o' sic things at this awsome time o' nicht."

"Now or never!" persisted Bagshaw. "I must be off by daybreak for Galashiels; and what I heard might be told at midnight under a murderer's gibbet."

"A hymn, perhaps, from the saints in stonework?" resumed Pepper-and-salt.

"If you interrupt me again," said Bagshaw, sturdily, "not another syllable shall you get out of me. Every man to his own story. I heard a woful, wailing cry, like the voice of an infant, and, a moment afterwards, that gentle soothing which no voice but a woman's, and few voices but a mother's, can administer in reply. Take it for granted that whatever Katchen might be, *I* was not much daunted by such music. I made up to the old shrine, without for a moment remembering that Satan is said to invest himself in whatsoever shapes or sounds he may prefer; and, dismounting as I reached it, soon realised my supposition that a woman and a babe were resting themselves beside it on a bank of turf. The woman was on her knees—the babe nestling in her bosom.

"'Can I be of any service to you?' said I, perceiving, from the linen cloak, with the hood drawn over her head, that I was addressing one of the peasants of the country.

"'No one can be of service to me!' sobbed a voice under the hood—'no one but them,' she continued, raising her head towards the sacred images to whom she had been addressing her supplications. 'But I have prayed and prayed, and they will not give ear to me. Sinner must I be, since they suffer me to be thus heavily afflicted.'

"I could not but recall to the half frantic woman that well-known text which assures us that the chastisements of God are dealt heaviest on those whom best he loves; and the poor woman would fain have replied, but the child, startled, perhaps, by a strange voice, set up so piercing a shriek, that all her efforts were now directed to the task of appeasing its terror.

"'Is the child ill?' said I.

"'Ill and hungry—ill and famished!' sobbed the poor mother. 'We shall perish here by the way; and *he* will never know what we have borne for him, and that I died as I lived, for his sake.'

"With the 'he' and 'him' of the stranger's doleful ejaculation, myself had nought to do. Husband or lover, to *me* it nothing mattered. But what was to be done for the two poor helpless creatures, drooping for want of sustenance in that strange place, at that strange hour.

"'I have not food to give you,' said I, as soon as the screamings of the poor infant were pacified; 'I have only money, which is of no immediate avail.' But, as I was proceeding in my explanations, I saw that the woman was now in a half fainting state, incapable of listening or replying. There was but one thing to be done—to gallop on in all haste to the nearest habitation, procure bread and wine, and hasten back to her relief. For the last four miles, not a house, not a cottage, had been in sight; it seemed unlikely but that, now that I had reached the open country, I should chance upon a dwelling-house.

"Never before had I so earnestly looked out for the twinkling light of a human habitation. I began to curse the moonlight, which, I thought, perplexed my eyes, as I galloped on and on without success. At last, somewhat more than a mile from the spot where I had left the sufferers, I was struck by the sound of music and laughter, proceeding, as I thought, from the meadows far down in the valley, below the raised road I was pursuing. For a moment, as I have already owned, I was puzzled as to the origin of these unusual sounds. I saw, by the moonlight, groups of male and female haymakers, diminished by distance into pigmies; and it was only my recollection of what I had heard asserted of the harvest industry of the Flemish, which convinced me that these night labourers were flesh and blood.—Katchen's bridle was accordingly fastened to a wayside tree. I slid and climbed down the embankments of the road into the pastures below, made over hedge and ditch, and soon found myself in the midst of a goodly company of Walloon peasants, busily carting a fine growth of aftermath.

"My story was soon told—readily believed; and some slices of black bread, and a gourd full of Brabant beer, were heartily offered to me. But, what was more to the purpose, I was instructed that, a short distance further on the highroad, I should find a house of public entertainment, where it would be easy to obtain a horse and cart to remove the sick woman and child to safe lodgings for the night. So said, so done. I made my way to the little inn of the Golden Artichoke; and, if I did not take out twopence and give them to the host, played the good Samaritan to so much purpose, that he flung aside his cotton nightcap, and offered to drive the little wagon so far as the Calvary.

"To make a long tale short, or rather to abbreviate that part of it of which I seem myself to be the hero, suffice it that the poor woman gratefully accepted our succour; and, when refreshed by food, was lifted into the cart, and, within an hour of my first appearance on the spot, seated in the chimney-nook of the kitchen of the Golden Artichoke, watching the simmering of the broth I had ordered to be prepared for the child; while mine host, a recent widower, was busy settling his horse and cart for the night, so as not to incommode Katchen, an inmate of the same stable."

"You did not proceed, then, that night on your journey?" demanded the curious pepper-and-salt gentleman. "The white lady you had mistaken for the black gentleman was, perhaps, young and pretty?"

"Both!—but so pale, so thin, so wretched, so exhausted by an aguish fever, that even an individual so facetious as yourself could have found no cause to attribute my assiduity to motives of gallantry."

"Lord sake, sir, go on!" cried Meg. "We carena for motives. Let's hear o' the woman and bairn."

"The woman, then, sat waiting for the strengthening of the food that was to nourish her feeble boy, with her poor blue lips compressed, and her long thin hands trembling with weakness, as, every now and then, she skimmed the simmering pot. The child was laid to rest upon a clean deal table near the fireplace, a blanket folded beneath it for a bed, and her own cloak over it as a covering.

"'That cloak is too heavy for it in so hot a room,' said I, longing to stimulate my interesting companion to a word or two of conversation.

"'Perhaps you are right—so weak and so exhausted as he is,' said she, removing the weighty garment from the body of the poor, attenuated babe; and, taking what seemed a piece of cloth from her bosom, she spread it carefully over the child, and returned to her place.

"I could not bear this. The babe, thus covered, presented exactly the appearance of a little corpse. I had once seen the body of a young child laid out, under circumstances so afflicting, that the force of reminiscence was too much for me. I fetched a bright-coloured Barcelona handkerchief from my small saddle valise, and, snatching away the cloth, substituted the less ghastly silk in its room.

"'Ah! do not move it—do not touch it!' cried the young woman, apparently shocked by my irreverential action.

"'The handkerchief is lighter and cooler for the little creature,' said I, in a tone of remonstrance.

"'Perhaps so; but the other is a relic—there is salvation in the other,' said she, crossing herself. And, taking it from my hands, she pressed it to her lips and heart; and, again uncovering the face of the sick child replaced my despised offering with the fine damask napkin she seemed to prize so dearly.

"I longed to ask for explanations; but, between the sufferings of the child and the duties of attendance there was little time for questioning; and it was only when, on the return of Pierre from the stables, I learned that the few sleeping chambers of the Golden Artichoke such as they were, were engaged to the extra hands employed at the adjoining farm of Gros Chenet, that I offered my services to sit up through the night in the kitchen with poor Mina. I could scarcely do otherwise; for the men, when, at four in the morning, they returned from their carouse at the farm, were so merry with Louvain beer, that it needed all my eloquence to induce them to respect the sufferings of the dying child.

"It was before they had returned, however, and by the gleams of flickering embers and a melancholy watch-light, that Mina related to me her history. Let me tell it you as nearly as possible in her own words.

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"I am the child," said she, "of wealthy farmers on the frontier towards Charleroi—their eldest born, and their idol. My mother, too, was come of thriving people; and when she gave herself and her handsome portion to the rich farmer Regenhart of Florennes, it was said, in all the country round, that *now* she might sit like a lady all the rest of her days, spinning fancy thread, according to her favourite taste, of no mortal use for any earthly purpose. Unluckily it was that my mother got hearing of the taunt, for she was of a high spirit, and liked not to be made a jest by her neighbours; for, at the close of a year after her wedding-day, all those who had indulged in the remark were invited over to the farm; and *there* my good father made it his glory to display to them a damask table-cloth, with napkins to suit, the like of which had never been seen, for fineness of texture, in that part of the country. Each one of the napkins, sir, could be drawn through Madame Regenhart's wedding-ring. Where they had been woven, ('twas in some foreign city—the name I know not; it might be Hamburg—it might be Elberfeldt,) my father deigned not to disclose. He only explained that the flax was grown on his own lands, and the thread spun by the dainty fingers of his dear Marjory, 'who,' said he, 'might, if idly-inclined, sit like a lady in her sanded parlour, with her hands crossed on her knees, for the remainder of her life, and no one to say, Why dost thou so?'

"'And what may be the use of this delicate napery, neighbour Regenhart?' asked Klartch, the blacksmith, who was a bolder man than the rest. 'Is it to be spread yonder, over your cherrywood table, for holidays, to be stained with beer sops, and daubed with prune sauce?'

"'No!' cried my father, planting his hands sturdily upon his hips, and surveying the whole company; 'I have too much respect for Marjory's handiwork to throw it away in welcoming such as *you* to my board. No! goodies,' said he, addressing two of the most cankered gossips of the village; ''tis neither for you nor me to sup our porridge off a web, the thread of which might have been wove into Mechlin lace. This suit of table-linen, my fine friends, is destined to no less a person than his highness the stadtholder; and I sent for ye to have a sight of it before 'tis packed and forwarded to my cousin, Regenhart, the merchant of Antwerp, who has undertaken to convey it to the Hague.'

"Great, indeed, was the amazement of the envious neighbours; and though, for some days afterwards, they continued to scoff among themselves at the notion of a Flemish farmer pretending to send presents to a sovereign prince, yet when, at the end of a month, there came a letter to Marjory, in the own seal and true handwriting of her highness, the Princess of Orange, (own sister, sir, to the King of Prussia, as you may have heard,) full of thanks and commendations of the present, and begging her acceptance, in return, of a costly tankard of gilt silver—to look at, as good as gold—you may guess whether my poor mother was pleased, and the neighbours mortified! My father had the princess's letter framed and glazed, and hung up next to a sampler of needlework, (the ten commandments, worked in the house of her parents, by his beloved wife,) as the chief ornament of their state parlour; while, in the glazed corner cupboard of the same chamber, was installed the splendid tankard, on a cloth of Utrecht velvet, with nothing on the shelf above but a rich japanned ewer, and basin of green enamel, presented as a wedding gift by my cousin, Regenhart of Antwerp; and nothing on the shelf below, but a tea-kettle and service, of Meissen porcelain, bought by my father, as a courtship token for Marjory, at the fair of Dusseldorf.

"Well, sir, all this magnificence did not serve to put my mother and her neighbours in better humour with each other. The very next year there came to be trouble in more countries than one; and crowned kings were put down from their thrones, and kings without crowns set up in their places—in plainer clothes, perhaps, with just as good a mind to make their greatness a bugbear to the people. Among those who were forced to fly their country, were the stadtholder and the princess; and I have heard my poor mother say, that not a soul in our village but was right glad of their misfortunes, only because the rich Regenharts were now forced to remove from their parlour the letter and tankard, so great an eyesore unto many. His highness took refuge in England; perhaps, sir, you may have heard of him in your own country?

"My parents, however, had other things to think of than to guess whether their fine damask had been pillaged with the rest of the princess's belongings; for, on the following year I was born; and, though my father had sadly longed for a son, glad enough he was to hear the first cry of a daughter. In spite of the ill-will of the neighbours, he determined to call me Wilhelmina, after the great princess who had written so kindly to my mother: and it was decided, according to the custom of the country, that, ten days after my birth, my christening should be celebrated; and a gay and gaudy day it was to be at Florennes.

"'Ay, ay!' said the gossips—'Farmer Regenhart is killing his fatted calf, and the finest of his Chinese pigs, and the choicest of his flock. His people have been up to the cheese-loft, and down to the beer-cellar. They have emptied jars and jars of pears and plumbs for sauce; and the dovecot and the hen-roost will have something to say of their waste. There will even be a canister of Antwerp Regenhart's perfumed Persian tea, with sugar-candy, as fine and as white as alabaster. The good curé, no doubt, will be invited to the feast; and the farmer will scarcely grudge him a golden ducat for so grand a service as baptising my young Lady Regenhart with the name of her royal godmother. Remains to see whether Mistress Marjory will have the audacity to put off some old house napkin as the christening cloth—she, forsooth, who chose to make herself spinstress to princes and princesses.'

"Thus they talked, sir; but they talked withont book—for, when the day came, and the baptistery of the old church at Florennes was decked with fresh flowers in honour of the ceremony, and my comely godmother, (wife of Hans, the miller,) presented me to the priest, it was seen, by all the idle and curious thronging the church, and peeping through the iron palisades of the baptistery, that the christening cloth which, according to custom, my father respectfully presented as a gift to the curé at the close of the ceremony, was whiter and finer than the finest lady's kerchief. There it lies, sir; judge yourself of its texture.

"'This is your wife's famous spinning, Regenhart?' asked the old priest, while a kindly smile lighted up his face.

"'It is,' said my father, with a pleased, proud look. 'My Marjory would have been loath to have it said that she gave to the throne what she grudged to the altar; and, long after she was so round and portly (with submission to your reverence) that I had forbidden her to do a turn of work for me or mine, hum, hum, hum went the wheel by my fireside. My good wife would not hear of laying it aside till she had completed a becoming offering to tender to Monsieur le Curé.'

"'Marjory is a good housewife—Heaven prosper her labours!' replied the priest. 'See that she become not over thrifty in the things of this world. It is good to labour, and it is good to gather riches; but better still to preserve a quiet mind and humble heart towards God. May this infant,' he continued, signing me anew with the sign of the cross, 'grow to be a grace and blessing to ye!—and, with my benediction, I bestow upon her this specimen of her mother's industry. It will serve as a foundation to begin her marriage *trousseau*.'

"He smiled as he spoke, imprinting a kiss upon my forehead; and my godmother, Madam Hans, told my poor mother, on her return to the farm, and has often told me since, that I smiled up in his venerable face in return, when she laid the rich christening napkin over my cambric swaddling clothes, and carried me proudly home, and laid me in my mother's bosom. Poor mother! she had not much occasion to rejoice in me. Some harm she took in her lying-in hung upon her ever afterwards, and she was an ailing sufferer to the day of her death.

"There is no need to tell you, sir—who are, no doubt, a book-learned gentleman—how soon after this the French armies came fighting out their grievances on the Belgian territory. The first thing I can well remember of these changes of kings, and nations, and languages, was an outcry at Florennes that the brother of the French Emperor Napoleon was going to be king in Holland, where my namesake, the dethroned Princess of Orange, had reigned before. Our neighbours took care that *we* should have the earliest tidings of it; and seemed to rejoice in the news as a mortification to our family. They thought it, however, no rejoicing matter *themselves*, that we had a Frenchman put over us in the new mayor of Florennes, and French gendarmerie to rule the country, and French prefects to rule *them*; and, above all, that their sons were to be carried off by the conscription to fill up the armies of Napoleon. My mother, sickly as she was, and without hope of further offspring, now rejoiced that she was not the mother of a boy, to be carried off in his turn to the grand army; and both she and my father seemed to treasure me the more, that I was likely to abide with them always, and be a comfort to their old age. I was the darling of house and household; a happy child—a very happy child; and, I may say, *then*, a dutiful."

(Wilhelmina paused, and went and hung over her babe; and, after she had wiped the cold dew from its forehead, with a corner of the christening napkin, methought I saw her raise it to her own eyes, as if to prevent the tears from falling.)

"Time went on, and went well with us," she continued, after resuming her place on the settle. "Whatever king might reign, my father was master of his farm; and he seemed proud of seeing me grow up to womanhood, who was one day to be its mistress; and still the only charge he laid upon me, was—'Mina!—girl—never let thine eye be dazzled by a laced jacket; never dream, child, of marrying a soldier. Whom thou wilt beside, so he can prove himself an honest man, and an honest man's son. *But no soldier!* Hav'n't we seen the fellows sell themselves from service to service, from king to king, as I might transfer a flock or herd? And ar'n't they heard of in foreign lands—yonder in Prussia, for instance—making shame to the name of Frenchman or Belgian, by pillaging houses and lands—burning down barn and garner—making free with money-chest and plate-press—with wife and daughter? Robbers and reivers!—to plunder and burn the fruits of a hard-working fellow Christian's industry, merely because a bayonet on the shoulder, and cartridges in the pouch, seem to sanctify such wickedness!' And *then*, sir, I was of my father's way of thinking; for, then, I had not seen Bernhard."

"And who is Bernhard?" said I, with an involuntary glance towards the sleeping child.

"You guess rightly—Bernhard *is* the father of that boy; a better father, a better husband, never breathed. It was not till after the death of my poor mother, that he came so familiarly to the farm; for a mother would have seen the danger of admitting a fine young man like Bernhard, at all hours and seasons, meal-time and prayer-time, nutting in the wood, or fishing in the Sambre. But my father liked Bernhard for the frankness of his sociability; and I, at first, perhaps, because of my father's liking, and, at length, for my own, and in good earnest. And when, sixteen months after the commencement of our intimacy, Bernhard was drawn for a soldier, and refused the offers made him by his family to furnish a substitute to the conscription, I thought my very heart would have broken. It was the eve of the grand expedition to Moscow, and substitutes were getting scarce; so that, to have paid the money

requisite, would have ruined Bernhard's friends, who were small, very small farmers in the neighbourhood of Florennes; so he was, perhaps, right to persist, and on with the knapsack, like the rest. I did not think so *then*; neither did my father, who was almost as loth as myself to part with the lad. Only he was displeased to observe what he thought a leaning in Bernhard's mind towards a military life; for, during the three days intervening between the drawing and the marching off of the conscripts, which it is the custom of the young men to pass in parading the town and neighbourhood, with the drum-major preceding them, and flaunting cockades on their heads, Bernhard was the noisiest of them all. He did not wish his friends to see what a bitter thing it was to him to quit Florennes.

"Those three days, meanwhile, were grievous days to me. Bernhard had never spoken to me of his affection—for *I* was rich, and *he* was poor—but I knew pretty well how it was with him, and better still how it was with me. I could not stop the tears from running down my cheeks, as I pretended to busy myself with my mother's old spinning-wheel; and my father seemed so much concerned when he saw me weeping, that I could not but hope, in my heart, he would do something for Bernhard to prevent him going. But my father was proud, and expected Bernhard to ask him, or, at least, to speak first on the subject. He never left home during those three days, though his presence was wanted in the farm, but kept loitering near our door, and looking out whenever the conscripts were coming; and when, after the third day, the lads passed our door for the last time, my father banged it to with a sort of desperate fury; and, as the drum and fife sounded fainter and fainter in the distance, along the high road, fixed his eyes upon me with a sort of settled obstinacy—as much as to say, 'I have sworn you shall never be the wife of a soldier, and I will keep my word!' I so perfectly understood the meaning of his looks, that I sank back in my chair without power to speak. I even seemed to forget, for a moment, that Bernhard was quitting his native village for danger and death. All I had power to understand was, that my father had sworn I should never become the wife of a soldier.

"From that day, a sort of enmity seemed to grow between me and my father. He was always proposing to me some marriage or another—I always refusing; and, though he must have known how completely my happiness was wrapped up in Bernhard, there was no end to the pains he took to prevent my obtaining intelligence of the progress of the grand army. He forbade me all intercourse with Bernhard's family; and, at length, forbade me even to quit the farm, lest I should, by chance, encounter them. Heaven knows I had little inclination to go abroad—my sorrows, and my spinning-wheel, and the chimney-corner, engrossed my whole attention.

"My father even threw out hints that he would marry again, unless I changed my proceedings. He said his home was grown worse than a prison; and, to get rid of its gloominess, used to make off, evening after evening, to the house of my godmother, the widow of Hans the miller, to whom all Florennes persisted that he was paying his addresses. I never believed it, however, till he invited me one day to his wedding; when experience taught me how great had been my folly, and what it was to have a step-mother. The new Madam Regenhart had six grown-up children of her own, four of whom were soon settled at the farm; and, thenceforward, my life became a burthen to me. Trudchen and Maria, my good friends in childhood, were now always twitting me with my love for a conscript. To please my father, they tried to laugh me out of my attachment for Bernhard, as if such things were to be rooted out of the heart by idle scoffing. A year passed thus—a very sad one; not because the hand of my mother-in-law's authority was heavy, but because bad tidings from the army darkened daily into worse and worse. At last the great blow came. Napoleon was defeated, to rise no more; and how was I to learn whether Bernhard was among the victims already sacrificed to the madness of his ambition? The spring of 1814 passed over, ere I obtained a word that I could trust in; but, one summer morning, as I came out of church, a little child plucked me by the gown, whispering to me, in the name of Bernhard's mother, that her son would shortly be at Florennes! I had a silver dollar in my hand that I was about to drop into the alms-trunk of the poor, as I had constantly done since my days of trouble; but I hastily thrust it into the hand of the child. Nay, it was all I could do not to fall down on my knees and bless God *there* in his holy house. *He* lived—and that was enough. That I was about to behold him again seemed almost too much.

"That evening did not pass but I had learned the best and worst of my destiny. Bernhard came, presented himself at the farm—no longer a laughing lad, but a way-worn, hard-voiced soldier. My father held out his hand to him when he entered, which was more than I expected; and sat listening, with changing colour and glaring eyes, when Bernhard recounted all the horrors he had witnessed—the blazing city, the frost-defeated troops, the massacres, the desperation. He even pledged him in a cordial cup, and I thought kind feelings of old times were springing up between them; and Trudchen and Maria pointed out, scornfully, to each other, the bright red flush of delight that was burning on my cheeks. But when the time came for Bernhard to take leave for the night, my father spoke out:

"'You and I, my lad,' said he, "must understand each other. If you come here as a neighbour's son, whom I liked in old times, to taste my beer and have a dish of gossip over the strange sights of the times, well and good. But if you fancy things are to be as they used, or that you are to patch up the threadbare coat on your back with Mina's dowry, you mistake black for white, and there's an end on't. I have said, in your hearing, ten thousand times, that no girl of mine should mate with a soldier. You might have borne the saying in mind when you refused your old father's offer of selling his orchard to the notary at Charleroi, and sending a man in your place. I know—I know! You did not choose to bring ruin on your family. Right enough, perhaps; but plain proof that you loved father, mother, and grandmother better than Mina there, who fancies she loves *you* so dearly. Understand, therefore, friend Bernhard, that my wench is not for your market! Times, you see, are altered here; and were she to give her ear to you in defiance of *my* authority, without more ado I would cut her off with a grosch, and settle my property on my wife's two grinning minxes there, Trudchen and Maria, whom I like none the better, I can tell them, for the triumph they are enjoying at my daughter's expense.'

"Madam Regenhart now interposed in defence of her children; but my father's business was with Bernhard. 'Is it, then, a bargain, my lad?' said he. 'Do you consent to give up all notion of Mina?'

"'I do *not*,' replied Bernhard, with firmness. 'You say that times are altered here. They are so; for Mina has reached woman's estate, and can judge for herself. Her home is not what it was; she may now wish to leave it even for a roof so poor as mine. Here, therefore, before your face, I offer her my hand and heart, and the tender welcome of my family. Had I aught else to give, she knows it would be hers.'

"'You *dare?*' exclaimed my father, with kindling eyes.

"'I *dare*,' replied Bernhard, calmly. 'I have fought for my country. My wounds and my sufferings have given me the right to speak as a man, and as a man to claim an answer. But it must be from *her*. Mina!' he continued, addressing me—'for five long years I have dearly loved you. Will you be mine?'

"'Not against my father's desire,' I faltered, not daring to look him in the face.

"'Desire?' cried the old man, fiercely. 'Is that your milk-and-water word? I tell you, girl, that if ever you wed this man, or any other wearing the same habit, my eternal malediction shall be upon you and upon your children's children, for evermore.'

"I know not what ensued. I was lying on my bed with my father hanging over me, when I recovered my recollection. 'Bernhard is gone,' said he, in a hoarse voice, as he bade me adieu for the night. 'Bernhard has quitted the house—he will do well to quit the village—for you must meet no more.'

"He did *not* quit the village, however; he had obtained two months' leave of absence, to visit his relations; and, for the sake of his aged parents, it behoved him to remain. My step-mother and her children contrived that my father should hear daily and hourly of his sojourn at Florennes; and the old man's wrath was soon stirred up against him by new offences; for Bernhard, like all the soldiers of the emperor, leaned towards the dominion of the French, and desired, since Belgium was not to become an independent kingdom, that it might remain subjected to the laws under which it had so greatly prospered; while my father, who had thrown up his cap for joy at the first news of the stadtholder's return to his dominions, could not restrain *his* ecstasy on learning that Flanders had been tacked (by the great parliament of kings at Aix la Chapelle) to the kingdom of Holland. In his delight at finding the stadtholder become an anointed king, and my royal namesake a queen, he lost all thought of the dignity of his native country. This, of course, begat greater ill-will between him and Bernhard; and the whole place seemed to take part with one or the other. My step-mother harassed me by constant reproaches; her children allowed me no interval of peace. I was very, *very* unhappy.

"In the midst of all this, my father determined, as if for vengeance sake, to marry me to the son of Klartsch, the blacksmith, whom, in other days, he would have scarcely judged worthy to enter my presence. The man was a sot, a ruffian, a profane swearer; one of whom I never could bear the sight. Bernhard's leave was almost expired, when Madam Regenhart hit upon this method to drive me to desperation. I felt that when *he* was gone, I should have no protector against the violence of my father—that I should be sacrificed to the interests of Trudchen and Maria; and, as I had now attained the age of independence, I accepted the generous proposals of Bernhard, when once more he offered me a loving heart and tranquil home. I quitted my father's roof—already a place of torment to me; I quitted Florennes, my birth-place, the grave of my mother; and, with tears upon my face and terror in my heart, became the wife of my faithful Bernhard."

"In my own country," interrupted I, taking pity upon her distress, "such circumstances are by no means uncommon."

"They *are* in *ours*—happily they are in *ours*," she replied; "for, since I became a mother, I seem better to understand how heart-piercing must be the rebellion of a child. In *ours*, sir, filial piety is the first of duties. We are taught to reverence old age in all—but in our parents with fear, trembling, and submission. An undutiful child, sir, is an outcast *here*; and you see I *am* an outcast. My father's curse pursues me—pursues that babe!"—And again she sobbed aloud, in profound affliction.

"Well, sir, I followed my husband to his regiment, and with his regiment. It was one of those which Napoleon had always named with honour, as his '*braves Belges*;' and my Bernhard was noted among the bravest of them. I had a little fund that afforded us all the help we needed at starting; and he was quartered at a cheerful, happy spot—the town of Huy, on the Meuse, where a grand citadel was already in progress of construction. Poor Bernhard looked with an evil eye on every stone that was laid of it. 'Tis a damned Dutch dike of demarcation,' said he, 'which the blue-breeches and the red-coats are building up, to separate us eternally from that vast and beautiful France, under whose banners we at least obtained glory and advancement.'

"I thought of my poor father's hatred against the French, and said nothing; and, while we were thus meeting our destiny together, cheerfully, affectionately, and with full trust in the Almighty and each other, yonder little boy was born.

"Till that time, I had taken less thought than perhaps I ought of my father's alienation. But the moment I became a mother, I seemed to think as I had never thought before, of my parents and their rights. I dearly longed to show my babe to my father. I obtained my kind husband's permission to name it after my father. I dreamed of my father—I prayed for him—I yearned after him; and, at length, unable to repress my feelings, addressed a letter to him, saying that I was well and happy, submissive, though not repentant, and humbly praying for his forgiveness."

"And old Regenhart's answer contained?"—

"A reiteration of his cruel malediction!"

"Then," said I, "he must be a cruel, unchristian man; and his animosity is not worth fretting for."

"Ah, sir! it took fatal effect upon me and mine!—Misfortunes soon came upon me, and nothing that I could say or do would prevent Bernhard from speaking his mind in places where minds are not to be spoken, touching the ill luck of his native country, in falling to

the lot of a prince whom he would never designate otherwise than King of the Butter-Firkins, or Field-Marshal Schiedam. All this was duly reported; and he was reprimanded and reprimanded, and all to no purpose. The more punishment given him to increase his loyalty to the house of Orange, the less he liked the new king; and it was a strange thing, sir, in my husband—for King William was a good man, and merciful, and said to be well inclined to further the prosperity of his new kingdom. But the taxes and imposts were high; and, whenever a fresh one came to be talked about Bernhard was giving his free opinion, and throwing up his police-cap in honour of Napoleon and Belgium!

"I did not live in barracks with my husband. During my mother's lifetime, she had bestowed on me, from time to time, little sums in gold, earnings or savings of her own, which she bade me treasure up and say nothing of to my father. 'Strange things happen,' she used to say. 'Tis no bad thing for even the happiest of wives to have a nest-egg against a day of trouble.' And she was right; for, when I rashly quitted my father's house, that sum—a large one, for poor folks like Bernhard and me—became our sheet-anchor; and, even after my boy's birth, I had nearly fifty ducats left, for future exigencies. One night sir, it was very late, and I had sat up in my lodging, expecting home Bernhard from the barracks; and, as the hour was past when the men were rung in, my mind misgave me that he had come to some mischief. I entertained little doubt that he had been at his politics again, and perhaps been clapped into the guard-house; but, behold! at midnight, just as I was putting down the baby into his cradle, after having him up to nurse, I heard a well-known step on the stair, and in rushed Bernhard; his face flushed, but not with drinking—it was easy to see *that*, for his eyes neither sparkled nor were heavy with the effects of liquor.

"'Mina,' said he, instead of answering my questions as to where he had been, 'how long would it take you to pack up your traps, and such of the child's as are movable, to quit this place?'

"'Quit this place?' I exclaimed. 'Is the regiment under marching orders?'

"'No matter,' replied my husband—'answer my question.'

"'You have reason to know,' I replied, smiling, 'that I am not very difficult to move. We owe nothing in the town but the last week's rent for our lodgings; and, in an hour and a half, I could clear all up, pack our few clothes, and be ready to start. But I hope there is no occasion to move the child at such an hour as this? Surely you will wait till to-morrow?'

"'Not an hour—not a second!' cried he. 'Make what speed you can; all you hold dear on earth depends on your activity. If you love me, ask no questions. By this time to-morrow—not sooner—all shall be explained.'

"I had promised Bernhard at the altar to love and obey him: how was I to resist his will in this thing? Within the appointed time, sir, all *was* cleared up in our little lodging—the amount of our rent deposited on the stone; and, at about two o'clock of a dull hazy autumn night, we crept out of the house; Bernhard, almost sinking under a large bundle containing our necessaries, and I, carrying a basket and the boy. We were quartered then, sir, at a small town only a few leagues from the frontier; but our lodgings were luckily in a suburb without the walls; and, on reaching a turning of the road, about a quarter of a league from the town, I was surprised to find a cart and horse, into which, without a word of explanation, Bernhard bundled us all. Away we went at a smart pace, which roused up the babe, and set him crying piteously. The wind whistled, and drove eddies of decaying leaves into our faces from the high trees bordering the road. But Bernhard said not a word to comfort me or to quiet the child. He seemed exhausted, mind and body, by a great effort; and, having laid my hand upon his sleeve, in climbing into the cart, I perceived that he no longer wore his uniform. The truth now flashed into my mind—he had deserted! and we were making our way across the frontier! Three fatal leagues of road still lay before us! He might be taken. O heavens! what would be the result of such a misfortune? I dared not utter a syllable of enquiry to my husband. He had requested me to forbear; and a request from *him* was the same as a promise from myself. I knew not even the exact distance which would set us free from danger of pursuit; and it was almost a surprise when at last the driver suddenly pulled up; and I learned, from a few words whispered between him and my husband, that we had now reached the spot where his agreement of conveyance ended; and that we were about to diverge on foot from the high road, to cross the frontier, at a point of the fields secure from military or excise inspection. The man, already paid for his services, and apparently a friend to my husband, wished us well at parting; and the rattling of the cart was soon lost in the distance.

"Heavy was the task to make our way through the mists of a chilly night across the country, ancle-deep in a miry clay that rendered it all but impracticable, burdened as we were. But terror prickls like a spur. To falter was to decree the death of Bernhard; and on I toiled, till, at length, after two hours' labour, we stumbled, as if by chance, on a high embankment, over which my husband managed to lift me, babe and all; and no sooner did he find us safely lodged on the highroad that ran below, than he clasped us together in his arms; then, uncovering his head, breathed a thanksgiving to Heaven, which assured me that he was in safety. A heavy weight was taken off my breast; and I sat down by the wayside and wept till my heart seemed like to break. It was almost daylight before we set out again, rested and relieved; and, just at sunrise, we reached a hamlet, at the door of one of whose cottages my husband knocked gently, and, presenting a slip of a letter to the aged woman who lifted the latch, she smiled encouragingly in our faces, and bade us welcome as though we were expected guests.

"I need not weary you, sir, with further details. That evening, we proceeded, by a public conveyance, about thirty leagues' distance into France, to a retired village called Isigny, where Bernhard gave himself out as a Burgundian, and hired a small cottage, with a meadow and orchard, sloping to a beautiful brook. We were soon installed there. I saw it was his intention to take up his abode in a foreign land for the remainder of his days; and what mattered it to *me?* Where *he* was, there was my home, my country; and, as to my father, what chance had I *now* of propitiating his pardon?"

"But what can have been the motive which instigated so good a soldier as Bernhard to"——I could not finish the sentence.

"To *desert!*" added Wilhelmina, in a low, emphatic tone. "Yes, sir! *that* is the word—the grievous word. That it should ever be applied to a noble, upright soul, such as my husband! But, verily, he had his excuses. On the day preceding that which ended so miserably, Bernhard obtained certain intelligence that, in order to rid the country of so factious a subject, he had been draughted into another regiment—that his route was already made out for Rotterdam, where his new corps was under order of embarkation for Batavia. 'To remove my wife and babe to so pestilential a climate was a cruel thing,' said Bernhard, when he recounted to me the history of his fall—'to leave you both behind, poor and friendless, equally heart-rending. I thought it over, Mina, for four and twenty hours. For one whole night, I lay, shedding my silent tears by your side; and in the morning, I felt that it could not be. What claim had this William of Orange upon *me*, that was born no subject of his, that I should go and rot away my life in his pestilential marshes, far from my wife and child, or see them perish under my eyes, beside the fetid canals of Batavia? The congress, which they say allotted us Belgians like a herd of dumb beasts to be the bondsmen of the house of Nassau, could not, in lawful justice, before God, condemn me to death for refusing to be banished into Asia for the gain of one who was no more to me by tie of inborn loyalty than an Inca of Peru.'"

"I am not over and above skilled in casuistries of this kind," said Bagshaw, interrupting his narration; "but I own, it seemed to me, that poor Bernhard's arguments, if not according to the law, were tolerably cogent according to the equity of the case. Whatever his majesty the king of Belgium and Holland might be, I myself felt perfectly inclined to overlook his transgression. And poor Mina, discovering my favourable verdict, gained courage to proceed. It appeared that Bernhard, established under an assumed name, in the retired hamlet where they first took refuge, fancied himself secure from pursuit."

"We were happy in ourselves," continued his wife—"happy in our child—happy in a life of prosperous labour. All around us throve—all we undertook succeeded; and, fool that I was, I fancied that, whatever might be the error of Bernhard in the eyes of man, the eyes of God beheld us with a forgiving and favouring eye. It was a valley of green pastures, where our dwelling lay, between shelving banks, clothed with rich hanging weeds. The air was a mild one; the flowers came earlier, and freer, and fresher there than at Florennes; and already the boy began to take note of them, and to smile at their beauty. But I will not dwell upon it all. It was a dream too bright to last; and the waking, sir, was very, very terrible! There came gendarmes into the country to search for a criminal who had escaped from prison at Mons; and, during the enquiries that arose, my husband was detected as a deserter by the *signalement* already forwarded by the authorities of Charleroi to the French police. He was seized, sir—torn from me—torn from his home; and *I* remained in a state of agony and suffering, rendering it impossible to follow him! For a whole week, a delirious fever confined me to my bed; during that time, my child fretted itself ill under the mismanagement of strangers; and, long ere my own strength was restored, I was hanging over the dying bed of my boy!

"But God has been good to me in this. He has spared my babe—he has spared *me* to watch over him; yet if, as those who know best aver, Bernhard must be condemned, condemned *to death*—may He be still more merciful, and call us to himself!"

"And you are on your way to rejoin your husband?" I enquired, deeply penetrated by her affliction.

"As soon as the health of my child permitted, sir, I fled from Isigny, the place where trouble had overtaken us. But I resolved, on my way to Namur, where Bernhard lies in prison awaiting his court martial, to turn aside to Florennes, and throw myself, for the last time, at the feet of my father. It may be superstition, sir; but it seems to me, that if *his* curse were recalled, the wrath of the Almighty would be appeased! Of all my earthly possessions, I have retained, as a token of my mother's love, only that christening cloth which she fancied was to be the foundation of an abundant household store for her child. Wrapt in that sacred covering, I would fain have placed my child in his arms; and then he could not—he would not have refused it his blessing. But the precarious state of my poor babe has frustrated my hopes; and, in six days, Bernhard will be called upon to take his trial!"

"Six days?—you are sure it is not for six days?"

"On the 24th, sir—I have numbered the hours, the minutes; they may be the last my husband is fated to behold on earth!"

"Then there will be time!" was my murmured ejaculation. And, without entering into explanations, further than by affording to Mina the means of reaching Florennes by a public conveyance, I appointed her a rendezvous at Namur, recommending her to the care of mine host of the Golden Artichoke, and, before daylight, was recommending, once more, to poor Katchen, the utmost speed, to enable me to reach Spa without delay.

"You actually left the poor woman to her fate?" demanded the pepper-and-salt gentleman.

"I *did*—exactly! I left the child to die, and the mother to bury it," replied Bagshaw, with a sneer; "and, by old Coquerel's usual breakfast hour, had rendered up my accounts. Profiting by the good humour produced in my patron by the sight of my balance sheet, I told him my story, and implored him to exercise his well-known interest with the king, in behalf of Bernhard.

"'Poor wife?—poor child!' murmured the good old man, when I had concluded my story. 'And this,' continued he, examining the cloth of fine damask which Mina, at my earnest prayer, had deposited in my hands; '*this* is the counterpart, you say, of the linen spun for his majesty, five and twenty years ago, by Regenhart's wife? 'Tis well. It may serve to bring the circumstance to his remembrance. Memory is an instinct in kings. In my interviews with William, I have known him advert to trifles of earlier date and similar insignificance. I am about to address a memorial to him respecting a further improvement in the machinery of his royal cannon foundry at Namur. He has offered me a choice of favours more often and more widely than I should care to have it generally known; and, to beg the life of a fellow-creature, is to afford him a double occasion of conferring a benefit. *You*, Bagshaw, shall be

the bearer of my memorial, and of a letter containing the particulars you have just related. The court is at Brussels. Lose no time; by to-morrow, you may obtain an audience.'

"An *audience!*" cried Pepper-and-salt. "An audience of *the king?*'

"Ay, sir, an audience. Nothing more easy than access to the presence of William of Orange. But, even had it been otherwise, a letter from Coquerel the mechanist—Coquerel, whose introduction of British machinery into Flanders is a chief cause of its commercial prosperity—Coquerel, the cherished of Napoleon, the right hand of kings—would have secured my admission. Nothing could be simpler than the manners and habits of the king of the Netherlands; nothing more straightforward, more intelligent, than his mode of interrogating me respecting the circumstances of the Regenhart's family, after perusing the communication of my patron."

"But did he comply with the prayer contained in it?" cried several of the auditors. "Did he give hopes of mercy?"

"Kings are not fond of giving hopes—they leave that to their ministers," replied Bagshaw. "Unless there is certainty in the case, they are wise enough to hold their tongues. His majesty, King William, sent me back to Namur with about as much insight into his intentions as if I had made a voyage to Guinea, and been conversing with the King of Dahomey. He said he would signify his pleasure to the Sieur Coquerel as early as possible."

"And what *was* his pleasure?" cried Mrs. Meg, with whose right of interrogation even Bagshaw did not think it expedient to trifle.

"With your good leave, I must talk first of my own pain," replied he. "On arriving at Namur, where my worthy master was to meet me, to receive an account of my embassy, an accident most unluckily occurred in one of the newly-invented furnaces, which, for the moment, engrossed all his attention, and ought to have engrossed mine; nor was it till the fifth day after quitting The Golden Artichoke, that I was able to make my way to the obscure inn in the neighbourhood of the citadel, whither I had directed Mina. To my utter consternation, I found, on reaching the place, that no person answering to my description had made her appearance. Either she had been detained near Battices by the debility of her child, or some accident had occurred to her on her way to Florennes! My next enquiries related to Bernhard; and an intelligent corporal of dragoons who frequented the house, acquainted me that the garrison-court had been sitting for the last two days, and that the rigour displayed in the trials already decided before the tribunal, admitted of little hope that a deserter would find mercy. I was still speaking to him, when the feeble accents of a familiar voice interrupted my enquiries. The poor wife, so soon to become a widow, had that moment arrived. The child was no longer in her arms. I dared not ask for it; but my looks, I suppose, expressed the impression I had conceived.

"'*Not dead*—no!—I trust in all-powerful Providence, not dead!' she faltered in reply. 'After you left me, every minute seemed likely to be its last. But the time is almost expired, and I could tarry no more. I have left my boy to the pity of strangers, to hasten to *him*. Have you good news for me, sir? You said when we parted that you had formed projects for us—that you had an opening in our favour. What tidings?'

"'At present, none,' said I. 'I have done my best; but nothing, alas! has been effected by my interference.'

"'And to-morrow the court martial sits!' cried Mina. 'If nothing *has* been, nothing *will* be done. Ah! sir, why did you deceive me?—why raise hopes you had not the means to realise?'

"I forbore to remonstrate with her injustice. But, in her agony of mind, she had already forgotten her displeasure in an appeal for information to my friend the corporal; and I could not but admire with what delicacy the man who, but a moment before, had replied to *me* with the harsh coarseness of naked truth, evaded giving her pain, even while he evaded giving her hope. By *his* humane interference, too, she succeeded in obtaining immediate access to the governor, and procuring a warrant of admission to the prisoner. I myself accompanied Mina as far as the wicket; promising to return and fetch her at the hour for closing for the night; and nothing could be more singular than the contrast between the feverish, excited, panting, half-frantic woman whom I saw rush through the wicket, to be conducted to the cell of her husband; and the inanimate form consigned to my arms by the turnkey on my return. Mina had proved unable to support the shock of what was probably their last parting—*their last parting save one.* She was still in a state of insensibility when, by the kindness of the innkeeper's wife, I saw her laid on a comfortable bed; and all I learned at the citadel and in the barrack-yard, of the probability of capital sentence upon the prisoner, inclined me to wish that her senses might not immediately be restored. She could not remain too long unconscious of the horror of her situation.

"On my return to my duties, a severe reprimand awaited me from both Coquerel and his foreman, for having absented myself at so critical a time. It was in vain that I represented to my master the cause of my absence. *His* interest in the fate of the young couple seemed wholly merged in the irritation produced by the recent catastrophe at the foundry. Nor could I blame him; for it had been attended by loss of life; and the distress he had recently witnessed in the families of the two workmen sacrificed to an experiment, seemed to have rendered him callous to every other appeal to his feelings.

"On the morrow morning, I would have given worlds to proceed to the military court to see how matters stood; or, at the worst, to have imparted such comfort to Bernhard's wife as the presence of a sympathising friend can afford. But this was impossible. The funeral of the two workmen was to take place at the cemetery without the walls; and Coquerel not only presided in person over the melancholy ceremony, but insisted that his whole establishment should afford a token of respect to the memory of their deceased comrades. Such a solemnity, at such a moment, was not calculated to raise my spirits. My heart sickened as I saw the two coffins lowered into the grave; and felt that, perhaps, at that moment, sentence of death might be passed upon Bernhard."

"Found guilty, or acquitted? Lordsake, sir, come to the point!" cried Mrs. Dods. "Talk of *your* feelings another time—have a wee bit care of ours!"

"Acquitted, then!" said Bagshaw, amused by the interest he had excited. "Acquitted—thanks to one of those nice points of legal sophistry by which judge advocates can save the life of a man especially honoured by kingly protection. The fact of desertion was proved and admitted; but it was submitted, as a point of law, to the opinion of the court, whether Bernhard, at the moment of deserting, had not been formally draughted *from* the corps, from whose head-quarters he had made his escape, without being regularly entered into the regiment sentenced to sail for Java. The court bowed and was convinced. He was dismissed with a severe reprimand; and when the poor fellow conveyed in person the glad tidings to his scarcely conscious wife, an autograph letter from King William was placed in the hands of my old master, containing the usual flummery about allowing justice and the laws to take their course, and enclosing the brevet of a small pension, secured by her majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, to the daughter of Marjory Regenhart of Florennes. 'The loyal zeal and industry of your mother have not escaped my recollection,' said the second letter, addressed by Wilhelmina of Prussia, to the favoured family. 'The sight of the very curious specimen of damask, forwarded by the Sieur Coquerel of Namur, forcibly recalled to my mind the eventful moment (the birth of my son) when Madam Regenhart's valuable gift reached the Hague.'"

"And was that letter framed and glazed to match the other, and hung up in the old parlour?" enquired the nabob, in a fever of excitement.

"In due time, I fancy it was; but, being soon afterwards recalled to my native country, it was not till the year 1820 that I had an opportunity of learning from a friend to whom my old master afforded a few days' hospitality at his country seat, that Bernhard and his wife had repeatedly written to me, and repeatedly forwarded to the iron works such rural dainties as their means enabled them to dispose of; that old Regenhart had opened his heart and house to his penitent daughter, her husband and child; and closed them upon the family of Madam Regenhart the second, who was now gone to rejoin Hans the miller, to the infinite relief of her household."

"If I should ever visit Florennes," said the nabob, "I will certainly find them all out, and learn the concluding particulars of the case."

"You can't do better, my good sir, and you can't do it too soon," said Bagshaw, with a significant look. "And, moreover, if ever you visit the royal palace at the Hague, enquire for the queen's private apartments, look into a glass cabinet of curiosities on the left hand side of the fire-place, in the blue satin dressing-room, and you will see a somewhat discoloured, but exquisitely wrought, damask napkin"——

"Well, sir?"

"*Well*, sir!—which will enable you to prove to the groom of the chambers, that you are wiser than himself, by acquainting him that this nameless relique was a gift hallowed to the church and by the church, to become a talisman to the child of Marjory Regenhart, and a token of royal gratitude and clemency. It is, in short, nothing less than the CHRISTENING CLOTH of Wilhelmina, the farmer's daughter of Florennes."

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"Weel, now, that is what I ca' a very bonny story, and a very heart-goin' story," said Mistress Dods, "outlandish though it be; and, though I did jealouse a twang o' papistry at the outset, I like it, for my ain pairt, a'maist as weel as if it had been a' Black Yerl Angus, and the reavin, ridein times o' whilk there are so many tales in this border land o' ours; or about the friars o' Melrose, and the fairies o' Yarrow and Ettrick. But the clock has warned eleven, gentlemen—there are your chaumer lichts—and enough is as good as a feast; so put your tale in your wallet, Dominie, till the next occasion—and a fair good e'en to ye a'!"

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Mexican Antiquities.

1. *Antiquités Mexicaines. Relation de trois Expéditions du Capitaine Dupaix, ordonnées en* 1805, 1806, 1807, *accompagnée des dessins de Castaneda, Membre des trois Expéditions et Dessinateur du Musée de Mexico; avec des Notes explicatives et autres Documents par MM. Baradere, De St. Priest, et plusieurs Voyageurs.* Fol. Paris. 1834—5. Au Bureau des Antiquités Mexicaines.
2. *Voyage Pittoresque et Archéologique dans le Mexique.* Par C. Nebel, Architecte. Lithographié par les Artistes les plus distingués de Paris. Paris. Fol. Livraisons 1, 2, 3, 4. 1835.
3. *Coleccion de las Antiquedades Mexicanas que ecsisten en el Museo Nacional, y dan á luz* Isidro Icaza e Isidro Gondra, litografiadas por Federico Waldeck e impresas por Pedro Robert, Mexico, 1827—1835.

The subject comprehended in the three important works which we have made the text of the ensuing article will be found to possess those features of novelty and originality which we deem of paramount importance, in order to attract public attention to any antiquarian subject whatever. The antiquarian discoveries recently made in Spanish America may, on the threshold of the enquiry, be at once pronounced to be equal in interest and importance to those Egyptian discoveries to which we have called the attention of our readers—while so lately recording the last triumphs in this department, of Rossellini and Champollion. If the former investigation were calculated to startle the reader by the unique novelty of the historical incidents and personages which it summoned up before his eyes as by the spell of a magician—the facts, historical or otherwise, which the present investigation is calculated to bring to light, will be found not less startling by their novelty, than curious by their antiquarian coincidences, and important by their mythological, historical, and geographical revelations. The subject of Mexican antiquities possesses moreover the advantage of being less hackneyed than the subject of Egyptian antiquities. It is comparatively a virgin soil. The golden ore remains in the mine, little worked and scarcely known. The searching eye of some few antiquarians has indeed been enabled to discover the intrinsic value of the buried metal. But they have either seen it

dimly through the dark and obstructed channels by which they obtained access to it, or have themselves contributed to render it undistinguishable by the public, by encumbering it with new mountains of pedantic lumber, in the very act of digging downwards to the buried treasures. To the public generally the mine, rich as it is in the most precious veins of antiquarian information, may be considered as all but closed. Mexican antiquities, for reasons which may be briefly stated, may be pronounced a sealed book. It is for the purpose of throwing a new light of interpretation on its mysterious pages that this paper is undertaken. In pursuing the investigation we shall endeavour to keep in view the same guiding principle by which we were governed while bringing out into high relief the most novel points of Egyptian discovery, namely, that of popularising the subject—by divesting it of the voluminous and repulsive pedantry by which it has been hitherto overlaid. If we have triumphantly appealed to the chief characteristics of our previous Egyptian investigation, viz. the startling novelty of producing a new volume in the roll of history, and of eliciting, as it were, a new pagan Genesis, concurrent with and corroborative of the Bible, we think that, before we have concluded, we shall establish the fact that this investigation is imbued with the same popular character of excitement and attractiveness.

The first circumstance calculated to rouse surprise on surveying the stupendous, grotesque, or magnificent monuments of a by-gone people, to which the illustrations of the volumes which head our article introduce the reader, is the carelessness or the supineness with which they have been overlooked or disregarded. Robertson, impressed with the same incredulous feeling, or betrayed by the Spaniards, whose interest at that time it was to keep him in the dark, went so far in his History of America as to say, that there is not, in all the extent of New Spain, any monument, or vestige of building, more ancient than the conquest; that the temple of Cholula "was nothing but a mound of solid earth, without any facing or any steps, covered with grass or shrubs;" and that "the houses of the people in Mexico were but huts, built with turf or branches of trees, like those of the rudest Indians." The same acute and cautious historian merely observes, in a cursory manner, that "the unfortunate Boturiori made an amazing catalogue of Mexican maps, paintings, tribute-rolls, calendars, &c. which were lost." In another passage he treats as a matter of great suspicion the authenticity of the chronological wheel, by which the Mexicans computed time; a specimen of which was published by Carrieri; while the monument itself was actually brought to this country by Mr. Bullock. "If it be genuine," he coldly says, "it proves that the Mexicans had arbitrary characters which represent several things besides numbers." It is surprising that so acute a critic as Robertson did not feel some suspicion, before he hazarded such contemptuous decisions, that he was either misinformed or too precipitate in his judgment.

A fact, which he himself states, ought to have impressed him with due circumspection. Referring to the Mexican people, who, we shall be able to show, were really in a state of barbarism comparatively with the Tulteques whom they superseded, he yet is forced to admit that the Mexicans, clearly deriving their institutions from the Tulteques, were advanced at the time of the Spanish conquest beyond the then extant points of European civilisation in two most distinguishing particulars, namely, in regard to their well-established police, embracing a regular supply of water and sewers, and in regard to the regular posts that they had established. Since the period of Robertson new lights have been successively thrown on the subject, and the vague mists of incredulous ignorance, in the midst of which he recorded these disproved opinions, have been cleared away. Humboldt has since then published his amusing and eloquent account of the monuments that still exist in central America. A Spanish writer, very little known, named Del Rio, in 1782 published his "Description of the Ruins of an Ancient City, lately discovered in the Kingdom of Guatemala." This last work, although it may be said to have been scarcely published in this country, and at all events to have lapsed into a condition of obscurity, supplies more curious and valuable information than Humboldt on the subject. Since then the English public have been made partially more familiar with their existence and their characteristics by the exhibition of Mexican antiquities brought by Mr. Bullock to this country. We are, however, bound to say that the exhibition tended to impart rather a low idea of Mexican proficiency in the arts,—that it was calculated to confound two races of people—(the conquerors and the conquered)—both totally distinct,—and still to retain in shadow the truth which has rapidly dawned on the world of antiquarian literature, that there exist in New Spain the monuments of a highly civilised people who preceded the Mexicans, as stupendous, as tasteful, and as wonderful, as those of Egypt. Since the last-mentioned work, those which head our article have been published. They demonstrate that the attention of the learned world has been thoroughly awakened to the interests and importance of the subject.

Nebel's Archæological Voyage, though extremely limited in the amount of its illustrations, is the most splendid in the execution of their details. But the most authentic and complete account which we have of these monuments results from a commission sent out for the purpose of investigating them, under the authority of the Spanish government. It was headed by Dupaix, who has published an ample account of three scientific expeditions undertaken by him for their investigation. To these results may be added the fruits of an additional commission confided by the local Mexican government to M. Baradere. They however add little to the facts collected by Dupaix, who must in truth be considered as the chief and best authority for all legitimate inferences on this subject. The illustrations of Dupaix are embodied in the magnificent and expensive work entitled "*Antiquités Mexicaines*," printed in Paris, and published in numbers at the *Bureau des Antiquités Mexicaines*. This work is one of those which we have deemed necessary to place at the head of our article. Notwithstanding the apparent official mantle thus attractively thrown over the French publication in question, we are bound in justice to tear away its masquerade dress, and to state that the greater part of it is nothing more than a reprint of Augustin Aglio's illustrations drawn from the work of Dupaix, and already incorporated with the great work of Lord Kingsborough, entitled "Mexican Antiquities." A little variety is sought to be obtained by colouring the drawings, and by occasionally imparting to them picturesque (and therefore, as we apprehend, deceptive) effects. The descriptions attached to the Parisian illustrations are of no great depth or value, but they have the merit of being perspicuous in meaning and brief in form. They possess thereby the superior advantage of being publishable, which Lord Kingsborough's work is not. The work of the noble lord possesses characteristics quite sufficient to repel the most determined book-devourer from attempting to surfeit on the gigantic meal embodied in its voluminous pages. It is in reality an ill-arranged, undigested mass of every class of contribution, in which the editorial work and the *scissors and paste* work are confusedly blended,—in half a dozen languages, some translated, some not translated,—with notes piled upon notes, producing "confusion worse confounded." The mischief is considerably augmented by an extraordinary theory which pervades all the original composition, and of the truth of which the noble author appears to have been as convinced as of any truth in holy writ. This theory is, that America was peopled by the ten Jewish tribes carried away by Salmanazer, king of Assyria; and that not only the Mexicans, but the founders of the extraordinary monuments preserved in the illustrations of his lordship's work, were Jews.

It is from the combined series of works which we have thus recapitulated and described that we mean to derive the arguments, inferences, and propositions of this paper. Our object will be, we repeat, *to popularise* the subject; to extract the sterling metal from the drossy matter which surrounds it; to extricate it from the revolting mass of learned pedantry and theoretical absurdity by which it is at present overwhelmed; and to impart to it, as far as lies in our humble power, the brilliancy and concentration which are indispensable requisites for attracting public attention.

We have said that this is an enquiry almost new to the public; we can adduce an extraordinary instance of the ignorance prevailing among literary and scientific men in general, of the immense sources of information from which they have been excluded by the voluminous pedantry employed upon the subject. It was after the publication of Lord Kingsborough's work, that is to say in 1831, that a correspondent of the Literary Gazette announced a great discovery by a certain Colonel Gilaudo in New Spain. This gentleman, going out one fine morning in the neighbourhood of Palenque, stumbled on the ruins of an ancient city, nearly as wonderful in the architectural details as those of Egyptian Thebes. The discovery was announced with great pomp, and the correspondent of the review in question, which is one of great circulation, promised on behalf of the colonel to supply a series of illustrations and descriptions of this astounding discovery. Unfortunately the result of the colonel's morning adventure turned out to be a complete mare's nest. The fact is, that Lord Kingsborough's work, published a year before this event, gave the most ample and minute details, in a series of illustrations by Aglio, the artist, of the identical ruins stumbled upon by the astonished *literatus*. The Spanish commissions headed by Dupaix had also given equally ample details of this ruined city. Humboldt exhibited some of the sculptures; and, finally, the whole of the ruins had been examined, described, and drawn with great fidelity, by Del Rio, in the publication to which we have already adverted. This circumstance is alone sufficient to show that the subject is, unlike Egyptian antiquities, comparatively new to the reading British public. It is for us to show, in the ensuing remarks, that it is as attractive, useful, and important, as it is new.

The first and strongest conviction, which will flash on the mind of every ripe antiquarian while surveying the long series of Mexican and Tultecan monuments preserved in the various works to which we have briefly called attention, is the similarity which the ancient monuments of New Spain bear to the monumental records of ancient Egypt. While surveying them, the glance falls with familiar recognition on similar graduated pyramids,—on similar marks of the same primeval Ophite worship,—on vestiges of the same triune and solar deity,—on planispheres and temples, which, though characterised by some distinctions entirely American, are not less worthy of the notice of the Egyptian antiquarian—on relics of palaces at once noble in their architecture and beautiful in their proportions and decorations,—on monuments sepulchral, domestic, religious, or warlike, which deserve the designation of Cyclopean as much as any that are now extant in Italy or Greece,—on idols and sculptures, some of rude and some of finished workmanship; exhibiting different eras of civilisation, and often presenting the most striking analogy in posture and gesture to the monumental style of sculpture and of statuary pre-eminently called Egyptian. Lastly, the eye of the antiquarian cannot fail to be both attracted and fixed by evidences of the existence of two great branches of the hieroglyphical language,—both having striking affinities with the Egyptian, and yet distinguished from it by characteristics perfectly American. One is the picture-writing peculiar to the Mexicans, and which displays several striking traits of assimilation to the anaglyphs and the historical tablets of the Egyptian temples. The second is a pure hyeroglyphical language, to which little attention has been hitherto called, which appears to have been peculiar to the Tultecans or some still more ancient nation that preceded the Mexicans; which was as complete as the Egyptian in its double constituency of a symbolic and a phonetic alphabet; and which, as far as we can judge, appears to have rivaled the Egyptian in its completeness, while in some respects it excelled it in its regularity and beauty.

The brief and cursory sketch which we have thus given for the convenience of the reader, by way of preface or overture, is indispensable to remove prejudices which may have been excited through the low estimate formed by Robertson and others. The real fact is, that the depreciated view of Mexican antiquities results, in a great measure, from an anachronism carelessly allowed to establish itself among literary men, who have not deeply examined the subject respecting two eras and two nations. It will be our province to extricate the subject from the confusion thereby caused.

A brief enumeration of a few facts will show upon what slight foundation Dr. Robertson must have built his careless appreciation of the monuments of New Spain. A mania existed in his time, as it does now, in favour of the stupendous importance of every thing connected with the Egyptian monuments. Now what is the simple fact? Pyramids, not inferior to the Egyptian, exist in many parts of the Mexican territories and of

New Spain. Some of these pyramids are of larger base than the Egyptian, and composed of equally permanent materials. Vestiges of noble architecture and sculpture are visible at Cholula, Otumba, Oaxaca, Mitlan, and Tlascola. The mountain of Tescoça is nearly covered with ruins of ancient buildings. The ancient town of Palenque exhibits not only excellent workmanship in the temples, palaces, private houses, and baths, but a boldness of design in the architect, as well as skill in the execution, which will not shrink from a comparison with the works of at least the earlier ages of Egyptian power. In the sanctuaries of Palenque are found sculptured representations of idols, which resemble the most ancient gods of Egypt and of Syria; planispheres and zodiacs exist, which exhibit a superior astronomical and chronological system to that which was possessed by the Egyptians. At Mitlan there exist the remains of a palace which is of considerable extent. Its architecture, though distinguished by characteristics peculiarly American, and different from that of any nation with which we are familiar, is to our view marked by features of stately grandeur and melancholy beauty. The roof of the portico is supported by plain cylindrical columns, no type of which we believe elsewhere exists. The façade of the palace is covered with a beautiful mat-work or basket scroll, which is a characteristic ornament of all the Tultecan monuments, which is often found in the sepulchral chambers of the same extraordinary people, and which Rossellini, by a singular coincidence, found in those of Egypt, among others of the magnificent scroll-ornaments, copies of which decorate his *livraisons*. It is curious that the ground plan of this palace is the Egyptian Tau. Finally, statues sculptured in a purely classical style, unlike the rude deformities of Mexican art, have been found in the neighbourhood of Otumba, Mitlan, Xochicalco, and the magnificent flower temple of Oaxaca. These are not the works of barbarians, as Robertson intimates, having no metal implements to work with. This misconception is the result of the before-mentioned confusion of two eras. It is true that the Mexican semi-barbarians produced their rude sculptures with stone utensils, but the civilised people who preceded them worked with copper implements, some of which have been discovered in their tombs. Vases agreeing both in shape and ornament with the earliest specimens of Egyptian and Etrurian pottery have been found in their sepulchral excavations. Moreover, evidences of an amount of civilisation and of social comfort, which are not to be found among the popular and boasted monuments of Egypt, are furnished by the architectural memorials of this great, singular, and almost unknown people. Roads are to be found not only in the vicinity of their great cities, but at a considerable distance from them, artificially constructed, like the Roman military roads, of large squared blocks of stone. These roads, on the same principle as the railroad, affect a continued level. They are in fact *viaducts* as constrasted with *aqueducts*, which these people also constructed. Where they traverse acclivities, they are parapeted, and the evidences both of regular posting stations at regular intervals, and of the regular division of the distances upon the principle of our mile-stones upon turnpike roads, are still to be observed. Bridges, constructed of the same durable materials, and traversing mountain torrents, are also to be found. In these bridges, an approach to the principle of the arch and key-stone may be in a few instances discerned; but generally they display the primitive and obvious form of architraves of stone, super-imposed on two or more piers of the same massy character and durable materials. Every feature of these structures is at once singular, ingenious and gigantic. Cyclopean in the forms of their masonry, they are characterised throughout by the same Titanian character of wild and exaggerated grandeur.

The older monuments of New Spain which are most important, and which most strikingly resemble the Egyptian, are in fact not Mexican. The term Mexican antiquities, as far as they are concerned, is a misnomer. It is indispensable to bear this distinction in view. They are the monumental relics of a great nation, whose existence at the time of the Spanish conquest had become a matter of vague record under the name of "giants and wandering masons," the traces of whose social civilisation had been in many respects obliterated by the incessant irruptions of barbarous tribes from the north—in some respects partially repaired or renewed. Sufficient evidences remain that this nation, which had long passed away from the central seat of its triumph in New Spain at the time of the Spanish conquest, was a most polished and powerful nation. It has been agreed to call the monuments left by them Tultecan, but our decided conviction is that their erection dates back much further than the era assigned to the Tultecans, who preceded the Mexicans by six hundred years. Our opinion is that many of the monuments exhibited in the numerous and splendid illustrations of the works under review are coeval with the Egyptian or Etrurian. Many of them we furthermore believe—and it will be our province to demonstrate the proposition by evidence—are, as the Indians in fact told their Spanish conquerors in the armies of Pizarro and Cortes, the works of the nation called "giants and wandering masons." Now every scholar knows that these terms are merely exchangeable terms employed in every district of ancient Europe, to designate this Cyclopean family, who were called by the same names in ancient Greece and Italy. Our impression is that the Indians were right in the designation which they gave them, and that the monuments of New Spain—we mean those to which we are now especially referring,—for some of them are clearly of later origin—are in reality Cyclopean.

It will be advantageous to establish this point of affinity, and clear it at once from our path before we enter upon the succeeding steps of the investigation. It is our opinion, and we have given reasons for the inference in a former paper, that the pyramids, being nothing but a more regular form imparted to the sepulchral cairn, are structures which may be generally pronounced peculiar to the shepherd or Cyclopean community. There was a distinct record in Egypt that the great pyramid, not improbably the model of all the others, was built by that people. Uninscribed pyramidal temples appear to have distinguished them in Egypt, as the truncated form imparted to inscribed palaces and temples would appear to have characterised the race which expelled and succeeded them. Wherever the expelled community wandered or were driven, their location was distinguished by the same unvarying type both of their architecture and of their government. We cannot do better than repeat the description which we gave of them in reviewing Rossellini. "The republican forms of government of the great pastoral community, as Aristotle proves in his history of all the republics clearly assignable to this extraordinary race, and generally embracing a community of goods, were disseminated throughout the world wherever their wanderings led. These people carried with them in their wanderings all the favourite forms of the pastoral or Cyclopean architecture—pyramids, gateways, triangular or graduated arches without the keystone, cellular cairns, unsculptured initiatory caverns, irregular courses of colossal masonry, cylindric columns, and rock-built fortresses, which, wherever they are found, attest their presence."

These facts being admitted or established, the question is, do the monuments of New Spain, as displayed in the illustrations of the works under review, correspond with these unvarying and identifying characteristics? Our reply is, yes; they correspond entirely. Some of the pyramids, as we have said, are larger than those of Egypt. Some of them are different in their model—having somewhat of an Indian character—bearing strong affinity to pyramidal temples still extant in Japan.—(See the work of Sir Thomas Raffles.) The pyramid of Cholula exhibits a most singular identity with the model of the temples of Belus, described by Herodotus, and which, by many scholars, has been considered to be the scriptural tower of Babel. It consists of eight graduated square towers, each rising above the other, and terminating in a topmost sanctuary, dedicated apparently to the same solar god. But there are more singular analogies between the forms of some of the pyramids of New Spain and some of the most ancient pyramids of Egypt. Among the pyramids on the plain of Saccareh, is one consisting of four graduated steps. The illustrations of the "*Antiquités Mexicaines*" furnish a copy of a Mexican pyramid of exactly the same form and nearly the same dimensions. Again, descending galleries, at a particular astronomical angle of declination, lead to central chambers, either for the purpose of mystery or sepulture, in the Mexican pyramids, as well as the Egyptian. Quite enough has been said to prove the architectural identity. It is fair to infer, that tribes of the same architectural family built both. In that case they would be cotemporaneous; but the evidences of the same affinity or identity multiply as we proceed.

There are numerous rock-hewn monuments, scattered throughout Central America, which the natives call granaries of the giants; but which in every respect resemble the Cyclopean fabric near Argos, in Greece, called the treasury of Atreus. The form of these structures is generally dome-shaped; a gallery leads to a central room, which is lighted by a cavity from the dome. In some cases, the doorway to this gallery resembles in its Cyclopean structure the gate of Mycenæ; but there are some singular exceptions, in which a knowledge of the arch and of the keystone (and the same thing has been proved by Rossellini and Belzoni to have existed anciently in Egypt) is clearly assignable to these architectural barbarians. Again, sepulchres have been found constructed on the very same model as those of Cyprus and Asia Minor, which probably preceded, but were at all events cotemporary with, the most ancient monuments of Egypt. They are generally in the form of the Egyptian cross. A sloping passage, intended to be closed, leads to a vestibule, supported by a single column, and ornamented with the mat-work scroll, out of which branch sepulchral chambers to the right and left. In the *Antiquités Mexicaines* rock-built fortifications are exhibited, which precisely resemble similar Cyclopean structures at Tyrius and Perugia. The walls of their cities and fortresses are built of rough stones, irregularly fitted into each other, and arranged in irregular courses, precisely as all the walls of known Cyclopean *origin* discovered in Greece and Italy are constructed. There is another and still more remarkable instance of the architectural identity which we are endeavouring to demonstrate. Some of their palaces, but more especially the combined temple, palace, and city of Palenque, are characterised by the well-known Cyclopean arch, consisting of receding steps of stone in a triangular form. At Palenque a rectangular square is surrounded by cloisters built in this manner, being lighted by windows bearing the exact form of the Egyptian Tau.

We have thrown a rapid glance over the architecture, and over the sculptures which exist in New Spain in the various ruined monuments of the extraordinary and powerful nation whose empire, along with every certain memorial of their name, has long passed away. We shall proceed to draw upon the descriptions and illustrations in the works before us for an equally brief, and, we hope, perspicuous and popular view: 1st, of their personal characteristics and costume; 2d, of their religion and religious rites; 3d, of their hieroglyphical language, and of the state of science among them. We purpose to conclude, by enquiring into the origin of these extraordinary people—whence they came—who they were—how it was that they imbued the mythology of New Spain with the most striking analogies to the mythological system, which is known to have existed in the most remote times in Egypt, India, and even in Italy. We shall advert, in the course of this enquiry, to the theory especially taken up by Lord Kingsborough—and which runs through the whole of his seven gigantic volumes—that they were Jews; and that even the Mexicans who succeeded them were a tribe of the Hebrew nation. We shall enquire into the probability of this startling and rather eccentric theory. We propose to conclude the whole enquiry, by the aid of such facts and evidences as we shall be able to bring forward, with establishing an hypothesis that will satisfy our readers, and will at all events be pronounced not at all improbable, if not entirely capable of demonstration. The personal characteristics, physiognomy, and costume of the extraordinary nation, whose monuments we are discussing, and whom, for the sake of avoiding confusion and prolixity, we shall call Tultecans—although we doubt the strict propriety of the designation—will be found among the illustrations of Castaneda, accompanying the original work of *Dupaix*; and which are copied by the artist employed in the *Antiquités Mexicaines*, published in Paris at the *Bureau* of Mexican Antiquities. Both, however, merely reproduce, and thereby honourably prove the accuracy of the illustrations published long previously by Captain Del Rio, in his Description of the Ruins of an Ancient City. The sculptures in question are most extraordinary, and bring before us a people as extraordinary as if they appertained

to another planet. Their physiognomy is unlike any of the various families of the human race, with which any other sculptures or monumental records had previously rendered us familiar. Their receding forehead, their low facial angle, and the conical form of their heads, would, according to the ordinary principles of the craniologists, indicate little short of idiotism, did we not perceive, on the very monuments where the elementary data of craniology would seem to testify against them, marks of a powerful, civilised, and enlightened people. The sculptures which reveal these novel characteristics in the outward form and lineaments of a distinct nation, are bas-reliefs, which appear in the form of metopes on the square pilasters, which, alternating with similar square door-ways, form the outward façade of the Cyclopean cloisters which surround one of the rectangular courts of the great temple of Palenque. The architectural forms, with which these sculptures are associated, are as unique as the sculptures themselves: yet is there a general resemblance to the metopes of the Greek temples, inasmuch as, in the instance of the Parthenon itself, two analogous figures appear on each tablet, one of the victor, the other of the vanquished. Other physiognomical characteristics, not less singular than the low angle of their facial elevation, mark the countenance of the extraordinary people thus curiously preserved for our inspection. The nose is large, long, and prominent, so much so as to amount to a deformity, when contrasted with the receding forehead. The facial line recedes in the same singular manner from the base of the nostrils to the termination of the chin. But, as if these curious physiognomical signs were not sufficient to distinguish them from any race of people with which we are acquainted, the receding angle of the lower portion of the face is grotesquely broken by an unsightly protrusion of the lower lip. These are the general characteristics of the nation. But there are some of the sculptures which depict individuals less revolting to the European standard of physiognomical beauty. These characteristics are still more important than they are singular, inasmuch as we think they will help, in the course of the ensuing investigation, to furnish tolerably clear views of the origin, or, at least, of the original location of the people.

We follow the subject into the next division, according to the line we have chalked out;—we mean the costume of the people represented on the metopes in question, as well as in the sanctuaries and on the walls of different temples. It has been rather rashly intimated in a learned periodical, which glanced at the subject some few years ago, that the costume in question is perfectly Egyptian. This is not the case; there are some striking analogies with the Egyptian costume, but there are at the same time differences from it as striking. The Egyptian apron, compared with the corresponding Tultecan covering, was very different. It was generally of striped cotton, and folded in a peculiar manner, a portion of it forming a girdle, and passing between the legs, resembling a similar article of dress worn by the East Indians at the present day. But the Tultecan apron resembles the Roman military apron, or the Scotish philibeg. It descends from the waist, and covers the thigh down to the knee; it is, however, distinguished by one Egyptian appendage, namely, by the mimic tail of an animal, which appears (as a mark of ancient origin probably) to have adorned the Tultecan hero as it adorned the Egyptian demigod. Nothing like a tunic, supported by straps, sometimes covered by a cuirass and girdled at the waist, which was the dress of the military and superior class in Egypt, is to be found in the Tultecan costume. The apron is supported by a baldric, which descends from the right shoulder to the left side, and joins the girdle at the waist.

There are, however, some strong resemblances; thus the breastplate and collar of the Tultecans were sometimes decorated with a symbol of the sun. The armlets, bracelets, and anklets, strikingly resemble the Egyptian. But the legs of the Tultecan heroes are invested with sandals, some of them reaching above the ancle, and strikingly resembling the Roman; some of them, like greaves, cover the leg as high as the lower part of the knee, and some of them in every respect seem to resemble the Highland sandal;—so minutely, indeed, as even to imitate the same diagonal cross-lined pattern. The patterns of the stuffs of which the aprons are made, are often various and elegant, sometimes flowered, diamonded, or leopard-spotted. Rich ornaments of gold, silver, or jewels, would seem to have been used on the baldric, the girdle, the fringes of the apron, and the sandals. The apron, thus richly decorated for the male, becomes, strictly speaking, a petticoat for the Tultecan females; descending as low as the foot, but equally distinguished by variety of pattern and ornaments. The whole costume might be safely described as at once gorgeous and elegant, and certainly in no wise inferior in either of those qualifications to the Egyptian; but the effect is greatly deteriorated by the grotesque wildness of the head-dress. In the midst of this difference, however, it is curious that there should still be a striking resemblance to the Egyptian style of head-dress. The object was in both cases the same; namely, to express some symbolical properties peculiar to the wearer. There appears to have been a great variety of these symbolic forms in both cases; but some of the Egyptian head-dresses are extremely elegant, some tasteful, some beautiful. Even those that most revolt our notions of correct taste, have a certain regularity about them, and the obvious meaning intended to be conveyed by the symbols of which the latter are composed somewhat reconciles us to their incongruous forms. But none of these terms will apply with propriety to the Tultecan head-dresses, which generally appear to have been characterised by a grotesque extravagance, bordering closely on the absurd. The head-dresses in question are constructed out of certain combinations of symbols, like the Egyptian; all having, no doubt, their distinct and combined meaning; but there is neither regularity nor taste, generally speaking, in their separate forms or combinations. There are, however, exceptions. Some of the female head-dresses exhibited in the illustrations of Castaneda are graceful, and even elegant. At the foot of the Tultecan victor, as represented in these sculptures, generally appear vanquished enemies, either kneeling, or in some attitude denoting humiliation. Their costume is plainer, but their physiognomical characteristics denote that they were a family or tribe of the same nation. The most singular appendages to the Tultecan heroes are the instruments either of war, music, or agriculture, which they hold in their hands; they are grotesque and almost unintelligible. Some of them, however, appear to have been instruments of music, with a great number of strings stretched on pegs; others are obviously sceptres and symbols of different functions, or degrees of authority. There is one concluding remark to be made on the Tultecan costume, which is important, as it may contribute to throw light on our proposed concluding investigation. Attached to the girdles of some of the Tultecan warriors, appear, in the form of a warlike ornament, a head or heads (embalmed in all probability) of their vanquished enemies.

We proceed to the next division of the subject; namely, the religion and religious rites peculiar to the extraordinary people from whom the veil of oblivion is withdrawn by means of the illustrations under our notice. There is in this part of the subject, as well as in the preceding, a striking Egyptian analogy. The gods of the Tultecans appear sculptured in bas-relief, in the dark inner rooms of extant temples. We will take one as an instance of the analogy to which we allude. It will be instantly seen that the idol bears no resemblance to the monstrous deformities peculiar to the gloomy superstition of the Mexicans, and which that cruel and barbarous people bathed in the blood of innumerable victims. Portrayed on the inner wall of the adytum of one of the sanctuaries belonging to the great temple of Palenque, appears the chief god of the Tultecan people. He would appear to have been their only god. He is worshipped symbolically under other forms, and in other localities; but we are not familiar with any other sculptured indication of a worshiped divinity. Our opinion is, that he is strictly identifiable with the Osiris of Egypt and the Adonis of Syria; or rather, that he is the ancient god called *Adoni-Siris*—a well-known classical combination (and therefore identification) of both divinities.

In the first place, he is enthroned on a couch perfectly Egyptian in its model; namely, it is constructed somewhat in the form of a modern couch—a cushioned plinth, resting on the claws and four limbs of the American lion. We may at once emphatically say, that there is no real difference between the above couch and that peculiarly designated as Egyptian, and which is reproduced in all the tombs and palaces of Egypt. The god is characterised by the same physiognomy as that which distinguishes his worshipers. He is, however, seated in the Hindoo or Asiatic fashion—not in the Egyptian, his legs being crossed under him. On his head he wears a conical cap, not differing much from that which the *Osiris* of Egypt wears, and connected doubtless like the upper division of the *Pschent*, with the symbolic idea of fire, or the upper hemisphere. Two additional symbols—the one Egyptian, the other not, but equally intelligible, namely, the *lotus* and the *column* affixed to the cap, clearly indicate the same triune divinity. Of the *lotus* not a word need be said. Every tyro knows its Egyptian associations; but the *column* is never used on any Egyptian head-dress. It was nevertheless an unquestionable symbol of Osiris, and thus completes the identification. All the remaining appurtenances of the sculptured picture concur in establishing the same hypothesis. It was on the back of a similar leonine couch that both the cognate gods of Egypt and of Syria—Osiris and Adonis—underwent their three days' entombment, previously to their fourth day's resurrection. It was during this interim that, in both cases, their devotees or their priests made offerings to both deities of flowers in pots, and thence the proverbial designation of the "Gardens of Adonis." They were doubtless intended to be symbolical of the lost Hesperian garden—the pagan paradise forfeited by man's fall, and to which the dead and revived Adonis or Horus was destined to restore him. All these characteristics are complete in the sculptured tablets to which we are referring. A priestess kneels before the Tultecan god in the attitude of adoration, and offers him a pot of flowers; but the "*sacred garden*" in the Tultecan vase does not consist of the mint offered to Osiris, nor of the gilded apples and lettuces offered to Adonis, but of an equally expressive if not of a more beautiful symbol, the flower of the blood-stained hand-plant or *Manitas*, held sacred, as all the monuments attest, throughout New Spain. We have only one additional remark to make: on the sculptured tablet over the head of the deity, appear, precisely in the Egyptian fashion, the phonetic characters of his name, in an oblong square; and although the oval was devoted to the names of kings in Egypt, the scholar will recollect that the oblong square was devoted to the names of gods. But neither of the phonetic character nor of the symbolic character, which appear to have constituted the two divisions of the Tultecan hieroglyphical language, do we at the present time know any thing. Another sculpture of a more extensive kind appears on the wall of another sanctuary at Palenque: it represents the same divinity, not in a human but in an animal form; but it perfectly corroborates our preceding inferences, and establishes the identification for which we contend.

Instead of being symbolised in the form of the sacred hawk, as in Egypt, surrounded by rays of lilies, standing on the Egyptian cross, the lower end of which terminates in a heart-shaped spade—a common *anagliph* on most of the Egyptian thrones—the sacred bird of the Tultecans, the rainbow-coloured pheasant of Central America, is represented standing on the Tultecan cross—resembling the Christian*—and with its lower extremity terminating in a similar heart-formed spade. The subject of the sculpture shows the simplicity of the worship. Two Tultecan heroes, priests or chiefs, stand beside the sacred bird; one of them holds an infant in his arms; and it may be fairly inferred that the sculpture represents a dedication to the god—perhaps a species of baptism—which we know, from Tertullian, was a rite practised by the votaries of the god Adonis. There appears to be the indication of a similar ceremony in a detached temple near Mitlan. The sculptures of the sacellum, representing the god, have been obliterated; but the forms of females bearing infants in their arms, with the apparent intention of consecrating them to the divinity, are seen on the lateral faces of the pilasters of the doorway. The first of the sculptures which we have been describing, must, in its original condition, have produced a noble and imposing effect. All the details are tasteful, and highly ornamental. The pictural parts of the design stand out in a prominent manner; while vertical and horizontal lines of hieroglyphics, peculiar to the people who left these monuments, and descriptive,

* A similar cross, translated Saviour, appears on the Rosetta stone.

doubtless, of the ceremony, fill up, precisely in the form adopted in Egypt, all the interstices of this extraordinary sculpture.

The temples, of which we have previously given a cursory and superficial view, themselves supply all that is requisite to complete the argument, if any thing be requisite, as to the nature of the religious rites practised in them. In touching this part of the subject, it will be useful to begin with a brief proposition as to the theological character of their architecture.

All the temples of Egypt and Greece have their theological character. These, like the palaces of New Spain, the impressive feature of which is melancholy grandeur, bear upon them the unmistakable signs of their theological origin and meaning. Their extant forms are peculiar to New Spain; but the original type of them is on record; and the antiquarian will not fail immediately to recognise in them the high-places of Syria, Palestine and Judæa. They are, to our view, most striking, most impressive, and, at the same time, most unique monuments. Like those of the Egyptians, they are all distinguished by architectural peculiarities, exclusively appertaining to the people who erected them. A high-place of three successive terraces or steps generally constitutes the platform of the temple. The terraces themselves resemble, in their sloping form, that which the Egyptian architects peculiarly affected. On the top of the high-place was an oblong rectangular court; in the centre of this court stood the temple, divided, like the cavern temples of Nubia, into three dark rooms, built of stone, and having an ark or barn-shaped roof. The innermost of these three rooms constitutes the sanctuary. Painted sculptures decorate these rooms occasionally. Sometimes the staircase ascends the high-place in front, traversing the curvilinear terraces in a straight line to the door of the temple. That which we have described (we have the temple of Guatusco especially in our eye) may be considered as the typical form of all the temples and high-places of New Spain. They were occasionally built upon a larger or more magnificent scale. Occasional variation was imparted to the square form of the area, and the triple form of the terraces, by staircases ascending to the sanctuary from each of the cardinal points. The effect of these ascending stairs is often very striking; and sometimes the picturesque effect of these peculiar terraces is rendered beautiful by a graceful irregularity, or curvilinear form, being imparted to the outward acclivity of the angle. The high-place sometimes (as at Tehuantepec) has a circular instead of a square ground-plan, and in that case will remind antiquarians of the well-known *Tepes*, or high-places of Syria, which are described as resembling a woman's breast. The Syrian origin of these structures would thus seem to be presumptively made out. We ought to observe, that the sloping terraces above described are made of permanent materials. They are generally constructed of large blocks of stone, sometimes arranged in regular and sometimes in irregular courses, but fitted together with true architectural skill, and covered with a stucco admirably constructed, and as hard as stone. This stucco, in some instances, (as at Oaxaca and Xochichalco,) was ornamented with sculptures, bearing a striking affinity in their design to the style called arabesque. It appears to have been, in some cases, covered with a purple colour, which, when these structures were in "high and palmy state," must have produced a tasteful, if not a magnificent, effect.

The *archetypal* form of the Tultecan sacred edifices, with such varieties as we have been describing, and which distinguishes their architecture from that which characterises any extant monuments of any known nation whatever, appears to have prevailed throughout the whole extent of the regions of Central America occupied by this extraordinary people. But the simple form of sacred architecture, such as we have described, was sometimes combined with other forms of civil and palatial architecture. The combination has produced architectural monuments worthy of the highest civilisation. The combination especially existed at the city of Palenque, where the great temple dedicated to Adoni-Siris —as we have contended—appears to unite within its gigantic precincts all the forms of architecture to which we have been just adverting. For the details of its plan, which are at once artificial, intelligible, imposing, and unique, we refer generally to the ample and minute illustrations of Castaneda in the *Antiquités Mexicaines*. A general glance at the structure will, however, be necessary for the purpose of obtaining all the remaining lights requisite to complete our view of the origin of the builders. We are not surprised at the enthusiasm excited in Del Rio, Dupaix, and other more recent travellers, while surveying and describing this vast and singular structure. Neither are we, indeed, surprised at the inference drawn by Lord Kingsborough—especially as it is in full conformity with the Jewish theory of American origination which pervades his volumes—that this vast pile is built after the model of Solomon's Temple. Abrupt and extravagant as such a proposition may appear, we are quite willing to admit that there would be strong architectural grounds for the inference, provided his main theory were correct. The structure, as we have said, is calculated to awaken surprise and admiration. It may be appropriately termed an ecclesiastical city rather than a temple. It seems to be the locality of the chief cathedral church of the Tultecan religion. Within its vast precincts there appear to be contained (as indeed was, in some measure, the case with the area that embraced the various buildings of Solomon's Temple) a pyramidal tower—various sanctuaries—sepulchres—a small and a large quadrangular court, one surrounded, as we have said, by cloisters,—subterranean initiatory galleries beneath,—oracles, courts of justice, high-places, and cells or dwellings for the various orders of the priests. The whole combination of the buildings is encircled by a quadrilateral pilastered portico, embracing a quadrangular area, and resting on a terraced platform. This platform externally exhibits the same architectural model which we have described as characterising the single temples. It is composed of three graduated stuccoed terraces, sloping inwards, at an angle of about seventy degrees, in the form of a truncated pyramid. Four central staircases (one facing each of the cardinal points) ascend these terraces in the middle of each lateral façade of the quadrangle; and four gates, fronting the same cardinal points, conduct from the top of each staircase into the body of the building, or into the great court. The great entrance, through a pilastered gateway, fronts the east, and descends by a second flight of steps into the cloistered court. On the various pilasters of the upper terrace are the metopes, with the singular sculptures we have described. On descending the second staircase into the cloistered court, on one side appears the triple pyramidal tower, which may be inferred, from the curious distribution of little cells which surround the central room of each story, to have been employed as a place of royal or private sepulture. It would be pronounced a striking and tasteful structure according to any architectural rule. On another side of the same cloistered court is the detached temple of the chief god, to whom the whole religious building appears to have been devoted—whom we have described as bearing all the characteristics of the Syrian god Adoni-Siris—and who appears to have been the great and only god of the nations who worshiped in this temple. Beneath the cloisters, entered by well-staircases from above, are what we believe to be the initiatory galleries. These opened into rooms, one of which has a stone couch in it, and others are distinguished by unintelligible apparatus carved in stone. The only symbol described as found within these sacred haunts, is, however, perfectly Asiatic and perfectly intelligible—we mean, two contending serpents. The remnant of an altar, or high-place, occupies the centre of the cloistered quadrangle. The rest of the edifice is taken up with courts, palaces, detached temples, open divans, baths, and streets of priestly cells or houses, in a greater or less degree of dilapidation.

But we have said enough to demonstrate what this building must have been in its undecayed and primitive condition; and what means for royal or national pomp, or priestly procession, were afforded by the great eastward staircase ascending to the chief gateway, and by the descending staircase leading from the upper pilastered terrace through the same gateway into the cloistered quadrangle; distinguished as it was by the vicinity of imposing sacred structures such as we have described. A poetical imagination may readily conceive what the effect of the magnificent costume of the Tultecan assemblages must have been, in the midst of the forms of wild but sublime architecture, lighted up at the people's yearly intercalary festival of the "Feast of Lamps," (which they had in common with Egypt, China, and Syria,) by vases of burning aromatics and torches of the fragrant *ule* tree.

Every circumstance tends to prove that the creed of this people was all but blameless, being a form of patriarchal deism, which however permitted some few varieties of symbolic representation. The two contending serpents which we have described attest the presence of an Ophite people and of an Ophite worship. It was the symbol by which, throughout the East, (and especially in Persia,) the conflict of light and darkness, of good and evil, was depicted. But the chief god, according to this universal and primitive religious system—whether he was called Adoni-Siris, Horus, Hercules, Balder, or Oromazes—was destined, after a temporary descent into hell, and in the two first instances a three days' entombment, to triumph over the grave, to supersede darkness by eternal light, moral vicissitude by unchangeable good, and to set his heel upon the crushed head of the serpent of evil, by whatever name that serpent was designated in different countries, Typhon, or Saturn, or Ahrimanes. This would appear to be the simple creed of the Tultecan nation. It is perfectly clear, from the few records of their religious rites which have come down to us, and which are principally derived from the extraordinary rolls of American papyrus,* on which their beautiful hieroglyphical system is preserved, (there is one of considerable extent in the Dresden Museum,) that they were as simple, perhaps we may add with propriety, as innocent. Not only does it appear that they had no human sacrifices, but no animal sacrifices whatever. Flowers and fruits were the only offerings made to the presiding divinity of their temples.

How different such a religious system and such a divinity were from the hideous idols and sanguinary sacrifices of the Mexican people, it is not requisite to urge. Sufficient evidence, we are assured, has been adduced to prove the utter distinction between two nations hitherto confounded, namely, the Mexicans and the people whom, for the sake of the argument, we have throughout this paper found it expedient to designate as Tultecans. Our belief, however, is, that they were a branch of the great Cyclopean family, the shepherd kings of Egypt, the Anakim of Syria, the Oscans of Etruria, and the Pelasgians of Greece, the Titans or giants of classic fable; and who are recorded to have been severally expelled from Egypt and Syria. If any evidences were further wanting to prove the above complete distinction, the mere fact of their having possessed an obvious hieroglyphical language, with its proper phonetic and symbolic divisions, would be sufficient to supply the deficiency. The Mexicans, at the time of the conquest, had only advanced on the road of civilisation—of which the progress of language is one of the best indices—from the point of the first rudely scratched imitation of natural objects by the Indian savages on trees and rocks, up to the point of the scarcely less barbarous expedient of the picture language, improved, as we are willing to admit that language had become, under the intelligent auspices of Montezuma. The interval between this point and the perfected system of hieroglyphical language possessed by the Tultecans is vast indeed.

Nations do not go back on the road of civilisation from a complete knowledge, to an inferior or barbarian knowledge. The inference is quite clear—the Tultecans and the Mexicans were two totally distinct nations. The one was just emerging from savage life: the other was highly civilised. The inference is equally fair, that the civilised people were swept away by some sudden irruption of North American barbarians, who occupied their seats, and availed themselves, as far as their ignorance and the obliteration of their victims enabled them to do, of some of the more obvious and elementary arts or sciences of the preceding state of civilisation. The same circumstance occurred in Italy when the Etrurians superseded the Oscan branch of the Cycoplean family.

Before we enter upon the concluding division of the subject, such as we have proposed, namely, an investigation of the theory that the people of the monuments were the ten lost tribes—a very few words are requisite to complete all we have to say on the subject of the hieroglyphical language of the Tultecans. We shall be very brief in touching upon it, for the best of reasons: inadequate supply of information. As far as regards its

* Formed of the prepared fibres of the maguey.

symbolical division, we know but little, or rather next to nothing. It is probable that a light may be thrown upon it, now that the attention of the learned has been awakened to the subject of these very extraordinary antiquities, by a careful collection of the various manuscripts containing the hieroglyphical language in question, which are extant in several of the museums of Europe. In its external form it resembles neither the Egyptian nor the Chinese system. The general collocation of the symbols is pleasing to the eye, exhibiting an irregularity in the midst of regular design, and somewhat resembles the effect produced by florid or ornamental alphabetical characters. A number of the symbols contain forms of objects with which we are wholly unfamiliar. Culinary, warlike, agricultural, hunting, fishing, and commercial instruments, are occasionally seen among them. Sometimes instruments of music, sometimes jewellery, appear; sometimes vegetable, and sometimes animal symbols. All that appertains to the *head*, whether figuratively or imitatively expressed, would appear to be classed under the form of the *head*, and thus it constitutes a numerous class of combined symbols representing combined ideas. In the same manner, all that appertains to the *hand* or the *foot*, is classed under the hand or foot.

In this respect, the system resembles the Chinese; and the paramount or radical form of the combined symbol would readily furnish the means of constructing a key or a mode of classification for the whole hieroglyphical alphabet, such as the Chinese *have*; and such as the Egyptians *may have had*, but which has *not yet been found*.

It is our view that any investigation of the Tultecan hieroglyphical system must follow the clue that we have thus given. The phonetic system of the Tultecans is, however, intelligible at a first glance. The sounds intended to be conveyed by the symbols are conveyed syllabically or heraldically. So far it resembles the Chinese. Indeed, the barbarous Mexicans adopted a mode of designating names, which may be also termed heraldic. The names common even up to this day, among the North American savages, and therefore, in all probability, among their North American ancestors—such as "Wolf," "Great Hog," "Bear," "Rattle-snake," "Sword-fish," or "Hawk," were represented by *crests* rudely fashioning the same animal forms which surmounted the helmets of their warriors and the diadems of their kings. Indeed, it is curious that similar heraldic names for persons or places should appear on ancient Tultecan shields carved in stone, the forms and symbols of which the Mexicans appear to have borrowed. The phonetic language, as we have said, was syllabic or heraldic. A single instance will suffice to explain this proposition. The head of a Tultecan king appears along with two others sculptured in the pyramidal tower of Palenque. Over it is the name inscribed in the oblong phonetic rectangle. The name is *Acatla-potzin*. It is composed of two words: the first word implying *reeds*—the other *hand*. The symbol of a *hand*, therefore, and the symbol of *reeds*, convey the sounds of the name *Acatla-potzin*.

Our great aim hitherto has been to extricate the subject from the confusion in which it has been involved, by drawing a line of marked distinction between the monuments of Mexican and Tultecan art. The Mexican, thus separated, are nevertheless worthy of a separate discussion. There are matters growing out of that discussion, whether philological, as connected generally with the origin and growth of language, or historical, as connected specially with the origin of the savage tribes of America, and with their progress at the time of the Spanish conquest towards civilisation, which are replete with the most attractive interest, and imbued with the deepest importance. But we should not have space for so long an investigation as this department of the subject, thus detached and distinct as we have proved it to be, would (in order that we might do it adequate justice) claim at our hands. We shall merely say, that ample, voluminous, almost inexhaustible means of throwing full light upon every corner of the subject are to be found in the numerous volumes under our review. Its vast extent renders its present postponement more reasonable, or, rather, indispensable. It will be more convenient to ourselves, and more advantageous to the reader and to the subject, to make it (distinct as it is from the whole train of our preceding argument) the theme of a distinct article.

It has been brought forward as a theory by Lord Kingsborough and others, (Cabrera, the commentator on Del Rio included,) that the ten lost tribes of the Israelites, who were carried away captive during the reign of Hoshea, King of Judah, by Salmanazer, King of Assyria, and who were by him scattered among the different nations of northeastern Asia subjected to his rule, passed over into America, which they originally peopled; and that to this circumstance is attributable the striking and almost entire analogy alleged to exist between the ancient Jewish rites, customs, laws, manners, and forms of building, and the whole series of Mexican antiquities, subjected to the public eye in the illustrations of the works under review.

It is due to Lord Kingsborough to state, that he makes occasional distinction between the Tulteques and the Azteques, who founded the Mexican empire; but generally speaking, like all other antiquarian literati who have treated the subject, he confounds two nations and two eras, and having thus—certainly to the advantage of commodiously simplifying his argument—fused together the whole voluminous and incongruous mass of Tulteque and Azteque, of civilised and uncivilised, relics of antiquity, he erects, upon the hollow and suppositious base thus thrown together, the whole structure of his theory. It will be requisite to bear in mind, before we proceed to examine it, our previous admission, which we now repeat,—that there are points both of contact and of identity between the Tultecan and the Mexican antiquities. This must naturally have been the case, and for the reasons we have stated before; namely, that the Azteque victors, who expelled and occupied the seats of the Tulteques, in Central America, availed themselves (as the Goths did at the fall of the Roman empire) of such portions and fragments of the arts and sciences and policy of the vanquished people, as were either indispensable or intelligible to them. Those old fragments of the social edifice were, as in the case of the Gothic irruption, commingled or incorporated with the less polished elements and coarser materials of the new. And it may be stated here—since the statement will be of essential service, in enabling us to come to a clear and settled decision upon the subject—that, among other memorials of the knowledge of the vanquished people, the Azteques preserved one which must have been deemed indispensable to any thing like an orderly social existence—we mean the calendars, the cycles, and the astronomical system generally, of the Tultecan sacred or scientific colleges.

There is a strong, and, as we think, irresistible objection to the Jewish theory of American origination, on the very threshold of the enquiry. What are the physical characteristics of the American Indians? The answer to this question, we apprehend, entirely subverts this imaginary structure. The native American population, as every tyro in natural history knows, are *red, and beardless*. They are marked by other unmistakable characteristics, which announce them indisputably to be a perfectly distinct variety of the common species, man. They are perfectly distinct from the three other varieties, namely, the Black, the Mongolian, and the Caucasian races. They are most distinct of all from this last, which is the race to which the Jews belong. The American Indians, therefore, cannot be Jews. Is it possible, by any argumentative ingenuity or sophistical adroitness, to induce plain thinkers to believe that the Jews—remarkable for their bushy beards, for their sallow complexions, for the peculiar form of their eyelids, and the expression of their eyes, for the *family* model of feature and person, in which the whole nation from time immemorial appears to have been cast—should, through some unintelligible or supernatural agency, on passing into America, lose their beards, exchange their sallow complexions for that of the red-skinned race, and their characteristic physiognomy for a physiognomy as opposite as it is possible for any thing to be, whether we look to the exaggerated profile of the Tultecan portraits of a red, beardless, and purely American people, or to the flat and broad faces, and high cheek-bones which characterise the native Mexicans of the present day, and the American Indians generally? The idea of such a change is perfectly absurd. The Jewish theory cannot be true, for the simple reason that it is impossible.

Having thus cleared away this incoherent impediment, thrown by the laborious fancifulness of learned system-building into our path, we come at once to the question—How was America originally peopled?

Two subordinate questions rest upon this, and may be answered at the same time: Who were the Tulteques of the monuments, or the people so called, and whence came they? And who were, and whence came the Azteques, who superseded them?

From the scriptural account—the only reasonable account (since every day supplies corroboration of its truth) of the first colonisation of the earth under different and clearly designated heads of nations, proceeding from a common centre, near the table-land of Mount Ararat, no indisputable light can be obtained. There are two theories, both gratuitous, and both improbable:

1st. That an especial race of men was made for the purpose of peopling America, who are not named in scriptural history, and who had no participation in the events recorded by the historian of Genesis.

2d. That the red race, detaching themselves, like the other races of men, from the central ligature of their common birth-place, for the same purpose of colonising the world, passed into America, either from the northern coasts of Asia, or from the chain of Indian isles which stud the ocean between the southeastern coast of Asia, midway to the American continent.

We need not seriously discuss the first proposition; we entertain doubts of the probability of the second, considering the earliness of the period, and considering the want of shipping for the transfer. We do not, however, dispute the hypothesis (and we think it highly probable), that America may have been visited at later periods from both points, and perhaps may have been colonised at both points, at least to such a degree as to produce those differences in the native American tribes which were observable when first they were discovered, and which are observable at the present day. There is more difficulty in accounting for a colonisation from the southern coasts of Asia than from the north. The fair inference therefore is, that, in the first case, the transfer could only have been effected by a comparatively civilised nation at a late period of the world's chronology; while in the latter case there is no great difficulty in the belief that savage tribes may, at any given time, have passed in their boats across the narrow interval which, at Behring's Straits, divides the American from the Asiatic continent. It is fair to infer, therefore, in the absence of any decided lights upon the subject, that, for a long period (perhaps for some ages) after the period of the general migration of the human family in the time of Peleg, America remained unpeopled and uncolonised. There is, however, no difficulty in the belief, nor will it interfere in the slightest degree with the credibility of the theory we are about to propose—that at the time of Peleg, the red race, accompanying their brethren, the Mongolian race, towards the extreme northeastern districts of Asiatic Russia, may have passed beyond them towards the shores of the Arctic Ocean; and, after a certain period, constructing boats, (to the construction of which they would be compelled by the necessity of deriving sustenance from fishing,) traversed Behring's Straits, and thus commenced the colonisation of the transatlantic continent. This, however, is a problem, and must, we apprehend, ever remain so. It can only be assumed as a probability.

But who were the Tulteques? and who were the Azteques? are the next questions we have proposed to answer. We have already given the most satisfactory reason for not concurring with the proposition that they were Jews. The confusion between these two people (the Azteques and the Tulteques) is in reality as disreputable to writers as the confusion between their antiquarian monuments and language. Both, nevertheless, are native American Indians. Both belong to the primitive type of red and beardless men. In every other physiognomical characteristic, the Tulteques of the ancient monuments differed totally from the Mexican Indians, at the time of the conquest, and differ now. On the other hand, there is no difference in the physiognomical characteristics of the Azteques, as recorded in the Mexican picture-writings, and the Mexicans themselves. Their identity, which the Mexicans themselves asserted, may be considered as proved. There is no occasion to waste time in unnecessary argument. They asserted that they came from the regions of North America; that, after an interrupted progress of many years, they reached the central district which they occupied at the

time of the Spanish conquest; and all the evidences to be collected from the same curious records tend to substantiate the truth of their assertion. It is therefore extremely probable (and it exhibits a singular coincidence between the histories of the New and the Old World.) that savage tribes, descending from the same northern regions of Asiatic Scythia, whence all barbarian irruptions have proceeded, and traversing Behring's Straits, pressed downwards in America, as they did in Europe and Asia from time immemorial, upon the tempting seats of southern civilisation, and, expelling the occupants by conquest, established themselves in their room. The picture-writings of the Azteques exhibit the whole progress of this barbarous irruption, from the time when (like the present Arctic savages,) armed with fish-bone spears, and clothed in skins, they commenced the long vicissitudes of their aggressive march, down to the time when, invested with a more civilised costume and panoplied in complete suits of armour, with the dentated clubs and condor-visored helmets peculiar to them, they are seen successively vanquishing the resistance, burning the temples, and storming the fortresses of the central Americans.

Who then were the Tulteques of the monuments is the next question which naturally arises? Who were that extraordinary race sculptured on the monuments of New Spain, who, although identified with the native American population by the two chief characteristics of being red and beardless, differ in every other respect, and not less in their physiognomy and person, than in their costume and in the extraordinary structures which they erected, from every other race of men with which history or antiquarian discovery has rendered us familiar. That they were not Jews, we think is almost self-evident. Our proposition is, that they were a branch of the shepherd kings, Anakim, or Cyclopeans. Our opinion is, that they were Canaanites; they may have been Hivites (a nation clearly identified with the Ophite worship), and occupying a portion of the maritime coasts of Phœnicia. All the primitive Canaanites affirmed their descent from, or family relationship with, the Anakim, or the giants—the scriptural Titans, who, according to the Oriental language of the sacred historian, "built cities with walls, and towers reaching to heaven." The metaphor merely implied the gigantic style of architecture, technically called Cyclopean. These people were clearly the Titans and giants of the poets of early history, and the Pelasgians, or wandering architects, of an equally vague, though later era. They had the same designation in all the parts of the ancient world, and were always associated, wherever they went, with two ideas—one, that they were men of great stature, and masons or builders; the other, that they were expelled from their native seats, and were continually wandering. Thence they were called alternately, by the classics, giants and wandering masons. They are clearly identified with the Cyclopean structures of New Spain, by the well-known tradition of the Indians, who told the Spaniards, at the time of the conquest, *that they were "built by the giants, and by a people called the Wandering Builders or Masons."* Pagan tradition, in the Orphic hymns, in Hesiod, and other fragments of classical antiquity, vaguely depicts them as expelled from the neighbourhood of Babel, by the wrath of the offended gods, in consequence of having attempted to storm heaven, by building a lofty tower, or, according to another version, by piling rocks on rocks. It would appear that their great offence was their refusing to locate themselves according to a divine law, or, it may be, in opposition to a convention of the whole human race, when colonisation and division of the earth became necessary. They thus retained stations assigned to other tribes or families, and were successively driven out by those to whom the lot belonged. Hence their wandering designation and character. Under the well known title of shepherd kings, they made an irruption into Egypt, occupied it by force during one hundred and twenty years, and left behind them the architectural evidences, which always attended their locality, in the pyramids and other primitive memorials of Cyclopean architecture. Thence, also, in process of time they were expelled. They were also expelled or subjugated in Greece and Italy. The same result occurred in Syria. To the Canaanite nation, termed *Anakim*, or giants, all the ancient Cyclopean monuments which exist in the mountain regions of Syria are assignable. Interfering there again with the spirit and tendency of the universal law of colonisation, by which all the families of men had concurred in dividing the earth, they retained districts, which, by divine ordinance, had been predestined for the Jews, and were consequently driven from their mountain fortresses and again made *wanderers*, by Joshua, the Jewish leader. Wherever the same race occur in the earliest records of Greece and Italy, under the name of Pelasgians, Œnotrians or Oscans, they always exhibit the same invariable characteristics of gigantic architecture, of gloomy mysteries, and of unsettled wandering.

Our theory, after this preliminary synopsis, may be as briefly as perspicuously expressed. The builders of the Cyclopean monuments of Palenque, Mitlan, Papantla, Quemada, Cholula, Chila, and Antiquerra, in New Spain, were the Anakim or Cyclopean family of Syria, who, with their brethren, the Canaanites, were vanquished or expelled by Joshua. They were not therefore Jews, but expelled by Jews. They were not the Cyclopean race, who, under the name of the shepherd kings, invaded Egypt; but they were a branch of the same family, and we believe them to be represented on the same monuments. Occupying the Ophite land, or the land of the Hivites of scripture, (and a Mexican tradition, recorded by Cabrera, indeed affirmed that they came from that land with Votan, the alleged founder of the American people,) they were, of course, a maritime nation; and it is extremely probable that they founded Tyre. One colony of Tyre was Carthage, as famous for high-places and sanguinary human sacrifices as the Mexicans. Another was Tarshish, in Asia Minor; and it probably gave the name of New Tarshish to the American continent, to which the Phœnicians of the same maritime coast, in all probability, directed their trading *triennial* voyages. It has been assumed, with some probability, by learned men, that Tarshish, called the daughter of Tyre, in scripture, may have been Carthage. The same name, which would be tantamount to the designation of New Carthage, might have been imparted to her transatlantic colony, the voyage to and from which required so long a period as three years. It is on historical record, that Carthage possessed a distant colony, the knowledge of which was retained as a state secret, not to be revealed, under pain of death. It has been supposed that the relics of the Carthaginian population, on the destruction of their empire by the Romans, may have fled in their ships to this transatlantic colony. An attempt has been made to explain some mythological analogies which the works under review collect and exhibit by some such theory as this. It can, however, only be considered as a conjectural probability, and, as it is our object rather to adduce facts than to follow shadows, we shall leave this historical problem to rest upon its own basis, and proceed to more substantial inferences, deducible from ocular proof, and illustrated by historical evidence.

Among the different representations on the walls of the Egyptian tombs and temples of the various nations on whom the Egyptians made war, there is represented a people distinguished by very striking characteristics. They are portrayed on the walls of Lougsor, as driven to their ships by Sesostris or Rameses the Great. Their deportment, their armour, and their costume, show that they were in a state of civilisation, at least equal to that of the Egyptians. They are eminently a maritime nation; they have been supposed to be Phœnicians, and it is difficult to suppose any cotemporary maritime nation besides them capable of maintaining a war with the Great Sesostris, and who is moreover recorded to have made an irruption into their territories. Now, how are these men, now almost identified with the Phœnicians by the logical necessity of the argument (for in fact there is no historical choice of any other nation)—how are they represented? They are beardless and red-skinned. Part of their costume identifies them with the American Indians, almost as much as their physical characteristics. They wear head-dresses like those worn by the Mexican nobles in the time of Cortes, and the Peruvian magnates in the time of Pizarro. They consist of a diadem, surmounted by a circle of feathers or palm branches, slightly verging outwards. *Anouki* (the *primitive Syrian Cybele*) alone wears this *head-dress* among all the Egyptian gods and goddesses. In fact, on the walls of the flower-temple of Oaxaca, and on those of Xochicalco, appear individuals of a nation identifiable with the alleged Phœnicians of the Egyptian temples. They are red and beardless; they wear a similar tunic, and the same head-dress; and they exhibit, moreover, the same elevated and classical physiognomy. We have before intimated that statues have been found, approaching, in facial outline and model, the *beau ideal* of Greek statuary. They agree in physiognomy with the people sculptured at Oaxaca and Xochicalco; nor have they any thing in common with the exaggerated features of the race of men depicted at Palenque. Our inference from the facts we have stated is, that the Mexicans were right in their tradition, that their Tultecan predecessors came with the great ancestor of the American people, Votan, from the Ophite or Hivite land, in Phœnicia. In fact, a Phœnician inscription has been found engraved on a rock, in Massachusetts.

Many curious traditions respecting this ancient emigration were preserved among the Mexican Indians, and are collected in different portions of the various works which head our article. The lights derivable from them are vague and scattered, but they may tend to impart additional probability to that which cannot be demonstrably proved. Such was the tradition, that Votan and his companions, before the emigration, were present at the building of the great tower; that, in the course of their emigration, they visited or were expelled from Egypt; a tradition true only as applied to the great Cyclopean or shepherd family, of which they formed a branch. They may, however, have passed it. There is no other land but Egypt to which such traditional designations as the land of the *dragon with seven heads*, the land of the *veils of papyrus*, the land of the *red lake or sea*, could legitimately apply.

The learned reader will here recollect the column recorded to have been found at the western extremity of the African coast, recording in Phœnician characters the flight of the Cyclopean Canaanites from the victorious Joshua—and may couple this with the Massachusetts inscription. We have adduced proofs, by combining the ancient Egyptian monuments with the monuments of New Spain, in favour of their being the Anakim of Syria or the Hivites. Both were a Phœnician people. Both may have been concerned in the transatlantic colonisation. Other probabilities might be adduced. The origin of the *Ophite* worship, or *double-serpent* worship, may be traced to Mount *Hermon*, in the country of the Hivites. It was there that Cadmus, the founder of written language, and his wife *Hermione*, were changed into two serpents, and worshipped under that form. It is quite notorious that serpent worship was the great characteristic of Mexican mythology. That it was a Tultecan dogma also, is clear from the symbols which remain at Oaxaca and Palenque, and may have been derived to the Mexicans from the Tulteques, at the same time as the admirable astronomical system of the latter, which no savages like the Azteques could possibly have invented. The astronomical wheels, always embraced by two conflicting serpents, support this view.

We have already referred to an hieroglyphic at Palenque, of two contending serpents, a symbol which the Druids of this country appear to have borrowed from their Phœnician maritime visiters. We may observe, that the fact of the Carthaginians having circumnavigated Africa, and of the Phœnicians making regular voyages to this country, renders the hypothesis of their having once reached America a much more tameable difficulty than it would otherwise appear; especially as the difficulty is lessened by the supposition that, during their compulsory wanderings, or their commercial enterprises, these people may have reached America from the southeastern shores of Asia and the Indian Archipelago.

If the serpent symbol at Palenque conveys a strong intimation of Tultecan affinity with Syria, there are numerous others of a still more convincing nature. Dupaix exhibits a silver medal, found in one of the sepulchral monuments, which indeed points to the source of the whole Ophite worship. A man and woman are represented in a garden with a great serpent near them. This is obviously a pictural record of the first pair in Eden, the serpent and the fall. The model of the temples in New Spain supplies another link of religious identification. They are built upon the model of the high-places of Phœnicia; some of them, as we have intimated, like those *tepes* or mammiform pyramids, the forms of which were affected by the Carthaginian colonists from Phœnicia. The identity of the god of the

temple of Palenque with the Adoni-Siris of Syria, has been already sufficiently argued. We may, *en passant*, notice Lord Kingsborough's startling supposition, that the great temple of Palenque and the temple of Solomon were built after the same model. With the disproved theory of the builders of Palenque being Jews, this hypothesis must also be admitted to fall. But there is more truth in it than would at first sight appear. There exists, in fact, a strong resemblance between some of the details of both, and the resemblance arises from there being one Syrian model for both. If his lordship had merely argued for the similarity of the ground-plan of both, we should have been prompted to concur with his inference. We will go further, and say that the model of the final Jewish temple, which Ezekiel describes as a future point of reunion for the whole restored and united Jewish family—and which either imitates or supersedes that of Solomon—is almost precisely like the model of the temple of Palenque; as like, in many respects, as anticipative description can be supposed to coincide with an extant exhibition of the same model.

There remains but one point of coincidence to notice, which we shall do briefly, being warned by the extent of our paper and the limit of our space. We refer to the astronomical system preserved by the semi-barbarous Mexicans, but evidently derivable from the Tulteques, or, rather traceable to a previous condition of superior civilisation. This system was not less admirable for its ingenuity than remarkable for its peculiar and exclusive character. The Mexican zodiac, unlike the Egyptian, (whence ours is derived,) is subdivided into eighteen signs, and the year into eighteen months of twenty days each. The year was thus like the Egyptian, the alleged antediluvian year of 360 days. Five intercalary days, as in Egypt, (and spent in festivals as there,) were added, in order to make up the periodical complement. But the fact of eighteen zodiacal signs, and of eighteen months instead of twelve, clearly breaks all link of connection between the founders of the monuments of New Spain and the Egyptians. Where shall we find a similar astronomical system and a similar subdivision? The reply is at once precise, and confirmatory of our hypothesis—*among the Etrurians*. They derived that system, as they did all the arts, from the Cyclopean family called Oscans, whom they vanquished and reduced to bondage. A singular fact may be added. Both the numerals, and the symbols for them, among the Etrurians, were the same as those employed by the Mexicans, and those employed on the Tultecan monuments. Another circumstance will complete our view of the identity between two branches of the same great Cyclopean family, or *Wandering Masons*, as they existed in Italy and Syria, and as they existed (in all probability cotemporaneously) in New Spain.

In all the families of languages preserved by Akerblad, there is none on record that bears the slightest analogy to the Mexican dialect. It is as singular as it is peculiar. But this language, as the phonetic names of the monuments demonstrate, was also the language of the founders of those extraordinary piles, whether Tulteques be their proper designation or not. This being the case, it will be admitted to be a most curious corroboration of our theory, that, on an Oscan monument recently discovered near the admitted Cyclopean structures of Perugia, words are found which are perfectly Mexican in their structure. The following are among them—*Spancxl, Eplt, Thunchultl.*

There is one more curiously corroborative circumstance to be adduced, and then our argument will be complete. In some of the Japanese islands, and on the southeastern shores of Asia, which we have inferred to be the point whence the expelled family of Cyclopean wanderers and architects (driven as they were from every colonised region which they necessarily visited) reached the shores of America, are to be found the relics of the same calendar and of the same astronomical system. The zodiac is there divided into eighteen signs, and the year into eighteen months of twenty days each.

We have now done with the Tultecan division of this interesting and important subject. We reserve our investigation of the Mexican monuments and antiquities, preserved in the various works which head our review, for another opportunity—merely remarking, by way of emphatic conclusion, that the term "Mexican Antiquities," hitherto applied to the class of monuments which we have been investigating in this paper, should be exchanged for Tultecan. We believe that we have been the first to draw attention to this salutary and indispensable distinction.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Vincent Desborough.

"The measure meted out to others, measured to us again."

CHAPTER I.

L. E. L. closes one of her sportive poems with the heartfelt exclamation—

"Thank Heaven that I never
Can be a child again!"

The remark falls harshly from a woman's lip; and after all does not admit of general application. There are those who were never children—with whom the heart was never young. There are those who never knew that brief but happy period when the spirit was a stranger to guile,—and the heart beat high with generous impulses—and the future was steeped in the colours of hope—and the past left behind it no sting of bitterness—and the brow was unwrinkled with care—and the soul unsullied by crime—and the lips poured forth, fondly and fervently, with unbounded and unwavering confidence, the heart's purest and earliest homage to nature and to truth. And he whose career, on the second anniversary of his death, I am tempted to record, was a living illustration of the truth of this assertion.

Vincent Desborough's prospects and position in society embraced all that an ambitious heart would seek. He was heir to a large fortune—had powerful connections—talents of no common order—and indisputable personal attractions. But every good, natural and acquired, was marred by a fatal flaw in his disposition. It was largely leavened with CRUELTY. It seemed born with him. For it was developed in very early childhood, and bade defiance to remonstrance and correction. Insects, dogs, horses, servants, all felt its virulence. And yet, on a first acquaintance, it appeared incredible that that intelligent and animated countenance, those gladsome and beaming eyes, could meditate aught but kindness and good-will to those around him. But as Lord Byron said of Ali Pacha—one of the most cruel and sanguinary of Eastern despots—that he was "by far the mildest-looking old gentleman he ever conversed with;" so it might be said of Vincent Desborough, that never was a relentless and savage heart concealed under a more winning and gentle exterior.

That parents are blind to the errors of their offspring has passed into a proverb, and Vincent's were no exception to the rule. "He was a boy," they affirmed, "of the highest promise." His ingenuity in causing pain was "a mere childish foible which would vanish with advancing years;" and his delight at seeing others suffer it, "an eccentricity which more extended acquaintance with life would teach him to discard. *All boys were cruel!*" And satisfied with the wisdom of this conclusion, the Desboroughs intrusted their darling to Doctor Scanaway, with the request that "he might be treated with *every possible* indulgence."

"No!" said the learned linguist, loudly and sternly, "not if he was heir-presumptive to the dukedom of Devonshire! Your son you have thought proper to place with me. For that preference I thank you. But if he remains with me he must rough it like the rest. You have still the power of withdrawing him."

Papa and Mamma Desborough looked at each other in evident consternation, and stammered out a disjointed disclaimer of any such intention.

"Very well!—Coppinger," said he, calling one of the senior boys, "take this lad away with you into the school-room and put a Livy into his hands. My pupils I aim at making *men*, not *milksops*—scholars, not simpletons. To do this I must have your entire confidence. If that be withheld, your son's luggage is still in the hall, and I beg that he and it may be again restored to your carriage."

"By no means," cried the Desboroughs in a breath; and silenced, if not satisfied, they made their adieus and departed.

CHAPTER II.

In Doctor Scanaway's household, Vincent met with a congenial spirit in the person of a youth some years his senior, named Gervaise Rolleston. Gervaise was a young adventurer. He was clever, active, and prepossessing; but he was poor and dependent. He discovered that, at no very distant period, accumulated wealth must descend to Vincent, and he fancied that, by submitting to his humours and flattering his follies, he might secure to himself a home in rough weather. The other had no objection to possess a faithful follower. In truth, a clever coadjutor was often indispensable for the successful execution of his mischievous projects. Mutual necessity thus proved a stringent bond to both; and between them a league was struck up, offensive and defensive, which—like other leagues on a broader scale, which are supported by wealth and wickedness—was formidable to all who opposed its designs and movements.

CHAPTER III.

Domiciled in the little village of Horbury, over which the learned doctor ruled with undisputed sway, was "a widow humble of spirit and sad of heart, for of all the ties of life, one son alone was spared her; and she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost." Moreover, he was the last of his race, the only surviving pledge of a union too happy to endure; and the widow, while she gazed on him with that air of resigned sorrow peculiar to her countenance—an air which had banished the smile, but not the sweetness, from her lips—felt that in him were concentrated all the ties which bound her to existence.

"Send Cyril to me," said the doctor to Mrs. Dormer, when he called to welcome her to the village. "No thanks—I knew his father—respected him—loved him. I like an old family—belong to one myself, though I have still to learn the benefit it has been to me!"

"I fear," replied the widow, timidly, for the recollection of very limited resources smote painfully across her, "at least I feel the requisite pecuniary consideration——"

"He shall pay when he's a fellow of his college—shall never know it before! *You've* nothing to do with it—but THEN I shall *exact* it! We will dine in his rooms at Trinity, and he shall lionise us over the building. I have long wished to see Dr. Wordsworth—good man—sound scholar!—but have been too busy these last twenty years to manage it. It's a bargain, then! You'll send him to-morrow?"

And the affectionate interest which the doctor took in little Cyril, the pains he bestowed on his progress, and the evident anxiety with which he watched and aided the development of his mind, were one among the many fine traits of character which belonged to this warm-hearted but unpolished humorist.

To Dormer, for some undefinable reason, Desborough had conceived the most violent aversion. Neither the youth of the little orphan, nor his patient endurance of insult, nor the readiness with which he forgave, nor the blamelessness of his own disposition, served to disarm the ferocity of his tormentor. Desborough, to use his own words, was "resolved to drive the little pauper from their community, or tease his very heart out."

His love for his mother, his fair and effeminate appearance, his slender figure, and diminutive stature, were the objects of his tormentor's incessant attack. "Complain, Dormer—complain at home," was the advice given him by more than one of his class-fellows.

"It would only grieve my mother," he replied, in his plaintive musical voice, "and she has had so much—Oh! so much—to distress her. I might, too, lose my present advantages; and the good doctor is so very very lenient to me. Besides, surely, Desborough will become kinder by and by, even if he does not grow weary of ill-treating me."

And thus, cheered by hope, the little martyr struggled on, and suffered in silence.

The fourth of September was the doctor's birthday, and was invariably kept as a sort of Saturnalia by all under his roof. The day—always too short—was devoted to cricket, and revelry, and manly sports; and a meadow at the back of the shrubbery, which, from its being low and marshy, was drained by dykes of all dimensions, was a favourite resort of those who were expert at leaping with a pole. The whole party were in motion at an early hour, and Cyril among the rest. Either purposely or accidentally he was separated from the others, and, on a sudden, he found himself alone

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with Desborough and Rolleston. "Come, you little coward," said the former, "leap this dyke."

"I cannot, it is too broad; and, besides, it is very deep."

"Cannot! You mean will not. But you shall be made. Leap it, sir, this instant."

"I cannot—indeed I cannot. Do not force me to try it; it is deep, and I cannot swim."

"Then learn now. Leap it, you little wretch! Leap it, I say, or I 'll throw you in. Seize him, Rolleston. We 'll teach him obedience."

"Promise me, then, that you will help me out," said the little fellow, entreatingly, and in accents that would have moved most hearts; "promise me, do promise me, for I feel sure that I shall fail."

"We promise you," said the confederates, and they exchanged glances. The helpless victim trembled—turned pale. Perhaps the recollection of his doting and widowed parent came across him, and unnerved his little heart. "Let me off, Desborough; pray let me off," he murmured.

"No! you little dastard, no! Over! or I throw you in!"

The fierce glance of Desborough's eye, and the menace of his manner, determined him. He took a short run, and then boldly sprang from the bank. His misgivings were well-founded. The pole snapped, and in an instant he was in the middle of the stream.

"Help! help! Your promise, Desborough—your promise!"

With a mocking laugh, Desborough turned away. "Help yourself, my fine fellow! Scramble out; it 's not deep. A kitten wouldn't drown!" And Rolleston, in whom better feelings for the moment seemed to struggle, and who appeared half inclined to return to the bank and give his aid, he dragged forcibly away. The little fellow eyed their movements, and seemed to feel his fate was determined. He clasped his hands, and uttered no further cry for assistance. The words "Mother! mother!" were heard to escape him; and once, and only once, did his long wavy golden hair come up above the surface for a moment. But though no human ear heeded the death-cry of that innocent child, and no human heart responded to it, the Great Spirit had his observant eye fixed on the little victim, and quickly terminated his experience of care and sorrow, by a summons to that world where the heavy laden hear no more the voice of the oppressor, and the pure in heart behold their God!

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CHAPTER IV.

The grief of the mother was frightful to witness. Her softness and sweetness of character, the patience with which she had endured sorrow and reverses, the cheerfulness with which she had submitted to the privations attendant on very limited resources, had given place to unwonted vehemence and sternness. She cursed the destroyers of her child in the bitterness of her soul. "God will avenge me! His frown will darken their path to their dying hour. As the blood of Abel cried up from the ground against the first murderer, so the blood of my Cyril calls for vengeance on those who sacrificed him. I shall see it—I shall see it. *The measure meted out by them to others, shall be measured unto them again.*" It was in vain that kind-hearted neighbours suggested to her topics of consolation. She mourned as one that would not be comforted. "The only child of his mother, and she a widow!" was her invariable reply. "No! for me there is nought but quenchless regrets and ceaseless weeping!" Among those who tendered their friendly offices was the warm-hearted doctor. Indifferent to his approach, and in appearance lost to every thing else around her, she was sitting among Cyril's books—inspecting his little drawings—arranging his playthings—and apparently carefully collecting together every object, however trivial, with which his loved memory could be associated.

To the doctor's kind though tremulous enquiries, she had but one reply—"*Alone—alone in the world.*"

His offer of a home in his own house was declined with the remark—"My summer is so nearly over, it matters not where the leaves fall."

And when he pressed her under any circumstances to entertain the offer made through him—by a wealthy kinsman of her husband—of a shelter under his roof for any period, however protracted—"Too late! too late!" was her answer—"*Ambition is cold with the ashes of those we love!*"

But the feelings of the mourner had been painfully exasperated by the result of a previous enquiry. An inquest was indispensable: and rumour—we may say facts—spoke so loudly against Desborough, that his parents hurried to Horbury, prepared at any pecuniary sacrifice to extricate him from the obloquy which threatened him. Money judiciously bestowed will effect impossibilities; and the foreman of the jury—a bustling, clamorous, spouting democrat—who was always eloquent on the wrongs of his fellow-men, and kept the while a most watchful eye to his own interests—became on a sudden "thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Vincent Desborough had been cruelly calumniated," and that the whole affair was "*a matter of accident* altogether."

A verdict to that effect was accordingly returned!

The unhappy mother heard the report of these proceedings, and it seemed to scorch her very soul. "The covetous, craving earth-worm!" she cried. "He thinks he has this day clenched a most successful bargain! But no! from this hour the face of God is against him! Can it be otherwise? *He that justifieth the wicked, and condemneth the just, are they not both equal abomination in the sight of God?* For years the wickedness of this hour will be present before the great, just Spirit, and will draw down a curse on his every project. I am as confident of it as if I saw the whole course of this man's after-life spread out before me. *Henceforth God fights against him!*"

It was a curious coincidence, the solution of which is left to better casuists than myself, that from the hour in which he was bribed to smother enquiry, and throw a shield over crime, misfortune and reverses, in unbroken succession, assailed him. His property melted away from his grasp with unexampled rapidity. And when, a few years afterwards, the kinsman, already alluded to, left poor Dormer's mother a small annuity, it so chanced that, as she quitted the vestry with the requisite certificates of birth and marriage in her hands, she encountered this very juror in the custody of the parish officers, who were bringing him before the proper authorities to swear him to his settlement, and then obtain an order to pass him forthwith to the parish workhouse!

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CHAPTER V.

A few years after the melancholy scene at Horbury, Desborough was admitted at Cambridge. He was the sporting man of a non-reading college. Around him were gathered all the coaching, betting, driving, racing characters of the University—the "*Varmint men*," as they called themselves—"*The Devil's Own*," as others named them. It was a melancholy sojourn for Desborough. The strictness of academical rule put down every attempt at a cockpit, a badger hunt, or a bull bait. It was a painfully monotonous life; and to enliven it he got up a rat hunt. Appertaining to him was a little knowing dog, with a sharp quick eye, and a short curled up tail, who was discovered to have an invaluable antipathy to rats, and an unparalleled facility in despatching them. What discovery could be more opportune! Rat-hunts whiled away many a lagging hour; and the squeaks, and shrieks, and shouts, which on these occasions issued from Desborough's rooms, were pronounced by the senior tutor "*quite irregular;*" and by the master to be "by no means in keeping with the gravity of college discipline." To the joy of all the staid and sober members of the society, these sounds at length were hushed, for Desborough quitted the University.

"What a happy riddance!" said, on the morning of his departure, a junior fellow who had had the misfortune to domicile on the same staircase. "His rooms had invariably such an unsavoury smell that it was quite disagreeable to pass them!"

"And would you believe it," cried another, who used to excruciate the ears of those above and below him by the most rasping inflictions on a tuneless fiddle; "would you believe it, after the noise and uproar with which his rooms were familiar, that whenever I began one of those sweetly soothing airs of Bellini, his gyp used to come to me with his master's compliments, and he was sorry to disturb me, but really the noise in my rooms—fancy—THE NOISE! was so great that he was unable to read while it lasted!"

"He was so little accomplished—played the worst rubber of any man I ever knew," observed the dean, with great gravity.

"He carved so badly!" said the bursar. "He has often deprived me of my appetite by the manner in which he helped me!"

"And was so cruel!" added the president, who was cursed with a tabby mania. "Poor Fatima could never take her walk across the quadrangle without being worried by one or other of his vile terriers."

"The deliverance is great," cried the musical man, "and Heaven be praised for it!"

"Amen!" said the other two; "but good heavens! we have missed the dinner bell!"

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CHAPTER VI.

In a fair and fertile valley, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England—where the first bursting of the buds is seen in spring—where no rigour of the seasons can ever be felt—where every thing seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness, lived a loved and venerated clergyman with his only daughter.

He belonged to a most distinguished family, and had surrendered brilliant prospects to embrace the profession of his choice. And right nobly had he adorned it! And she—the companion of his late and early hours—his confidante—guide—almoner—consoler—was a young, fair, and innocent being, whose heart was a stranger to duplicity, and her tongue to guile.

His guide and consoler was she in the truest sense of the term. He was blind. While comforting in his dying moments an old and valued parishioner, Mr. Somerset had caught the infection; and the fever settling in his eyes had deprived him of vision.

"I will be your curate," said the affectionate girl, when the old man, under the pressure of this calamity, talked of retiring altogether from duty. "The prayers, and psalms, and lessons you have long known by heart; and your addresses, as you call them, we all prefer to your written sermons. Pray—pray—accept of me as your curate, and make trial of my services in guiding and prompting you, ere you surrender your beloved charge to a stranger."

"It would break my heart to do so," said the old man faintly.

The experiment was made, and succeeded; and it was delightful to see that fair-haired, bright-eyed girl steadying her father's tottering steps—prompting him in the service when his memory failed—guiding him to and from the sanctuary, and watching over him with the truest and tenderest affection—an affection which no wealth could purchase, and no remuneration repay, for it sprung from heartfelt and devoted attachment.

Satiated with pleasure and shattered in constitution, a stranger came to seek health in this sheltered spot. It was Desborough. Neither the youth, nor the beauty, nor the innocence of Edith, availed her against the snares and sophistry of this unprincipled man. She fell—but under circumstances of the most unparalleled duplicity. She fell—the victim of the most tremendous perfidy and the dupe of the most carefully veiled villany. She fell—and was deserted! "Importune me no more as to marriage," was the closing remark of Vincent's last letter—"your own conduct has rendered that impossible." That declaration was her death-blow. She read it, and never looked up again. The springs of life seemed frozen within her; and without any apparent disease she faded gradually away.

"I am justly punished," was the remark of her heart-broken father when the dreadful secret was disclosed to him. "My idol is withdrawn from me! Ministering at HIS altar, nought should have been dear to me but HIM! But lead me to her, I can yet bless her."

The parting interview between that parent and child will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The aged minister wept and prayed—and prayed and wept over his parting child, with an earnestness and agony, that "bowed the hearts of all who heard him like the heart of one man."

"Is there hope for me, father?" said the dying girl, "Can I—can I be forgiven? Will not—oh! will not our separation be eternal?"

"Though sin abounded," was the almost inarticulate reply, "grace did much more abound. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"We shall not be long parted," was his remark when those who watched around the dying bed told him he had no longer a daughter. "The summons has arrived; and the last tie which bound me to earth is broken."

Acting upon this conviction, he commenced and completed the arrangements for the disposition of his little property with an earnestness and alacrity they could well understand who had witnessed his blameless career.

The evening previous to that appointed for the funeral of his daughter, he said to those who had the management of it—"Grant the last, the closing request of your old pastor. Postpone the funeral for a few hours. I ask no more. A short delay—and one service and one grave will suffice for both."

His words were prophetic. The morrow's sun he never saw; and on the following Sunday, amid the tears of a bereaved people, father and daughter were calmly deposited in one common grave.

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CHAPTER VII.

In the interim how had the world sped with Gervaise Rolleston? Bravely! He had become a thriving and a prosperous gentleman. There are two modes, says an old writer, of obtaining distinction. The eagle soars, the serpent climbs. The latter mode was the one adopted by Rolleston. He was an adroit flatterer; possessed the happy art of making those whom he addressed pleased with themselves; had a thorough knowledge of tact, and always said the right thing in the right place. All his acquaintance called him "*a very rising young man.*" And for "a very rising young man" he held a most convenient creed. For to forget all benefits, and conceal the remembrance of all injuries, are maxims by which adventurers lose their honour but make their fortunes. In a happy hour he contrived to secure the acquaintance of Lord Meriden. His lordship was an amiable, but moody, valetudinarian, who had no resources in himself, and was entirely dependent on the good offices of others. Rolleston was the very man for him. He was a fair punster—told a good story—sung a capital song—played well at chess and billiards, and most unaccountably was always beaten at both—could read aloud by the hour together—and never took offence. To all these accomplishments, natural and acquired, he added one most valuable qualification, which was in constant exercise—the most profound respect for Lord Meriden. And how true is it that "we love those who admire us more than those whom we admire?"

Rolleston's advice, presence, and conversation, became to Lord Meriden indispensable. And when ordered abroad, by those who foresaw that he would die under their hands if he remained at home, the sick nobleman's first care was that Rolleston should accompany him. He did so; and played his part so successfully, that, "in remembrance of his disinterested attentions," Lord Meriden bequeathed to him the whole of his personal property. His carriages, horses, plate, yacht, all were willed by the generous nobleman to his pliant favourite. In the vessel which had thus become his own, Rolleston embarked for England. It was a proud moment for his aspiring spirit. He was returning to those shores an independent and opulent man, which he had quitted fifteen months before a penniless adventurer. His family, apprised of his good fortune, hurried down to Ryde to receive him on his arrival. They vied with each other in the length and ardour of their congratulations. By the way, what extraordinary and overpowering affection is invariably evinced by all the members of a family towards that branch of it which unexpectedly attains wealth or distinction! The "Fairy Queen" was telegraphed—was signaled—hove in sight—passed gallantly on—and all the Rollestons, great and small, pressed down to the pier to welcome this "dear, good, worthy, accomplished, and excellent young man."

At the very instant of nearing the pier, in the hustle and confusion of the moment, Rolleston was sent overboard. Some said that he was overbalanced by a sudden lurch of the vessel—others, that he was struck by the jib-boom. One staid and respectable spectator positively affirmed that he had observed a sailor, to whose wife, it seemed, Rolleston had, some months before, offered insult, rush violently against him, with the evident intention of injuring him; and this account, strange as it appeared, gained considerable credence. The fact, however, was indisputable. He struggled bravely for a few moments with the eddy that sweeps around the pier—then struck out boldly for the shore, waved his hand in recognition of his agonised family, who were almost within speaking distance, and in a moment sunk to rise no more.

For many days his anguished mother lingered at Ryde, in the hope of rescuing the body from the deep; and large was the reward promised to those who should succeed in bringing her the perishing remains. So many days had elapsed in fruitless search, that hope was fading into despair, when one morning a lady in deep mourning enquired for Mrs. Rolleston. On being admitted to her presence,—

"I am the bearer," said she, "of welcome intelligence: I have this morning discovered on the beach, at some distance, the body of your son, Gervaise Rolleston."

"How know you that it is he?"

"I cannot be mistaken!"

"Are his features, then, familiar to you?"

"Familiar! I am the mother of Cyril Dormer!"

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CHAPTER VIII.

It is painful to observe how soon the dead are forgotten. The tide of fashion, or business, or pleasure, rolls on,—rapidly obliterates the memory of the departed,—and sweeps away with it the attention of the mourner to the ruling folly of the hour.

"There poesy and love come not,
It is a world of stone:
The grave is bought—is closed—forgot,
And then life hurries on."—L. E. L.

Engrossed in the all-important duty of securing the property which had been bequeathed to their son, and which, as he had left no will, there was some probability of their losing, the Rollestons had completely forgotten him by whose subservience it had been acquired. At length it occurred to them that some monument was due; or, at all events, that a headstone should be raised over him who slept beneath the yew tree in Brading churchyard; and directions were given accordingly. Their intentions had been anticipated. A headstone had been erected—when or by whom no one could or cared to divulge. But there it was. It bore the simple inscription of the name of the departed—the day of birth and the day of death; with this remarkable addition, in large and striking letters:—

"*With the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.*"

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CHAPTER IX.

Some years after the circumstances detailed in the last chapter, a gentleman, in military undress, was descried riding slowly into the village of Beechbury. The size and architecture of the village church had apparently arrested his attention, and he drew bridle suddenly, to make enquiries of a peasant, who was returning from his daily toil.

"Ay! it's a fine church, though I can't say I troubles it very much myself," was the reply. "There's a *mort* of fine *munniments* in it beside. All Lord Somerset's folks be buried there; and 't was but last Martinmas that they brought here old parson Somerset and his daughter all the way from a churchyard t' other side Dartmoor, because ye see they belonged to 'em; and these great folks choose to be altogether. It's a grand vault they have! But here's Moulder, the sexton, coming anent us, and he'll tell as much and more than ye may care to hear."

The name of Somerset seemed to jar harshly on the stranger's ear; and dismounting hastily, he demanded of the sexton "whether he could show him the interior of the church at that hour?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "Turn to the right, and I will overtake you with the keys before you reach the west door."

The church was one of considerable magnitude and surpassing beauty. It was built in the form of a cross, and had formerly been the chapel of a wealthy monastic order, suppressed at the period of the reformation. Near the altar was a shrine, once the resort of pilgrims from every clime, from its enclosing a fragment of the true cross. You approached it by an aisle, which was literally a floor of tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed. Mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets, were all mingled together—emblems of conquests, and honours, and dignities, which had long since passed away. The setting sun cast his mellow radiance through the richly-painted western window, and tipped with living lustre many of the monuments of the line of Somerset. Some of the figures were of the size of life, and finely sculptured. And as the restless and agitated stranger gazed on them, they seemed to reply to his questioning glance, and slowly murmur—"All on earth is but for a period; joy and grief, triumph and desolation, succeed each other like cloud and sunshine! Care and sorrow, change and vicissitude, we have proved like thee. Fight the good fight of faith as we. Brave the combat, speed the race, and stem the storm of life; and in God's own good time thou, like us, shalt rest."

"I wish," said the stranger, when he had traversed the church, "to descend into the Somerset vault. It's a sickly, foolish fancy of mine; but I choose to gratify it. Which is the door?"

"Nay, that's no part of our bargain," said the sexton, doggedly; "you go not there."

"I am not accustomed to refusals when I state my wishes," said the soldier, fiercely and haughtily. "Lead the way, old man!"

"Not for the Indies! It's as much as my place is worth. Our present rector is one of the most particular parsons that ever peered from a pulpit. He talks about the sanctity of the dead in a way that makes one stare. Besides, it is the burial place of all his family."

"The very reason for which I wish to see it."

"Not with *my* will," said Moulder, firmly. "Besides, there's nothing to see—nothing but lead coffins, on my life!"

"Here," cried the stranger. And he placed a piece of gold on the sexton's trembling palm.

"I dare not, sir; indeed I dare not," said the latter entreatingly, as he felt the temptation was more than he could resist.

"Another," said his companion, and a second piece of the same potent metal glittered in the old man's grasp.

"Well," said Moulder, drawing a long and heavy sigh, "if you *must* you *must!* I would rather you wouldn't—I'm sure no good will come of it—but if you *insist* upon it, sir—if you *insist* upon it"——and slowly and reluctantly he unclosed the ponderous door which opened into the vault.

The burial place of the Somersets was large and imposing. It was evidently of antique construction and very considerable extent. Escutcheons, shields, hatchments, and helmets, were ranged around the walls, all referring to those who were calmly sleeping within its gloomy recesses, while coffins, pile upon pile, occupied the centre. One single window or spiracle of fifteen inches in diameter passed upwards, through the thick masonry, to the external air beyond, and one of those short massive pillars which we sometimes see in the crypts of very ancient churches, stood in the centre and supported the roof.

"Well, sir, you are about satisfied, I take it," said the sexton, coaxingly, to his companion, after the latter had taken a long, minute, and silent survey of the scene around him.

"No! no!"

"Why, how long would you wish to remain here?"

"At least an hour."

"An hour! I can't stay, sir, really I can't, all that time! And to leave the church, and, what's worse, the

vault open—it 's a thing not to be thought of! I cannot—and, what 's more, I will not."

"Dotard! then lock me in, I say! Do what you will. But leave me."

"Leave you! Lock you in! And HERE! God bless you, sir! you can't be aware"——

"Leave me—leave me!" said the stranger impetuously; and he drew the door towards him as he spoke.

"What! would you be locked up and left alone with them dead Som——!"

"Go—and release me in an hour."

In amazement at the stranger's mien, air of command, courage, and choice, Moulder departed. "The Jolly Beggars" lay in his way home, and the door stood so invitingly open, and the sounds of mirth and good fellowship which thence issued were so attractive, that he could not resist the temptation of washing away the cares of the day in a cool pint, were it only to drink the stranger's health.

This indulgence Moulder repeated so frequently as at length to lose all recollection of the stranger, of the vault, and of his appointment, and it was only late on the morning of the following day, when his wife asked him "*if he had come honestly by what was in his pocket?*" that in an agony he remembered his prisoner.

Trembling in every limb, and apprehending he knew not what, he hurried to the church and unlocked the vault.

The spectacle which there awaited him haunted the old man to his dying day. The remains of the stranger were before him, but so marred—so mutilated—so disfigured—that no feature could be recognised even by the nearest relative.

Rats in thousands and in myriads had assailed him, and by his broken sword and the multitudes which lay dead around him, it was plain his resistance had been gallant and protracted. But it availed not. Little of him remained, and that little was in a state which it was painful for humanity to gaze upon.

Among the many who pressed forward to view the appelling spectacle, was an elderly female, much beloved in the village for her kindly, and gentle, and compassionate heart, and to her the sexton handed a small memorandum book which had somehow or other escaped complete destruction.

Upon the papers it contained the old lady looked long and anxiously, and when she spoke, it was in accents of unusual emotion.

"These," she said, "are the remains of Colonel Vincent Desborough. May he meet with that mercy on high which on earth he refused to others!" The old lady paused and wept, and the villagers did homage to her grief by observing a respectful silence. They all knew and loved her. "This spectacle," she continued, "opens up fountains of grief which I thought were long since dry; but chiefly and mainly does it teach me that the measure we mete out to others is measured unto us again."

From the Asiatic Journal.

The Nuwaub's Daughter.

Before the British conquests had extended over the whole of the vast territory which now quietly submits to the government of the East India Company, alliances with native ladies of rank were more frequent with European officers than they can be at a period of profound peace. The vicissitudes and changes produced by the varying fortune of the war, and the caprices of those despots who, in the treatment of their ministers and viceroys, had not learned to dread the interference of a superior power, led to many circumstances which were favourable to a greater degree of intimacy between people of different countries and creeds, than exists at the present time. Military men, of the day of which we speak, became the heroes of many a true tale of love and enterprise; and though a witty writer has, in one of the Bengal annuals, ridiculed these oriental adventures by a description of the costume of a European officer, in "white shorts and silks, a red coat and brass buttons, with a pair of tasty fringe epaulets hanging well in front, a narrow white tight neckcloth, hair elaborately curled and powdered, a gold laced three-cornered hat, and a pig tail,"—it is questionable whether the race which has succeeded them will ever have it in their power to make a superior figure in the annals of their time.

It is not easy to say with what particular feelings Frank Ellerby commenced his military career as a cadet in the honourable company's service. The East Indies was to him a *terra incognita*—a confused picture of bright rivers and dense jungles; the one filled with alligators, the other with tigers; gold pagodas rising in the distance: and, therefore, when he joined a regiment stationed in Bombay, he felt somewhat surprised, and, it must be said, a little disappointed, that all the wonders he had portrayed to himself did not burst upon him at once. At first, as it is usual, his thoughts continually recurred to his home, and he longed impatiently for the means of making a fortune which should enable him to return to the friends of his youth. But these hopes and expectations gradually subsided under the stern realities of his situation: year after year stole away, and finding himself placed in employments of great trust, and involved in responsibilities of the heaviest nature, England faded away from his mind in a great measure, and he became almost wholly absorbed in the duties of his profession. Intelligence came of deaths, which, one by one, severed the links that bound him to his native soil, and when at length he was appointed to fulfil a diplomatic mission in a district belonging to a neighbouring potentate, he had learned to look upon India as the country of his adoption, and the only theatre on which he felt any desire to display his talents.

The vacillating conduct pursued by the native prince who swayed a large portion of the Deccan, rendered it but too probable that he would, at the first favourable opportunity, join the ranks of those who, in conjunction with the French, were assuming a very menacing attitude; it was, therefore, necessary to obtain as much information as possible from the natives of this district, concerning the state of affairs at the capital. Captain Ellerby, well acquainted with Hindostanee modes and manners, soon established himself in the most friendly degree of intimacy with the subadah, or officer, who had been appointed to the government of this district. He was a Mussulman of high rank, and lived in that princely style of profusion in which the followers of the prophet are apt to indulge, and which of course indicated the possession of very considerable wealth. At the feasts and festivals given during all the Mahomedan holidays, by this personage, Frank Ellerby assisted with all the complaisance that could be desired, sitting smoking his hookah in the most praiseworthy and persevering manner possible, during the nearly interminable entertainments provided for the occasion. These festivals usually took place in a large quadrangle of the palace-like edifice in which Ismael Mahomed Khan Bohadoor resided. In the centre, a stage was erected for the accommodation of the musicians, bayaderes, wrestlers, and other performers who were assembled; the remaining portion of the courtyard being filled with multitudes of spectators. The Nuwaub himself occupied a verandah, or gallery, which commanded the best view of this stage, and a place of dignity, close at his side, was always reserved for Captain Ellerby. The native nobleman sat, according to the fashion of his country, with his knees on a level with his eyes, upon a cushion; the British officer upon a chair of crimson and gold, made expressly for the occasion; and both were attended by a cloud of servants, some beating away the flies, others scattering perfumes, a third set employed in fanning them on either hand, and a fourth in attending to the chillums. At the back of the verandah there was a lattice, and the sparkling of eyes, and the glistening of jewels, through its network, assured Ellerby that the ladies of the family had been admitted to a participation of the amusements. Not so completely taken up with the dancing, tumbling, wrestling, pretended combats, and other pantomimical diversions as the majority of the spectators, Ellerby, while apparently giving all his attention to the sports, often cast a glance with the tail of his eye, as the Scots have it, to a point which offered more attractions to him than the united talent of the *dramatis personæ* on the stage. Whether by accident or design, a part of the trellis, within a very easy view, had been in the course of the performance broken away, and the aperture revealed a young and most beautiful face, at first apparently only eager to obtain a fuller sight of the performances, but afterwards, as if conscious of the stranger's admiration, confused and embarrassed, scarcely knowing whether to withdraw, or remain exposed to the gaze of the European. The veil, which had fallen back, was hastily drawn across the face, but, in another minute or two, its silvery folds were permitted again to drop upon the shoulder; the fragment of the lattice was then restored to its proper place, but still a pair of the most lustrous and languishing eyes in the world peeped through them, and Ellerby, completely fascinated, showed, as much as his situation would permit, the effect which these dangerous eyes had produced upon his heart. The *tamasha* possessed too much attraction for the occupants of the verandah, and its adjoining apartments, to have any leisure to observe what was passing in their more immediate vicinity. Ellerby had acquired somewhat of the cautious imperturbability which the fashion of the East requires from those who put forth a claim to high breeding: his admiration was consequently of the subdued character which suited the time and place. Nevertheless, he took care to render it sufficently obvious to the object of it, and she as plainly showed that it was any thing but disagreeable. At length there was an end to the performances, and Ellerby, who, if it had not been for the little episodical scenes in which he had acted the hero, would have been wearied out of all patience, withdrew with something like regret. He had little difficulty in guessing who the young houri was, who had so pleasingly disturbed the current of his thoughts; he had frequently heard of the beauty of one of the Nuwaub's daughters, the fair Goolaabee, whose charms had been sung by all the minstrels of the place; for, notwithstanding the seclusion in which they are immured, reports of the charms of the ladies of the zenana always get abroad, and those which pass the ordinary standard, become celebrated from one end of India to the other. Goolaabee's destiny was supposed to be a high one, for she was betrothed to one of the sons of the most powerful prince in that part of the peninsula, who, it is said, sought the alliance in order to bind Ismael Mahomed more closely to the service of a master whose interest was not always consulted by those placed in authority under him. The affianced pair had never met, and the heart of Goolaabee was, therefore, in all probability vacant.

While seated, on a subsequent evening, in the verandah of his residence, pondering over the late adventure, and considering whether it would be possible to obtain an interview with the beautiful creature who had so strongly attracted his regards, Ellerby perceived a young native boy, handsomely dressed, strolling up the avenue which stretched before him. The boy, approaching, made his salaam, and then taking a pigeon from his breast, offered it to Captain Ellerby, with an injunction to detain it cautiously. The pigeon was one of remarkable beauty, even in a place celebrated for the number, variety, and brilliant appearance of its breeds. It was quite tame, apparently one of those kept for the purpose of affording recreation to the inmates of the zenana; the flights and evolutions of these birds, trained for the purpose of display, yielding the greatest delight to those who keep large flocks merely for the pleasure of witnessing their exploits in the fields of air. The one now presented to Captain Ellerby had a silver riband tied round its neck: after admiring it for a while, the boy directed him to let it go; it immediately flew up to a considerable height, the silver riband streaming behind it—remained stationary for about a minute—and then wheeled off in circles, returning nearly to the spot which it had left, so that there could be no difficulty in following its course. The boy made a significant gesture, and Ellerby, unmindful of the *suwarree* which would assemble shortly at his gate, for the purpose of escorting him in the evening exercise, started up, and took the direction which the pigeon pursued. It flew low, and as the sun had not yet entirely descended, it was easy to trace its course, especially by the silver riband which fluttered behind it.

Both the palace of the Nuwaub and the residence of Ellerby were situated in the outskirts of the city, being divided from each other by some unfrequented gardens at the back. Frank, therefore, did not meet any one as he passed along, the pigeon having betaken itself to a haunt which, from its proximity to the ladies' apartments, was considered sacred ground, and rarely visited by profane footsteps. The pigeon alighted at the foot of a tree, and then raising itself again upon the wing, flew over a

high battlemented wall. Ellerby, at first, did not perceive any mode of egress; but, upon a more narrow inspection, he saw a window shadowed entirely by the spreading boughs of one of those quick-growing trees, which spring up every where in so luxuriant a soil, and which, with the carelessness we scarcely expect to find amongst such a jealous community, had been permitted to expand in a very dangerous direction. Ellerby climbed the tree in an instant, and in the next found himself upon a narrow hedge, close to a lattice, which yielded to his hand. It opened into a small room, which appeared, however, to be untenanted at present; a glimmering of light opposite indicated a door, and our adventurer, going down a narrow stone stair, entered a very circumscribed court or quadrangle, containing, besides a few parterres of flowers, one large tree and a fountain. The tree enveloped the whole place in gloom; but Ellerby's eyes, now accustomed to the failing light, discerned a female figure beside the fountain. He approached it—a start, real or affected, showed that his presence was not unnoticed; and being well versed in the language of Eastern compliment, he immediately broke silence, with one of those speeches to which women usually lend a gratified ear. Goolaabee, though wholly unused to flattery from the lips of the opposite sex, listened as if she had been accustomed to masculine homage all her life; nor was she at any loss for a reply. With the intuitive address of an accomplished coquette, she pretended to be totally ignorant of the manner in which her admirer had effected an entrance, endeavouring to make him believe that the pigeon, which she now held in her arms, had accidentally made its escape, and, in fact, that she had neither art nor part in the adventure. Ellerby was quite willing to allow her to suppose that he gave her credit for all she chose to say, but he would not depart without an assurance that she would meet him again on the following night. Returning by the way he came, he got back to his own home unobserved, and mounting the elephant in waiting, went out as usual. Though unable to deny himself the gratification of an adventure, which promised to relieve, in the most agreeable manner, the monotony of his present existence, he was by no means desirous that it should be attended with any unnecessary *eclat*. The Nuwaub had made himself popular in his government, and it was of great importance that he should continue to be attached to the British interests. A breach with him might precipitate hostilities, which it was desirable to postpone, if they could not be altogether avoided; and Ellerby, in his most secret cogitations, questioned whether he was not in some degree betraying the trust reposed in him by engaging in an affair which, if discovered, might possibly compromise the government by which he was employed. Men, however, under the influence of passion (it is a trite remark) seldom attend to the dictates of prudence. Ellerby, who had left England too young to have formed any attachment, had not since his arrival in India, seen any beauty to compare to that which characterised the native women, and Goolaabee formed a rare specimen even in the midst of loveliness. Her complexion was not darker than that of many Italians, and though her cheeks were destitute of colour the hue of the rose glowed upon the delicately carved lips, while no pearls could exceed her teeth in purity and brightness; her nose, finely chiseled, emulated that of a statue, and this charming countenance was lighted by a pair of eyes, the sweetest, the softest, the most lustrous and languishing of all the dark orbs which are the boasted gift of the daughters of the land; large and luminous as those of the gazelle, but far exceeding them in the witchery of their expression. Her figure was perfect and its exquisite proportions, revealed by the tight silver tissue boddice, which gleamed through a vest of the finest gauze, showed how lavish nature had been in its gifts: the small and finely moulded hand and arm, the beauty of the fairy foot and ancle, and the surpassing softness of the skin, presented a combination of charms which none but a stoic could resist. Ellerby, after a faint attempt to withdraw his thoughts from a pursuit which his acquaintance with the prejudices of the country assured him would be somewhat perilous, resigned himself to the indulgence of hopes and expectations of the liveliest nature.

At the appointed hour, on the following night, having stolen out of his chamber without attracting the notice of any of his numerous retinue, he proceeded to the friendly tree, by a tortuous path, and, wrapped up in one of the dark blankets worn by the lower classes of natives, he soon reached the small room before mentioned, which he now found lighted by a silver *chiraug*, and furnished, according to the Hindostanee fashion, with a carpet and a few cushions. On one of these Goolaabee was seated, and on another an addition to the party whom the visiter neither expected nor desired, a middle aged woman, who, it might be easily conjectured, was the mother of the urchin who had been entrusted with the pigeon. Goolaabee, with her long black hair braided over her brows, and hanging in rich plaits fastened with precious stones, her whole person bedecked in the richest stuffs and jewels, had left nothing unstudied which could assist in the captivation of her new admirer. Her companion, though in all probability not above the condition of a slave, was handsomely and becomingly dressed; she had preserved her good looks to a later period than is usual amongst her countrywomen, and she showed a knowledge of the world, and an acquaintance with its ways, which convinced Ellerby that she had been engaged in many adventures similar to the present, and had rendered the window useful in perchance more than one previous instance. The ladies had provided a collation for their guest, consisting of some very rare confections, a choice pilau, and two or three kinds of sherbet. Goolaabee, though apparently well pleased with the soft speeches and passionate admiration of her lover, frequently interrupted them with eager questions concerning his country, and the customs of its inhabitants: she asked if England was a large place, and whether it had many gates, forming her idea of it from the only portion of earth with which she was acquainted. She then enquired if it was really true that the Feringee ladies walked about openly in the street unveiled, frequenting the mosques in the company of men, and more especially, whether the latter were restricted by the law to one wife. Ellerby returned very veracious answers to these questions: but the account he gave of Christendom appeared to be so improbable to his inexperienced auditor, that she could not avoid the expression of a doubt. Ameena, her companion, better informed, laughed heartily, both at her questions and her incredulity, corroborating the testimony of the European guest in a manner which proved that the most adverse circumstances will not always prevent an intelligent woman from acquiring information. Although, to persons who are not in love, and who are accustomed to intellectual society, such conversation would appear very vapid and uninteresting, it was by no means destitute of charms to a man who had not been taught to form a very high opinion of the sex. Beauty, simplicity of manners, and that kind of flattering deference which is an acknowledgment of inferiority, are frequently far more effective than all the information and accomplishments which render women (*apparently*) more suitable companions for men of science; and there is no necessity to go to Hindostan for instances to prove, that ignorance will captivate where intellect would only create disagreeable sensations. Ellerby, at least, was quite satisfied with the amount of mental acquirements which the beautiful Goolaabee displayed; her puerilities amused him, and her loveliness, the great charm in his eyes, atoned for the want of education. Had he seen death and disgrace in his path, he would still have pursued it; and the presence of Ameena, throwing an obstacle in the way of the immediate gratification of his wishes, rendered him still more determined to possess himself of the lovely creature who had first awakened his soul to a new and blissful emotion. Another appointment was made, and kept; the genius of the duenna materially assisted in smoothing the difficulties of the path; indeed, it seemed clear that, without her assistance, the lovers would never have met at all.

Nothing would have been more easy than to have carried off the fair Goolaabee and her confidante; but it became necessary to guard against the consequences of such a step, and to prevent any suspicion from attaching to the real party concerned, since, upon a formal complaint, the British government might be compelled to take the matter up, while Ellerby felt himself bound to use every precaution to prevent the service from suffering from the indulgence of a rash, and, as it might be considered, a criminal passion. Many were the expedients which his anxious mind suggested, to cover the escape of his fair enslaver from the zenana. He puzzled himself to find a way to make it appear that she had met some fatal catastrophe; but his imagination could suggest nothing that promised to pass current. If a supposition could be raised that she had drowned herself, the tanks and wells would be searched, and the erroneousness of the idea made apparent. In short, nothing of the kind could be rendered plausible, without more assistance than could be commanded, or it would be prudent to seek.

The imagination of Goolaabee had been so strongly excited by the descriptions which she received from her European lover, of the manner in which women were treated by his countrymen, that she imbibed a strong distaste to a zenana life, and anxiously desired to enjoy some of the blessings of liberty. She felt particularly pleased by the assurance that she, and she alone, would be the object of affection, and would rather have died than have submitted to the fate for which she had been destined.

Meanwhile, the hours passed happily away in planning schemes for the future; Ellerby, much against his inclinations, being compelled to retard the elopement until some favourable circumstance should occur to render it less hazardous. He feared that it would be necessary to await the period of his own recall to the presidency, and heartily wished that a war would break out, which would tend to justify an act of hostility, that, under the present circumstances, could scarcely be perpetrated without the loss of honour. Much to his mortification, affairs began to assume a more tranquil aspect than they had exhibited for a great length of time; it is true that, amid the cabals, intrigues, and jarring interests of a native court, there would be little difficulty in interrupting the harmony about to be established; but Ellerby felt that, so long as his own government desired to remain upon amicable terms with the neighbouring powers, he was bound to refrain from the performance of any action which threatened, even in the remotest manner, to disturb the good understanding which it seemed to be the policy of all parties to maintain. Goolaabee, nevertheless, could not be relinquished, and as the time was approaching which had been fixed upon for the celebration of her nuptials with Prince Khosroo Khan, something must speedily be done.

Ellerby, in his visits to the palace, perceived an unwonted gloom clouding the brow of the Nuwaub, who, notwithstanding his efforts to preserve his usual placidity of demeanour, suffered expressions to escape him, which showed that his mind was ill at ease. Under any other circumstances Ellerby would have enquired into the cause of this depression: but, as "conscience makes cowards of us all," he was afraid to open a discussion, which might have led to a subject he earnestly desired to avoid. The Nuwaub seemed to be always under some powerful restraint, and there appeared to the agitated mind of the lover to be great reason to fear that, in order to avoid the disgrace which a public exposure of Goolaabee's clandestine correspondence with a Christian would incur, she might be secretly made away with, and that her father might even now be pondering upon the cruel project. Haunted by this notion, he determined to bring matters to a crisis, and would, in all probability, have carried off the girl, thus endangered by her attachment to him, at any and every risk, had not the councils of Ameena restrained him. She laughed at the notion of danger, declaring, what was probably the truth, that the Nuwaub was about as much the master of his own house, as a hen-pecked husband would be in England; and that no harm could possibly be intended to the fair Goolaabee without her having timely notice of it, all the people in the palace being more or less under her control. However startling this assurance might appear from a slave, it was nevertheless the truth, and Ellerby knew enough respecting the interior of native establishments to feel persuaded that it might be the case. The first or principal wife of Ismael Mahomed happened to be a good-humoured childish personage, gifted with just enough of sense to convince her that it would be better to delegate her power to the hands of Ameena, than to allow any of the other three ladies, who had gone through the ceremony of espousal with the Nuwaub, to gain the ascendency. Ameena would, for her own sake, secure the interests of her patroness, while she could form no such expectation from rivals, who would be anxious to establish their own authority. Ameena possessed the art of rendering herself generally useful, without compromising her own character; so long as outward

decorum prevailed, she did not pry into all the secrets of all the inmates of the zenana, managing any little affair of her own with such profound skill and address that no suspicion could ever attach to her conduct; consequently, she bore a very high character, of which she availed herself upon every important occasion. Goolaabee could not have stirred a single step in the affair with Ellerby, without her assistance; and she was the less scrupulous in affording her sanction to the intercourse, as both parties being unmarried, she intended that the affair should end in a wedding, which, though by no means common, was not without a precedent in the annals of the country. In fact, Ameena had long perceived that a storm was gathering over the house of the Nuwaub; she had seen the impending ruin long before Ismael had entertained any apprehensions from the quarter whence the storm threatened, and she felt desirous to secure a friend and an asylum, before she should be either cast upon the wide world, or reduced to a state of the lowest degradation in the zenana of a stranger. She did not communicate all her information or all her plans to Ellerby, but succeeded in calming his fears with respect to any immediate danger to the life or happiness of Goolaabee, and so far persuaded him to rely upon her management as to prevent him from proceeding to any extremity.

Ismael Mahomed Khan had, during a very long period of foreign and internal troubles, governed the territory consigned to his care with great wisdom and moderation. His rule became very popular with all ranks of the community, and he had, during the course of his administration, amassed large sums without proceeding to injustice or any act of rapacity. A report circulated that he had become enormously rich, the worst reputation in the world for a subject of an oriental despot to possess. Now that the establishment of peace with the British would render the continuance of his services unnecessary, the prince, his master, determined to transfer the treasures thus accumulated to his own coffers, and the measures usually pursued upon such occasions involved the life as well as the property of the weaker party. Those who entertain a hope of escaping the most serious penalty, endeavour to pacify the thirst of their tyrant for gold by the free gift of a large portion of their riches; but this kind of liberality often has the effect of precipitating their doom. If they can spare sums of such considerable magnitude, it is supposed that they must possess inexhaustible resources, and even though fear of the consequences may induce them to relinquish every iota, the surrender of the whole of their wealth proves of no avail. They are suspected of keeping back the larger part, and imprisonment, torture, and death, are the results of the exaggerated accounts which go abroad respecting their possessions. Ismael Mahomed's long and prosperous career had given the monarch and his satellites reason to suppose that he had become worth plucking. He was not in a situation to render himself independent, according to the policy of persons placed at a greater distance from the seat of supreme government, and, therefore, nothing remained to be done but to recall him from his post, and to extract, in the most business-like and leisurely manner, all that he had acquired in the service of his most gracious master. The fulfilment of a contract, the marriage of Prince Khosroo with the fair Goolaabee, formed under different circumstances, was no longer thought about. At the time of its negotiation, an alliance with Ismael Mahomed had been deemed necessary to strengthen the interests of the sovereigns; but the posture of affairs had changed, and his disgrace had become the grand object. The first step to be taken for the accomplishment of this end, was his recall from the seat of government; and, accordingly, the Nuwaub received orders to repair to the capital. Had not any rumour preceded this mandate, Ismael would have been assured that it boded him no good; but he had received intimation from his friends of the schemes which had been formed against him. They had not, however, suggested any preventive, and the poor man saw nothing but ruin approaching with rapid strides, from which there could be no escape.

Distracted by his fears, and unable to devise any plan to ward off the approaching danger, the Nuwaub sent for Captain Ellerby, and communicated to him the desperate condition to which he was reduced. For a moment, the lover saw nothing but an opportunity of carrying off Goolaabee, without incurring any personal risk; but this selfish feeling soon gave place to more enlarged and liberal sentiments. He proposed at once that his friend should place himself under the protection of the British government, offering to represent his case to the council at the presidency, and assuring him that his fidelity and attachment to his allies would render them anxious to display their gratitude in return. The Nuwaub, deeply touched with the friendly zeal which surprised, as much as it consoled him, readily accepted the offer, and Ellerby immediately described, in the most forcible terms, the hazardous situation in which the poor man was placed, and recommended the authorities to take his case under their especial consideration. His letter produced the desired effect. The president and council at the seat of government indited a very handsome epistle to the Nuwaub, inviting him to come and reside within the boundaries of their jurisdiction, and promising perfect security to his property and safety to his person. Ismael had been too often concerned in transactions with the British to doubt the sincerity of their assurances. Overwhelmed by the sudden conviction of his safety, he forgot for a moment the placid dignity with which all intelligence, whether of good or evil, should be received, and in a tumult of grateful emotion, flung himself upon Ellerby's breast. Nor did he rest content with this manifestation of his feelings, but showed the strongest anxiety to evince the sincerity of his gratitude by every possible mark of esteem, confidence, and affection. He assured his young friend that, notwithstanding the difference in their religious opinions, he should always consider him as a member of the family of which, under God, the father of mankind (that was his expression), he had been the saviour.* Then, in order to prove that these were not mere words, he invited Ellerby to enter the zenana, it being his earnest desire to present his benefactor to his wives and family. Ellerby, though secretly overjoyed at this proposition, yet pretended some reluctance, observing that the grant of so extraordinary a favour would militate against the laws and customs of the Mahomedan religion. The Nuwaub replied, that there could be no necessity to blazon the matter to the world, and that, so long as public scandal should be avoided, he must consider the trespass to be of a very venial nature. There can be no doubt that many, even of the most orthodox of the faithful, entertain a similar opinion, since it is not always safe to leave wine in the way of Mahomedan servants, notwithstanding their pretended scrupulosity; while it is said that they will devour dainties, even such things as cold roast pork and ham, when they can get at them slily in the pantry. Ellerby, of course, took care to consult with Ameena and Goolaabee on the subject of the intended interview, and prepared to go through his part with the utmost decorum and propriety. He was ushered by the Nuwaub, attended by a numerous train of servants, into a vestibule, and thence up a spacious and elegant staircase, to a gallery leading to the apartments of the ladies. Here the male domestics remained, while the two gentlemen, being met by several females in the service of the zenana, were conducted into a large saloon or hall. On a rich carpet in the centre, seated upon crimson velvet cushions, beautifully fringed and embroidered, were the four wives of the Nuwaub, and about twelve other females in different capacities, amid whom were Ameena and Goolaabee. All, more especially the wives, were splendidly dressed, and although—

> "Amid her handmaids of the hall,
> She shone superior to them all;"

Ellerby, in his admiration of Goolaabee, could not deny that a more lovely and graceful groupe could scarcely have suggested itself to the imagination of man. They all rose at his approach, and though the greater number had never seen, and certainly never had conversed before with a European stranger, and one, too, of a sex which they had been taught to shrink from, they were not in the slightest degree embarrassed in their deportment, conducting themselves with great courtesy to each other, and to the gentleman thus presented to them, whom they received and welcomed as an honoured guest. A collation being provided, Ellerby seated himself upon one of the cushions, partaking from time to time of the various delicacies which were handed about upon trays by young female slaves. Many of the same questions were propounded which Goolaabee had put before, but she herself did not speak. Her silence and reserve, which might be imputed to maidenly modesty, did not provoke any remark, and Ameena showed how deeply she was versed in the arts of her sex by her unconstrained demeanour; for, while affecting equal curiosity and surprise with those less well informed, she did not overact her part, or put herself too forward among her superiors. The novelty of Ellerby's situation, and his eagerness to observe every thing relating to a mode of life with which he never had any opportunity of making himself acquainted before, in some degree withdrew his attention from Goolaabee. He acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the whole party, and withdrew at length with his friend, having apparently afforded as much gratification as he had received.

Soon afterwards, Ismael Mahomed commenced the preparations for his departure; vast numbers of elephants were employed for the conveyance of his baggage and of his wealth, which consisted of hard specie and jewels, bulky and difficult to secure from the rapacious hand of power, which usually in the East, should the lawful owner escape, contrives to get possession of his treasures. The Nuwaub, turning his steps in a contrary direction from that which he had been commanded to pursue, surveyed with the most complacent feelings the whole cortége, as it moved slowly along under the protection of Ellerby, who, his farther services in the province being deemed unnecessary, had received orders to return to the seat of government. Upon the road, according to the advice of Ameena, he was taken dangerously ill, and the whole camp was instantly seized with consternation. Ismael rent his clothes and tore his hair, for he was a grateful person, and entertained the most lively emotions of affection towards the man who had preserved him from a miserable end. Prayers were put up to the prophet for the recovery of the Frank, but all in vain; the poor gentleman grew worse, and was pronounced by the most skilful in such matters to be at the point of death. "*Bismillah!*" cried one, "must we eat ashes?" "*Inshallah! Mashallah!*" cried another; "the prophet is great! there is no avoiding destiny." Meanwhile, the Nuwaub was seated by the side of the charpoy on which Ellerby reclined, wrapped up in shawls, and looking as yellow as turmeric could make him. His servants were weeping round the couch, relating the woful circumstance of his having eaten nothing for the last five days, they having been carefully excluded from the tent at the period of Hussain's visits, the son of Ameena, who frequently came with messages of condolence, accompanied by savoury kabaubs, cooked to perfection by his mother. Not to eat, is considered by a native to be certain death; the moment that the appetite fails they fancy that all is over, and Ellerby's abstinence during so long a period could betoken nothing but immediate dissolution. The Nuwaub entertained the same opinion; for he wept plentifully when he learned these doleful tidings. Having produced the proper effect, the lover dismissed his servants, and then in low and faltering accents communicated to his friend the cause of the terrible condition to which he had been reduced. He said that the sight of Goolaabee, of whose charms he had heard much previous to his fatal visit to the zenana, had produced so strong an effect upon his mind, that, aware that the national and religious scruples of her family would prevent an union, he had at once resigned himself to his fate, and should die happy, it being the sacrifice of the most peerless beauty the world had ever seen.

Ismael Mahomed listened aghast; in the first burst of his emotion, he was ready to promise every thing; but Ellerby reminded him that there were others to consult, and that, moreover, such a departure from customary usages would be quite impossible; in short, he seemed fully determined to die; and the Nuwaub, who, after a moment's reflection, felt convinced that he could do nothing without the concurrence of the ladies, who took care to keep him under due subordination, hastened back to the zenana, and communicated the astonishing intelligence. Amazing was the uproar that ensued. A kafir! a man who defiled himself with pork! who laughed at the beard of the prophet, and who drank wine! Ismael beat his breast; it was all over with his friend; he must

* These words were actually used by the governor of a province to an officer in the company's service, who had procured for him an asylum in the British dominions.

die, and there was no help for it. But when the confusion of tongues had ceased, Ameena began to enquire what they intended to do with Goolaabee. Under a contract to Prince Khosroo, which never could be fulfilled, she must either remain in her father's house unmarried, and a disgrace to her family, or be quietly put out of the way,—an expedient which had already been suggested by one of the greatest sticklers for the observance of oriental etiquette. This view of the case presented an extraordinary change in the feelings of the party. The awkward position in which Goolaabee had been placed had escaped the memory of the ladies, and it was now agreed that, considering all the circumstances, it would not only be possible but politic to permit a marriage, which would be a far better method of disposing of an encumbrance, than either of the two other alternatives. There were, of course, one or two dissentient voices, proceeding from narrow-minded fanatical personages, who thought that a dose of opium would be well expended in the preservation of family honour; but consideration of Ellerby's services had much weight with the more amicably disposed, and, the marriage being finally agreed upon, various precedents reconciled the Nuwaub's family to so unusual an alliance. It was stipulated that Ellerby should never quit India during the period of his wife's existence, and that she should be permitted to seclude herself, if she pleased, from the society of his companions. The bridegroom, who recovered in the most miraculous manner the moment the good news was imparted, made not the slightest objection to these proposals, and having signed a contract placed before him, received Goolaabee with the most rapturous delight.

Report says, that they lived long and happily together, and that her daughters, who were sent to England for their education, became, after her death, the belles of St. James's.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine

The Bride of Bearhaven;

OR, THE GRANDFATHER'S PROPHECY.

On the afternoon of a bright October day, in the year ——, a frigate was discovered, a few miles to the westward of the Dursey Island, beating up against a fierce northeaster, with a signal for a pilot flying at the fore. The only boat which happened to be on that part of the coast on that day, was the small fishing hooker of Denis O'Sullivan, a Bearhaven pilot; who, after a hard night and morning's toil, with but slender success, had sought shelter in Dursey Sound, where, under the lee of the lofty cliffs of that rugged coast, his little craft lay like a sleeping seabird on the unruffled bosom of her snug anchorage, gently heaving and sinking to the long ocean swell.

The idle fishing lines were coiled over the quarters of the bark; and of the crew, (after their frugal meal of potatoes and *the* herring,) two lay stretched in sleep, wrapped in the slack of the lowered mainsail, while the watchful *Din* kept a look-out seaward. With the dudheen in his mouth, Din drowsily hummed some old Irish ditty, occasionally comforting himself with a drop of the cratur, until he lulled himself into a half-dozing state; when a glimpse of the frigate, with her well-known signal fluttering in the breeze, threw new life into him. In an instant, overboard went the pipe. "Oh, then, it's welcome you are, my jewel," cried Din, "whether Turk, Jew, or Crischin." Then hauling away the slack of the mainsail, he roused his sleeping messmates. "Jump up," shouted Din—"*every* mother's son of the *two* of ye's. Here's the best haul we'll have to-day—a man-of-war! and, by the looks of her, *ov* a long voyage. Barney Bawn, lay hoult"—addressing a square-built, white-haired little fellow, with arms like an ox—"lay hoult, boy, and let's get in our killick.* Here goes. Yo, ee! yo, ee! Darby Lowney, you ould thief of the world, is it *draming* you are! Up mainsail, or she'll be by us in no time. Yo, ee! yo, ee! here it comes, Barney; now, my boy, hand over hand, and in with her—that's id." Din ran up his foresail, belayed his halyard, and then sprung aft, to ship his tiller. "Foresheet to windward, Barney!" sung out the skipper. "Now, she pays off—let's draw! Well done, ould girl!—it's yourself that can do it! Aise off mainsheet, Darby, and we'll soon see what the stranger's made ov."

The little hooker soon cleared the Sound; then, hauling her wind under the western cliff of the Dursey, showed her diminutive black hull, sparkling like jet, as she bounded from wave to wave, like the stormy peterel. Nor was she long unobserved by the frigate, which, in her next tack, stretched in for the land; and, when within hailing distance, shortened sail.

"What land is that on the weather bow?" asked the officer of the watch.

"Blackball Head, sir," answered Din.

"How's the tide?"

"Rising, sir—rising—'bout half-flood; but don't make too free with the land, sir; I'll be aboard o' you in a jiffy."

This was more easily said than done. On this part of the coast of Ireland, the swell of the sea is at all times immense; but when, as was then the case, the flood tide, rolling in from the mighty Atlantic, is met by a stiff easterly wind, the conflict is for some hours terrific. The bold pilot, however, nothing dismayed, dodged in the wake of the frigate, at a respectful distance. But how to get on board, was the question. No boat could, with safety, be launched from the frigate; nor could the anxious Denis venture his fragile craft to approach much nearer.

"Blood and oons, then," said the daring pilot, fearing to lose the prize, "what's to hinder me from having a swim to her?"

"Och, then, nothin' at all," deliberately answered old Darby—"that's iv you've a mind for it." Resigning the helm to Darby, Din sprang forward to the hooker's head, and, holding on by the forestay, bawled out, at the top of his voice, to the officer on the quarter-deck of the frigate, to "*cast off the life buoy!*" No sooner said than done. The buoy had not been many minutes afloat, ere it was hooked to by Din; who, taking the precaution to hang a fine cod, half as large as himself, to his belt, as a present for the captain, was soon on his travels. With a close hitch round his arm, and well secured by the life buoy, he boldly buffeted the waves. Old Darby, who beheld him with looks of admiration, could not refrain from his joke, and, with all that recklessness of danger which is the characteristic of his country, sung out to him—"*More luck to you, Din, my boy!* Faith, and it isn't *dry* and hungry you are!" In a few minutes, the pilot, half-smothered with the broken waves, was hauled over the frigate's tafferel; his long glibs (or locks) hanging over his shoulders like the fabled mermaid, and the huge monster of a cod hanging at his girdle, which, at first sight, appeared to have seized on him as its prey. He soon shook off the fish, and, having recovered his breath, doused his seal-skin cap to his majesty's colours, then making his best bow to the captain, welcomed his honour to ould Ireland.

"Thank you—thank you, my man," said the captain; "you're a gallant fellow, and a credit to it. Here, Mr. Slops, serve out a change of duds to the pilot, and after that give him a good dram to warm him."

"Begging your honour's pardon," interrupted Din, "the *dhram* would agree with me all the better afore." He was soon accommodated; and then, waving his cap to the crew of the hooker to be off, she bore up for her former anchorage, and was soon shut up from view by the island.

The pilot, having been comfortably clad, took his station beside the helmsman, when the captain approached to enquire whether he should venture to take the frigate round the Mizen Head that night, or seek a shelter in Bantry Bay.

"Faith, then, master, for that matter, it's all as your *honour* plases; but there would be no harm in jist putting into the bay afore night, for feard of the worst, as I can see that there's a mighty poorty mackerel breeze a-brewing over head."

The wind had, in fact, increased to what might be called the commencement of a gale. The frigate already felt it. Three years' service in the West Indies had not much improved her condition either in upper or lower works; and, however anxious the captain might be to reach Cork harbour, he was not insensible to the risks of buffeting with such a *right-a-head* sneezer; and through such a night as the declining sun gave tokens of.

"Well, then, for Bantry Bay let it be," ordered the captain.

"Ay, your honour, and for Bearhaven too, with God's help! We shan't want for wind; and, maybe, the tide would be civil to us for another couple of hours. Now, sir, *ready about!* if your honour plases."

The frigate was one of the crack ones of her day, but just then not in her best sailing trim—yet the pilot declared that "she sailed *iligantly!*" In a few more bounds, the captain had the satisfaction of seeing his gallant bark between Sheepshead and Bear Island, with a clear look up the bay, plenty of sea room, and a rough but not lofty sea. The heavy squalls, however, which came thundering down the mountains of Meentravaura every quarter of an hour, tried the frigate's powers—topgallant sheets and halyards were never for a moment out of hand—so sudden and impetuous are those mountain squalls.

Nothing can equal the unrelenting fierceness with which a regular *northeaster* sweeps down this splendid bay. The French fleet, under Hoche, were caught by it when nearly half way to Bantry; and, after being tantalised from day to day for upwards of a week, with a sight of the Emerald Isle, were compelled at length to take a reluctant farewell of the expected prize, and fly to the ocean for safety.

The captain of the frigate expressed his fears of being nipped in the bay, and all was made clear forward to drop anchor. The pilot, however, who well knew the powerful influence of the tide, and had already experienced the admirable sailing qualities of the frigate, seemed quite confident, with half an hour's flood-tide in his favour. The day was fast declining—a chain of rugged rocks under their lee, creating breakers mast-head high, struck a sudden awe into all on deck. Conceiving the pilot to be making too free with them, the captain expressed his alarm. The pilot gave the word "*Ready about!*" but still withheld the "*Helms a-lee!*" The anxiety of the captain for the safety of the vessel, wrought to the highest pitch, betrayed itself in a sudden explosion, threatening the pilot that, if any accident happened to the ship, that instant he should "*swing at the yard-arm.*"

"Swing!—swing, your honour!" exclaimed poor Din, with astonishment; "sure then, sir, it isn't afaired of me you are. Only thry the depth of the water. Why, it's deep enough to swallow up *Hungry Hill*, yonder beyant"—pointing to that gigantic mountain, then in view, whose serrated and sterile outline presents that idea of starvation so forcibly expressed by the French officer who, with his boat's crew, was blown ashore and captured in 1796, that it was "*Nature's backbone picked bare by the Devil!*"

"Now, then, sir," said Din, "rap-full, and about with her!" The frigate came round like a top, and, in less than another quarter of an hour, had shot up a mile to the eastward of Bear Island. "Now, sir," said Din, exultingly, "only look over your lift showlder at the sweet little haven under your lee." The captain's satisfaction at the prospect was somewhat damped by certain feelings of self-reproach at his hasty threat. "Now, sir, another short tack half across the bay, and then round in weather braces."

The frigate was soon going large before the wind. The rugged "Roan Corrig"* (which stands like a hoary giant, guarding the eastern entrance to the haven, and from whose scraggy sides the snowy foam rolled down like an avalanche) was passed with the rapidity of lightning; and, in another half hour, the gallant crew, released from further toil, beheld his majesty's frigate, Turquoise, safely moored in one of the finest harbours in the universe, where a thousand sail of the line might in safety have kept her company.

Denis's task being now finished, he ventured to approach the captain, and, stepping out with his best bow, said—"Now, plase your honour, we're clear of all *safety*, thank God!"—Three gold Joes† were slipped into the pilot's hand by the generous captain, as an acknowledgment of his skill, and perhaps a silent atonement for a hasty, but not unpardonable threat.

Twilight was fast falling; but the frigate had scarcely dropped her anchor ere several country boats came alongside, with compliments and offers of service from the

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* Killick, an anchor formed of timber, and balanced in the centre by a stone, or piece of pig iron.

* Corrig, or Carrick, a rock.

† Johaneses—pieces of eight—(dollars.)

owners of the few houses the shores of Bearhaven present, as well as from others from more remote habitations, on whom the attractions of a homeward-bound man-of-war's expenditure were not lost, and who had watched her from her first appearance off the Dursey. Cards, and scraps of paper where cards were wanting, were passed up the side for the captain, who politely expressed his readiness to receive all visiters on the following morning.

To his great surprise, on looking over his handful of visiting billets, he found that every one of them bore the name of Mr. O'Sullivan! This was a puzzler, which honest Din, the pilot, was ushered into the cabin to expound. "O, sir," said Din, "all the rale jontlemen of these parts are O'Sullivans"—adding, but with a most respectful scrape—"I am one myself, born and bred."

"And all these gentlemen your relatives, of course, Mr. O'Sullivan?"

"Troth, yes, sir—every soul of them. There's seventy-two score of us, and all the rale breed." Denis took the cards in succession from the captain's hand, and pronounced each gentleman's style, title, and patronymic. "That's Jerry O'Sullivan of the bank."

"What!" asked the captain, "have you a bank here?"

"Yes—no, sir—that is, we *had* a bank the year afore last; but the talk of the Frinch invasion caused such a devil of a run on it, that it failed one morning for *two guineas!* and, although Jerry received the first half-guinea note from Cork *by express*, his credit was quite bothered entirely; and he has never been able to open the bank since.* Well, then, the next is Jerry Swinish, commonly called Jerry the Pig; and that's Jerry O'Sullivan Faugh, (or Dirty Jerry, saving your honour's favour,) a fine jontleman *and his wife*, that lives above at Bantry; and it's himself that keeps his priest, his pack of hounds, and his piper! And this is Jerry Darby, and that's Jerry Paddy; and here's Jerry of Garniesh, and Murty of Quolough, and Murty of Inch; and this is Darby of the Dursies, &c. &c.; all O'Sullivans, and all of the true blood on father and mother's side, in and in."

The pilot did not depart from the ship without receiving overflowing proofs of the kindness and liberality of the officers of the gun-room, whom he had amused for an hour with a flattering description of the beauties of this wild, unfrequented region, until every man of them had a fair, a dark, or brown-haired Miss O'Sullivan in his mind's eye, (according to his fancy in female charms,) all longing for the next coming day to realise their hopes—at least gratify their curiosity.

Nor was Denis less prodigal of his praises of the captain and officers of the frigate, when he reached Castletown, the then poor village at the mouth of the haven, (consisting of only a few scattered cabins,) where a post-office had been established for the convenience of the navy. The most extravagant expectations were raised by Din's glowing description of the wealth and generosity of the officers, more particularly when he jingled his broad gold coin, as convincing proofs. The gentlemen calculated on a bit of barter in the contraband way—the ladies on lovers. But, alas! the next day brought disappointment. During the whole of that night, it had blown a heavy gale of wind; the morn did not improve the scene. The gallant frigate rode with two anchors a-head, and topgallant masts struck. Not a boat could show her nose in the haven; and the day passed over in fruitless regrets and wishes both on shore and on board.

This interval of non-intercourse was not, however, passed altogether in idleness. On shore, the native beaux were busy in bucking up their holiday clothes—the belles, in curling and clear-starching; while, on board, the mates and middies were equally industrious in furbishing up their uniforms and shore-going toggery.

The following day proved more propitious—the easterly wind having expended its fury, the now tranquil haven scarcely presented a ripple. Shortly after the crew had dined, two boats were observed to leave the ship. Their course was anxiously watched; and, in less than half an hour, the captain's beautiful azure-painted gig was seen skimming across the Cove of Castletown, followed by the cutter; the latter crowded with officers of all grades. In a few minutes, the whole party landed on a kind of terrace in front of the post-office; the only level spot, of any extent, to be seen in those days. The strangers stood in groups, gazing in silent astonishment on the wild disjointed scene before and around them. The few scattered houses or cabins in sight, appeared as if thrown by the hand of Providence to fall where they might, and cling wherever they fell; no two were alike in size, shape, or construction—no two together; every thing appeared the work of chance! The most wild and fantastic order, or rather disorder, prevailed; here and there cabins would be seen perched on an acclivity, the approaches to which were invisible to the stranger's eye; others projected into the peaceful cove, built on the shelving rocks or green banks with which it was indented. Many of these looked beautiful at a distance, like Portuguese villages; but, like them also, inconceivably mean and wretched on closer inspection.

The post-office, a large and comfortable house, but, like all others, without an *up-stairs* floor, was selected for head-quarters, and thither the stores were removed from the cutter; for the party did not come unprovided. Bob Higginbottom, the postmaster, an old Fingalian smuggler, and one of the *sixteen* protestants in the barony, (the population of which was upwards of sixteen thousand!) produced his two Dutch telescopes, by the aid of which the officers could take a survey of the distant fair ones across the cove, whose figures were seen flitting from cliff to cliff, and cabin to cabin, in pairs or clusters, all trying to get a peep at the men of war.

Sailors are not of the most ceremonious order of mankind, particularly after a long voyage; and, now released from the trammels of discipline, with health, spirits, money, and music—for their indulgent captain had permitted them to bring on shore two or three of his excellent band—all hands were agog for their first spree ashore. So, leaving their captain to pore over a file of old Cork newspapers in the parlour of the post-office, the gallant lieutenants and younkers soon introduced themselves to the fair ones of this fairy land; and, long before their good skipper had waded through the details of that hollow and inconclusive peace which was the death-blow to prize-money and promotion, and which was so soon to turn them adrift, the whole body of officers, headed by two fiddlers and a bugler, broke in on his studies, each officer double-banked with beauty, or, in other words, with a fair one on each arm. But the captain was a chance soul—a skipper in a thousand—and they knew their man. Refreshments were unpacked, corks and compliments flew about, and mirth, love, and wine, were the order of the afternoon.

Let it not be supposed, however, that amongst the joyous and gratified group, there was one female into whose heart a base or licentious passion had found entrance. They were the children of nature—strangers, it is true, to the elegances, but sensitively alive to all the proprieties of life. Frank, free, and mirthful as they were, the first quarter of an hour passed in their society convinced even the most gay and thoughtless of their new acquaintances, that all speculations on their supposed lack of modesty were vain and futile. Time passed so merrily that the rising moon first reminded the officers that they were trespassing too long on their captain's kindness. The parties separated with feelings of mutual good will, happy in the anticipation of a speedy reunion.

The next morning brought on shore (at an early hour) a fresh batch of visiters, whose welcome was facilitated by their being the bearers of a general invitation from the captain and officers of H. M. S. Turquoise, to the ladies and gentlemen of Bearhaven, to a grand ball on the next night but one—thus affording two days for the gathering. Expresses were sent east, west, and north—not an excuse, not a negative was received. The beaux this day mustered as strong as the ladies of the neighbourhood, doing the duties of hospitality according to their limited means; and the officers, equally delighted as their predecessors, departed at sunset, loaded with presents of game, fish, fresh butter, eggs, honey, &c. &c., which were poured on them in abundance.

A young marine officer of the party was found missing; and, as they had stopped to the last moment of their time, he was, of necessity, left behind. And here begins the tale of love.

This youth had been struck at first sight with the dazzling beauty of one of the fair nymphs of the *Cottage on the Rock*—his partner in the merry dance. This young lady was the daughter of an ancient *bon vivant*, who, besides being connected by marriage with the O'Sullivans—a great distinction in that part of the world—could boast of some gentle if not noble blood in his veins; but the copious draughts of whiskey in which, for a quarter of a century, he had too fondly indulged, had nearly obliterated all traces of that gentility, which, when seen in his sober moments, it became evident had been once familiar to him. The whole income of this poor gentleman did not exceed £60 a year, with twelve in family; yet want or privation was unknown to them. In this out-of-the-way corner of Ireland, (where there then existed neither trade nor traffic,) meat, fish, potatoes, butter, turf for fuel, &c.—the chief necessaries of life—were matters of barter, or, if purchased, at inconceivably low prices. The only ready-money expenditure was, in fact, for wearing apparel, and occasionally for groceries; but even these indispensables could be obtained on terms of mutual accommodation. The Bearhaven *gentleman* could always oblige his customer from Cork with a firkin or two of Nantz brandy, ornamented with a patch of fine butter on its crown, to act as its passport through the toll-gates of that city, in company with a string of a hundred mountain ponies, each bearing a couple of firkins of the commodity of the country; and a sack of potatoes was not the less acceptable to the dealer in cloth and calicoes from having a pillow-case stuffed with fine tea, or a roll or two of tobacco in the interior. By these means, *honest* men *could* live! But, alas! the "good ould times of smuggling" are no more! In those halcyon days, when brandy—drunk out of egg-shells, for want of glasses—could be had for half a crown a gallon, one *could* afford to get drunk *like a gentleman*; but, between the revenue police, the Peelers, and the soldiers, poor Bearhaven has become civilised, enlightened, and—unhappy! Roads have succeeded the rough and broken tracks which, for ages, were the only passages by which travellers could explore their way in this mountainous district. Shapeless rocks have been blasted, and well-paved roads made from the *debris*. Shops and tippling-houses abound. The rich copper mines of Poolyeen (which in days of yore were the wealth of that part of the country, but which lay for ages dormant and neglected for want of capital and enterprise) are now in full and flourishing work. Wheel carriages (things formerly but *read* of) have been introduced; and it only requires the wonders of a *railroad* to complete the metamorphosis. The increase of wealth, of a strange population, of knowledge, and, alas! of vice, has changed the habits and character of this once sequestered and happy people.

But to return to our tale. The young lieutenant had lingered behind his companions with the hope of obtaining a tête-à-tête with the object of his admiration; but the curtains of night closed on his hopes; and, failing in all his attempts to get a put-off to his ship in a country boat, he was fain to console himself with a booze in a shebeen, with half a score of the young lady's friends, brothers, and relatives. The poor young fellow, unused to such orgies, awoke at daybreak, finding himself stretched on the *settle*, almost unconscious where he was, and hardly able to move with pains and aches; while around him lay, in happy confusion of posture, in sound and snoring sleep, some of his companions of the preceding night: this was his first taste of Irish hospitality. He was shortly after removed to the Cottage on the Rock, where he was received with much kindness; and, after a few hours' comfortable repose, he enjoyed the happy opportunity of breathing his vows of love and eternal constancy in the ear of his fair one; but these professions, at all times suspicious, are doubly so after a *West India voyage*. They were received with good humour, at least, if not with much favour. The family pride (which was as potent as if they possessed thousands per annum—for such is or was "*auld*" Ireland) could not take offence at the honourable addresses of the young marine; but there was an obstacle to his success, which proved an insurmountable barrier—in fact, there was an old prophecy afloat about this identical young lady, which lost nothing of its force as she daily advanced in age, in grace, and beauty.

The grandfather of our heroine—a man who, according to vulgar report,

* There were various small *banks* (as they were termed) in remote parts of Ireland, which issued printed notes of the value of from threepence to three shillings!

"Held converse with the world unseen"—

was a person of extraordinary mental endowments. His family, highly respectable, had resided in a neighbouring county; and, although connected by blood with an ancient and noble house, became so reduced in circumstances that this, their only son, had no other portion at their decease than the excellent education they had bestowed on him, and which his constant habits of sobriety and deep study had improved. He was a first-rate mathematician, an astronomer of no common order, and a most surprising calculator. Humble in worldly wealth, but rich in knowledge, he passed those hours which others spent in dissipation or in idleness, in the pursuit of one object, on which he seemed to have fixed all his earthly thoughts; and when death deprived him of the partner of his hitherto peaceful life, he withdrew altogether from the world of inferior spirits, to embrace a life of solitude and study on one of the loftiest and most lonely cliffs of the country. In a "*cave dug by no mortal hand*" he took up his solitary abode. His books, instruments, papers, and a few articles of indispensable furniture, were all the property he brought with him; the remainder of his little wealth he left with his son.

The common people, who respected yet pitied him, accounted for this voluntary seclusion by the usual conjecture—that he was "*cracked by larning*." So Festus said to Paul eighteen hundred years ago; and it is a consolatory thought to the ignorant of all ages and nations. Still the kind-hearted peasants, male and female, made it a point of conscience to pay frequent visits to his mountain eyry; and his son took care that all his moderate wants should be regularly supplied.

Although an enthusiast, the old man was perfectly sane, and quite astonished some scientific persons—who, attracted by the fame of his talents and eccentricities, had made a pilgrimage to his aerial retreat—by the profundity of his knowledge, and, at the same time, simplicity of his manners. After many years passed in this extraordinary mode of life, he reappeared amongst his neighbours of former days. But the intercourse was but for a short period—merely while he arranged his books and papers—when he once more mysteriously withdrew; but not to his mountain cave—his retreat was then unknown to all; but, in a few days after his departure, a note was delivered to his son, which disclosed the secret cause of his flight—he had, as he thought, discovered *the longitude!* the object to which, through life, he had devoted his time and talents; but he enjoined silence on the subject until his promised return. Month after month passed away without any tidings of the enthusiast, and the most painful bodings were entertained of him, when, at length, a professional gentleman from Cork arrived with a letter from the old man, in which he bade adieu to his family, and sent them a gift of the sum (at that time and place, splendid) of £500. This was an era in the history of Bearhaven.

He had, it seems, embarked at Cork for Bristol; and, making his way to London, entrusted all his papers and calculations, with his memorial, to the admiralty of that day; but, being an obscure and unknown person, without patronage or introduction, his claims for notice were, for several weeks, disregarded. In the mean time, some persons who had official access to his papers, were so struck with their importance and value, that the board was solicited to afford a weekly stipend to the old man, while others were preparing to reap the benefit of his labours. "A being of his own world"—unsuspicious in his nature, and unaccustomed to the flatteries and chicanery of those with whom he had to deal—he unreservedly answered all questions, explained all his calculations, and the data on which they were founded, to those persons whom he supposed had been officially employed to examine into the subject. Months passed on in this kind of juggling, when the poor man, driven to despair by the disappointment of his hopes, loudly insisting on the restoration of his papers, was tempted with the offer of *one thousand pounds*, on the condition of resigning all claim to them, and to all rewards, present or future, to which his discoveries might have entitled him.

That these discoveries were (if not perfect) most highly valuable, may be inferred from the amount of the reward with which he was tempted for the surrender of his papers; and that base and ungenerous advantage had been taken of his innocence and his necessities was equally clear. But what could he do? The sum of one *thousand* pounds sounded largely in the ears of a man who never probably possessed £10 in ready money. He was a necessitous stranger in that populous desert, London—friendless, and in debt, without any one to consult with or advise him. No wonder, then, that, under such circumstances, he parted with the fruits of forty years' meditation and labour for the sum proposed—one half of which he assigned to his son and family; and, with the residue, after paying his debts, he equipped himself with the most complete set of instruments for astronomical observation which London could furnish—all the recent publications on that, his darling science—then, bidding en everlasting adieu to England, betook himself, it was stated, to the South Sea Islands; but his ultimate fate was lost in obscurity.

"No trace or tidings did his doom declare!"

Amongst the books he left behind with his son, was that of his *Predictions*, which the latter took care never to produce until some event had borne out the prophecy; and, in truth, there were some fulfilments so extraordinary, that they would stagger the skepticism of the disbelievers in prophetic lore. But that which most interested the family, was one in which the old man foretold the birth, the beauty, and happy fortunes of a female child to his son, who, although at the time of the prediction, he was the father of but *four*, he was promised a progeny of *ten*, and no more; the seventh to be a female, and to be named Rachel! Well, so far so good. Years had brought round the promised increase to the mystical number ten; and Rachel, the beauteous Rachel! the seventh born! the child of promise! is now before us—the beloved of the bold marine.

No great wealth, honour, or fortune presenting in that quarter, it is not to be wondered at that *his* addresses were respectfully declined by the parents. But love is ever rendered more keen by the first disappointment: and the disconsolate *Jolly** would not allow himself to abandon all hopes; trusting to his persuasive manners and attentions, on the occasion of the forthcoming ball, to overcome all maiden scruples. But alas! even here the fates were adverse. All the beauties of Bearhaven but herself, the *most* beautiful, graced the joyous festival; a slight indisposition deprived the party of the presence of one who would have proved its most brilliant ornament. To say that the eagerly expected entertainment gave unfeigned and general delight to these unsophisticated daughters of this desert land, would be superfluous; and equally so, that the gallant captain and his fine corps of officers rendered themselves pleasing, as they could never fail to do, with the fair sex. Inexperienced and unaccustomed to the minute elegances of the entertainment, as the great majority of the visiters must have been, still there was that inbred pride and natural tact which is a peculiar quality in the Irish female character, (and one which strikes all foreigners,) which repressed all appearance of surprise or vulgar admiration. The astonishment of the higher-informed and more experienced of the officers, was only equaled by their admiration, on learning that scarcely one of the laughing lively group they conversed with, had ever been nearer to the civilised world than the pitiful town of Bantry.

The merry dance was suspended for an hour for the exhibition of a comic farce, got up and excellently performed by the young gentlemen of the ship, aided by some old dramatic hands amongst the crew—a species of entertainment quite new to the greater number of the gratified audience. At midnight the supper was announced, and served with all that taste and splendour which the wealthy and liberal commander was ever wont to display on such occasions. He, good soul, though neither young, active, nor handsome, bustled about, delighted with his visiters, and equally delighting them by his kind affability and condescension. The hour of separation was protracted till daybreak; when, after escorting their fair guests to the shore, the gallant tars returned to their ship—one half of the lieutenants, and *all* the mids, leaving their hearts with their partners.

A grand batteau on Whiddy Island, (near Bantry,) with a *déjeuné à la fourchette*, given by Lord Bantry to the captain, and as many officers as could be spared from the frigate, afforded a couple of days' repose to the ladies of Bearhaven, and also (let it not to their *shame* be added) time to repair and refit their slender stock of finery.

A few days after the ball, the young lieutenant of marines (who had made his peace with the captain for his late "*absence without leave*") humbly solicited a private interview with his chief; which, being kindly granted, the youth, with many blushes and stammering excuses, preferred his earnest request to be allowed to pass three days on shore.

"For what purpose, lad?" enquired the captain.

"For the purpose, sir, of—of getting—married, sir," replied the young fellow, colouring up as red as his coat.

"Married!" exclaimed the captain, with staring eyes and uplifted hands. "Why, you young dog, do you want to go to the devil *before* your time? Married!—who the deuse are you in such a d—d hurry to marry!"

"Miss Rachel ——, sir; the beautiful young lady at the Cottage on the Rock!"

"Pshaw! nonsense, boy! Marry a girl you never saw but once or twice! Was there ever such folly! No, no, young gentleman; your mother (who, by the by, was an old flame of mine, and whom I shall ever respect) delivered you into my care, and I promised to act by you as a parent; your father was my old friend, and fell by my side, my boy, like a gallant soldier. I trust I have acted to you as your mother desired; and must now lay a parent's, or, at least a friendly commander's injunctions on you, to think no more of this foolish love affair. Did I see the young lady at the ball?"

"No, sir; she was prevented from coming, by illness."

"Well, well, my boy—stay on board. We shall sail the first hour the wind settles to the westward; then, '*out of sight out of mind*,' all will be well again. Here, you are going to be shelved on forty pounds a year!—pretty provision that for a wife and family! No, no—think no more of it. Come, eat your dinner with me to-day."

The poor lieutenant retired with a heavy heart. Although rejected by the seniors of the family, the young ones, to whom his very amiable manners had endeared him, all encouraged him to press his suit; yet, he could not but admit that there was sense and reason in the captain's observations. Poor fellow! had he been at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Yarmouth, or any one of the naval *mouths*, his romantic love fit would have evaporated after one night's carouse on shore; but poor, unenlightened Bearhaven was not then the soil of impurity—therein lay the spell.

The gentlemen of Bearhaven, in return for the entertainment given by the captain and his officers, planned a day's amusement for them ashore, by a hare hunt, on *foot*, on Deenish, a small island about half a league in circumference, near the village of Castletown, and which abounded in undisturbed game. This romantic looking spot must have been a place of some note in the palmy days of the Island of Saints, to judge from the majestic ruins of a large monastery, which still survive the ravages of time and the elements for possibly ten centuries. Due preparations having been made, the invitation was despatched by a deputation, and cordially accepted, with an offer of the band. On the appointed morn, the shrill hunting horn's blast from the island was soon responded to by the mellow-toned bugle from the frigate; and, in another hour, almost the whole of the officers, headed by their kind-hearted captain, mustered in force on the little island. The day was bright and breezy; the sky as clear as a chrysolite. The beagles, impatient for the chase, were soon uncoupled; and in an instant all was mirth, and joy, and din. Never was the expectation of pleasure more fully gratified. The death of a brace of hares seemed but the prelude to future sport. The game started up on all sides—the difficulty was to whip in the hounds to one object. So ho! and away! was the cry—officers and seamen, marines, mates, and middies, all joining in the mad melée; and the exhilarated sportsmen did not give up the amusement until six brace of vigorous pusses had rewarded their pedestrian toil.

Then to the walls of the old monastery to regale. The entertainers had, by the aid of sails, spars, colours, &c., erected a very comfortable pavilion, where the plentiful table was covered with all the good but homely fare their poor country afforded. But the captain's liberality supplied all defects. No officer in the service could boast

* For the information of the gentle sex and uninitiated landsmen, it is proper to state that, in the tar's vocabulary, "a Jolly" means "a marine;" and no bad compliment either to that distinguished corps.

of a more abundant or choicely-selected stock of wines. He brought on shore a hamper full; which, with tropical fruits, rich preserves, and liqueurs, he unostentatiously requested leave to add to the general store. Pleasure was at its height; when, to crown the joys of the day, a fleet of small country boats from Castletown, freighted with youth and beauty, debarked their welcome cargoes on the island. Then came the jest, the song, the merry country dance, and maddening jig, while the distant rocks and "cloud-capped" mountains returned, in rich echoes, the sounds of trumpet, drum, and bugle!

Amongst the delighted party by whom the captain (who had rendered himself a general favourite) was surrounded, he beheld *one* face, from which he could not, for a moment, withdraw his enraptured gaze. 'Twas that of the beautiful Rachel! For all others he seemed to have neither eye nor ear; his late loud unbroken laugh, equally ready for any nonsense as for wit, was now subdued into a reflective smile. He

"Sighed and looked, and sighed again."

He attached himself to the fascinating object of his admiration during the rest of the afternoon; and, when the waning day warned them that the hour for breaking up the merry party had arrived, he insisted on escorting the beauty to her humble domicile, where he passed some hours. Every moment spent in her society appeared to increase his infatuation, if a passion such as she was calculated to inspire, should be so called. Previously to taking his leave for the night, he solicited a private interview with the mother of his fair one; and, in a few sentences, expressed his admiration, and at once offered his hand, his heart, and fortune, to the lovely Rachel! A proposal which seemed to realise the prediction of the long-lost grandsire, was too flattering to be declined. The captain was a man of wealth, rank, and interest—an M.P., and near his flag. What visions of future greatness then floated before the anxious parent's eyes! who found no difficulty, when assembling all her children in full and secret divan, in obtaining a universal consent to the generous captain's proposals. The beauteous Rachel bowed her head in silent assent; and shortly after the captain heard, with unspeakable delight, the acceptance of his offer, but delicately forbore, for that night, to express to the dear girl herself, his happiness and gratitude. The father, being in his usual state of unconsciousness of good or evil, was not consulted on the occasion; but that was deemed of little consequence. The sons, equally with the daughters, embraced the golden chance; and so eager was the enamoured captain for the tying of the nuptial knot, that, had due preparation been made, and the priest in the way, *that* night would have seen him a Benedick; but, determined not to trust his fate beyond another day, the following evening was fixed, by general consent, for the awful ceremony. It was nearly midnight ere the love-struck captain gained the ship; he was in such an ecstasy of pleasing recollections, that, to the astonishment of all, he seized the hands of the officers, who, of course, lined the gangway to receive their commander, and shook these, one by one, as he passed towards his cabin. Before he retired to his cot, he confided to his gallant second in command the secret of his heart, begging him to cause all due preparation to be made for the following day.

And what were the thoughts of the gentle Rachel that anxious night? Her fate seemed fixed—wealth, rank, and splendour were within her grasp! But was her heart her own, to repay, by grateful love, the generous man who sought to transplant her from an ungenial soil, to the "gay sunny vale where fortune flowers." Happily, her heart was free!—love had never yet found an entrance there. With her prayer of thanksgiving, ere she closed her lovely eyes that night, she vowed to Heaven to do *her* duty with honour and fidelity—and nobly did she perform that vow!

Yet there was something supremely ridiculous, after all, in this hasty marriage project. The captain could not dwell with feelings of self-complacency on the state of mind to which it would reduce the young marine. He sent for the youth next morning; and, after explaining how matters had turned out, concluded by observing that it was better an old fellow should make a fool of himself than a young one; then putting ten Joes in his hand, and an order on Cork for £30 more, he ordered him off to London on leave—"When I shall meet you, my good boy, you shall see I will not forget you. Cheer up!—you have a wife's fortune to spend yet, my lad." The marine took his leave; and, in two hours after this interview, was at Bantry, on his road to Cork. The captain proved as good as his word to this fortunate young officer.

The eventful evening came. The first and second lieutenants, the surgeon and purser, with four mids, were the captain's escort. The steward and captain's cook had been on shore since daybreak, making the necessary preparations for the banquet. The band followed the captain's barge, in a separate boat; and, when the bridegroom set his foot on shore, it struck up

"See, the conquering hero comes!"

which, together with the shouts of assembled hundreds, and the cheers of the bride's *people** and friends, (and who were not her friends, dear girl!) put the worthy commander to the blush. The whole family, excepting the bride, were ranged to meet him at the porch of the Cottage on the Rock; and he was led by the overjoyed parents to the beauteous blushing bride.

The captain was full dressed, as for a drawing-room; and his golden splendour accorded but ill with the humbler habiliments of the rest of the party. But there was not a particle of vanity in this—it was entirely a complimentary homage to his idolised Rachel.

The entertainment was all that was good and grand; never had such a display of plate been seen in that part of the world before or since. Joy and smiling mirth pervaded every countenance. The bridemaids, dressed in all their best, blushed and simpered, after the good old fashion on all such occasions; while the female guests kept up their conversation in suppressed whispers and giggles; throwing sly glances on their handsome neighbours, the officers. The evening was fast advancing; the ruddy-cheeked priest, "all shaven and shorn," clean-shirted, powdered, pompous, and silent, sat with crossed legs, twirling his thumbs, anxious to bestow the nuptial benediction, and "pocket the gold." The awful moment approached, when some embarrassment arose, from the inability of the father to go through the ceremony of giving away the bride. His enjoyments at the festive board and subsequent libations had been so profound, that he was just then undergoing a curious operation in the further end of the cottage, by courtesy called kitchen, though the dormitory of six. There, extended half naked, before a huge turf fire, he lay in glorious insensibility, while an old crone was applying an embrocation of goose grease, with all her powers of friction, to the distended stomach and abdomen of the surfeited glutton—a never-failing remedy for repletion, and one worthy the attention of civic gourmands. The eldest son (then no matter what, but not many years after a field officer in the army) was chosen as his substitute. This difficulty surmounted, another and much more serious impediment suspended the ceremony, and threw a sudden gloom over the party. This was the captain's scruples against a marriage celebrated by a priest of the catholic church! His views on that occasion, as in every other act of his life, were pure and honourable; and, with all the bluntness of his professional and personal character, he expressed his fears that, if by any misfortune he parted his cable before he could be respliced by a protestant parson, his dear pretty Rachel might be left as a pensioner on the bounty of his family.; to guard against which contingency, the honest upright sailor insisted on executing a will in her favour that very hour! Poor Rachel must have half *loved* him for the generous thought. Pleasure once more beamed in the almost tearful eyes of the anxious party. That honourable duty performed and duly witnessed, the father pronounced out of danger, and, *what was better*, out of the house, the priest joined the hands of the happy lover and the blushing bride, amidst the blessings and good wishes of all present. The triple cheer of the party within, when drinking health and happiness to the bride and bridegroom, was the signal to the band without to pour forth its noisy strains of harmony; while the discharge of a few patararoes, paraded in front of the post-office, was the signal for the application of the blazing faggot to the various bonfires which soon illuminated all the neighbouring hills.

* People—all her relations and kindred, even to the tenth degree.

At an Irish wedding, the absence of a piper would have been deemed an unlucky omen. One had accordingly been engaged for the occasion; who, in compliment to his majesty's officer, tuned his chanter in an attempt to play "God save the King;" but either from force of habit or national feeling, he involuntarily broke into "Erin go Bragh"—a lapse from loyalty which was punished by the agreeable penalty imposed on the Bearhaven Orpheus, of swallowing, at a draught, a bottle of Madeira, to the health of the king and (as the piper insisted on adding) the captain! This feat performed, the pipes were silent for the rest of that night.

Within, all was unbounded joy and gaiety—without, noisy, uproarious, but still most good-humoured mirth. Barrels of ale and tubs of whiskey were consumed, on the happy occasion, to the health of the captain and his lady. Nor was the memory of the "*ould saint*," her grandfather, forgotten; for, with all the pride of their country, they had *canonised him* within the last twenty-four hours.

At length, *the stocking having been thrown* in the old Irish fashion, the captain was escorted to his chamber-door by the four young mids, his bridemen, where we shall leave him to his happiness, while we join the merry party below in "midnight dance and revelry," which were enjoyed until all parties were compelled to seek a brief repose.

The morning broke with a fine clear northwester; by noon, bluepeter at the fore, and topsails loose, gave the dread signal of departure. The whole population of this "*ultima Thule*" were in motion. The frigate was hove short on her anchor—the captain's barge in waiting. Greetings and congratulations were interrupted by the sighs and tears of the painful farewell. At three P. M. the worthy captain, with his lovely and honoured bride, embarked from the very rock on which the lowly cottage in which she had been born and reared, was founded; where, receiving and bestowing the tender embraces of family and friends, this admirable woman (who for upwards of twenty years lived the pride and happiness of her husband) took a long farewell of the land of her birth, cheered by the blessings of a thousand voices, as *The Bride of Bearhaven!*

The Automaton Chess Player.

The following Narrative of the Life and Adventures of the Automaton Chess Player, is translated from the French Journal *La Garde National*. As a connected history of the remarkable success of this celebrated invention, it will be read with interest.

Never, perhaps, has the appearance of the most brilliant phenomenon attracted more attention in the learned world, than that of the Automaton Chess Player, invented by Baron Kempelen.

This automaton was first known at Presburgh, in 1770. It challenged the best players to combat, from which it was always sure to come off victorious. We can hardly form an idea of the delight with which the foreign journals related the wonders performed by this marvelous machine, nor the exaggeration of the flattery lavished upon the inventor: a second Prometheus, he had stolen fire from heaven to animate his work.

Every possible combination of chess-playing appeared to have been foreseen by his genius, so admirably did the movements of the automaton accord with those of his adversary.

Public curiosity, excited by such repeated descriptions, soon assembled at Presburgh a numerous concourse of amateurs, mechanics, and artists.

The reception room of the Baron Kempelen was continually thronged.

The automaton, dressed in a magnificent turban, and the rich costume of an Asiatic sultan, was seated before a chess-board, covered with his pieces, and placed upon a cabinet three feet high, two in width, and five in length, and moved on rollers.

In this cabinet, the wheels, the cylinders, and levers necessary for the use of the machine, are placed. Before the automaton commenced playing, the inventor carefully opened the doors one after the other, and remarked upon the multiplicity of wheel-work with which it was filled, showing it to be impossible to place any one within.

As soon as a player exhibited himself, the exhibitor, furnished with an iron key, wound up the machine with a studied gravity, when the noise of the wheels could be distinctly heard catching in a cog-wheel like that of a clock.

The eyes of the automaton were then cast down on the chess-board, and after some moments of apparent meditation, he slowly raised his arm, directed it to the piece which he wished to take, seized it firmly between his fingers, raised it, and moved it to the square where it should be placed. It was in vain to endeavour to disconcert him by a wrong movement; the slightest departure from the rules seemed to make his brow darken; he shook his head as a sign of discontent, and replaced the piece ill-played to the square from which it came.

When it was about to announce a check, the lips of the automaton were agitated, and there escaped a hoarse sound like the pronunciation of the word chet or che, which, though feebly articulated, was sufficient to warn the adversary.

Thus nothing which could complete the illusion had been neglected; it was not long, however, before the surprise of the spectator began to diminish; the more the movements of the automaton were executed with promptness and facility, the more it became evident that they were subjected to a directing force. The inventor himself acknowledged it; but what was this invention so skilful, and in a game too in which one can excel only after close study and long practice? Every eye intently fixed upon Mr. Kempelen, sought in vain to discover in his looks, in his manner, in his slightest gesture, some indication of the means which he employed; sometimes he turned his back to the table, and again walked away several steps, leaving the automaton to move once or twice in succession without approaching it. He moved the table to any situation the spectator wished, thus rendering all communication with the floor or the next room impossible.

The examination to which the machine had been submitted, removed all supposition that a child or dwarf could be concealed: besides, how, at the bottom of this cabinet, almost hermetically closed, could they see and direct the play of a chess-board upon the table above?

The mystery remained a long time impenetrable. Master of its secrets, the automaton visited the capitals of Germany and France; every where it was received with extreme curiosity, and often excited transports of surprise and admiration. Arriving in Paris, in 1785, his star became dim before the celebrated players of the Regent Coffee House. But one can, without shame, acknowledge themselves conquered by the Philidors, and the Legals, and have yet a brilliant career to run. On its return to Berlin, the automaton challenged all the lords of the court of the great Frederick, and was even admitted to the honour of playing with this prince, a great amateur of chess. In a moment of enthusiasm, Frederick, at a great expense, became master of the machine and its secret; a minute account developed to him all the mysteries of this innocent magic. From that time the delusion vanished; the automaton, dethroned, disdained, covered with dust, was exiled to the obscure apartment of the palace, where it remained nearly thirty years hidden and forgotten.

It owes its resurrection, in part, to the presence of Napoleon at Berlin. It was taken from its obscurity, recovered its former splendour, and, proud of having triumphed over the conqueror of Austerlitz, it again commenced its travels. London and Paris received it with renewed pleasure.

We will pass rapidly over some years of the adventurous life of our hero. Accompanied by an exhibitor educated in the school of Mr. Kempelen, and always wonderfully aided by his directing power, without which it could not move a step, the automaton sought eagerly every occasion to distinguish itself, and never quitted the battle field without being able to say with Cæsar,—*Veni, vidi, vici.* At length, preceded by an unprecedented reputation, it arrived at the court of Bavaria. There the astonishment and enthusiasm which its play never failed to excite, were renewed. So great was the impression it made, that Prince Eugene could not resist the temptation of becoming possessor of this chef d'œuvre, and to be initiated in the occult science which performed so many wonders. This wish was gratified; and the price of his initiation was fixed at the sum of 30,000 francs.

The time was now at hand when the veil was to be raised, when he was to know this invisible genius, this superior intelligence which ruled the chess-board. He was left alone with the exhibitor, who, for the whole explanation, opened both doors of the machine at once; the wheels had disappeared; a man, a true chess player, occupied their place. He was seated upon a low cricket, with rollers, and seemed very ill at ease. We can judge what, at this sight, was the disenchantment of the new purchaser. The solution of the principal problem was reduced to a mere juggler's trick. These levers, these cog-wheels, this cylinder, were but thin paper cuttings, placed on partitions and removed at will.

Whilst the examination of the interior mechanism took place, as the doors only opened one after another, the player was concealed in the back of the automaton, his limbs folded under him, sometimes leaning to the opposite side, with his head down and his hands before him; he thus by turns hid himself as the doors opened alternately. One or two repetitions were sufficient to habituate him to this exercise, and to teach him first to turn the crank for directing the arm of the automaton, then to put in motion the elastic spring which was to move the fingers; and last, to pull the cord that the automaton might give utterance to the word check.

The player is lighted in his box by a taper, and has before him a chess-board on which all the squares are numbered: another chess-board, likewise numbered, is placed in the ceiling above his head, and forms the reverse of that upon which the automaton plays. The pieces strongly magnetised at their base, by their attraction open some little traps adapted to each square of this back board. The player, attentive to the rise and fall of these traps, knows precisely the move played by his adversary; he immediately repeats this move upon his own chess-board; plays his own move, and causes it afterwards to be done by the automaton.

The ingenious means invented to establish a connection between the exterior and interior of the machine alone fixed the attention of the prince; perhaps he found he had paid too dear for the secret. He said nothing, and even amused himself awhile in the presence of some intimate friends in playing the part of exhibitor. But that he might enjoy his knowledge for a length of time, it was necessary that a skilful player should be employed, which would have soon opened all eyes, and given a key to the enigma.

The prince found himself reduced to this alternative: either to employ this skilful player, or again to condemn the automaton to obscurity. He was uncertain what part to take, when Mr. M—e—l, that skilful mechanist, who separated himself with regret from his beloved pupil, asked the favour to continue the exhibition of its brilliant talents, engaging to pay the interest of the sum disbursed. This proposition was accepted, and Mr. M—e—l left Bavaria, and exhibited the automaton with great success. He was received in France and England like an old acquaintance of whom we just retain a recollection; it seemed to have renewed its youth; although the reign of sorcerers had passed away, it still possessed the power to fascinate every eye; in more simple language, it always astonished by the ingenuity of its machinery, and the skill of its concealed player. To one or two celebrated players was confided the internal direction of the automaton; Mr. B—t, in Paris, and Mr. L—w—s, in London, made it triumph without difficulty over all who presented themselves for combat; when Mr. M—e—l formed the plan of working on the curiosity of several cities in England, Scotland, and Holland, where the automaton had never been. To accomplish that design, it was necessary to have the assistance of a traveling companion who had a superior knowledge of chess; he proposed this plan to Mr. M., a very amiable and lively man, who consented to accompany him, and become his associate in the benefits of the enterprise.

The most complete success signalised the course of our travellers. Wherever they pitched their tents, spectators gathered in crowds to witness the combat. The automaton, like a chevalier in a tournament, offered to his antagonist the advantages of arms and ground, that is to say, in the language of chess, the pawn and first move, notwithstanding which he was always successful.

The speculation was profitable; perfect harmony existed between the associates, whose accounts were regularly settled with scrupulous exactness. After a while, however, Mr. M—e—l owed the player a large sum; of which, under different pretexts, he delayed the payment from week to week and month to month. A year thus passed away, and Mr. M—e—l refused to settle the account, when M——t found an infallible means to decide it.

The automaton was then at Amsterdam; the King of Holland had early in the morning engaged a fourth part of the hall and paid for it a sum in florins equivalent to 3000 francs; Mr. M—e—l ran to announce this news to his associate. They breakfasted gaily together; Mr. M—e—l hastened to make the necessary preparations to receive the king; the assembly were to meet at half past twelve; twelve struck, and the player, who should have been in his machine, is not yet at his post; Mr. M—e—l, out of patience, went to enquire the cause of this delay. What is his astonishment to find Mr. M——t in bed, and trembling as with an ague fit. What do I see! What is the matter? *I have a fever.* What is that you say? you were well enough an hour since. *Yes, it is a thunder stroke.* The king will come. *He will go away again.* What shall I say to him? *That the automaton has a fever.* A truce to your jokes. *It is no laughing matter.* The receipts were never better. *Return the money.* I pray you get up. *Impossible.* I will go call a physician. *Useless.* Is there then no means of preventing this fever? *Yes; one only—it is to pay me the 1500 francs you owe me.* Well, be it so this evening. *No—no—this moment.* Mr. M—e—l seeing no other alternative, went for the money. The cure was wonderful; the automaton never played better. The king did not play, only he advised his minister of war, who played for him. The coalition were completely beaten; but the defeat was laid entirely to the account of the responsible minister.

The expedition of our travellers had scarcely terminated, when Mr. M—e—l engaged a player to go with him to America. A young man, a native of Mulhausen, a pupil of the best players in the Regent Coffee House, was this time chosen for confidant. The exhibitor taught him the art of concealing himself, and above all, not to make the least noise which would excite suspicion; and finished his instructions with these words:—"If you should hear fire cried, don't move, I will come to your aid." The following anecdote, it is said, determined Mr. M—e—l to give this advice to those he initiated.

In some of his early travels, he was at a German city where was a celebrated juggler, a pupil of the Conus and Pinetts, giving exhibitions.

The automaton soon eclipsed the juggler, who, piqued and jealous, went to see his rival; guessed the secret, and aided by a confederate, all of a sudden cried "fire." We can judge the alarm of the spectators; the automaton in his fright pushed his adversary over, and rolled and turned himself about; he seemed to have become crazy. Fortunately, Mr. M—e—l had presence of mind enough to push the machine behind a curtain, when it soon became calm.

The trick of the juggler was soon discovered, but did him no good. His rival still bore away the palm.

The automaton has spent many years in North America; he has visited successively the principal cities of the United States and Canada; he is now exercising his talents in South America. We hope to see an account of his travels in the *Palamede*, a monthly Review of Chess, published by Messrs. Bourbonnaye & Mery.

From the London Metropolitan.

SONG.

Oh! can I forget, as I bend o'er my loom,
So many long hours in this dark, stifling room,
My boyhood's sweet time when I roamed all the day,
Untamedly glad as a bird in its play?

Oh! can I forget, when my own darling wife
Is soothing her hungry ones, calming their strife,
Her tears rolling down as she thinks of their fate,
How fair and light-hearted her maidenly state?

Oh! can I forget with what joy and what pride
I saw in the future a happy fire-side,
Where our old age should rest in the cradle of home,
Where, when Christmas was merry, our children should come?

Alas! for the boyhood for ever departed;
Alas! for the maiden so fair and light-hearted;
Alas! for the home and the happy ones nigh;
God help us! we live but to toil and to die. J. S.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

The Aristocrat's Wife.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The chateau d'Armentieres seems to me one of the few country-houses in France which can pretend to rivalship with the rural residences of Great Britain. The finest of your English parks is but a favoured "bit" of nature; an enwalled or enfenced portion of landscape, trained by the hand of art to resemble the more picturesque districts of the island. In France, on the contrary, the pleasure grounds of a country seat are not only artificial, but aim at distinguishing themselves from the vulgar commonplace of nature. The lily must be painted—the violet perfumed. Plants are marshaled as in the ranks of a regiment—forest trees trimmed and trained as for the bandbox of an artificial florist. The garden contains as much marble or granite as shrubs or soil. Balustrades of stone supply the use of the fragrant fence of sweetbriar; and the stately vase, upon its pedestal, usurps in the shrubbery the place of the gum-cistus or rhododendron. The French, regarding this ornate artificiality as an evidence of cost and care, will not believe that English people allow the lime trees on their lawns to extend, untrimmed, their luxuriant branches, from any other motive than an economy of labour.

I admit that at Armentieres things are no better ordered than elsewhere. The mansion is surrounded by the usual intersections of rectangular sanded walks, and box-edged parterres; a terrace overlooking a muddy canal; a few stone basins, full of grass-green tritons and nereids, each capable of throwing up a fountain, were the leaden pipes less full of chinks, and the stagnant water in which they are dabbling less full of tadpoles; a grove of chestnut trees, whose tall, straight stems stand formally arranged, like the pipes of an organ; and a wilderness of weeds and cinque-foil beyond, which passes under the honorary denomination of park. Such are the features of Armentieres. Yet, on the whole, it is a beautiful residence; for the pleasure-grounds are fortunately small; and nature has done wonders for the environs of a place where art exhibits only those fantastic tricks which, instead of playing before high heaven, she would do well to restrict to the decorations of an opera-house. Below the limits of the hard, stiff gardens, lies a deep and richly wooded ravine, with a brook leaping along the bottom; and beyond the opposite bank, extends a heathy forest, intersected with hoary masses of rock—one portion thickly grown with the noblest timber, another partially cleared, and rendered picturesque by its patches of silver birch trees, Spanish chestnuts, and straggling juniper. Situated on the confines of the estates of the house of Bourbon-Conde, you may ride ten miles from Armentieres to the palace of Chantilly, through a succession of forest scenery worthy some Tuscan romance, or the pages of Hobbima.

Leon d'Armentieres, who, at the epoch of the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, occupied the chateau and its dependencies, was a fine, open-spirited young man of four and twenty, born amid the terrors of the revolution, and apparently foredoomed to suffer the penalty of noble birth by a life of penury and privation. But, on the accession of Napoleon, a grateful recollection on the part of the new emperor, of some trifling service rendered him in his earlier days by the Baron d'Armentieres, produced an unexpected change in the fortunes of the family. They were sought out in their obscure retreat, and loaded with the favours of government. The baron soon obtained means of redeeming his confiscated estates; and nothing but his untimely death on the field of Austerlitz prevented him from rising to the highest honours of the state. Within a few months of the fatal event, the baroness fell a victim to affliction, bequeathing their only son to the guardianship of the emperor; and Leon d'Armentieres—enrolled, accordingly, at ten years of age, among the pages of the imperial household—mechanically adopted those views, sentiments, and principles, with which gratitude had inspired his parents. Many of the most illustrious houses in France—Montesquieus, Narbonnes, Breteuils—were already, indeed, in service at the Tuileries; and, but that Leon had flattered himself he should be honoured, on attaining the fitting age, with a military appointment, he might have congratulated himself on his good fortune, when, on entering his eighteenth year, the emperor selected him as equerry to the newly born King of Rome. It was rumoured, indeed, in the imperial circle, that the Baroness d'Armentieres, whose early death was produced by the loss of her husband on the field of battle, had personally implored the emperor to spare her only son from the fatal ranks of his army. But Leon himself cherished an embittering suspicion that the great soldier did not judge him worthy to serve under his banners; and a disgust against the splendid servitude in which he was enlisted took possession of his bosom.

For some years past, indeed, the chief pleasure of Leon's life had consisted in such visits to the chateau d'Armentieres as his duties at the Tuileries would permit—the chateau where he was born, and which he had inhabited for several years of his existence. To *him* every tree of the domain was familiar, every hill a friendly object. The verdure of Fontainebleau or Compiegne never appeared, in *his* eyes, to rival that of his own fine woods. No where was the climate so wholesome—no where the field sports so exhilarating. *There* he was an object of universal interest; the very woodcutters could date the day and the hour of his birth—nay! the blind beggar, stationed by the villagers to warm himself in the sunshine, safe within the gates of the avenue, appeared to have an instinctive knowledge that the approaching footstep was that of the young Baron d'Armentieres.

The place, indeed, was but roughly kept up during Leon's minority. The shutters of the grand suite of apartments remained closed, except when, once a year or so, it became necessary to remove the mildew from the pictures and tapestry, and ascertain how far moth and rust had corrupted during the preceding twelve months. The avenue and court of honour were obstructed by trunks of trees lying seasoning in the sun, preparatory to being chopped up for firewood; and, as to the gardens, they were almost as luxuriant and beautiful as if there existed neither a gardener nor a pruning-hook in France. But all this disorder afforded an agreeable change to Leon from the precise precincts of the court; and he loved the very weeds of the flower-borders, because they seemed to flourish of their own accord.

"Were I my own master," cried Leon, every time he passed the gate of the chateau on his way back to his official duties, "I would never quit Armentieres."

"You fancy so, because 't is almost the only thing you are not at liberty to do," observed his bosom friend, Count Philip de Breteuil, one day, when, on his return from a sporting September week of holidays, Leon indulged in his usual declaration.

"Partiality to one's birth-place, methinks, is no very uncommon failing," said he, moderating his indignation, as he leaned back in the embrasure of a window in an antechamber of the palace at St. Cloud, where Breteuil and himself were officiating in the duties of their appointments.

"No; for what is it but one of the thousand and one modifications of human self-sufficiency?"

"Well, then—egotism apart—surely there is nothing objectionable in preferring, for my residence, one of the most beautiful spots in the kingdom?"

"Fontainebleau is one of the most beautiful spots in the kingdom," replied Breteuil, with provoking calmness; "yet you were as much bored there last week, as if you had been camping with some roving tribe in Stony Arabia."

"With or *without* a sufficient reason then, give me leave to assert that I love the home of my fathers beyond all other places under the canopy of heaven."

"You love the home of your father's son, I fancy," replied Breteuil, playing with his sword-knot. "You find yourself a little king in your little chateau. We all like to sovereignise when and where we are able."

"To prove how completely you mistake my motives, know that my present partiality for Armentieres is trifling compared with the love I bore the place on quitting it, at ten years old—at the time when I and Margaret used to wander through the woods in springtime, making garlands of wild anemones and lilies of the valley."

"And who is Margaret? Your sister?"

"I am an only child. Margaret was a little girl nursed and reared by the porter's wife."

"A pretty playmate, truly, for the young chatelain! What might be her name?"

"The young chatelain never enquired. She was always 'Margaret' to *me*, unless, indeed, when I called her my little wife."

"And what do you call her *now?*"

"I have heard nothing of her these ten years past. Margaret was taken home from her foster-mother about the period I entered the Tuileries; and, by this, she is probably the portly wife of some grocer of the Rue St. Denis."

"I wonder you never sought her out, that for once you might insure becoming sympathy in your passion for the old oak trees of Armentieres! said Breteuil, with a sneer. "But, *à propos*, to love and matrimony, I have news for you. Who, think you, is going to be noosed in the silken chain!"

"If I am to guess the least likely man in Paris, allow me to name yourself."

"Right for once—you have hit the mark."

"How!" cried Leon, who had intended a mere pleasantry; "*you*, my dear count, are *really* going to be married?"

"So the emperor informs me; and he is apt to be correct on such points."

"And to whom?"

"To a Mademoiselle Gallien, or Galiand, or some such person."

"The proposition, then, did not spring from yourself; the lady is not of your own selection?"

"No; I asked the emperor for the means of paying my debts; and he was not only so liberal as to afford them, but to throw me a wife into the bargain. He bestows upon me the only child of a *receveur-général*, and an aid-de-campship. The marriage contract is to be signed to-night; to-morrow the marriage will be solemnised at St. Roch; and, if the emperor deigns to listen to my next request as graciously as to the last, I shall set off on the following day, to accompany him to Russia."

"Mademoiselle Gallien or Galiand is much indebted to your gallantry," said Leon. "But don't you invite me to your wedding?"

"The emperor further informs me you are to be my brideman. So be ready to accompany me, at seven this evening, to the Rue de Grenelle, when I am to be presented to my bride, in order to present her with a few thousand livres worth of diamonds, as marriage gifts, at the expense of their imperial majesties."

Even trained as Leon had been in the heartlessness of a court, there was something in the cool insensibility of Breteuil, that excited his disgust. He attired himself for the ceremonial of the evening with an involuntary feeling of compassion towards the unfortunate girl about to be sacrificed in order to repair the disorders of a libertine; and turned a deaf ear to the piquant sallies of the bridegroom, as they ascended the grand staircase of a fine hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. The names of "Messieurs, the Count Philippe de Breteuil, and the Baron Leon d'Armentieres," were loudly announced by a succession of domestics; and Monsieur "Gallien or Galiand," with whom Breteuil had already had repeated interviews at the house of his man of business, advanced to the very door of the antechamber to welcome his noble son-in-law. Leon cast a mistrustful glance upon the countenance of the old financier, who, it was clear, had made a mere bargain of his daughter; for Galiand was to become Monsieur le Baron when his child became Madame la Comtesse. The rich upstart was to be ennobled—the impoverished peer enriched: all this formed part of Napoleon's favourite system of "fusion."

"It is to be hoped, for Breteuil's sake, that the young lady may possess a more prepossessing face than her father," thought Leon, as they followed the pompous guidance of his host through a suite of sumptuous chambers; in the furthest of which stood a writing table, surrounded by lawyers, and a lovely young woman, attired in bridal white, surrounded by a posse of female relatives. Nothing could be more noble or more graceful than the air with which she returned the salutations, and accepted the bouquet, almost contemptuously offered to her by Breteuil; and even the latter was struck by the beauty of her person, and quiet dignity of her demeanour. At her father's suggestion, the contents of the marriage articles were now hastily run over by the notary; and, with the exception of a start from Leon on hearing the name of the bride recited as "Marie Marguerite Galiand," no one gave evidence of having listened to a syllable. The ladies present were occupied in admiring the rich lace of which Mary Margaret's dress was

composed; and the men, the dauntless audacity with which the aristocratic bridegroom supported the ignominious publicity of his pauperism.

The notary bowed his head at the conclusion of the last page, in token that his task was over; on which the count offered his hand to the lady, (through whom he found himself endowed with half a million lawful money of the realm,) to lead her to the table whereon the parchments were extended. The pen was placed in her hand; and while, below the hurried signature it served to trace, all the illustrious personages present were inscribing their names as witnesses of the covenant, Breteuil took the opportunity to present to the notice of mademoiselle, his friend and brideman, Baron Leon d'Armentieres. The young baron advanced, at the summons of Breteuil, to offer the customary compliments. But, as their eyes met, the ejaculation of "Margaret" on one side, and "Leon" on the other, instantly cut short all form of speech; and it was with some difficulty that the count gleaned, from their hurried explanations, that he was about to lead to the altar the little wife of his young friend. Yes! the future Madame la Comtesse Philippe de Breteuil had actually been ushered into life as the nursling of the porter's wife of the chateau d'Armentieres.

Old Galiand was, in fact, one of those mysterious nobodies whose fortune became magnified with such incredible rapidity, in the commissariat department of the army in Spain. His means had been as humble as his origin, even so lately as the period when the death of his young wife, in childbed, left a motherless girl upon his hands; yet scarcely had Margaret attained her tenth year, when a mass of enormous wealth made it incumbent on him to remove his future heiress from her obscure retreat, to be trained into finished courtliness by the experienced hands of Madame Campan. The rumour of her prospects and merits now reached the ear of the emperor, and determined him to render her hand a prize for one of his indigent adherents. That the delicacy of Mademoiselle Galiand could be wounded by this summary mode of disposing of her destinies, never entered into his high and mighty calculations.

"And thus, my dear Leon, the fates have been playing at cross-purposes with our fortunes," observed Breteuil to his young friend, as they retired together, at an early hour that night, in order to be in readiness for the solemnity of the morrow. "'T is a pity but I had earlier discovered your pre-engagement with my betrothed; for it is probable that the emperor might have patched up *your* affairs with her dowry as readily as mine; while, to *myself*, it would of course have been a matter of indifference to be indebted for the indemnisation of my creditors to some other grocer's daughter or chandler's widow."

"Margaret is neither the daughter of a grocer nor the widow of a chandler, that I am aware of," replied Leon, in a tone at least as bitter as the irony of his companion; "and *my* affairs, I thank your providence, stand in no need of patching. The chateau d'Armentieres——"

"The chateau d'Armentieres! Still and always the chateau d'Armentieres!" sneered Breteuil, who had been irritated not a little by discovering, in the course of the evening, that Mademoiselle Galiand, so far from being touched by his lofty homage, was wholly engrossed by the renewal of her acquaintance with his young brideman. "Surely we have heard enough of the chateau d'Armentieres to-night, to last us for some time to come. Margaret and yourself seem to yearn grievously after the porter's lodge, in which she received her education!—

"'A tous les cœurs bien nés, que la patrie est chère.'"

Leon forbore to reply. He was ruminating whether it might not still be possible to rescue his dear little Margaret from the arms of the callous libertine by whom she was predestined to contempt and neglect. But his cogitations proved infructuous. On the following morning, the Archbishop of Paris united the unloving couple; on the following night, the Count and Countess de Breteuil took possession of the apartments allotted them in the palace of the Tuileries; and, on the following month, the bride became once more the inmate of her father, at Galiand's beautiful villa in the valley of Montmorency—Count Philippe de Breteuil, aid-de-camp to his imperial majesty, having taken his departure for the grand army.

During the intervening period, D'Armentieres had found no occasion for the renewal of his intimacy with Madame de Breteuil. The whole court rang with praises of her beauty, and admiration of the dignity of her demeanour; yet the count omitted no opportunity of observing to Leon, whenever chance threw them into a *tête-à-tête*—"I cannot forgive you, my dear baron, for having neglected to inspire poor Margaret with some insight into men and things, as they exist in the every-day world, instead of losing your time pulling posies in the woods of Armentieres. It is *your* fault, rather than mine, that my wife makes her first appearance at court with the air and manners of a kitchen-maid. Thank heaven! she has consented to pass the time of my absence in retirement with her father and his low associates. To *me*, it would be worse than death upon the lance of a Don Cossack, to know that the creature was disgracing me by exposing her *gaucheries* to all the *parvenue* duchesses of Bonaparte's mushroom circle."

Leon was not sufficiently a man of the world to reply, as Breteuil had expected, to this attack upon his wife; and when the emperor and his suite quitted Paris, the young man judged it better to dismiss from his mind the unsatisfactory renewal of his acquaintance with the "Margaret" of his early years.

There was one spot, however, in which Margaret was not to be forgotten. The first visit paid by the baron to the home of his infancy insensibly reconjured up before him the image of his little playfellow, contrasted with that of the beautiful woman, radiant with jewels and brocade, whom he had seen presented at court as the Countess de Breteuil. "I loved her best in her little stuff frock and cotton apron," thought he, many months after her marriage, as he pursued his way along the ravine by the side of the brook where they had been accustomed to gather, and crown each other with water-flowers and rushes. "But no one can dispute the loveliness of Madame de Breteuil."

It did not surprise him to learn from Guillot, the porter, that, in the course of the summer, a beautiful lady, from the valley of Montmorency, had visited Armentieres; passing the day in wandering through the environs, and conferring happiness on the inhabitants of the whole district, by the extent of her benefactions.

"You should have seen her sitting with my old woman up at the lodge, monsieur le baron!" said old Guillot—"arranging in our press the stock of linen with which she came provided; and looking over our stock of furniture, to discover of what we stood in need; and sure enough, a few days afterwards, Pierre the wagoner left at our door, for our use, a bed and buffet, such as would do honour to any room in the chateau d'Armentieres!"

"And did you not manage to learn the name of your strange benefactress?" enquired Leon.

"The *title*—not the name," answered Guillot. "I found out that the beautiful lady was a countess, whose husband is absent with the army; which is no doubt the cause of her unhappiness, poor young creature!—for the tears stood in her eyes all the time she sat talking to my old woman; and more than once they rolled down her cheeks, and I thought she was going to speak freely, and give a loose to her feelings. But the old gentleman who accompanied her (her father, I believe—in spite of his age and infirmities, so cold, and so stiff, and so proud of the ribbon at his button-hole!) bade her recollect herself, or recollect her promise, or something of the sort. And then she dried up her tears, and began to talk of *you*, sir; *not* as most visiters here talk of you—to enquire how many horses you have in your stable, or how many wild boars you sent home last hunting season—but whether you were a kind master to your people, and a good landlord to the poor."

"You gave me a tolerable character, I trust, to so pretty a lady?" enquired Leon, trying to smile.

"I rather think not, sir. The moment your name was mentioned, my old woman, as usual, began to sob and whimper; and to talk over the days when you lived at the chateau, with your tutor, and little Margaret was at nurse with you and you used to play together. And when my [illegible] gets upon the chapter of Margaret, as your exce[illegible] is well aware, she never knows where to stop; and up came all the old tales, story by story, of how you were lost together in——"

"And what said the countess?" demanded Leon, to spare himself the well-known tale.

"Oh! the countess had nothing better to do than to sit and cry for company. She even took the poor withered hand of my old dame between her two fair hands, and carried it to her heart and her lips, as if to comfort her. And seeing that, sir, the old baron bade her not make a fool of herself; and went and ordered round the carriage to the gate, and got her off and away."

"And pray, my good Guillot, what became of that said little Margaret, the nurse-child, whom you and your wife remember with so much affection?" enquired d'Armentieres.

"She died young, sir. When we sent to ask news of the girl, of her aunt, (the rich mercer's wife, who placed her here,) soon after she was removed from our care, we were informed that it was all over with poor Margaret. I should not wonder but her death was caused, poor child, by fretting after us and you, monsieur le baron; for Margaret loved you dearly, sir. Margaret would start up from her play, if she caught a glimpse of you at half a league's distance, yonder across the brook, and off, like a fawn, to try to catch you. Oftentimes she has gone without her dinner, watching for you down by the river side, when she expected you home from fishing. Yes! Monsieur Leon! Yes! Margaret loved you very, *very* dearly."

"And did this beautiful lady from Montmorency make no promise of returning?" enquired the baron, unwilling that Guillot should perceive how much he was affected by these assurances.

"No, sir—no *promise*; she enquired, indeed, when you were likely to visit the chateau, and I told her not till September; for we did not expect you, sir, before the crops were down, and the harvest fairly over. And she said that, in *that* case, perhaps she might come again. 'T was in vain my old woman and I assured her that, any way, she might come, and take her walk in the gardens, all as one as if you were away; that, by being careful to keep out of your way, she need be nowise a hindrance to you, nor *you* to *her*. She answered something about intrusion; and, as September is near at hand, without sign or token of her return, I fear she will come no more."

She came, however, ere Leon had been many days established at the chateau. He had the happiness, as he sat meditating in one of the shady avenues of the gardens, to discern, at a distance, between the decrepit figures of Guillot and his wife, the late graceful person of the Countess de Breteuil. For a moment he was uncertain whether to advance and address her, or leave her in ignorance of his presence at the chateau. He was convinced that Margaret had not been there, had she known of his arrival at Armentieres. But to *feel* her present—*there*, in his favourite spot—*there*, in the beautiful haunt of his early years—yet make no sign, was impossible. Careful only to avoid compromising the mystery which Margaret seemed forced by her father to maintain towards her foster parents, he hastened to welcome the gentle stranger within his gates, with all the honours of deferential hospitality.

Madame de Breteuil was startled, and apparently vexed by the predicament in which she had placed herself. But Baron Galiand, to whom Leon was already known as the friend of his son-in-law, willingly accepted the courtesies of so distinguished a member of the imperial household. Pleading the privilege of his age, he even begged to be left to his siesta, after the excellent collation and choice Bourdeaux set before him; and then it was that Leon and Margaret, sauntering out once more into the sunny gardens, sat down together, as of old, in a shady nook, and poured out their hearts to each other in talking of the past, and concealed them altogether as studiously while talking of the present, or surmising of the future!

Yet Leon fancied he could discern, from the scornful smile that involuntarily curved the beautiful lip of Margaret when she alluded to herself, that she had discovered the falseness of her own position, the hollowness of her new dignities; that she felt her beauty, her youth, her talents, her high-mindedness, to be thrown away on one who affected to support, with fortitude, their union, as a penance for his former prodigality. She spoke of the court as a place she had visited in bitterness and loathing, and would willingly renounce for ever; and, though she carefully abstained from breathing the name of Philippe de Breteuil, her whole deportment testified to the sensitive Leon that she appreciated the worldling as he deserved.

"This is the happiest morning I have spent for years!"

cried D'Armentieres, reluctantly withdrawing his eyes from her animated face, when at length she pointed out to him that the golden light of evening was brightening around them, and that the even song of the thrush gave the signal for her departure. "Surely you will come again—or have I your permission to offer you my homage at Montmorency?"

"My father will probably invite you to visit us," she replied; "but let me forestall the request by reminding you that my position is a peculiar one; assuring you that you will confer a favour on me by declining the proposal."

Leon did not remonstrate. The serene composure of Margaret's manner convinced him she was in earnest.

Leon d'Armentieres was soon at his post again, involved anew in the vortex of the court; but how much wider a portion did the chateau now claim in his thoughts, connected as it was with the fairest form on which he had ever looked—with the sweetest image that had ever haunted his fancy! He thought but of "Margaret." Of the Countess Philippe de Breteuil, whose beauty was a proverbial word at court, he strove to banish all idea. He wished to disencumber the recollection of "Margaret" of that which rendered it painful or pernicious. Something in her dignity of manner and sentiment, meanwhile, overawed every libertine project. How manifest was her superiority to all around her! Her vain, ambitious father, hungering after ribands and titles; her heartless, interested husband, ready to sell his hand and name for thirty pieces of silver; the courtly minions, her new associates—all, all were infinitely, immeasurably beneath her standard of excellence: nor dared he presume to bring his own merits into comparison with hers. He felt that he must rest satisfied with the place in her affections, secured by early associations. He felt that a fatal abyss was interposed between them.

Ere the close of the year, however, and while the vivid impressions made upon his mind at his last visit to Armentieres retained their fullest force, rumours which grievously involved the name of Madame de Breteuil reached the ear of D'Armentieres. Old Galiand, still connected with the house of business through whose prosperity he had risen to distinction, became involved in a bankruptcy, created by the already failing fortunes of Napoleon. Reduced to penury, his daughter's fortune dissipated to fulfil the engagements of her husband, the old man was driven to the necessity of relinquishing the society of the child for whom he was no longer able to procure a home; and it was supposed at the Tuileries that Madame de Breteuil would derive her future subsubsistence from some trifling appointment in the household of Maria Louisa.

"Poor Margaret!" was Leon's involuntary ejaculation, as he recalled to mind her expressions of disgust at even the remote prospect of such a destiny. "Margaret a prisoner at the Tuileries—Margaret obliged to submit to the hollow formalities of this heartless place—Margaret compelled to be grateful for the bitter bread of servitude!"

He did not even pause to remember that *now* he should daily behold her—that now he should enjoy unintermitting intercourse with his friend. He recollected only that Margaret would be humiliated—that Margaret would be unhappy; and hastily sat down to make an offer to old Galiand of the chateau d'Armentieres as an asylum for himself and his daughter, at least till the return of the Count de Breteuil should provide them with a more appropriate residence. "You will do me a favour," he wrote, "by accepting the use and control of my establishment; for, having made up my mind to absent myself from the chateau for a year to come, and unwilling to dismiss domestics who have been faithful to me and mine, I shall be puzzled how to dispose of them, unless you kindly consent to exercise my authority over my household."

Leon was careful to address his proposals to the old baron, rather than to Madame de Breteuil; and his expectations that Galiand would be less surprised than flattered by his kindness, were strictly fulfilled. And thus, sorely against her will, Madame de Breteuil found herself compelled to become the inmate of the chateau d'Armentieres, or relinquish the society of her father; for she perhaps had less confidence than the doting baron in Leon's professions of a determination to avoid the place. Those professions, nevertheless, were fulfilled to the letter. The young man felt pledged by a solemn promise to Margaret—to Margaret, poor and unprotected—almost as poor, almost as unprotected, as when first he clasped her hand in his, and saluted her by the name of his little wife. Such an engagement was not to be lightly regarded by a man of honour.

At length arrived letters from the army—that army which, for the first time, was experiencing reverses of fortune—proving that the count was at once apprised of the ruin of his father-in-law, and of the generous succour afforded him by Leon d'Armentieres. "I find," wrote the noble aid-de camp, "that the inveterate old fool, Galiand, has pulled the devil by the tail to some purpose, and gone to the dogs, from whom, I fancy, he originally proceeded. You are vastly obliging, my dear Leon, to have afforded him a kennel. My wife seems to possess the instinct of certain animals, who, when pressed by the hunters, return to die at the place from whence they started. But why do I say *die*, since, from all accounts, Madame de Breteuil is only too likely to survive and enjoy the jointure with which my folly or my necessities compelled me to endow her? Meanwhile, flourish the chateau d'Armentieres! which needed only to become an almshouse for my poor relations to acquire all that it wanted of merit in my eyes."

"And he dares to speak of her thus!" exclaimed Leon; "yet I must not offer her my devoted attachment as a compensation for his insolence! I must not even present myself before her, to soften the harsh expressions Breteuil may have dared to use in speaking of her father!"

Short leisure, however, was afforded to the baron for pondering over the misfortunes of Margaret. Those of France and the emperor forced themselves with imperative interest upon his attention. The deceptive nature of the bulletins despatched from the army of the north, was at length recognised at Paris; and, ere the credulous people could recover the first shock of their consternation, Napoleon himself arrived suddenly at the Tuileres—defeated—a fugitive; and it was clear, even to the most partial, that Russia was saved, and the military empire overthrown. One consolation was experienced at that moment by the young equerry of the King of Rome—Philippe de Breteuil did not accompany his master. The count remained with the army for the discharge of duties so dangerous, difficult, and distasteful, that he would have been almost content to exchange for them the society of his wife and father-in-law; and quite content to have beheld the emperor, his benefactor, roasted in the Kremlin, or frozen on the plain of Borodino, so that the sacrifice might emancipate his own precious person from its present privations.

The rumour of these national mischances struck a heavy blow at Armentieres. A mournful mistrust prevailed in the little household; and one day, as Madame de Breteuil was sitting between her father and her foster-mother, her hands folded despairingly on her knees, as she listened to the peevish murmurs of the old people, the gallop of a horse was heard to cease suddenly in the courtyard; and Leon, pale with emotion, and exhausted with fatigue, stood amongst them. The case was too urgent to admit of deference towards the feelings of his feeble inmates. A fatal truth was to be told, and quickly.

"All is lost!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice, leading apart Madame de Breteuil from the rest. "The allies are every where triumphant, and the Prussians within a day's march of Armentieres!"

"Within two days' march of Paris!" cried Margaret, losing sight of her own dangers in the humiliation of her country.

"Within a day's march of Armentieres—do you hear me, Margaret!—within a day's march of Armentieres," cried her friend; "and I cannot remain here to defend you. I have hazarded all that is left me—my honour—to secure this brief interview. The emperor, my father's benefactor and my own, is on the brink of ruin. My place is by his side; my sword should be with him. Margaret, I am come but to bid you farewell—but to tell you, ere I rush into this last struggle, that, if I fall, *you* must be my heir." And, taking a parchment from his vest, he placed it in her cold and motionless hands.

Old Guillot, whose ear had caught the announcement of the arrival of the Prussians, now hobbled towards them, to interpose his lamentations and enquiries. What was to be done? Were they to resist, or submit to be burned, sacked, and pillaged, with Christian fortitude? Or, were they to hang out, as their betters were doing on all sides, the flag of truce—(God save the mark!)—the *drapeau blanc* of the Bourbons?

"Rather with my own hand apply a lighted brand to the foundations of my father's house!" exclaimed his indignant master. But, as Leon spoke, his eye fell upon the noble figure of Margaret with all its womanly beauties—her large, fair, pensive forehead, and thoughtful cheeks, rendered still more dazzlingly pale by the contrast of the luxuriant bands of raven hair bound closely round her finely formed head. He fancied that she trembled; he fancied that a slight quivering was perceptible round her lips, while she listened to the repeated ejaculations of the old people—"The Prussians, the Prussians—the barbarous, brutal Prussians."

Involuntarily Leon shuddered, and drew a deep breath, as if wanting force to express what next he was about to utter. Then, without withdrawing his eyes from the person of Margaret, he resumed, in a hoarse whisper—"Monsieur Galiand, you have so long been master here, that I should be to blame to interfere in this matter. My people, therefore, are at your disposal. Should *the enemy* take Armentieres on their line of march, use any precaution you may deem necessary to your own safety, and that of your daughter. Margaret," be continued, in a lower tone, "when yesterday I learned that Breteuil had been among the first to throw aside the tricolour, and desert, with his regiment, to the conqueror, I exulted—God forgive me!—for I knew such vileness would but augment your hatred and contempt for your husband. Now, therefore, if I follow up his footsteps, and give over my father's house to shame, do not *thou*, at least, despise me; for the sacrifice is wholly for thee—for thee, Margaret, whom I have loved so dearly—for thee, whom, from this hour, I shall behold no more."

And, long before Madame de Breteuil recovered her self-possession sufficiently to greet him with a word of gratitude, Armentieres had, indeed, disappeared. He had come but to warn and to comfort—he could not stay to defend.

"What is this?" muttered old Galiand, picking up the parchment that lay unnoticed at her feet; while Guillot and the gardeners made their preparations, by hastily removing and secreting all articles of value at the chateau, and, profiting by the instruction of the old man, suspended a prodigious banner, formed of a damask table-cloth, over the grand entrance. "'A deed of bequest to Mary Margaret Countess de Breteuil, of the chateau d'Armentieres!' A very pretty thought on the part of my young friend, at such a moment. But, though there is little chance that a rash partisan like Leon will escape so desperate a massacre as must mark the last day's struggle in such a cause as that of France against the world—still, my dear child, let me beg you not to indulge in any flattering expectations from this will of the baron; for, even should you succeed to the Armentieres estates, they are so heavily encumbered by the mortgages contracted by Leon at the time he so nobly became responsible for me to my creditors, that were the property sold off, you would be but little the gainer."

"When he became responsible for you to your creditors?" faltered Margaret, in a tone of enquiry.

"Ay, my dear; at such a time as this there is no use in keeping the secret, though monsieur le baron always made it a great point that you should not be taken into our confidence. But it is as well you should know that I might have ended my days in St. Pelagie, had it not been for the generosity of D'Armentieres. The engagements in which I found myself involved by the villany of my partners, were such that nothing short of the promptitude with which our young friend came to my aid could have saved me. The more praiseworthy on his part, that he is no capitalist, poor gentleman. Nothing would serve him but he must raise money on his estates to do me service."

"But you will be able to repay him?" enquired Margaret, growing, if possible, paler than before.

"I did think so. I did hope so. But things have been sinking from bad to worse; and now not a chance remains of the re-establishment of my affairs. To be sure, this will be no surprise to the baron, for his own are scarcely in better plight; and should he survive the struggle of to-morrow," (Margaret hid her face in her hands and groaned aloud,) "he will probably be com-

pelled, by his mortgages, to sell the estate of Armentieres; and, in that case, what will become of *us?*"

"What will become of *us?*—what will become of *him!*" was Margaret's ejaculation, when, having escaped from her father and locked herself into her chamber, she sank upon a chair, to muse over the impending horrors of her position, and arm her courage for the event. The Prussians at hand—her father and herself exposed to their vindictive outrages—her friend about to sacrifice himself for the falling cause! Already she seemed to hear the uproar of the approaching brigades, riotous with conquest and intemperance; already she seemed to behold Leon d'Armentieres rushing single-handed and alone against the ranks of the enemies of France—overcome by numbers—bleeding—mangled—crushed—dying among heaps of dead. She pressed her convulsed hands upon her ears, her eyes, as if to shut out sounds and sights at present wholly ideal. She gasped for breath—vainly she struggled against terrors amounting to agony. At that moment, the disgust with which she was accustomed to contemplate the probability of Breteuil's return, was forgotten. Margaret would have borne cheerfully with his insults, to have secured the safety of those she loved—her father, and him who had been the means of preserving her father's gray hairs from sorrow and disgrace.

"Heaven have mercy on me, and grant me strength, for I must not pray for death—dare not pray for death!" she exclaimed, in a concentrated voice, overpowered by the throbbing of every pulse in her excited frame. "No! this is no moment for me to die! I must exert myself for the sake of my poor old father. I must rally in his defence, as he would have done in mine, before old age palsied his faculties and powers of action. I must live—I must take patience. Yet a while must I bear and suffer. The time is not come for my release."

That night, no eye was closed at Armentieres. The three poor, feeble, aged beings, so insufficient even to their own preservation, trembled with deeper terror when they remembered that Margaret was among them rather to defend than be defended; and scarcely had the morning dawned, when detachments of peasants from the environs came thronging to the chateau with tidings that the Prussians were advancing, spreading ruin and desolation on their path. But Margaret was now tranquilised into the calmness of despair. Even when the distant report of the enemy's artillery proclaimed their approach, she did but move her lips in secret prayer; nor stirred—nor broke the silence she had preserved throughout that night of misery. One after another, harbingers of evil rushed in, announcing new disasters, and the rapid progress of the troops; till, at length, when their agony was at the utmost, came one with a countenance radiant with joy, crying aloud that the brigade which had been bearing down upon Armentieres, had made a sudden diversion to the left of the route, so that, avoiding the chateau, its line of march lay through the valley of Montmorency. Yes! the chateau and its inhabitants were safe.

Loud and reiterated were the thanksgivings of the helpless old people on receiving the welcome intelligence; yet Margaret, smitten with a sad presentiment, found no courage to utter a syllable. "The chateau and its inhabitants were safe;" but Breteuil was with the triumphant allies, and Leon, perhaps, with the slain! How were her doubts to be resolved?—when should she obtain further information?

Amid the confusion incident on the march of a conquering army, authentic intelligence was indeed hard to be obtained. Nothing was known with certainty; and all that was known, appeared fabulous. The investiture of Paris—the abdication of the emperor! Were such things to be credited by those who had so long relied on the ascendant star of Napoleon?

Too speedily, however, and too authentically, was it made known to the unhappy Margaret, that her evil auguries were more than fulfilled—that the young Baron d'Armentieres had not only fallen, but fallen a recreant and a traitor! Within a few hours of their last interview, Leon was reported to have been seen at the Prussian head-quarters; was said to have undertaken, on certain conditions, to bring over his detachment; and to have been sacrificed by his men at the moment of attempting to shake their fidelity to the emperor. To obtain more exact details, was impossible. Margaret had not even the comfort of knowing in what spot of earth the head she loved was laid in the dust. His name had already become a word of reproach among his men. They admitted that the body had been stripped for burial, when the advance of the enemy caused their position to be suddenly evacuated: what became of the corpse of the renegade, they neither know nor cared.

"So gallant—so noble—yet to die the death of a traitor!" exclaimed Margaret, as she sat, many weeks afterwards, resting her heavy head against the trunk of the old lime tree, under whose branches they had so often played of yore, and where they had sat together at her first visit to the chateau, after her ill-starred marriage. Her heart sickened as she looked upon the summer sky, and felt the lightsome breath of the summer breezes upon her cheek; and remembered that Napoleon was pining in exile and captivity, and his young soldier lying in a dishonoured grave? But, above all, Breteuil was enjoying the fruits of his treachery; and she trembled at the certainty that the letters he had already addressed her must soon be followed by a personal interview, indispensable to determine the relative position they were in future to maintain towards each other; for she felt that she had no longer a right to heap upon him the scorn earned by his treachery, now that Leon—her friend, her brother—had gone and done likewise. She dreaded the arrival of the count more, in fact, from the fear that he might insult the memory of the unfortunate D'Armentieres, than from any personal apprehension of either his love or hatred. Breteuil had already expressed his wish for a legal separation; and, but for the necessities of her father, Margaret would have acceded to his proposal without a single condition. But what was to become of the decrepit and destitute old man, now that his benefactor was in the dust? From that epoch of terror, when the arrival of the Prussian troops had been hourly expected, Baron Galiand had been in a state of childishness; and now that the legal term approached for removing the seals, placed by the authorities of the district on the property of Armentieres, on receiving an official announcement of Leon's decease, it became necessary to provide some asylum for the invalid.

Twice did Margaret humiliate herself so far as to address to her husband a representation of the difficulties of her position, and an entreaty for his commands. Breteuil was still silent; and, on the day when the heirs-at-law were to arrive at the chateau, to sanction with their presence the formalities of the law, Galiand and his daughter took refuge from general observation, in a miserable cottage, situated on the verge of the forest, which had been sacked and partly destroyed by a skirmishing party, at the passage of the allied troops. It was settled that they were to return at nightfall, and take up their temporary residence with Guillot and his wife; but, long before night, long before even noon, the old porter bustled his way to the hovel in quest of his beloved nursling. Strange tidings awaited her. In examining the valuables hastily moved from their secreting place, and amassed together, to be sealed up by the Juge de Paix, one of the first objects discovered, was the will confided by Leon to the unheeding charge of Margaret, at their last cruel interview—by virtue of which Madame de Breteuil became sole inheritor of the estates of Armentieres!

"If the old gentleman yonder had been himself," cried Guillot, pointing to Galiand, who sat with driveling lip and lustreless eye, unconscious of all that was passing around him, "*he* would not have lost sight of the precious document, as you, my poor dear child, seem to have done. To be sure we have had trouble enough, since that black morning, to drive every thing from our heads. But, if you had only given me a hint that the baron had made over to you the whole of his property——"

"*Did* he make over to me the whole of his property?" demanded Margaret, with a bewildered air. "True—I remember now! It was on perusing that will, that my father first acquainted me with the extent of our obligations to Leon—it was in perusing that will, that I experienced a presentiment that we had parted for ever. But from that hour to this, the noble bequest of Leon has never crossed my mind."

"In the confusion of the moment, the old baron must have placed the parchment, for security, among the other family archives," said Guillot; "and thus, Heaven be thanked, it has come to light."

But, after the momentary exultation consequent on finding herself preserved from want, and able to secure to her father's old age an asylum, for which she was again indebted to the generosity of her only friend, Margaret half regretted the discovery of the will. First came the murmurs and reproaches of the surviving relatives of Leon; next, the conciliatory advances of her husband. It appears that Breteuil, though largely benefitted by the fruits of his treason, found both places and pensions insufficient for the maintenance of his prodigal libertinism; and no sooner were the countess's claims fully established, than he made his appearance at the chateau—prepared, since conciliation had proved unavailing, to go all lengths in the exercise of his authority.

"Your friend the baron (for *friend*, I suppose I must in courtesy continue to call him) seems, madam, to have very imperfectly studied your interests," observed he, with the coolest contempt; "since his disposal of the Armentieres estates was executed in ignorance that, by his form of conveyance, the husband of his mistress, and not herself, is entitled to their enjoyment."

"My friend, the baron, probably considered," replied Margaret, without deigning to notice the implied insult, "that a virtual separation having taken place between us, Count Philippe de Breteuil would scorn to participate in a bequest of so peculiar a nature."

"He must have thought me, then, a greater ass than the sequel will prove me," cried Breteuil, with a forced laugh. "My marriage has been too bitter a pill, for me to dispense with the gilding now afforded. Defrauded of the inheritance promised by your father, this pitiful estate must assist in filling up the defect. I learn, indeed, from my lawyer," he continued, fixing a significant look upon Margaret, "that deeds are in existence, establishing your father's liability to the amount of certain mortgages hampering the estate; and that I, as husband of the universal legatee, become the creditor of Monsieur Galiand. It depends upon yourself, madam, to render me a lenient one."

"That Leon should have sacrificed life and honour for the preservation of this property, in order to cast it away upon the man whom he despised!" exclaimed Madame de Breteuil, irritated beyond all self-control by the baseness of her husband's threats.

"Are you so complete an idiot as to imagine," retorted Breteuil, "that it was only to preserve his old rat-hole of a chateau, that D'Armentieres sold himself to the Prussians? You know better! You are fully aware that the chaste wife of his friend was the object of his generous solicitude. Yes!" added he, stamping with fury as he spoke—"yes! you are perfectly aware that, had his Margaret been in a place of safety, the Prussians might have used the foundations of his father's hearth for paving-stones for aught he cared. *You—you* were the cause of his death—*you* the cause of his shame, as you are now of mine!"

A flood of tears—the first she had shed since her misfortunes—came to the relief of Madame de Breteuil. Leon was acquitted—Leon was guiltless! What had she done to become the object of so dear, so rooted a devotion?—or what had she done to incur the calamity of losing so true a friend?

But her position admitted not of indulgence in such emotions. Many as had been her earthly trials, she felt that more still awaited her. Breteuil was little inclined to neglect so advantageous an opportunity of establishing himself in the favour of a certain portion of the community, as by the possession of a fine *château de chasse* in the neighbourhood of Paris. His present object was to make Armentieres his residence, as a pretext for absenting himself from a court where he was regarded with mistrust; little doubting that his wife would be contented to come to terms of compromise, accepting a sufficient maintenance for herself and her father, on condition of his undertaking to liquidate the encumbrances of the Armentieres estate. But the noble Margaret, ever ready to sacrifice her feelings to the claims of others, acquainted him that the impossibility of removing her infirm father from a home which habit rendered dear and familiar, would compel her to the painful necessity of remaining under the same roof with him; and, though arrangements were made to prevent all further intercourse between them, Breteuil was at small pains to conceal his disappointment at her tenacity.

He resolved to weary out, by a series of petty personal annoyances, the patience of one whose mind he could not bend, whose heart he could not break. Persuaded

that the determination of Margaret to remain at Armentieres originated in her attachment for her dead lover more than for her living father, he strove to wound her feelings in every point which the memory of Leon rendered vulnerable. Assuming, with the utmost rigour, the masterhood conceded him by the laws, he caused all the favourite horses of the baron to be sold, the favourite dogs to be destroyed. The old servants of the family were ignominiously dismissed; even Guillot and his gray-headed wife were thrust out from the place which a location of fifty years seemed to have consecrated as their own. But Margaret beheld all in silence. She knew that remonstrance or reproach would but aggravate the evil; she knew that Philippe de Breteuil acknowledged no moral responsibility either to Heaven above or man below.

Such wese the destinies of Margaret—the fearful fruit of a disorganised frame of society!

"What but misery could spring from a marriage so disproportionate as mine?" faltered the high-minded countess, as she roamed through the gardens, now grown cheerless in her eyes. "Nature was outraged by such a compact, and my death alone will make atonement. A few short months, and my father will drop into the grave, and I shall be free to lay my head beside his gray hairs. For so short a space, surely this man might leave me unmolested. I challenge not his rights—I resist not his encroachments—I oppose not his authority. Let him but refrain from insulting the dead—from desecrating all that is hallowed in my eyes by the memory of Leon—and the estate of Armentieres will soon be at his disposal."

Wandering in sorrowful meditation, the steps of Margaret gradually traversed the pleasure-grounds. Having crossed the brook, she entered the shady pathways of those hanging woods where Leon and herself had enjoyed together so many a solitary hour. Her father was, as usual, sleeping away his afternoon; Breteuil and a company of guests were off to the chase in an opposite direction; and the unhappy woman felt doubly at liberty to enjoy her only remaining solace—the free light and free air of heaven—in solitude and silence. Pausing here and there, to dwell upon reminiscences of happier times, or to pluck a flower from the very root which had once appeared to throw up its silvery blossoms for her delight, and the delight of one who must behold them no more, the countess found herself at length resting against the stem of a shattered tree, close beside the isolated hovel in which she and her father had taken refuge on the day of the arrival of the judges of the district.

"Better, perhaps, had the will never been found!" she exclaimed, flinging a careless glance upon the blackened walls. "Were the natural heirs of Leon possessors here, would *they* have driven forth his poor to perish?—would *they* have dismissed his faithful servants, or slain his faithful dog? Better had the will never been found!"

And with the restlessness of feelings ill at ease, Margaret was about to enter the cottage, when she perceived with surprise, that the door, usually hanging shattered upon its hinges, was carefully closed. She applied her hand to the lock, to ascertain the cause of so strange a circumstance; but, lo! the door was barred and bolted within.

Attributing the change to some caprice on the part of the Count de Breteuil, Margaret was about to quit the spot and pursue her lonely wanderings, when, fixing her eyes enquiringly upon the dilapidated building as she regained the path, she heard the lock grate, as with a turning key, and saw the door slowly open upon its hinges. Yet no one came forth—no one was visible—and a cold dew of terror rose upon the brow of the countess, as the mystery seemed to involve itself in supernatural agency. To fly the place was her only resource; but she seemed rooted to the spot; and when, as she stood with her eyes riveted on the building, she fancied she could discern her name pronounced in hoarse accents from within, a paroxysm of bewilderment seemed to inspire her. She rushed back to the hovel and crossed its blackened threshold.

"Margaret!" murmured a hollow voice, while a gaunt arm extended itself, and the door was violently closed, and eagerly barred behind her—"Margaret! are you come at last?"

"Yes, I am come!" she replied, gazing with awe upon that which she held to be the apparition of her departed friend. "I am come to lay my head cheerfully beside you in the grave. Nor have I tarried so long behind you, but for the desolation of my poor friendless father."

"Margaret!" faltered anew the voice of Leon d'Armentieres, as he flung back the matted locks from his wasted face, which the imperfect light, glimmering through the shuttered windows, scarcely enabled her to discern—"I know that I am unworthy to stand before you; that I am one whose name is blotted out from the memories of honourable men. But, if I betrayed my anointed sovereign, and spat upon the cause of the country I had sworn to serve, it was for *your* sake—for yours whom, at the cost of honour and principle, I redeemed from a destiny far worse than death! For *you* I trafficked with the enemy. And speedy was my retribution. Attacked by my men—wounded—stunned—breathless—the peasants who snatched me from death harboured me under their roof, from week to week, indifferent to my name or nature. The common tie of humanity sufficed them. On that field expired my better life. Henceforward the name of Leon d'Armentieres is with the dead; and the heart that loves you, Margaret—ay, that loves you still, though crushed by shame, and feeble with long months of agony and danger—is that of a nameless outcast, who has dragged himself hither but to look upon you again, and prostrates himself before you for one last word of pardon and pity!"

As with slow and languid utterance these declarations proceeded from the parched lips of the haggard wretch before her, Margaret drew gradually nearer to him, fixed a more percing gaze upon his face, and lent a more eager ear unto his feeble accents, till conviction and transport came at once, and an hysterical shriek burst from the depths of her heart, as she cried aloud that Leon was restored to her—that the breath of life was indeed in his nostrils, and the yearning of human affection in his heart.

"You are come to resume your rights," cried she, exultingly. "You are come to diffuse happiness—to dispense justice. The poor and the aged, the sick and the sorrowing, will bless the day that restores you to the home of your fathers."

"I am come for none of this, my Margaret," answered Leon, mildly. "He who would diffuse happiness, must have peace within his own bosom. He who would dispense justice, must have a conscience free from reproach. The name which has become a by-word among men, must never more presume to connect itself with the awards of virtue."

"Mean you," cried Margaret, receding from his clasping arms, "that you will abandon to the caprices of Monsieur de Breteuil the poor who have laboured for you, or even the hound that has fawned upon you? You cannot be so heartless—so poor of spirit!"

"Despise me, since it needs must be so," replied the broken-hearted man, falling on the bench from which he had arisen on her approach to the cottage; "for I do, indeed, want courage to brave the revilings of my brethren in arms—the scorn of the humble soldier, whose fidelity to his master raised him so high above me! I have severed myself from the past! Much anguish, nights of delirium, seem to have divided me from my very self. The sole portion to which I cling, is the remembrance of Margaret—of Margaret, for whom I abjured all that might have bound me to life. Yes! my determination is taken: I am about to quit France; self-condemned to the destiny of Cain, I am about to bear my burthen of remorse to another hemisphere. But I felt that it was not denied me to look on you again, ere I departed; and I came hither, Margaret, in the shadow of night—I took refuge in this desolate place—I have lingered here three days, three nights, without rest, without food, trusting that chance would bring you hither, or enable me to seek your presence. I am exhausted now—miserably exhausted. Had you delayed until another day, you might have found me lifeless here—my unclosed eyes still turned towards the home of my fathers, the walls that contained all that is dear to me on earth."

"Return with me, openly, to the chateau," said Margaret, firmly. "Be yourself, Leon. Rise superior to the sport of circumstances. In an hour of mad excitement, you sinned against your better reason. In calm afterthought, you have repented—have made atonement. The past will be forgotten—your frailty forgiven. Return with me, and resume your rights!"

"Never!" murmured her companion. "Under the domination of the Bourbons, France is no country for *me*. *You* may overlook my faults—I will not hazard the contumely of others!"

"Return with me," persisted Margaret. "Return, my friend—my champion—my brother. Did you know how I have been trampled on—did you know what misery is heaped on my head—"

"Come thou rather, then, with *me!*" interrupted Leon, seizing her hands, and pressing them to his bosom. "Come with me to the land of freedom—the land of labour and content. *There*, Margaret—there we will create anew an honourable name—there we shall be happy—there"——

"There we should be *self*-condemned, even as here condemned by the sentence of mankind," replied Margaret, extricating herself from his embraces. "Would you have me despise *you*—would you have me despise *myself*—even as I despise and detest such things as Philippe de Breteuil? No! Leon. Still let me love and reverence you as a dear and most devoted friend—as one for whom I would lay down my life, or with whom I would as gladly share it, could our union subsist without a crime. But you are faint," cried she, perceiving that his head drooped lower upon his bosom. "You need food—you want repose. Leon—dear Leon—lean on me. To the chateau—to the chateau!"

Fruitless were her exhortations. The excitement produced by their reunion once tranquillised, D'Armentieres sank slowly on the ground, overpowered by fatigue, inanition, fever, and pain. Reluctant as she was to leave him in such a condition, Margaret felt that her only chance of preserving his life, was to hasten back to the house to procure aid and nourishment; and, whispering a few words of encouragement in his scarcely conscious ear, she hurried from the place, recrossed the brook, and, with incredible speed, regained the chateau.

The first person she encountered on entering the courtyard, was the Count de Breteuil! Uttering a scarcely intelligible excuse, she broke from him, to provide herself with wine and other restoratives. But, the suspicions of Breteuil being excited by her incoherence, he insisted on an explanation; refusing to lose sight of her till she made an ample confession of the cause of her agitation. There was no alternative. Delay must be fatal to Leon. She told all—she implored the assistance of Breteuil—she threw herself on his mercy.

But for the intense agitation manifested by his wife, Breteuil would probably have regarded her miraculous narrative as the coinage of a disordered mind. But there was no mistrusting the ill-repressed emotion of Margaret. He doubted not for a moment that Leon still lived, and had returned to claim his own.

"You say truly—not a moment must be lost!" he exclaimed, drawing her suddenly into the vaulted chamber which served as the domestic chapel of the chateau. And, in a moment, the countess discovered that she had fallen into a snare—that she was a prisoner—that the secret of Leon was in the keeping of his deadliest enemy! Vainly did she shriek for help—vainly tear her hair, and call for mercy. The chapel stood apart from the house; no one heard—no one heeded. The heavy minutes lengthened into hours. The evening light from the lofty windows proclaimed the close of day; and Margaret felt that the fate of Leon was by that time decided. To the impassioned state of excitement under which she had been labouring, succeeded, at length, a heavy stupour. In her intervals of consciousness, she perceived that food was set beside her—that a mattress had been placed for her on the marble floor.

At length she heard footsteps approaching the door; and, starting up, strove to smooth her disordered dress, and bind back her disheveled hair. But, when the infamous Breteuil, followed by several strangers, entered the chapel, unable to restrain herself, she rushed towards him, and demanded, with frantic violence, what he had done with her friend—whether Leon yet lived for her.

"You perceive, gentlemen," said Breteuil, addressing himself to his companions, "that my statement was not exaggerated. A more confirmed case of mental aberration never manifested itself. Before, however, you remove the unhappy lady to the asylum at Charenton, I could wish you to examine her case more particularly. You will find her insist that the unfortunate Baron d'Armentieres (who, as you all know, fell a victim six months ago in the neighbourhood of Montereau) is still

alive, and inhabiting this chateau. She will tell you that she saw him yesterday," he continued, disengaging from his sleeve the grasping hands of Margaret, and turning away from the expressive glance fixed by her dark eyes upon his face.

"And is your villany equal to this?" she ejaculated, perceiving, in a moment, the drift of his assertions.

"You will, I trust, be gentle in your treatment, gentlemen," resumed Breteuil, preparing to quit the room. "This lady merits every deference—every consideration at your hands."

He went; and Margaret trusted that, during his absence, her simple history would suffice to enlighten the professional judges to whom her case was entrusted. But to her grief and dismay, she perceived that every word she uttered, yielding confirmation to their preconceived idea, served only to establish the evidence of her insanity.

"Poor creature!—poor unhappy young creature!" exclaimed the elder of the physicians. "It is her fixed desire, I perceive, to take us with her to the hovel, where she declares this baron (doubtless some former lover) to be concealed. Let us indulge her caprice. The concession may assist our conjectures as to the probable duration of her malady."

"Now, then," thought Margaret, "all is safe, and my rationality established; I shall be set at liberty—at liberty to seek out Leon!"

But, having conducted them through the gardens to the fatal cottage, the countess noticed, as she approached, that the door was once more ajar.

"He is doubtless gone!" she cried, clasping her hands. "Many days and nights have elapsed since the scene I described to you. Heaven grant that he may have so far recovered as to have escaped this place!"

She paused on the threshold. A sickening chill came over her. Not a trace of Leon was there! Breteuil, who now joined the party, cast significant glances at the doctors, as if to point out the authentication of his previous statements. But Margaret observed that his eye unquietly followed hers, as she pursued her investigations; and, noting the uneasiness of his looks, she fancied he turned pale as she approached a certain spot of the chamber in which she had found and left Leon d'Armentieres.

"Behold!" she cried to her companions, "here are traces of a struggle on the trampled ground—here are blood spots—here is human hair scattered about! and, lo! this fragment of dark gray cloth—I can swear to it as part of the tattered dress worn by my ill-fated friend! I understand it all—Leon has been murdered, ay, *murdered!*"

"You hear her?" observed Breteuil, with a mournful wave of the head. "She is becoming violent again. Coercion, I fear, may be once more necessary. The sooner, therefore, she is removed from this place, and permanently established under your care, the better for her health and comfort."

"You will not surely take me hence without further examination?" shrieked Margaret, as they were about to lead her from the cottage. "Let the worst be ascertained. I swear to you that Leon has been assassinated! His remains cannot be far from hence. Let the wood be searched—let the ground be dug up."

"She will injure herself by this violence!" said Breteuil, mildly; "carry her, therefore, to the carriage, and instantly away to Charenton. It is too severe a trial to behold my unfortunate wife in this condition."

"And *did* they remove her?" cried all my auditors at once.

"*Was* the baron murdered in earnest?" enquired my friend, applying to his snuff-box.

"So Margaret protested, when she showed me the fragment of cloth which she fancied had formed part of his dress, and which, ever afterwards, she carried in her bosom."

"And was she really so beautiful?"

"Most beautiful! When I sat conversing with her in her cell at Charenton, (where she recounted to me the melancholy history I have been relating,) I thought had never beheld a more majestic or more lovely woman."

"And Breteuil?"

"Breteuil is one of the most popular men at the court of Louis Philippe. 'T is now just twenty years since my interview with the countess, his wife; and nearly nineteen since she was released from her mortal sufferings. Nothing was ever afterwards heard of Leon d'Armentieres.

A BANKER'S RHYMES.

At the request of a subscriber, we preserve the following lines, written by Nicholas Biddle, communicated, assuredly without his knowledge, for a New York newspaper. Every reader of taste will appreciate their happy and graceful allusions.

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The following trifle was written in the year 1823, soon after the writer left his residence in the country to take the station he now occupies. Many years previous, he had addressed some complimentary lines to a lady distinguished by great personal and intellectual attraction. The lady now sent her album to receive a contribution. The book was returned with the following apology for not writing in it.

Time was, when to *see* thee, fair lady, alone
Would wake into verse this cold bosom of stone:
But now thy command, all unchanged as thou art,
Cannot kindle the fancy nor soften the heart.
So unequal our fates, since that scythe-bearing Time,
Appeased by thy beauty, provoked by my rhyme,
Though he folded his wings and muffled his tread,
And passed without touching a hair of thy head;
As he came by my farm, cut me down to a cit,
And dispersed my small stock of merinos and wit.
If you deem this a pretext made up for my wife,
Pray look at my dwelling and think of my life.
Not a mummy wrapped up in his pyramid hall,
Nor the toads that live on for whole years in a wall;
Nor the famed iron mask, breathe more dulness and gloom,
Than I—when enclosed in my vast marble tomb,
'Midst vaults of damp stone, and huge chests of cold iron,
That would quell all the fancy of Shakspeare or Byron.
Alas! had the ancients, who so much surpass us,
In their pure golden age, fixed a *bank* on Parnassus;
What a model of wisdom and pleasure to follow!
Only think now—to sign one's bank notes like Apollo!
But that rake of Olympus—too happy to rove—
Would have scorned to make money and ceased to make love.
And the Muse, whose sex condescends to protectors,
Have a true female scorn for all sorts of directors.
'T is fiercely avenged though, for banks where they know it,
Have a horror that warns them to shun every poet.
And since the first rhyme, the muses' fond votary,
If ever he 's trusted, soon goes to the notary.
Even I, sainted ladies, who, fixed on my farm,
Though you never would visit me, wished you no harm,
Even I would exchange, shall I dare to confess t' ye all,
For one sheet of bank notes, the whole quire celestial.
I prefer my last schedule of number one debtors,
To the writings of all the republic of letters:
My "much esteemed favours" from Paris, to those
Which brought on poor Helen an Iliad of woes:
Nay, two lines of bad prose with a good name upon it,
To the tenderest fourteen ever squeezed in a sonnet.
Why I would not accept—not for Hebe's account,
The very best draught from Helicon's fount;
Nor give—this it grieves me to say to their faces,
More than three days of grace to all the three Graces.
Then their music of spheres, can it thrill through the soul
Like kegs of new dollars as inward they roll:
And Cecelia herself—though her lyre was divine,
Never gave to the world notes equal to mine.
But we 've parted in peace now, I never shall quarrel
If my branches like Daphne's won't sprout into laurel:
And renouncing illusions, find peace and content
In that simplest, sublimest of truth—six per cent.
While the bank is my goddess, its desks are my altars;
And all my fine frenzy is spent on defaulters.
So unless—like the sculptor of old—in this stone
You can breathe inspiration as pure as your own,
Be it mine while no scribbling your tablet defaces
To keep out of your book, but keep in your good graces.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

The Gurney Papers.

That portion of the late Mr. Gurney's memoirs which periodically appeared in this Magazine, having been very favourably received by the public, I have been induced to continue my search amongst his manuscripts, in order to afford its readers some further information connected with the annals of his family.

The concluding words of the final portion of his papers which has been published, are, "WE WERE MARRIED;" which words refer to his union with Harriet, eldest daughter of the Reverend Richard Wells, Rector of Blissford, in the county of Hants. After this event, Mr. Gilbert Gurney, as every man when he marries should do, turned over a new leaf—in his commonplace book; and I find a hiatus, "*valde deflendus*," of nearly two months in his memoranda. Love, I presume, left him no leisure for literature, at least there is nothing discoverable in the way of detail affecting either the celebration of the wedding, or the subsequent excursion which fashionable delicacy appears to have rendered indispensable upon such occasions; and the first resumption of his notes occurs on the first day of the year succeeding that in which he became a Benedick, and thus he writes:—

I begin a new year in a new character—I am now a married man. "Marriage," says Johnson, "is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, and politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim." Johnson was right.

Cuthbert's munificence has enabled me to establish myself in perfect comfort. He has made one stipulation—he desires to make our house his home; and when the young Falwassers, his wife's children, have their school vacations, they are also to pass their Christmas and Midsummer holidays here. This is all right and pleasant—a combination not very common in the affairs of this world. Cuthbert has an apartment of two rooms, consisting of a study and bed-chamber, allotted to him, which open to Harriet's flower-garden on the south side of the house; for his long residence in India has rendered him extremely sensitive as far as our capricious climate is concerned.

Fanny Wells is staying with my wife, to whom she was always an affectionate sister; and we are all as happy as we could wish, and perhaps even happier than we deserve to be. I feel myself snatched from the follies and frivolities of an idle vagabond life, and placed by Providence in a haven of security, where nothing but quietness and comfort are to be found.

There was certainly something remarkably odd in the way in which I was inveigled into matrimony. My father-in-law's conduct might, in many other cases, have been attributed to interested motives, and his eagerness to conclude a matrimonial treaty between his daughter and myself, put to the account of his anxiety to get her off his hands, and settle her advantageously in the world; but that cannot be thought or imagined, the moment the smallness of my income is taken into consideration. What startles me most, and most powerfully excites my gratitude to Providence, is, that circumstances should have occurred not only to prevent distress and uneasiness, and perhaps worse calamities in my wife's family, and not only rescue us from the necessity of undertaking a voyage to India, but to place us in a state of such agreeable competency as that in which we found ourselves.

When Cuthbert first established himself at Ashmead—a somewhat pastoral "name" for my first "local habitation"—I was very much surprised at his absolute helplessness. His servant is qui-hi'd into his room every five minutes—lighting a taper or sealing a letter appear to be Herculean tasks to him, and the listlessness which pervades the conduct of his life, manifests itself so strongly when we are at breakfast or dinner, that I am sure if, amongst the innumerable classes of domestics with which India abounds, there were such an officer as an Eatabadar to be had, Cuthbert would have him at any price.

When we first met at Gosport, he was so evidently labouring under the effects of bad health and depression of spirits, that I could quite understand this abasement of animal exertion; and before I knew how nearly we

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PART I. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4, 1837. NO. 14.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

were connected, felt the deepest sympathy for his unhappy case. Now, that feeling is changed into wonder and astonishment, that a being, who, by what he calls his own exertions, has contrived to realise a handsome fortune, should seem to possess no power of exerting himself upon any occasion whatever. His health is good, his spirits are recovering rapidly, but his torpor continues.

He is, I find, like our friend Nubley, afflicted with occasional fits of absence. I am afraid if Harriet were to speak truth, she and her sister Fanny would not break their hearts if the fit were permanent. He crawls or is wheeled out of his own rooms every day about noon, and seats himself in the drawing-room, in order, as he says, to amuse the ladies and the visiters who chance to call; and the ladies are forced to remain where they are, in order to amuse *him*. He talks to every body with whom he meets, as if he had known them all his life; and I cannot conceal the fact from myself, that he talks about nothing in the world, let him talk as long as he may.

Wells rather enjoys his peculiarities, and Nubley listens to him with the deepest interest. In short, strange as it may seem, I believe Cuthbert's anxiety that I should take this house was mainly attributable to his desire to be near his old friend and former partner. To Harriet, of course, remaining in the neighbourhood of her father and mother is extremely agreeable; but I see that poor dear Cuthbert, with all his kindnesses, conferred as they are, in the oddest manner, is a bit of a bore to the ladies of the circle. Harriet, disliking the formality of calling him brother-in-law, which, on account of the differences in our ages, she does not approve, and not venturing to address him as Cuthbert, has transformed him into a cousin, and "cousin" she always calls him. I heard Wells, after she had once used this endearing appellation, say to her, loud enough for me to hear it, "Harriet, don't you wish he was a cousin once removed."

This naturally worries me. I am one of those few people in the world who see the faults and imperfections of my nearest relations and connections, perhaps even more plainly than others; and I often wonder to myself, when I hear fathers extolling the eminent powers and abilities of their children, husbands puffing off the talents of their wives, wives speaking of the prodigious merits of their husbands, and whole families swearing to the excellence of every thing said or done by any individual member of them. Probably if the late Mrs. Cuthbert were alive, we should hear her talking of the beautiful serenity of her husband's mind—such a quiet gentlemanly man—or quoting him, in a comparison with somebody else, as a superior creature. Now, I can see, and can hear; and it is not because of our near connection that I can shut my eyes to his failings.

One day I had been over to the rectory to see Wells; and on my return, as usual I found Cuthbert seated by the drawing-room fire, extended at full length on a sofa. Harriet and Fanny were working, and Mrs. Wells, who had come over to see them, was sitting, playing company, the family party having been increased by the arrival of Lieutenant Merman, whose name I have had occasion to mention before, and who, I think, is caught by the bright eyes of my sister-in-law Fanny. Whether Wells is of the same opinion I cannot say, nor can I rightly calculate when the toddy-making season is likely to set in. He is a very constant visiter at Ashmead, or, at least, has been, since Fanny has been with us.

Contrary to my usual habit, for I contrive to make myself occupation of various sorts during the morning, I joined the little circle.

"Well, Gilbert," said my brother, stretching himself, as if to wake himself, "have you been out?"

"Yes, to the parsonage," said I.

"Ah!" replied Cuthbert, "very cold out, isn't it? Harriet, dear, just ring the bell—thanks—we have been very comfortable."

"I thought," said I, "you proposed a walk yourself."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "I did—I had my great coat put on and my shawl wrapper—and meant to call on Mrs. Nubley—but I met him—and I asked him if Mrs. Nubley was at home, and he said no; so I—I came back again—Ah!"

Here a servant entered the room, responsive to the bell.

"Oh!" said Cuthbert, "tell Hutton to bring me a pocket-handkerchief." The man retired. "So I came back again—because I knew it must be dull for the ladies to be left alone—and here, thanks to them, I am quite at my ease, and having nothing on earth to do, I cannot do better than show my gratitude to them. Fanny, dear, give me that eau de Cologne—Ah!"

"I am sure, Mr. Gurney," said Mrs. Wells, "the girls ought to be greatly obliged to you."

"I think they are," said Cuthbert. "A man who has been abroad so long as I have has always something to communicate which is interesting. Oh—Hutton—get me my seal-ring. Harriet, love, I will beg you to seal that letter, which I got Nubley to write for me, about those air cushions. Capital invention that, Mrs. Wells."

"Very good, indeed," replied the lady.

"Ah!" said Cuthbert, "but what was I saying when Gilbert came in? Oh!—I wish somebody would recollect for me—it was——"

"About the horse running away with the post-chaise," said Lieutenant Merman, who had not heard the story fifty times before, which the rest of the present company had.

"Ah!" said Cuthbert—"so it was—it is one of the earliest events of my life I can remember—you weren't born or thought of, Gilbert, then. I forget if I ever told you——"

"What," said I, "on Shooter's Hill?"

"Yes," replied Cuthbert, "that place beyond Blackheath, where there 's the model of Severndroog—I never shall forget it—my poor father was with me. Something by the road-side frightened the off-horse, and away we went—down the hill at full speed—set the other horse off with him, and we thought—thought we should be dashed to pieces."

"And how did you escape, sir?" said the lieutenant.

"Oh!" replied Cuthbert, "when they got to the bottom of the hill the horses stopped of themselves—Ah!"

I perceived that Cuthbert—having sent for his handkerchief, bathed his temples with eau de Cologne, begged me to stir the fire, and place the sofa cushions conveniently for his repose—was a fixture for the rest of the day; and as the story I did wait to hear was only the first of a series which he was in the habit of telling as regularly as the "Friar of Orders Gray" told his beads, I left the assembly, not without receiving a look from Harriet too distinctly expressive of her feelings to be misunderstood.

I have merely noted these few trifling facts, because I very much fear that the total want of sympathy, which unfortunately exists between Cuthbert and all those with whom he must constantly associate while staying here, will some day exhibit itself in a positive and unequivocal manner. What is to happen when the three Falwassers come from school I do not venture to premise. They have never had the advantage of maternal care; and, from the extremely undefined character of Cuthbert's conversation and remarks touching them, I have not been able to form any just estimate of their qualities. Somehow I begin to think the scheme of admitting any relation, however near, as a constant resident in the establishment of a married couple, is at best but hazardous—yet in my case it has been inevitable; but for Cuthbert I should not have had the house in which he requests to be an inmate—besides, he wants cherishing; a man at his time of life, returned to a country the manners and habits of which are totally different from those of the distant empire in which he has passed the prime of his life, would be lost if left to himself. Friends he has few, relations none, except myself; and if ever a momentary doubt of the entire success of our *ménage* at Ashmead does cross my mind, it is speedily dismissed by the recollection of how much I owe him, and how essential my attention to his wishes is to his comfort.

There were many points in Cuthbert's history upon which I should very much have liked to be enlightened; but my hopes and expectations were vain. All the important features of his past life seemed either to be studiously concealed from my sight, or to have escaped his own recollection. His random records consisted of nothing but frivolous anecdotes which appeared to float to and fro upon the surface of his mind, while the serious facts had sunk "out of soundings."

I admit that I began to find Wells and his wife, and two or three other friends, getting fidgetty, and evincing much of dislike to be so overlaid—if I may use the expression—with poor Cuthbert, who having, fortunately for himself, evinced a passion for chess, discovered that Mr. Sniggs, the apothecary, could place the pieces for him, and make the ordinary moves against him, suggested to the said Sniggs that he should be delighted to see him whenever his professional occupations permitted, and that there was always luncheon at half past one, and so on.

This was quite right. Why should not Cuthbert like chess? Why should not he ask Sniggs? No reason why—except that Mrs. Wells always thought that the flower of her flock, Adelgitha, lost her life through want of skill on the part of this very Sniggs; and they were consequently the bitterest foes. Cuthbert and Sniggs, the dearest friends—he not only played chess with him, and put the men all ready before they began, but having prescribed a sort of mawkish drink—a kind of sickly negus, powdered with "Mareschalle nutmeg"—compounded it for his friend, patient, and antagonist, and administered it *secundum artem*.

Sniggs literally did that which many men, and even their observations, are said to do, he "smelt of the shop;" and when the atmosphere was heavy and the "scent lay," his entrance into the drawing-room, where Cuthbert, for the sake of making himself amiable, *would* sit, was the signal for the departure and dispersion of the little family coterie, who were up like a covey of partridges on his arrival, alleging as a reason that they were quite sure they should disturb the chess-players if they staid.

Sniggs was a character—in his way; he knew every thing that was going on in the neighbourhood. The proverb, as Ray has it, says,

> "Children pick up words, as pigeons peas,
> And utter them again as God shall please."

Sniggs collected indefatigably, but most disinterestedly retained nothing. What he picked up in one house he let fall in the next, and so served as a regular gazette for the whole community—this was a great resource for poor Cuthbert, who, to keep up the simile of the pigeons, was as happy as any squeaker in the world to be crammed after Sniggs's fashion, however coarsely the aliment was supplied.

"Set the men, Sniggs," said Cuthbert, when the coast was quite clear—"any news?"

"You play with the red," said Sniggs, arranging the pieces accordingly—"no, sir, not much news. Miss Wobberly, the pretty girl with the red hair, sir—sits opposite to you at church—hear she is going to be married—sugar-baker in London—called there just now—stomach out of order—touch of dyspepsia—too many minced pies—quantity of bile in a minced pie, sir—all meat, dirt, fat, plums, lemon peel, and puff-paste. She 'll be well by Tuesday—the mother a charming woman—asked me to dine Thursday—a little touch of erysipelas, not worth mentioning—pleasant creature. Wobberly a vulgar man—always ailing—can't get gout to show itself—gentlemanly disease the gout—gout and short sight are not destined for the vulgar—once saw a hackney coachman with spectacles—wrote a paper upon it in a first rate periodical——you begin, sir."

"I move my king's pawn," said Cuthbert; "it saves trouble to take the usual course."

"Exactly so, sir," said Sniggs; "that 's what Major Frowsty says—an excellent patient of mine, who has a sort of hydrophobia—"

"Indeed—ah," said Cuthbert—"mad. I'll push him on, another square."

"No," said Sniggs, "not mad: you don't see my fun. Hydrophobia—does not like bathing. I order a bath,—

he says it is cold,—order it hot,—says he don't like it,—can't get him to wash,—nothing so good, sir,—excellent gentleman the major,—did you know him abroad?"

"No," said Cuthbert; "just move that knight for me, while I blow my nose. Where has he been?"

"Somewhere in your district," said Sniggs; "at Tunis, I think."

"I never was at Tunis," said Cuthbert.

"I think, between you and me, sir," said Sniggs, "it would have been as well if *he* had never been there: he won't take medicine, do all I can; and if I say he is really ill, he talks about a physician. I believe, between you and me, sir, that he ran away with the daughter of a bey, or something of that sort, and nearly had his head cut off. But that's nothing to the affair of the Hackingtons, who live at the white house at the end of the lane—la bless you!—their second daughter,—of course this is *entre nous*,—is over head and ears in love with the ostler at the Cock and Bottle. Your move, sir. And the way I found *that* out was, that Mrs. Widdles, at the corner—the library—told me that Jim Walker, the ostler in question, had been in her shop to buy a sheet of paper to write home to his mother, and got her to do the letter, in which the whole facts were stated. I have just sent Miss Hackington a pill and a draught; but as the poet says, I can't

'Minister to a mind diseased.'

So I made them quite innocent,—eh, sir? Of course this goes no farther. Check to your king."

"I like to hear the news," said Cuthbert, "although I don't know the people."

"Lord bless you, sir, said Sniggs, "I never let out these sort of things, except to you; now of course I know all about Lieut. Merman's *tendre* for Miss Fanny; but, *then*, as I say, that is totally a different story; here we are—titled—a family of consequence and respectability; mute as a mackerel,—not a syllable passes my lips,—delightful family the Wellses, sir,—so clever Mr. Wells,—what a preacher!—makes me weep like a watering-pot when he comes out with a charity sermon,—don't you think he is a powerful man, sir?"

"Your queen is in check," said Cuthbert.

"A thousand pardons," said Sniggs. "What's your notion as to tithes, sir?—quite legal, constitutional, and all that; but don't you think,—just before I take the queen out of check,—don't you think something might be done in regard to that question? The law by which tithe is secured to the clergy, sir, is just as good and as valid as that by which the first duke in the land holds his estates—eh, don't you see, sir? But I think still something might be done to get rid, you see, sir, of the objectionable part of the question. That's what I say to Mr. Wells. Mrs. Wells, I believe, is not so great a friend of mine; never goes beyond powders; rhubarb and magnesia, or jalap and cream-o'-tartar are the extremes, and those only for the housemaids. Still I have a high regard for them all. I think the tithe system operates unequally, sir. I take your rook,—you didn't see *that*, sir. All clergymen are not alike. I recollect reading, sir, that Dr. Prideaux,—I don't know if you know much of him,—said that some men enter upon their cures with as little knowledge of divinity as the meanest of their congregation—eh,—heard the story of human felicity,—something inside of a pig.—forgive me,—but it is an apt illustration of the stupidity of a congregation."

"Very stupid," said Cuthbert; "do me the favour to push my rook over to the side of your queen; there, where it is guarded by that pawn. Yes, I think you are quite right."

"And then, as I say, sir," continued Sniggs, "the spirit—the public spirit of Mrs. Wells—that fancy ball and bazar for the charity schools—what a sight—dear young creatures exposing themselves in every way at the stalls, and selling things for fifteen shillings which they bought for five—passing them off, of course, for their own. Why now there's that Mrs. Fletcher.—I declare that woman ought no more to have gone out Tuesday week—Oh! sir, such a state she is in—such a complication of disorders—of course this is *entre nous*—what I call death in the pot—never mind—people must die when their time comes. I have put her through a regular course of steel—done all I could. Don't you recollect, sir, the story of the sick man at the watering-place, who was sent down to tone himself up—went to a boarding-house—ignorant creature—that sort of thing—took all sorts of things to strengthen himself and bring him round, under the advice of one of those refined physicians who pick up guineas from ninnies, as I should say; and having dined and supped with his fellow-boarders, retired, as they did, to rest. In the middle of the night, the whole house was alarmed by noises much resembling those of a rabid dog, attended with a stamping of feet along the different passages of the house. This continued some time, but about two o'clock in the morning it subsided, and, as they say in the account of a naval action, 'the boarders had it all to themselves.'

"In the morning, complaints having been made to the matron, or whatever the female figure-head of such establishments is called, as to the row, she remonstrated with the patient, and begged to know why he disturbed the inmates of her else peaceable house? 'Why, Mam,' said he, 'I am ordered to do it by my physicians, for the good of my health; which is the thing for which I am come here'—mark the English, sir. 'So,' says she, 'make a noise for the benefit of your health?' 'Yes,' says he, 'in conjunction with the wine which I drank at dinner.' 'How is that?' said the lady, who doubted whether her guest was a knave or a fool. 'Yes,' said he, 'my doctor ordered me to come down here to take port wine at dinner every day, and bark every night; and so I will, let the consequences be what they may.' Don't you see, sir?—eh?—bark——there's a mistake—your king's in check."

"That's a very good story," said Cuthbert; "not but that bark is a very good thing to strengthen people—as for port wine, I can't touch it; drinking it is to me like having a peppered birch-broom poked down my throat."

"Never tried, highness," said Sniggs, "as the King of Prussia said to the soldier—ever heard that, sir? The King of Prussia fond of music—hundred thousand men to sing one song—recollect—check——he once took a fancy to a brave grenadier—story of the bullet for the watch—that you have heard—never mind, *n'importe*. The King of Prussia says to the grenadier, 'Can you play the fiddle?' What d'ye think he answered, sir? 'Can't guess?' Never tried, highness—new story that—ah, sir!——dear me, you have taken my knight."

"Just take it off the board for me, will ye?" said Cuthbert, wholly unable from habit to lift a piece of ivory so ponderous as that.

"Talking of knights," said Cuthbert, and looking at his horse's head, "did I ever tell you the story of my being run away with down Shooter's Hill, when I was quite a boy?"

"Shooter's Hill!" said Sniggs, with extremely well-acted curiosity; "no, I think not, sir."

"Well, it was very remarkable," said Cuthbert. "My poor father and I were going in a post-chaise just by the place where there is now a sort of castle in imitation of Severndroog, and something by the road-side frightened the off-horse, and away he went; this frightened the other, and they went down the hill at a tremendous rate, and every body thought we should be dashed to atoms, and—you never—ah!—saw such a sight in your life—ah!"

"Well, sir," said Sniggs (who, like every body else in the parish, had heard Cuthbert's pet story over and over again), "and what happened?"

"Why, ah!" said Cuthbert, nearly exhausted by the exertion of relating the adventure; "luckily, when they got to the bottom of the hill, the horses stopped of themselves."

"Very lucky, indeed," said Sniggs; "disappointed the surgeon there, sir——check to your king."

"Ah! that's a serious check," said Cuthbert; "I must think about *that*. Will you just ring the bell, doctor—I must send for my snuff. Ah! and now you *are* up, do me the kindness to stir the fire."

"Check to *my* king," continued Cuthbert; "umph—so, so—Hutton, my snuff-box—see what o'clock it is—ah!"

"It is past four, sir," said Sniggs, looking at his watch. "We shall scarcely have light enough to finish the game."

"Ah!" said Cuthbert, "I am afraid we shall—I don't see how to get my king out of this scrape;" and hereupon the player fell into one of those lengthened reveries which are the characteristic of this noble game.

Hutton brought the snuff-box—he stood unheeded; at length Cuthbert, raising his eyes from the board with all the gravity of the automaton, looked vacantly at him for half a minute, until Hutton felt it necessary to recall him to a sense of his situation, and said, "The snuff-box, sir."

"Oh!" sighed Cuthbert, "open it for me, Hutton—this is a puzzler—ah!" saying which, he with apparent difficulty carried the pinch to its destination.

Franklin says, that by playing at chess we learn:—

"First. Foresight, which looks a little into futurity—considers the consequences that may attend an action; for it is continually occurring to the player, 'If I move this piece, what will be the advantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it to annoy me? What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?'

"Secondly. Circumspection, which surveys the whole board or scene of action—the relations of the several pieces and situations—the dangers they are perpetually exposed to—the several possibilities of their aiding each other—the probabilities that the adversary may take this or that move, and attack this or the other piece; and what different means can be used to avoid the stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

"Thirdly. Caution—not to make our moves too hastily; this habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game, such as, 'If you touch a piece you must move it some where; if you set it down you must let it stand,' and it is therefore best that these rules should be observed; as the game thereby becomes more the image of human life, and particularly of war: and which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemy's leave to withdraw your troops and place them more securely, but must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

"And, lastly, we learn by chess the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs: the habit of hoping for a favourable change, and that of persevering in the search of resources."

As Sniggs watched the entire abstraction of Cuthbert from every thing in the world except his jeoparded monarch, he could not avoid thinking of Franklin's description of the advantages derivable from the game; but having waited and watched, until it appeared to him that his amiable adversary had either dropped into a slumber, or, at least, a wakeful unconsciousness, burst upon him, by asking if he ever heard what Dr. Franklin said to Mr. Hancock, on the occasion of signing the treaty of American independence,—"We must be unanimous in this business," said Hancock; "we must all hang together." "Indeed we must," said Franklin, "or else we shall all hang separately."

"No, never," said Cuthbert, "never; they wern't hanged, were they? Upon my word, doctor, I cannot take the trouble to get this king out of his difficulty. Tell me what had I best do?"

"What, take counsel from your enemy, sir," said Sniggs: "I should say——"

What we are not destined to know; for, at the moment in which the new adviser was taking a searching look at the state of affairs, Cuthbert, overcome by the difficulty to which he had subjected himself, gave a tremendous yawn, accompanied by an attempted change of position upon his sofa cushions; in performing which evolution, his right leg came in contact with Mrs. Gilbert's delicate table, on which they were playing, which was instantly upset; down went the board, the men, the eau de Cologne, and the snuff-box; knights and pawns were promiscuously scattered on the carpet, and Cuthbert, elevating himself, and leaning on his arm, gazed on the scene of destruction, while Sniggs sat bolt upright in his chair, his eyes widely opened, his brows elevated, and his mouth contracted into the first position for whistling, looking at the vacant space before him, as spectators gaze on the slip whence a huge ship has just slid into what modern writers call her "native element," (in which she never had been before,) or the crowd in an enclosure after the ascent of a balloon from the middle of it.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" said Sniggs.

"To-day is Tuesday," said Cuthbert; "ring the bell, doctor, let us have in some of the people to pick up these men and things—the snuff is spilt, so is the eau de Cologne; and Mrs. Gilbert is very particular about her carpet. Ah! what shall we do?"

"This, sir," said Sniggs, "is what you call turning the tables upon me."

"It did not fall on *you*, did it, doctor?" said the unsuspecting Cuthbert.

"No; no harm's done," said Sniggs, who forthwith restored the piece of furniture to its proper place, and began picking up the scattered forces of the contending armies.

"Don't fatigue yourself," said Cuthbert, "you'll tire yourself to death, stooping about. Ah! dear me; what a flurry that has put me in."

Hutton made his appearance, and speedily restored order; however, it was getting too dark to begin a fresh game. The casualties consisted of the fracture of one or two pieces, two squares cracked in the inlaid board, the snuff lost, and the eau de Cologne bottle severely wounded; and as it was getting late, Sniggs proceeded to gather up his hat and cloak, for the purpose of retiring.

"Hadn't you better dine here," said Cuthbert, "and let us renew our game in the evening—eh, do?"

"You are very kind," said Sniggs, "I shall have great pleasure; but I must just step to the surgery, to make up some few things for my patients; I will return at six."

"Come back as soon as you can," said Cuthbert, "I'll get Hutton to wheel me to my room, and dress me directly, so that I shall be here waiting for you."

"I'll be with you as soon as possible," said Sniggs, who took his departure and hurried home, in order to tell Mrs. Sniggs that she needn't have the fowl and bacon cooked, which had been ordered as an addition to the cold mutton, but make her dinner upon *that*, and keep the fowl and bacon for the next day when he did not "dine out."

"Well," said I, entering the room, as soon as I saw Sniggs departing across the lawn, "you have had a long spell with the doctor."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "such a misfortune!—upset the table—broke the bottle—played the very deuse!"

"What, in a fit of enthusiasm?" said I.

"No," said Cuthbert; "ah! dear no—in moving my leg."

"Well," said I, "that matters little. I am not sorry that Sniggs has moved *his* legs."

"You don't like Sniggs, Gilbert," said my brother.

"Indeed I do," replied I, "but *toujours perdrix* is too much of a good thing."

"But he is not a partridge, Gilbert," said my brother.

"No," said I, "nor a goose; but the very qualities for which you like his society are those which make me less glad to see him than I otherwise should be. *You* like to hear all the gossip of the place, which he unquestionably gives you with point and precision; but whenever I hear his anecdotes of patients, and details of their disorders, I always recollect that, as he is universally agreeable, we, in our turns, with all our little foibles and failings, mental and bodily, become subjects of amusement for every body else in the neighbourhood."

"Ah, well," said Cuthbert, "there is something in that to be sure that never struck me; but what have we about us that can be laughed at?"

"Oh, my dear brother," said I, "lay not that flattering unction to your soul; rely upon it we are just as good subjects for satire and caricature as our neighbours."

"Well, I don't see that," said my brother—"will you just ring the bell for Hutton? my shoe has come untied, and I want him to tie it for me. I am not conscious of saying or doing any thing to be laughed at for."

I did as I was desired; for although the readiest way of saving my indolent brother the trouble of tying his own shoe would have been tying it for him myself, I knew enough of him to be aware that however importunate and continuous his demands upon the attention of his servant might be, he would not permit me to inconvenience, or, as he would have thought it, fatigue myself by doing so.

Hutton came—tied the shoe—lifted the foot upon which it was worn into its proper place on the sofa—and retired.

"I am sorry now that I asked Sniggs to come back and dine," said Cuthbert.

So was I—not so much because, although Sniggs was really an agreeable and entertaining companion, he was coming to break in upon what had become to me the delightful homeishness of a really family party, as because Cuthbert's giving invitations without communicating with me, or even going through the ceremony of asking my concurrence, however certain it was never to have been withheld, reminded me more forcibly than was quite agreeable of the real position in which I stood with regard to him. I knew that the odd things which he occasionally did in this way resulted from no feeling but an apathetic indolence of mind, which induced him to make just as much exertion as might secure him a certain quantum of amusement. Poor fellow, he had no wife to comfort or console him, and I often thought the very sight of our domestic happiness, unconsciously perhaps, worried and vexed him. From what I had gathered of his lost lady, she certainly did not, in any one point of person or character, resemble my Harriet, but still there was the contrast continually before his eyes. I therefore made every allowance for his wish to break in upon our serenity, which he could not himself enjoy, by the introduction of what were to *him* enlivening visiters.

The Nubleys were almost always at dinner with us, or, if not, "came in the evening," and, to be sure, they were generally counteracted by the Wellses; but this system of intervention and counteraction had the effect of amusing Cuthbert at the expense of my own comfort.

Then there was another worry; where was the absolute necessity of having Lieutenant Merman so constantly with us? Mrs. Wells had discovered that he had an extremely rich uncle, and now that Harriet was married—for well do I recollect being threatened with this very lieutenant—he appeared what mothers call an eligible match for Fanny. *Him* my wife undertook to invite: and if it were an eligible match for Fanny, and if she liked the man, and the man liked her, it was all very reasonable and natural that Harriet should like to encourage it, especially as her father never made any secret of his strong prepossession in favour of the anti-Malthusian system of early marriages; but still it was a great nuisance to *me*; I could not say so, because I knew the moment I raised an objection, Harriet would have sent Fanny away, and then, *she* would have been uncomfortable.

I remember traveling once in a stage-coach which runs from London—no matter whither,—with two remarkably nice young ladies,—the one in all the sparkling bloom of beauty, a sweet freshness on her rosy cheeks, and love and laughter beaming in her eyes; the other pale and attenuated, her eyes languid and downcast, and her weakness such that she was literally lifted into the coach and laid, as it were, upon the seat opposite to that which her bright-eyed sister shared with *me*; she seemed to be kept alive only by cordial medicines, which were administered to her whenever we stopped to change horses. At the town where the rest of the passengers dined I got her some eau de Cologne, and her sister bathed her temples, and the sick girl looked grateful, and even wept; her pretty sister looked grateful, too, and I became extremely anxious to know more of their history.

At one period, as the day advanced, and the termination of our journey approached, the invalid sank into a slumber, of which I took advantage to enquire the nature of her complaint.

"Her case, said my fair companion, "is hopeless. She is returning to her native air, but it is rather to gratify a dying wish than with any probability of success."

"What," said I, in a half whisper, lest I should disturb the sleeper, "what is she suffering from?"

"The physicians," replied my companion, "say that her heart is affected."

"What!" said I, "aneurism?"

"No, sir," said my fair friend, shaking her head, "*a lieutenant*."

I confess this non-medical description of the young lady's disease, partaking largely, to be sure, of "*scarlatina*," startled me a little. However, I looked at her with different eyes afterwards, and endeavoured to convince her sister of the deep interest which I took in both of them. At a particular point of the journey I left them, and shook hands with them, not without wishing to hear more of them.

It so happened that I *did* hear more of them; and, although any body who hereafter reads my notes may not care to hear it, it is satisfactory to myself to know that the poor invalid recovered, and by the next year was perfectly restored to health. Whether she arrived at this happy conclusion by putting herself under *a regime*, or into *a regiment*, I did not ascertain. As far as the simple fact goes, there it is.

My sister-in-law Fanny did not appear to me at all a likely subject for a similar complaint—her present turn was to laugh at her lover. Every woman has her own tactics in the great business of female life; and Fanny sought to win by smiles—at least if winning were her object—and I must say I never saw any man more resolved upon her eventually becoming Mrs. Merman than her venerable father, who was assiduously re-enacting the drama in which I and Harriet had unconsciously performed some months before.

These words bring me to a subject upon which I shall touch but lightly, because I may be disappointed; but as things look at present, it seems most probable that I shall attain to the dignity of a father "before four moons have filled their horns." A thousand new ties will then bind me—a thousand new duties devolve upon me. Well! I have thus early in life seen enough of the world to qualify me for a guardian and guide—to be sure, if I should have a son, he will not require much of my "guiding" for some years to come, and then I may look more sternly at the world's "follies," and become a severe parent, as the young beau generally becomes an old sloven; but I think I shall be able to make my son my friend,—a course of education favourable to a boy who is born when his father is young.

There *are*, however, men—and I could point out a very remarkable instance—who cannot bring themselves to such a line of proceeding—who see in their sons, rivals for "golden opinions," and opponents in the race of life—who hear with no pleasure the shrewd remark, the pointed phrase, or witty observations of the youthful aspirant for fame and honour; but who, feeling as parents do towards their offspring, and would feel, if they lived to the age of Methuselah, that they are still children, endeavour to check and subdue the ebullitions of their genius, and keep them subject to themselves.

Towards daughters the feelings of father are totally different—there is no rivalry to be feared there, consequently there is no jealousy. The more lovely, the more accomplished, and the more attractive a girl is, the more delighted is the fond father. In some instances, mothers are found somewhat to partake of the feelings of fathers towards their sons, with regard to the young ladies. Many a poor creature has been embargoed into the nursery or the governess's room for at least four years after she ought to have been out, because she unfortunately happened to be born when her mamma was not more than seventeen, and who at three and thirty did not like to have a beautiful repetition of herself at that age, constantly associated with her, to induce comparison.

By Jove, Sniggs has arrived, and the second bell is ringing—so away with my papers, and

"To dinner with what appetite we may."

[illegible] frigidity is given by the facetious, you [illegible] forgotten, George Alexander Steevens, who says, "Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round and sweethearting,—a sunshine holiday in summer time; but, when once through the turnpike of matrimony, the weather becomes wintry, and some husbands are seized with a cold fit, to which the faculty give the name of indifference. Courtship is matrimony's running footman, but is too often carried away by the two great preservatives of matrimonial friendship—delicacy and gratitude. There is also another very serious disorder with which ladies are sometimes seized during the honeymoon, and which the college of physicians call sullenness. This malady arises from some incautious word which has been addressed to the patient, who then leaning on her elbow on the breakfast table, her cheek resting upon the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed earnestly upon the fire, and her feet beating tattoo time. The husband, meanwhile,

is biting his lips, pulling down his ruffles, stamping about the room, and looking at his lady like Old Nick. At last he abruptly says, 'Well, ma'am, what's the matter with you?' The lady mildly replies, 'Nothing.' 'What is it you *do* mean?' 'Nothing.' 'What would you have me do?' 'Nothing.' 'What *have* I done, madam?' 'Oh, nothing.' And this quarrel arose at breakfast: the lady very innocently observed she thought the tea was made with Thames water; the husband, in mere contradiction, insisted upon it that the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River."

This, and the domestic felicity of Sir Charles and Lady Racket "three weeks after marriage," brought to my recollection the scene I had witnessed between Mr. and Mrs. Daly at their lodgings in London, and made me congratulate myself upon the escape I had made from the superficial attractions of Emma Haines. Thence my thoughts glanced to the expatriated husband and the separated wife in that case; and I began to wonder what had happened to my once worshiped idol, and how she was "making it out" with her mother and the major.

Nothing at all comparable with this, was happening to *me*. Harriet was still all gentleness and playfulness. Her wishes seemed to be bounded by the desire of pleasing *me*; and her kindness transferred on my account, not only to my brother, but to the children of his late wife, and even beyond them to others who had no tie or claim whatever upon us, except as apparently contributing to his comfort, was unqualified as it was unaffected. This is charming; but still——

Here are the three Falwassers—two misses and one master. What then?—they are endeared and attached—*they* scarcely know why—to my brother Cuthbert, who is their father-in-law. Kitty Falwasser, a fine girl of thirteen or fourteen, rubs his temples with eau de Cologne. "Jenny," as *he* calls her, fetches his snuff-box, cuts the leaves of his books, puts the additional lump of sugar in his tea when Harriet does not make it sweet enough, and even goes the length occasionally of drinking it for him. Tom Falwasser is a pyrotechnist; his whole holidays are passed in making squibs and crackers; and he comes in, after dinner, as his father-in-law desires, smelling of gunpowder like a devil.

I remember, in some former notes of mine, I explained the innocence of this same word as used colloquially to designate a certain wooden implement, in which I greatly rejoiced before my union with Harry,—I call her Harry now: how odd!—and it is again necessary to say, lest I might be considered profane, that when I state that Tom smelt like a "devil," I mean that he smelt like one of those little, black, haycock-shaped mixtures of gunpowder and water which that mischievous dog, Daly, mixed with Lady Wolverhampton's pastilles upon that celebrated night when her lovely niece fell into the recorded error committed in other days by Dr. Green's dairy-maid, under the auspices of that reverend and much

[illegible] the last week [illegible] of their holidays, so that they may go back with her to school."

"I'm sure," said I, "nothing can be more agreeable than to do what you like. Harriet's confinement is shortly expected; but that, of course, will make no difference."

"She is a very nice woman, indeed," said Cuthbert. "I did not take the trouble to talk to her much; but she seems very full of proper feeling, and that sort of thing; and is about as good an European as I recollect to have seen for a great many years."

A good European! thought I to myself. Well, I see what must happen; Mrs. Brandyball must come. "Any thing, my dear Cuthbert, you wish," said I, "of course you will command."

"No, no," said Cuthbert, "I can't exert myself to command; only I think it would please the children, and their dear mother, who—to be sure, she is gone; but then she is at rest—that's a great thing; only I should like to pay every respect to her memory, and to her children. They think it would make them well considered by the whole school, if she came here, and saw how well they lived; and besides, it would save me the trouble of writing a letter, or dictating to Hutton what I wished to say to her respecting my views of their future education; and you *have* another spare room."

What *could* I reply? All the rooms in the house were spare rooms to *him*. So I said—"My dear Cuthbert, not another word. Mrs. Brandyball will be most welcome to Ashmead; as, indeed," I added, "is any body upon earth whom you wish to come here."

"I have not many friends in this country, said Cuthbert; "that is to say, I dare say I have a good many people with whom I have been very intimate in India, and to whom I am really very much attached; but I have no idea how to find out where they are; some, of course, are dead, and—so——Well, but I am very glad you have no objection to Mrs. Brandyball's visit. Now, the next thing we must do, is to get somebody to write to her to invite her."

"I think if Kitty Falwasser were to write," said I, "it would perhaps be thought a civil way of doing the thing."

"Yes," said Cuthbert; "but then you know she does not write without lines; and then we should have to rule them, and when she had finished, to rub them out,—and besides, she does not like writing,—she is too young for that yet. My poor wife gave instructions to Mrs. Brandyball, when the children were sent home, not to force their intellect,—let it develope itself,—don't fatigue their minds, poor things,—think what a thing it would be to learn half a page of a French vocabulary in a day, and take a lesson of dancing afterwards, it's enough to wear them to skeletons!"

"I quite agree with you," said I, "that nothing is more absurd, not to call it barbarous, than the system of forcing to which you allude, nor any thing more lamentable than to see children repeating by rote whole pages of history or poetry, conceived in terms, which, to them, are inexplicable, and even then delivered in a language which they don't understand. Yet still I think Kitty Falwasser might in her fourteenth year contrive to write a letter to her governess, inasmuch as she wrote you a remarkably nice announcement of the approaching holidays."

"Oh, that," said Cuthbert, raising himself a little upon one of his elbows, "took her thirteen days constant labour,—so she tells me—did it over two and twenty times; and at last got one of the teachers to put in all the capital letters,—no,—Kitty has no turn for writing,—she colours prints very nicely: she has painted all the kings' heads in her 'History of England,'—she has a genius that way,—her poor mother used to be very clever—what they call—I cannot recollect,—but it was cutting holes in cards, and painting through them—something about tinting I think—no—if you don't like to write, I'll dictate a note to Hutton, and then he can take it himself to the post-office. I want to send my watch down to Stephenson's shop, for somehow I have lost—or dropped—or mislaid my watch key; I dare say it is somewhere under the sofa cushions: however, he'd better go and get me another; and then Stephenson can set the watch by the church clock. I only found out half an hour ago that it has not been going since Tuesday, when I set it last."

I could scarcely keep silent during this beautiful illustration of my helpless brother's character, which developed itself in every action of his life, if actions the evitation of all movement in which he delighted could be called. However, I wanted to hear the conclusion of his labour-saving scheme, before I suggested to him that my wife would probably be the properest person to give the invitation.

"Oh! certainly," said Cuthbert; "but that will give her a great deal of trouble: and then so near her confinement,—somebody had better write it in her name."

"No, my dear brother," said I, "Harriet is quite strong enough to write a letter; she likes employment both mental and bodily,—she'll be delighted."

"So shall I," said my brother; "but it is quite wonderful to see her; and to think,—Oh dear, dear, what a heap of trials women have to undergo! Yes; then that, I think, will be the best way,—it will look civil, and attentive, and kind. I wonder I had not thought of that at first."

"I suppose," said I, "it had better be done immediately?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Cuthbert; "Kitty was very anxious about it this morning, because I think she told me the lady was gone some where—where, I don't remember—to stay for a fortnight,—from whence she could take this on her way home. I'm sure you'll like her—she is so lady-like in her manners, and so gentle, and talks so well, and so very much attached to the children."

"That her presence will be agreeable to you," said I, "is, as I have already said, sufficient of itself to render her a welcome visiter."

"There's another thing the girls told me to ask you about," said Cuthbert; "your youngest sister-in-law has been talking to them about—oh dear, my head—about some very clever dancing-master who lives here; and they were saying, if you had no objection, they should like to take lessons three or four times a week for an hour or two,—it would put them forward,—and how they can take this trouble I don't understand; but they are young and light, to be sure,—and so,—I said I would ask you. The drawing-room isn't used in the mornings, and—perhaps—"

"Oh, certainly," said I; "they will not in the least interfere with us, only, perhaps, when Harriet is confined, we may—"

"Oh, that's another matter," said Cuthbert; "Mary has got all the particulars of the man's terms; and I had the paper yesterday, but I'm sure I haven't any idea where it is now. Do just ring the bell, Gilbert: I'll get Hutton to look for it, and then he can take a message about it."

I rang the bell, and Hutton appeared.

"Have you seen," said Cuthbert to the servant, "a paper about the terms of a dancing-master that Miss Falwasser gave me yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," said Hutton, "Mr. Kittington: I have been there, sir,—to his house. Miss Falwasser told me to desire him to call upon you to-day: he said he would be here at three. I thought, sir, miss had told you so herself, or I should have mentioned it."

"Oh, that's all very convenient," said Cuthbert; "I'll see him when he comes. Where are the young ladies?"

"Out in the laundry, I believe, sir," said Hutton, "acting a play; Master Tom has got some fireworks there, and they are all dressed up; and Miss Fanny Wells, and her sister, and Mr. Merman are there."

"Dear me," said Cuthbert, "what a pity they don't come and act here, it would amuse us excessively; it is out of the question going all the way across the courtyard. What droll things,—eh?"

This all sounded mighty playful and pretty; but the circumstances, the free and easy manner of Miss Kitty Falwasser considered, are not altogether satisfactory to *me*, I confess. It was clear that the two girls entirely managed their indolent father-in-law; and that the elder one, fully conscious of her power over him, had, having merely expressed a wish, and asked permission to take lessons in dancing, reckoned upon his compliance so much a matter of course, as not to think it necessary to wait till she had obtained it, before she sent for the Terpsichorean professor. As to *my* opinion or objection upon the subject, it was clear that none of the family considered them of the slightest importance.

I certainly had the curiosity to visit the "theatre," where I found Miss Falwasser with her face blackened, dressed up in a shawl and turban, having squeezed herself into a pair of her brother Tom's trowsers, personating Othello, while Jenny was exhibiting herself as Desdemona,—Tom's only bargain being, that he was to fire the salute from the batteries at Cyprus, which were ingeniously represented by one of the coppers in the laundry, which was fitted up with battlements, and cannon round its edge, while the active contriver was concealed within, from which ambush he cunningly managed to raise his hand unseen to the touchhole of his small artillery, the first one of which that was fired recoiled with considerable force, and severely wounded the boy just between his eyes.

Tom bellowed, the girls screamed, and the only thing to be done was to send for Sniggs. Fanny Wells was dreadfully agitated, and was led to her room by the at-

tentive and assiduous lieutenant, her sister Bessy following her, but with a far different expression of countenance. All this was unpleasant; but what could I do? It was clear to me that the elder of the young ladies was blessed with what is called a spirit—a lively imagination, and not the most profound veneration for rigid truth. Her ideas were rather of the romantic, and although her ignorance of the essentials of education were to my eyes and ears apparent, nature had compensated to her for any deficiency of taste or erudition by giving her a disposition to inquisitiveness upon all matters except those which were likely to be advantageous either to her manners or her morals.

Unfortunately for Kitty, she was handsome, and every body was foolish enough to tell her so; which, so long as fortune afforded her a maid and a mirror, was evidently a work of supererogation. Her sister Fan was her slave, and with a totally different character, temperament, and disposition, compelled to join in pursuits for which she had naturally no inclination, because she literally dared not disobey her senior.

Sniggs arrived in less than half an hour to examine Tom's wounds, and a few minutes after came Kittington, the dancing-master, to receive Cuthbert's commands about the lessons. Harriet, who certainly was not so much affected by the bump on Tom's nose as I apprehended she might have been, sat down to write Mrs. Brandyball a letter of invitation; and while Tom was bellowing like a calf up and down stairs, Fanny Wells sobbing most interestingly, and Jane and Bessy talking over the explosion as something terrific, I was assailed at once in the drawing-room, where Cuthbert was deposited, by the medical opinions of the apothecary, the discussion of terms with the dancing-master, and the hypocritical sentimentalism of Lieutenant Merman, whom I admit I cordially detested.

"The accident," said Sniggs, "is providentially unimportant: an inch one way or the other might have made it serious—right eye—left eye—one or the other might have gone—but in the middle, between the two eyes, is what I call 'In medio tutissimus *Eye bis*'—not bad that, Mr. Gurney, considering I am only a pupil myself. The worst effect will be a little discolouration of the skin. I'll send up something by way of fomentation, which shall set all to rights; but I would advise you to caution Master Falwasser not to repeat the experiment."

"Certainly, I shall," said Cuthbert. "Foolish boy, to take all that trouble to load all those little cannon, and then to get into a copper to fire them. Dear, dear, how indefatigable youth is, in the pursuit of pleasure!"

"Ah!" said Sniggs, turning to Mr. Kittington, "good day—how is Mrs. K.—lumbago better?—did not call this morning—used the opodeldoc—children quite well, dear little things?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Kittington;

"Well, I'll be off home for the lotion for Master Tommy," said Sniggs, "and will look in in the evening to see how he is going on."

Away went Sniggs, with this friendly promise of another visit. I left Cuthbert to settle his schemes with Kittington, to whose presence he felt it necessary to summon his two fascinating daughters-in-law, in order to give him a notion of their peculiar graces. Bessy Wells had been his pupil, so the meeting was no doubt extremely satisfactory. All I know of it was that at its termination Mr. Kittington was appointed to attend Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and that Merman invited himself not only to be present at the performances, but to join our family circle on the then present day—

"His custom always in the afternoon."

Well, this was certainly no improvement to my prospects, nor were the comfort and regularity of my establishment very much improved by the extraordinary proceedings of Cuthbert, not only as regarded his promiscuous invitations to strangers, but as related to the little nick-nackeries in which he was in the habit of reveling, himself. After various attempts to describe, through Hutton, the *véritable* mode of dressing a kabob, or sending up a pilau, he went the length of having my cook,—I say *my* cook, as if, in point of fact, every thing in the house were not his, into the breakfast-room or the drawing-room, if that happened to be "head-quarters" with the ladies, whom he never left; and there instruct her in the arcana of oriental gastronomy, not theoretically, but practically, by superintending in his horizontal position the cuttings and choppings, triturations, amalgamations, and all the other botherations which he considered necessary to produce one or two dishes, his partiality for which, he attributed to the circumstance of the late Mrs. Cuthbert Gurney having been particularly fond of them.

There really was something in Cuthbert's indolence which was extremely trying to the patience, or the activity, or whatever it might be, of those who were around him. He seemed unconsciously to glory in his, to me, melancholy inanition. He certainly was one of those of whom Johnson says, "They boast that they do nothing, and thank their stars that they have nothing to do; who sleep every night till they can sleep no longer, and rise only to take sufficient exercise to enable them to sleep again"—in this particular the likeness failed, for Cuthbert took none—"who prolong the reign of darkness by double curtains, and never see the sun but to tell him how they hate his beams: whose whole labour is to vary the posture of indulgence, and whose day differs from their night only as a couch or chair differs from a bed."

Well, then came another worry. Harriet, first prejudiced against my poor friend Sniggs by her mother, who certainly entertained a sneaking mistrust of his professional skill, and now, in the case of becoming a mother, still more disinclined to attempt to conquer her dislike, resolved, even if she were to have no medical attendant, and certainly to die, not to have Sniggs as her "doctor" on the approaching occasion. I ventured to remonstrate, ran over a catalogue of names of the best people in the neighbourhood who employed him; but all in vain. To her the loss of her infant sister Adelgitha, was light, by comparison with the anticipation she entertained of his giving a sort of circular description of all the circumstances connected with her case, whatever it might turn out to be. And she afforded me the first proof of a resolution to have her own way upon this occasion. But then it was quite reasonable. She had, in the first place, no confidence in his abilities; and, in the second, she had heard him give relations of the calamities of all our neighbours in a tone and manner which she dreaded, when her own indisposition became the subjest of general conversation.

"A newsmonger," says Butler, "is a retailer of rumour, that takes upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a commodity that will not keep; for if it be not fresh, although true in its origin, it lies on his hands and will yield nothing. True or false, it is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale, as well as a lie: and as a slight suit will last as well as a better, while the fashion holds, a lie will serve as well as truth, till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and if there be any difference, he prefers the bad, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity, to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers, for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry, and when he does it well, he is clapped on the back and fed for it; for he does not take it altogether, like a gentleman, for his pleasure; but when he lights on a considerable parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarters himself upon it, until he has eaten it out. And, by this means, he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news, to truck it for the first meat in season; and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate."

Such a man Harriet set down Sniggs to be. And there are certain points upon which a woman must neither be thwarted nor disturbed. Harriet was about to assume a new character in the world—so was I; but then, dear soul, she was so much more personally concerned with the change, that the moment she expressed her decided aversion from calling Sniggs into council, I resolved that he should most certainly not be admitted. But, as one likes to live peaceably with his neighbours, and as Sniggs was, I am sure, a kind-hearted man, and, as I believe, an able practitioner, I saw at once that the only way to soothe his feelings and moderate his anger at being excluded, would be to send to London for some most extraordinarily popular accoucheur, a baronet if possible, but decidedly not below the degree of knighthood, whose unquestioned claims would set to rest in a moment the uneasiness of the Blessford apothecary, even though the magnate himself had in other days filled a similar situation to his own.

All these things worried me. I have a strong feeling that genius and talent are to be found in thousands of places besides the highest, if one only knew where to hit them; and that not only in medicine and surgery, but in every art and science in the world, which, without some accidental circumstance, some coincidence for which none of us are prepared, to bring them into notice, remain to

"Waste their 'powers' on the desert air."

In no pursuit is this truth more evident than that of literature. If ever I should have an influence over publishers, which—since my literary hopes were nipped in the bud by the unequivocal condemnation of my first and only farce at the Haymarket play-house, now seven years ago, is not likely—I would endeavour to impress upon their minds the vast injustice they do, not only to the said genius and talent, but to themselves, in unequivocally rejecting works by unknown authors. Every author must be at first unknown, and every author must write a first work—unless, indeed, he could adopt the course proposed by an Irish gentleman who wished to learn German.—"The first half-dozen lessons, sir," said the master, "are tedious, difficult, and disagreeable; but after *that*, you will begin to appreciate the beauties of the language." "Then, Sir," said Mr. O'Brallaghan, "hadn't we better begin with the seventh?"

One of the strongest proofs that genius must triumph without the aid of a name, is to be found in the anonymous publication of "Waverly." Of the author of "Waverly," when it first appeared, who knew any thing? Not a human being supposed that this leader of the most splendid course of fiction that ever graced the annals of our literature, would have been rejected—most probably unread—because it bore no known writer's name on its title-page! The supposition is perfectly natural. Such things happen every day, as injudiciously as unjustly; and sure I am, that, if I were a writer enjoying a considerable share of popularity, derived more perhaps from good fortune than merit, I should be the first to endeavour to overturn this system of exclusion, and give every man or woman of talent (equal in all probability to my own, although kept in obscurity by adverse circumstances) a fair chance of starting in the race, if not for fame, at least for *that* which, in these mercenary days, is (perhaps no more substantial) received for their labours.

However, able or not, skilful or a bungler, wise or foolish, my wife will not have Sniggs; so I must look out.

In the course of the afternoon, peace was perfectly re-established; and Cuthbert, quite overcome by the effort of hearing Sniggs's scientific description of Tom's accident [illegible]

[illegible]

Kitty?"

"Oh yes, uncle," said Kitty, "it will make her so good-natured to us when we go back."

"Ah, poor things," said Cuthbert, "they have enough to do when they are at school. Oh dear! Well, Gilbert, I have settled about the dancing. He can come very early in the morning twice a-week, and about the middle of the day on the other two days; but he seems to think you must have the carpet taken up in the drawing-room. They can't do their—what does he call them?—some of the steps—on a carpet. So I told him I thought it would take great labour to do that, but Hutton says that he, and James, and the coachman, can take it up in an hour."

"Yes," said I, not quite gratified at the proposal of uncarpeting the best room in my house, and converting it into a dancing school—the more especially as it joined our own bed-room, and as the early lessons might in

some degree interfere with Harriet's morning slumbers; however, I *said* yes.

"What a nice little foot Mr. Kittington has got!" said Kitty Falwasser, as she rubbed, as I thought with an air of invidious comparativeness, those of Cuthbert.

"Law, my dear child," said Fanny, "how came you to notice that?"

"I'm sure I don't know, cousin," said Kitty; "I always look at gentlemen's feet; he is a very nice man altogether I think, and so does cousin Bessy."

Yes, thought I, and *you* are a very nice young lady; however, the holidays don't last for ever.

"He is quite a swell," said Tom, looking out from under the bandage which Sniggs had applied to his darkening eyes.

Charming boy, said I to myself.

"Much smarter than the chap as teaches at Doctor Brusher's."

"Tom," said I, "what sort of a master is the doctor?"

"He 's a rum-un to look at," said Tom; a hold chap and wears a wig, all fuzzy out, and we sticks pens hinto hit, whichever on us his behind im hat lesson time."

"Is he much in school himself?" said I.

"Not a great deal," said Tom; "e's a good deal hover at the White Art; e's a dab at billiards, and e's halmost halways hat hit: yet e wollops hus like sacks if he kitches us playing marvels for hany think."

"Are there many boys at the school?" said I, marveling myself at the style of Tom's language, and his mode of pronunciation, of which, as he was always, till the recent accident, some where out of sight, playing with gunpowder, I had not had any great previous experience.

"Ow many?" said Tom; "heighty-height last alf."

"Are you kept very hard at work, my dear boy?" said Cuthbert, looking at him with a mingled expression of affection and compassion, which to me appeared most absurd.

"Oh, yes, pa," said Tom. "I believe so too; we get hup at six—two minutes hallowed to dress—then down to prayers. Billy Dixon gabbles them over fast enough, I can tell ye. Old Brusher don't get hup imself so hearly."

"And who is Billy Dixon, dear?" said Cuthbert, in a tone of enquiry so pathetic, that, although he *was* my brother, I could scarcely help laughing.

"Billy Dixon," said Tom, "is one of the hushers; is name is Williams. All the chaps calls him Billy Dixon, just as they calls Opkins, the Hinglish husher, Snob. E reads the prayers; then we as to say the lessons we learnt hover night; then them as is igh hup, does Hugh Clid and Matthew Mattocks. I'm not hin them yet. And we does ciphering till height; then we breakfasts, and after that, we goes into the back yard and washes our ands and faces; then hout into the play-ground till [illegible] dinner at one."

[illegible] said Tom; "he reads lectures to us, and hexamines us in the hevenings."

"But I mean with regard to your manners and conversation," said I.

"Bush—he be smoked!" said Tom. "If e was to hinterfere with our big boys, they 'd

'Send him to the chimney-top to fetch away the bacon.'"

"What a droll boy you are!" said Cuthbert.

"Mother Bopps is very good-natured to some of the little chaps," continued the communicative pupil.

"And who may *she* be?" said Fanny Wells.

"Oh! Mother Brusher," said Tom; "but only we halways calls her Bopps. I don't know why;—hit's halways bin so, afore I went."

"Ay, it is the nature of women to be kind," said Cuthbert, sighing.

"She takes care," said Tom, "that we wash our faces and hands Saturday nights, to be all nice and clean for church on Sunday morning."

"But I presume," said I, "you repeat your ablutions when you get up?"

"No we don't," said Tom; "we repeat the Colic of the day—the little uns does Cathekiss. As for our feet, we as 'em washed once a quarter."

"And in what," said I, perfectly astonished at the erudition, delicacy, and cleanliness, of my young connection, "does the doctor examine you?"

"In is front parlour," said Tom.

"No," said I; "but I mean upon what subjects?"

"Oh!" said Tom; "e hasks hus hall manner of rum questions hout of istory or the dixonary."

"Well, now, shall I ask you some?" said I.

"Oh, don't give the poor boy any trouble in the holidays, Gilbert," said Cuthbert; "he is home for relaxation and amusement."

"Oh, but hi likes hit, pa," said Tom.

"So do I," said Kitty; "I like to be examined. I have got two medals and Thomson's 'Seasons,' for prizes in jography."

"Well," said I, "Kitty, you shall join our class." So, taking up the newspaper, which, as newspapers will do, happened to lie upon the table, I asked my fair young friend where the Mediterranean was?

"In Asia, uncle," said Kitty, without the slightest hesitation.

"Oh, you fool!" said Tom; "hi knows better than that; it's in America."

"But how do you get into it, Kitty?" said I.

"Through Behring's Straits," answered the young lady.

I stared, smiled, and proceeded.

"What is a quadruped, Tom?" said I.

"A large fish," replied Tom.

"That it an't, Tom," said Kitty. "I know what it is; it is an animal that runs upon the ceiling, with a great many legs."

Whether Cuthbert was himself not more enlightened than his dear daughter and son-in-law, or whether he thought it too much trouble to set them right, I don't pretend to say; he looked perfectly satisfied, and I thought it not worth my while to endanger his repose by questioning the accuracy of their answers.

"Jenny, dear," said I to the simple creature, "what is a pedagogue?"

"A place to put statues in, uncle," said fair innocence.

"I wonder," said Kitty, "how you come to know that so well—some body must have told you—I could not have guessed it."

"What king of England," said I to Kitty, "reigned immediately before George the First?"

"Before him?" said Kitty; "George the Second, uncle."

"Bush," said Tom, "how could that be, you fool? he reigned after im. I guess oo hit was that reigned directly afore him."

"Who?" said I.

"Heddud the Fifth," said Tom.

"It is unlikely," said I, reading from the newspaper, "that the French minister will be able to cajole the emperor into such a measure." "What does cajole mean?"

"To kill a man," said Tom.

"Well," said I, "I won't bore you any more, for your pa is getting sleepy; but what are you, Tom—animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"I am a vegetable," said Tom.

"Then," said I, "what is a cauliflower?"

"A mineral," said Tom.

"I know I'm an animal," said Kitty.

Yes, thought I, my dear; and rather a strange one, too.

If this examination were written to meet the public eye, the reader would fancy its absurdities too gross to bear even the semblance of probability; but, nevertheless, I have put down this portion of it *verbatim* from the lips of the hopeful children with whom my house is so elegantly furnished.

"How soon an accident happens," said Cuthbert, gravely raising himself in his usual manner on one elbow, and looking at Tom—"that dear boy might have lost his sight by the blow of that cannon. I'm sure I never see any thing of the kind without thinking of the day my poor dear father and I were coming down Shooter's Hill—near that Severndroog place, and the horses took fright at something in the road, and——"

"Yes, pa," said Kitty, "but then they stopped of themselves when they got to the bottom of the hill. You see I never forget any thing you tell me."

"Dear girl," said Cuthbert, making a sort of kissatory motion with his lips, to which Kitty responded, by leaving his feet, and conferring on him a chaste and filial salute.

"I fancy," said I, "it is getting on for dinner-time. Who dines here?—does any body know?"

"I have asked the Nubleys," said Cuthbert.

"And Harriet has asked Mr. Merman," said Fanny.

"And I begged dear Bessy to stop," said Kitty.

"And I think," said Fanny, "Harriet invited me, because pa dines at Lord Fussborough's."

Well, thought I, this sounds to *my* ears very much as if I had painted over my door, "An ordinary here at six o'clock every day, Sundays not excepted;" or rather, as if I were the keeper of a *table d'hôte*, at which, as *hôte*, I was permitted to preside, rather as an accommodation to the company in the way of carving, than as being master of the house.

These were minor evils, but I could not, without pain and apprehension, witness the growing power and influence of the three alien children of the late Mr. Falwasser over my kind-hearted placid brother. Upon every occasion, before and since his return from India, he had practically evinced his affection and regard for me, and I am the last person in the world to be jealous of any kindness or liberality which he may feel inclined to bestow upon others; but in this case he seemed to me to be entailing upon himself a responsibility of which he himself was not aware, and to sustain which he was physically as well as morally incapable.

When Kitty grew to be fifteen or sixteen—or rather when she became fifteen or sixteen, for she had grown in outward appearance to that age already—it was clear to me, that with her character and disposition, her unflinching adherence to any favourite point until she had carried it, joined to a consciousness of the power she actually possessed over Cuthbert, she would lead him into all sorts of difficulties, against which he had not strength to contend. Of course I was not constantly with them, and they were frequently alone, or perhaps with Jane as a third; and it is easy to imagine that entirely freed from restraint—although I must admit she never appeared much *gené'd* by either my presence or that of Harriet—she spoke her mind and expressed her wishes with a sincerity and decision proportionate to Cuthbert's acknowledged affection for the children and his gradually increasing concessions.

I repeat, I am not jealous of this; but I am not blind to the effect of the influence of these young people, who, although as I have ascertained, lamentably ignorant of the rudiments of education, are—at least I speak particularly of Kitty—full of low worldly cunning. I perceive in Cuthbert's manner to my wife less tenderness of feeling, less regard for her comforts—less deference to her wishes, than it exhibited previous to their invasion of my territory—if mine it can be called; and Harriet is sensible of the change, I am sure, although she is too kind even to hint at such a thing to *me*.

I must struggle with these feelings—I find myself growing irritable and querulous—I am *not* master of my own house. Aye, then it comes again—*is it my own house?* Surely, while that *is* the question, Cuthbert should more carefully than any body else in the world prevent my feeling how much I owe him, and how dependent, in point of fact, I am upon him. I must, however, check this growing dislike I feel for Kitty—her manner, her conversation, are repugnant to my notions of the attributes of any thing so young; it seems to me that every suggestion she makes is founded upon calculation—every look at Cuthbert is studied—her dress, regulated generally by bad taste, is ill suited to her age, if not to her figure; and the very slip-off of her frock from the top of her left shoulder, meant to seem accidental and look negligent, is the result of a study of her attractions, which she fancies increased by this display; and yet this miniature Machiavel, who is at this moment leading Cuthbert about like a child, purposes to get into the Mediterranean through Behring Straits, and tells us

gravely that a quadruped is an animal that runs upon the ceiling with a great many legs. It is wonderful to see how much Nature has done for her, and how little Art. To my mind, however, bipeds are more likely to interest her attention than quadrupeds, to a much later period of her life.

Dinner came—the Nubleys came—Mr. Wells came—the lieutenant came—Tom dined at table because the explosion had lost him his regular dinner—and, for the first time, the two young ladies. I said nothing, but looked at Harriet, who made me understand in a moment that Cuthbert had desired it. We were crowded, and the girls had dined before; and Cuthbert, I thought, saw, not exactly that I was annoyed, but surprised, at the new arrangement; for he presently mentioned that, as poor Tommy had had no dinner, he had told Hutton to tell the butler to lay a cover for him; and that when he had done so, Kitty had said it would be very dull for her and Jane to be by themselves, and that she did not mind where she sat; "and," added he, "so I have put her close by *me*." And there they sat, and there *I* sat—not much satisfied with what I saw, but certainly not anticipating the coming events of the evening.

(To be continued.)

From the Asiatic Journal.

Incidents at Sea.

Previous to our embarkation at Calcutta, we had heard very frightful accounts of the atrocities committed by pirates infesting certain latitudes, and only those who undertook the voyage to Europe in vessels of large burthen, adequately manned, were devoid of apprehensions upon this score. The dread of pirates had been considerably increased by the conviction and execution of a band of these miscreants, upon the evidence of the passengers of a ship, which they had boarded and plundered, and had left, as they thought, in a sinking condition. After wounding and driving the men into the hold, they took every article of value which was portable out of the vessel, and, having locked all the females into one of the cabins, scuttled the vessel, and went away, confidently expecting that she would fill and go down in a very short time. These wretches, however, had not duly calculated female resolution. Instead of giving way to despair, the women succeeded in breaking the cabin open; they then raised the hatches, and released the male prisoners. The damages sustained by the ship were hastily repaired, and it reached the nearest port. At a subsequent period, the pirates, who in fancied security ventured on shore at Gibraltar, were identified by the sufferers, and several were condemned and executed upon evidence which they never dreamed could have been brought against them.

These details were published at Calcutta, and inspired those who were still engaged in the same lawless occupation, with a determination to avoid a similar doom, by securing the fate of their prisoners. Not content with the old method of fastening the hatches down upon them, they cut their throats, tied them back to back, and flung them overboard. An instance of this was brought to light a few months afterwards. One passenger was on board, who, with the captain, and, as the outlaws supposed, the whole of the crew, was deprived of every chance of escaping with life. The ship was then, according to custom, plundered, scuttled, and abandoned to its fate. One individual had, however, been overlooked in the general search; he had succeeded, in the first instance, in concealing himself, and when the pirates had sailed, he emerged from his lurking place, and, stopping the leak, contrived by his unassisted efforts to keep the vessel above water until he was espied by another ship, and taken into St. Helena. There is every reason to suppose that many small vessels, reported to have foundered at sea, have owed their destruction to the work of pirates.

Rife as these stories were, there was some degree of hardihood in venturing on board a four-hundred-tons ship, with a crew of not more than thirty persons. One gentleman, after having engaged a cabin, retracted, unwilling to risk an encounter with pirates without the proper means of defence; the apprehensions of the other passengers, who were not so sensitive, were allayed by believing they should be joined by some other ship at St. Helena, the point from which fears might reasonably be entertained of these scourges of the sea.

We reached this island in safety, but, while there, the sight of a pirate vessel lately captured, and the tales we heard of the dreadful outrages still committing, alarmed us a little, and rendered us anxious to obtain the protection of some other vessel. Our ship was not the swiftest sailer, and though the captain of a British merchantman of nearly the same burthen, as little able to cope with an experienced enemy, at first appeared desirous to bear us company, the hope of gain in running for a market prevailed, and, after we passed Ascension, we lost sight of him altogether.

As we approached the line, upon which region of perpetual summer it is the usual lot of ships to be becalmed, none but the lightest breezes, and those of the shortest duration, impelling the impatient vessel on her course, the conversation frequently turned upon the subject of piracies. The captain stated that the vessels, usually schooners, which were fitted out by outlaws and renegades from all countries, congregating in the western islands, were ostensibly slavers, and whenever they could procure a valuable cargo from the African coast, to smuggle into the Spanish settlements in the new world, their object was to keep out of the way of every other ship. An instance, to all appearance in point, fell under our immediate observation shortly afterwards. A very superior looking vessel hove in sight, but, the moment she perceived us, she put her helm about, and was off before the wind as fast as every inch of her canvass could take her. At length, we came upon the line, and, according to custom, were becalmed. The sea was as smooth as glass, and if we made any progress at all, it was scarcely perceptible, our ship appearing like a painted ship upon a painted ocean. However unwilling to use an objectionable pronoun, it is now necessary to take up the narrative in the first person, as, in the circumstances which occurred, I cannot pretend to describe more than my own sensations.

I had been ill the greater part of the voyage, and was still in too delicate a state of health to rise early and join the party in the cuddy at breakfast. One Sunday morning, while putting the last touches to a toilette suited to the weather, a white muslin dress, I remember, of that splendid hue imparted by an Indian sun, my brother knocked at my cabin door, and asked to be admitted. Imagining that he came to tell me some trifling circumstance, I gave him entrance, with the expectation of hearing that a bird, or a fish, had been caught; but soon found his message to be of a less agreeable nature. As my cabin was one of the largest in the ship, I had accommodated him by taking charge of his books and various other articles of property; amongst these were a case of pistols, and in his anxiety to see that the weapons were in an efficient state, he had hurried down before the usual hour for his visit. During the few minutes of his stay, he told me that it was in vain to disguise our situation; a very suspicious looking vessel was in sight, and as she had all the appearance of a pirate, it was deemed advisable to prepare for the worst. I experienced a little shock at this intelligence, but determining not to give way to fears which might have no foundation, employed myself as usual about my cabin., when, suddenly, I was startled by the report of a gun on board our own ship. Looking about, to make some enquiry, I espied a little boy, a fellow passenger, who immediately came into my cabin, and told me that, as the schooner had not answered the captain's signals, he had ordered a gun to be fired to oblige her to show her colours. She replied by displaying the stars and stripes of the United States, and immediately afterwards hoisted a commodore's pennant. As pirates possess the flags of all nations, we were not at all satisfied that American colours were not assumed, and the commodore's pennant increased our suspicion, since it did not appear probable that an officer of rank would be found on board so small a vessel. All were unanimous in believing that it had been displayed to deceive us, especially as the movements of the vessel had hitherto been of so sinister a nature, and she had so long delayed to declare herself.

In the early part of our interview my young friend seemed exceedingly frightened; he had never experienced a sense of danger before, and the accounts he had heard of the barbarities committed by pirates were enough to daunt an older heart. The tears stood in his eyes; he was evidently endeavouring to suppress his emotions, but would have abandoned himself to his terrors had he seen any other person similarly affected. I endeavoured to cheer and reassure him, exhorting him to act like a man, and giving him hope that all would ye end well. My composure tranquillised his mind, and he began to enter with alacrity into the preparations which were going forward, turning up his shirt sleeves over his elbows, and asking if he could not act as a powder-monkey. At first, he recommended me not to go upon deck, as the ship was clearing for action, but afterwards reporting that I should not be in the way, I accompanied him up to the cuddy. A novel scene presented itself upon our usually quiet deck. Heaps of cutlasses and muskets were piled in every direction; all the men were at the guns, and the captain was giving orders on the poop, and surveying the enemy through a telescope.

The supposed enemy, though out of gunshot, was plainly visible to the naked eye,—a black, wicked-looking vessel, with all her sails crowded, certainly answering the description of a slaver given in the *Red Rover*, a work which, by the way, I had lately been reading, to beguile the tedium of our detention upon the line. I contrasted the conduct of this ship with that of an honest Bremener, whom we had fallen in with the preceding Sunday, and with whom we parted after a brief interchange of civilities, there being no motive on either side for mystery or avoidance. Repairing to the cabin of the only lady passenger besides myself, I found her so far overcome by the sense of our peril, as to be unable to converse upon it; she preserved her outward composure, and, excepting the loss of her usual animation, exhibited no sign of terror. Though feeling equally unwilling to worry my companions with questions and fears, I was anxious to discover whether we had any very serious cause of alarm, and waiting patiently until the captain came down, enquired of him what he thought of our situation. It may be necessary to state that our commandant was the least pompous or ostentatious person I ever met with, the last man to exaggerate danger, or to play upon the feelings of his passengers. We all placed the utmost confidence, not only in his good seamanship, but in his good sense; and it can seldom fall to the lot of a party so situated to meet with a man of such universal information, and so unaffected in the display of mental powers of a very superior order. His reply was any thing but consolatory. He said that, in the absence of all recent intelligence from England, it was impossible to say what might have taken place between the European or American powers, and that, should the Brazilian government be at variance with the United States, there would be no difficulty in accounting for the appearance of armed vessels, belonging to the latter country, in these seas; but should peace have continued, he did not think it likely that we should meet with American vessels of war cruising in a direction in which they had apparently no business, and the conduct of the

[illegible]

[illegible] had at least the satisfaction to see that [illegible] prudence and foresight could accomplish, united with the coolest and most determined courage, would be effected by men who were aware that, in the event of the schooner proving an enemy, exertions of no ordinary nature would be required. Our crew was composed of rather heterogeneous materials. A few old men-of-war's men were mingled with very inexperienced hands. There were several boys, who had never been at sea before, and some older persons of that class, technically termed land-lubbers, who, had not the captain and his officers been very efficient persons, (the latter working like common seamen,) would have scarcely been sufficient for the safe navigation of the ship. They were all, however, well-behaved, and, with the exception of the boatswain, (who was a Bardolph in his appearance Trinculo in his potations,) sober. Two or [illegible] carpenter in particular, a Dane, were remark[illegible]

temperance, and the general good conduct of the whole gave us confidence in their demeanour on the present occasion. All appeared to be ready to do their best; the negro steward, and even the half-caste Bengallee, who acted as cuddy-servant, and who seemed to have had little or no acquaintance with the grim goddess of war, readily and cheerfully came forward to perform their allotted parts. We had six guns, small, and suited to the size of the ship, which were manned by the most experienced hands, and, to prevent confusion in working the vessel, a few only were to detach themselves from each, to shift the sails, or perform the necessary evolutions, every person returning to his post the moment he could be spared. These orders, though showing the foresight of the captain, indicated our own weakness, and the difficulties we should have to contend with in an encounter with a force which outnumbered us so greatly. The passengers and servants were to be stationed on the poop, and as the latter, as well as two or three of the crew, had never loaded a musket in their lives, all the fire-arms in the ship were loaded and collected in heaps, so that these worthies would have nothing to do, for some time, but to fling down one weapon and take up another. The passengers were all well armed; my brother depended chiefly upon a brace of pistols and a cutlass; another of his military companions selected a blunderbuss, which he loaded almost to the muzzle; and a third, cherishing tender recollections of tiger-hunts and encounters with wild buffaloes, clung to a favourite rifle. The other gentlemen were equally provided with weapons, and it was evident that all would sell their lives dearly.

In the desire to impress the minds of the sailors with the necessity of making a determined resistance, and to convince them of the folly of suffering themselves to be deceived by the hope of quarter, in the event of their surrendering the ship without fighting, the passengers took opportunities of conversing with the crew, who were unanimous in declaring that they entertained no hope of escaping with life, unless they succeeded in beating off the pirate. They seemed to be too well acquainted with the tender mercies of these wretches, and they firmly expressed their determination to second the officers and passengers: all appeared resolved to do, according to their homely phrase, "the best they could for their lives."

Fearful odds were arrayed against us, but wonders might be effected by steady, well-disciplined courage, when opposed to a lawless crew, who generally mingle cowardice with their ferocity, and who frequently decline a combat with foes upon their guard, and ready to give them a warm reception, and the red coats of the officers might deceive the enemy into the belief that we had troops on board. The captain, having completed his arrangements, made a short and pithy speech to the [illegible] notwithstanding an [illegible] was [illegible] by the sailors to be careful of my muslin dress, which they feared might sustain injury from contact with rusty ammunition. I had, however, by this time, lost all interest in the preservation of my gown; I had seen enough to convince me that we were placed in a most frightful predicament, and though, by a strong effort, I succeeded in concealing my terror, it was as great as a keen sense of danger could make it. The uselessness of giving way to despair, and the duty I felt of suppressing emotions which might annoy those to whom the defence of the ship was entrusted, rendered me silent; but, internally, I lamented my rashness in [illegible] ventured on board a vessel so ill-armed, and, [illegible] became highly wroth with the admiralty for [illegible] a sufficient force to clear the seas of [illegible]ers.

[illegible]rried off the ammunition, we were left in profound solitude. The lower deck, on which my cabin was, at this period of the day, usually a scene of bustle and preparation for dinner,—the steward's pantry being at the farthest end,—was now silent and deserted. A dish of rice lay upon one of the lockers; I took a little of it to feed a favourite paroquet, the bird having been neglected in the general confusion. On mounting a box to reach its cage, I felt my limbs tremble under me so as almost to disable me from standing, and I had proof that my nerves were not steeled against the assaults of fear. I sat down upon the box, striving to reanimate my spirits, and to prepare my mind for the awful change,—the sudden launch into eternity,—which seemed so near at hand. But vainly did I endeavour to collect my thoughts, or to lead them to contemplations suited to the seriousness of the occasion. I had no religious terrors to contend with; my faith had long been fixed, and, though conscious of much demerit, my trust was unshaken. I have heard of persons similarly situated, to whom the whole of their previous life has passed in an instant in review, and whose religious feelings, though long dormant, had revived with the greatest force and intensity. Such was not the case with me; I could neither fix my attention on the past, nor on the future; I desired to live, and expected to die; and, instead of dwelling upon subjects likely to afford comfort under such circumstances, I could not help drawing comparisons between the state of my feelings and those of Henry Morton, in the tale of *Old Mortality*, while he watched the movements of the clock which was to give the signal for his murder. So strongly did I identify myself with this ideal personage, and so vividly did the recollection of the passage, describing the scene with the covenanters, act upon my imagination, that I almost fancied a clock in the corner of the cabin. I knew that we were getting near to the schooner, for her sails were occasionally visible from the open ports, and I was in momentary expectation of hearing the dreaded roar of tier-guns. In a few minutes, in all probability, the action would commence, and our present state of suspense, though sufficiently painful, was far preferable to the fearful certainty of actual collision. Even the faint hope of success in the approaching conflict was cruelly clouded by the distressing conviction that the ship could not be defended without the loss of many lives. We were familiar with the countenances and characters of all the men, and, independent of the officers and passengers, who had associated together in the most friendly manner for nearly four months, there was not a sailor on board whose death, in the ordinary way, would not have occasioned great regret, and the idea of many perishing by violence was still more intolerable.

My female friend and myself, unwilling to torment the gentlemen with enquiries, controlled our desire to be made acquainted with the movements of the schooner, and remained perfectly quiet. At length, however, we received a visit from the little boy before mentioned, who brought us very disagreeable intelligence. He informed us that there was a struggle of skill between our captain and the commander of the schooner, the latter manœuvring to bring his vessel across our stern, in order to rake us with all his guns, while we were tacking out with the determination of giving a broadside only to the enemy. This accounted for the tedious interval which had elapsed from the period of our altering our course. The next accounts were still less satisfactory. Our young friend reported that the schooner was crammed full of men, who were clustering upon the deck and upon the yards like bees. We knew that pirate-vessels were always crowded, and as we could have little chance, when once disabled, of keeping out of reach of her grappling-irons, nothing could prevent her multitudes from boarding us, and bearing down all opposition. Our fate seemed now to be inevitable, for no American man-of-war could mistake an English vessel, trading from the East Indies, for an enemy. It was impossible that hostilities should have so suddenly broken out between Great Britain and the United States as to leave us in ignorance of the chance of a war, and we could only come to one melancholy conclusion, that we were about to fall into the hands of the most remorseless wretches in the world.

Every tack now brought us nearer to the dreaded object. I had two swords in my cabin, one double-handed, brought from the Siccim Hills; the other Burmese, which I was taking to England, to adorn the armoury of a celebrated antiquary. I eyed these weapons occasionally, with a vain wish that I could wield them like some heroine of old, and I sometimes fancied that if we came to action, I should not be able to restrain myself from plunging, sword in hand, into the *melée*; so strongly was I excited by the desire of self-preservation. However, it became necessary to take measures to avoid the most dreadful results of capture; it would be better to go overboard at once than to wait for miscreants to cut my throat; and as I could not fail to be made acquainted with the issue of the engagement, in the event of defeat, I determined upon making my escape into the sea. Nothing would be easier than to put this design into execution. There was a great slope from the stern-ports to the deck of my cabin, and some scrambling was necessary to get to the opening; consequently, on the first appearance of hostile faces at the door, I could jump out before it would be possible to cut off my retreat. This was a melancholy alternative, but no better occurring, I was fain to make up my mind to an act which might be justified by the circumstances in which I was placed.

Four hours of unremitting anxiety had now passed away; but we were coming up so fast to the schooner, that suspense must soon be ended. Every moment I expected to hear the sound of the guns; and so great was my terror, that I began to fear that all presence of mind would forsake me at the dreaded discharge, and that I should either lose my senses, or become paralysed. My friend already appeared to be in the latter condition; she had scarcely uttered a word the whole day, and seemed quite bewildered by the horror of our situation. At length we came within hail of the schooner, and I heard the voice of our captain, through his trumpet, demanding who and what she was. The reply did not reach me, but hope revived, since the guns were silent. Our young aid-de-camp now ran down and told us that the commander of the schooner had asked leave to send a boat on board; but as this might be a stratagem of the pirates, to get possession of the ship, the captain had consented only upon condition that the crew should come unarmed; and that the gentlemen on the poop were preparing to fire into the boat upon the first symptom of hostility. A lieutenant and midshipman got into a cutter, which was lowered down the side, and the sight of the uniform of the American navy dispelled our fears. I hastened upon deck with my friend, and we both went into her more comfortable cabin, where we could see all that passed, without being seen; for I felt unwilling to show these gentlemen how much they had frightened me. Instead of the din of arms, brisk bargains commenced for the sale of Chinsurah cigars, and Bengallee solar hats, articles which our people had to dispose of. It appears that our captain was right in his conjecture about the Brazils. The American vessel was conveying out Commodore Penny, or Patten, upon a diplomatic mission to the government, which explained the circumstance of the pennant, which we had fancied had been assumed for the purpose of deception.

The American officers were very civil, pretending they had taken us for a sloop-of-war having marines on board, and paying us many compliments upon our martial appearance. They added, that they had been at quarters since eight o'clock in the morning; but as they must have been very certain that their government was not at war with any other nation, and they could not pretend to mistake us for a pirate, it was clear that they knew us to be "bits of Glasgow bodies," and determined to put us into a fright. Our gentlemen either forgot to put queries, which would have cleared this matter beyond a doubt, or were unwilling to convict their American visitors of a very unjustifiable proceeding. They told us that if we should remain a day or two longer becalmed, we might expect to see another vessel of the same description, bound to the same port. They brought fresh accounts of piracies, and expressed a wish to be appointed to the service of sweeping the seas of such reptiles. We had little news to communicate, as they were much better acquainted with the state of public affairs in Europe than we could be; and the captain supplied us with a large bundle of American newspapers. Immediately after their departure, the greater number of passengers might be seen greedily devouring the contents of these periodicals, which, luckily for us, were voluminous, and filled with tales and stories from all sorts of books. I had been too highly excited to calm down so soon to the

enjoyment of fictitious adventures, and, indeed, I began to think that there was something profane and presumptuous in dallying with the evils of life, and rendering them subservient to mere amusement,

Upon a calm review of all the occurrences of the morning, we could not accuse ourselves of having taken panic without sufficient cause; for, from the moment when we first beheld the schooner, until we came within hail of each other, her conduct completely justified the supposition that she was an enemy, and it was very evident that, if our captain had not resolved upon going up to her, she would have kept us much longer in suspense, amusing herself, no doubt, with the terror she had occasioned. A few signals would have put her in possession of our name and calling—and, being to windward, she might have come alongside of us in a few minutes, and satisfied herself as to our peaceful occupation. Brother Jonathan was certainly inclined to be facetious, and to enjoy a relief from the monotony of a voyage at our expense.

My friend and myself received the compliments of the gentlemen upon our heroine-like conduct, and certainly we deserved them; for, though thoroughly impressed with a conviction of our danger, we controlled every emotion, restraining even our tears, and arming ourselves with passive courage for the endurance of the worst. The struggle, however, had proved rather too much for me, and the reaction was proportionate. When all necessity for exertion had ceased, I found myself unable to stand, and lay down on a couch, in a state of exhaustion; nor did I recover during the whole of the day.

Notwithstanding the various well-authenticated reports of the audacity with which the miscreants, concerned in the slave-trade, carry on their iniquitous pursuit, we had only heard of one British vessel-of-war employed upon a service which required the co-operation of many, and that was lying at Ascension. Upon our approach to the island, we had seen a small vessel of war at anchor under the rocks, and our captain paid the customary compliment of hoisting colours as he passed. This act of civility was not returned by the grandee in command, a lieutenant in the navy, addicted, like many of his class, to the assumption of the Buhadoor, when meeting with an inferior. Not condescending to notice a free-trader, he contented himself with sending a midshipman on board, to learn the news. The officers of the ship,—for the captain remained upon the poop, paying no attention to the visit,—invited the young man into the cuddy, where my female friend and myself were seated. We did the honours very graciously, being anxious to obtain all the information we could collect about the island, which our short sojourn, and the difficulty of landing, prevented us from examining in person. We found our new friend a very intelligent person, and were much pleased with the account he gave of the rising prosperity of the colony. Notwithstanding the barren nature of the greater portion of the soil, much of the land has been already brought under cultivation, and the gardens are expected soon to rival those of St. Helena. In the course of a few years, therefore, the island will be able to supply the homeward-bound ships with vegetables and water—the latter article, though sufficiently abundant, being, at the period of which I write, somewhat difficult of access from the sea, and only to be conveyed on board ship by the crew of the vessels, at the expense of considerable labour.*

The colonists, on their first settlement, could only vary their daily fare with fish or fowl; but so much of this once barren island has been cultivated, that they are enabled to feed cattle, sheep, and goats, in considerable numbers. Eggs are still very plentiful, but have now become private property, and must be purchased for the ships which touch. Before the occupation of Ascension, they were to be had for the gathering, particularly those of the guinea-fowl, of which there was always a plentiful supply. These birds, originally put on shore by some passing vessel, multiplied in the rocks, yielding an enormous quantity of eggs, and affording excellent sport to the least experienced marksmen of the crews who landed. They are still, notwithstanding the depredations of rats and cats, so numerous as to render it advisable to shoot great numbers in the course of the year. The island abounds in aquatic birds; and the boobies especially, which suffer themselves to be taken by the hand, create a good deal of amusement for the passengers of the homeward-bound.

* The latest accounts state that water is now conveyed in pipes to the shore at Ascension, in the same manner as at St. Helena.

Narrative of the Operations
AT
CAPE FRIO,

FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE PUBLIC STORES AND TREASURE SUNK IN H. M. S. THETIS.

WITH A CONCISE ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF THAT SHIP.

BY CAPT. T. DICKINSON, R. N.

At that time commanding H. M. ship Lightning, employed in effecting the above salvage.

PREFACE.

In the following effort to lay before the public the particulars of a service which, I believe, when all the circumstances under which it was performed are considered, may be allowed to be quite unique, I have laboured under much difficulty; first, in the want of confidence in my ability to execute the task I have undertaken; and secondly, in the endeavour, while relating the routine of operations, to introduce matter which might be generally entertaining: for I have felt that if I adhered closely to the former, it might be viewed by the general reader as partaking of the unvarying detail of a ship's journal; and if I should go more at length into a description of incidents not forming a part of the actual service, the members of my profession might think that I was wandering somewhat out of the path I had professed to tread in. It has then been my great wish to steer the middle course, by relating a few anecdotes, which I hope will be found amusing, but not introducing them to such an extent as to break the chain of the narrative of the service performed; while at the same time I have aimed to avoid too minute a detail of the circumstances of the enterprise; and if, by these means, I have succeeded in producing a little book which will be generally interesting, I shall feel highly gratified, though there are at the same time other reasons which have induced the attempt.

The highly meritorious exertions of those who were employed under me, rendered it a duty to make them known, and it has therefore always been my determination to publish a statement of them in some shape or other; but my first intention was that it should be a mere pamphlet, for private circulation only, and founded on my public narrative sent to the commander in chief, to be forwarded by him for the information of the lords commissioners of the admiralty; but certain circumstances, to which a protracted litigation gave rise, but to which I shall only thus allude, have given such a very extraordinary feature to a service which I always did, and always shall, consider to be of a purely public character, that I consider it absolutely necessary to my own justification, to put the narrative in a more extended form, that the public should be fully acquainted with the matter.

During the legal proceedings, an officer of very high rank and eminent services in the profession remarked to me—"Dickinson, there must be a great deal of merit in your work at Cape Frio, since so many wish to participate in it; you ought to publish." I have followed his advice, and I hope in such a manner as will enable the members of the profession, and readers at large who may do me the honour of perusing my book, to judge to whom that merit is due.

I have carefully avoided stating any thing for which I have not some documentary testimony. My public and private journals, public and private letters, and private memoranda, contain sufficient matter, if placed in the hands of a person possessed of more graphic tact, force of style, and animation of thought, on which to write volumes; but I have throughout felt my deficiency in those qualifications, and have consequently been in dread of wading out of my depth; and am therefore not without apprehension that my narrative may be considered as being too much "matter of fact;" and I have similar fears as to diction, for which I must apologise by stating that I entered the navy at the age of nine years, not, as was too much the case in those days, by being placed on the books of a ship and still remaining on shore to receive all the great benefits of school instruction, but I went immediately to actual and active service, and was therefore deprived of the advantage of a liberal education, so necessary in literary attempts. I had a thought of calling in the aid of some person to correct and improve for me, but on further consideration it appeared to me that from the peculiar nature of the subject, in endeavouring to heighten the description, he might, perhaps, destroy in a measure that appearance of positive veracity which it has been a point of anxiety to me that it should possess. I therefore send it forth to the world as it is, with all its faults, and whatever they may be, I must bear all the censures they deserve, for they are my own.

The remarks on the long course of legal proceedings I should have been better pleased to avoid altogether, or rather, that the necessity for them had not existed; but that they were necessary, I think they themselves sufficiently prove: and I hope that they may prove useful to those of my brother officers who may hereafter be placed (if possible) in a similar anomalous situation.

It was my desire to give this little work to the world at a much earlier period, and I fear that the interest which was felt in the operations at Cape Frio, while the services were carrying on, and during the hearing of the case in the admiralty court and before the judicial committee of the privy council, may not at this distant period be re-excited; but the delay was occasioned by several points which, subsequently to the great question of award of salvage, had to be decided on, and the results of which I considered it best to wait for. Even now there is a point which I hope I may consider as being but in abeyance, and that, should those in whose hands it is condescend to read my narrative, they may thereby be induced to give the subject a more favourable consideration.

THOMAS DICKINSON.

London, June, 1836.

LOSS OF THE THETIS.

The circumstances attending the loss of his majesty's late frigate Thetis, unquestionably place that melancholy catastrophe among the most remarkable of the recorded instances of maritime disasters. And for this reason, as well as from a conviction that to the general reader a concise account of it may prove interesting, I have thrown together the outlines of this event, gathered from the narration of officers of that ship, and from documents which have fallen within my observation. These particulars, imperfect though they necessarily are, in consequence of the suddenness of the accident, and the confusion attendant upon the embarrassing and almost unparalleled circumstances under which it occurred, are yet amply sufficient to convey a vivid impression of the imminent peril of all on board, and of the almost miraculous nature of their ultimate preservation. They will likewise afford an appropriate and almost necessary introduction to the narrative of the operations by which his majesty's ship Lightning, then under my command, was successful in retrieving, to a large extent, the heavy pecuniary loss which those who were interested in the valuable property on board the Thetis at the time, had sustained through this lamentable disaster.

It is not my intention to offer any opinion on the calamity itself. All the circumstances connected with it have been submitted to the investigation of the most competent tribunal, a naval court martial; and it would be equally presumptuous in me to suppose that I could either strengthen or weaken the force of the decision of that court, by any opinion of mine; but there is one short remark which I am induced to make, because it may be useful to strangers visiting the neighbourhood of Cape Frio. The currents are always dangerously uncertain, being almost entirely influenced by the winds. In the course of my observations I have known the current run strong to the southward for five consecutive days, then change, and run to the northward for two days, and again change and run to the southward for three days. This sets all computation at defiance; and so strong are these currents, that I have been set about forty miles to the southward in twenty-four hours.

On the morning of the 4th December, 1830, his majesty's frigate Thetis, of forty-six guns, and with a complement of about three hundred men, sailed from Rio de Janeiro on her voyage to England, having on board gold and silver bars, and other treasure of various descriptions, amounting in value to about eight hundred and ten thousand dollars; the greater part of which she had brought round from the Pacific to Rio, where she received a small additional quantity; the whole being shipped on account of merchants and others in England. The wind falling light, with occasionally a very thick fog, and a strong tide being against her, she was unable on that day to reach further than Raza Island, which is situated at the outer entrance of the harbour, about five miles from Rio, and has a light-house on it. From hence she took her departure at half past one o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the island then bearing N. W. by W. eight or nine miles distant. The wind being from the southeastward, they stood out to sea on the larboard tack to get an offing; but at seven o'clock they wore ship and stood on the starboard tack; and the wind soon after becoming more favourable, they steered east by north until two o'clock in the afternoon (Cape Frio having, at half past one, been computed to bear north, distant about forty miles), when the course was altered to east-northeast, on which they ran twenty miles in two hours; and at four o'clock the ship was considered to be abreast of Cape Frio, twenty-four miles distant; and the course then given to be steered was northeast by east, with a fair wind, which enabled them to set the fore-topmast studdingsail, and the ship was going at the rate of ten and a half miles an hour, with every expectation of a speedy and favourable voyage; and, doubtless, all hearts dwelling with delight on the prospect of shortly meeting those whom they held most dear, and from whom they had been for several years separated; a prospect which none can so fully experience or appreciate as those whose station in life, like that of a sailor, severs them, for a long interval, from their home and domestic comforts. But alas! in this instance, all these pleasing anticipations were soon to be blighted. Continuing in their progress onward at this rapid rate, without the slightest apprehension of any danger, much less of the dreadful fate that was so shortly to befall them, eight o'clock arrived, at which time a further distance of about forty miles had been accomplished since the hour of four. The watch,* as usual, was relieved, and had gone to their beds; the customary look-out men were placed in stations, and the officer who had assumed the charge of the ship had visited them, and given his directions to keep a good look-out, and such others as from the state of the weather he had considered necessary; but scarcely had he performed this duty and reached the quarter-deck, when the look-out man on one cathead† called out. "Breakers under the bow!" which was immediately followed by the shout, "Rocks above the mast-head!" and in instant the bowsprit came with a tremendous crash in contact with the lofty perpendicular cliffs of Cape Frio, and was broken off just above the ship's figure-head; the head yard-arms also pressing against the cliffs; and the foremast having lost the counteracting support of the bowsprit, it fell aft against the mainmast, which being carried away by the shock, fell on the mizen-mast, and carried it away also; thus all three masts fell fore and aft on board the ship, killing and wounding many of the crew, and, [illegible] in the space of a few seconds, the ship was reduced from the grandeur of full sail to a helpless and unmanageable hulk. The falling of the masts occasioned a great deal of wreck; and as there had not been time to take in the sails, every avenue to the upper deck was so covered by them, that those of the officers and crew who were below were obliged to cut their way through them with knives to get up.

At the instant the breakers were discovered, Mr. Bingham, a midshipman, (son of Captain Bingham, who a few weeks before had commanded the Thetis, and had been unfortunately drowned at one of the ports in the Pacific,) ran down to inform the captain of it; but so sudden was the disaster, that, although Captain Burgess rushed past him at the cabin door, the masts fell at the moment he reached the quarter-deck.

No description can realise the awful state of the ill-fated ship and all on board at this appalling moment; the night was rainy, and so dark that it was impossible to ascertain their position, beyond the fact of their being repeatedly driven with tremendous force against cliffs of a stupendous height above them, and consequently inaccessible, and not offering the slightest chance of escape: the upper deck of the ship, the only part in which exertion could be useful, was completely choked up with masts, sails, and rigging, which presented obstacles that rendered unavailing every attempt at active exertion; while the ears of all, who were of course using their utmost endeavours for the general safety, were pierced by the cries of the dying and wounded for the assistance which the imperious calls of duty forbade them to give. Nothing but inevitable destruction presented itself to all on board; and their perfectly helpless state rendered all deliberation useless; and indeed there was no choice of measures, no point on which to offer an opinion, and they could only wait such means as Providence might present.

It might reasonably be supposed that the concussion against the granite coast would have dashed the bows of the vessel in, but this was not the case, in consequence of the bowsprit and head-yards having, in a great degree, checked her velocity; still the shock could not have been otherwise than terrific: notwithstanding which, she still remained sound below her water-line. The depth of water being great close to the shore, her bottom had not yet touched, and remained uninjured; and on sounding the well, to their great surprise and delight it was found that she did not leak.

"That danger past, reflects a feeble joy;
But soon returning fears their hopes destroy."

Her head having recoiled from the rocks, and turned off shore, an attempt was made to force her out seaward, by getting out numerous spars against the cliffs, and by hoisting a small sail on the stump of the mainmast, which had broken off at about fourteen feet above the deck; but these efforts proved unavailing; the small bower anchor was then ordered to be let go, but it was so covered by the wreck of the masts, that it was found to be impossible to accomplish this, but the best bower was immediately prepared and let go. All these efforts, however, and great indeed they must have been in the existing condition of the ship, were fruitless. From some cause the anchor did not readily reach the bottom, and on her swinging round to it her starboard quarter came in contact with the rocks, and every wave that came in caused her to strike against them most violently, making every timber and beam to yield, and it was with the greatest difficulty that any one could keep his legs. Directions were now given again to sound the well, when it was found that she was leaking very fast, and that the water had forced open the hatches of the spirit-room. The pumps were immediately set to work, but all hope of saving the ship was at an end, and preservation of life became the only object of their efforts.

At the part of the cliff where she now lay, there was a shelving projecting rock about twenty feet above the sea, which presented a point at which there was a prospect of landing, and here a part of the crew made the attempt by leaping; about forty of them succeeded; but others, less agile, or less strong, failed, and falling between the ship and the rocks, were drowned or crushed to death. She again swung a little further from the shore, and orders were given immediately to slip the cable; which being done, she was again let loose to the mercy of the winds and waves, in the hope that she might be driven to some other part on which they might effect a landing. In taking measures for saving the crew, the boats were naturally the first means to be tried. Unanimous efforts were now directed to this all-important object; but on examining the cutter, jolly-boat, and gig, which were on the stern and quarters, they were found to be broken to pieces by the falling of the masts. The boats on the booms were then tried, but the launch and a gig which was in her, were found to be crushed; and the remainder, with the exception of the dingy,* were so jammed as to be perfectly immovable. With this accumulation of peril, all human efforts at this period appeared to be in vain; but meanwhile, the ship having been driven along the coast about a third of a mile from where she first struck, a small inlet now appeared to their view, and a gleam of hope burst upon them, for it was supposed to be the entrance between the island and the main to the harbour of Cape Frio; but in a short period, the discovery of the coruscations, caused by the dashing of the surf against the rocks within, showed that it was only a nook in the coast, into which, after striking violently on the point at the outer extremity, and swinging completely round, by the impulse of the increasing wind and sea, she drifted at a little before nine o'clock; and here she lay, surrounded on three sides by dark, and apparently perfectly inaccessible, cliffs. At the inner part of this nook, subsequently denominated "Thetis Cove," and near the cliffs, are some sunken rocks, against which she was propelled, where every succeeding wave raised her to a great height, and refluent let her fall on them with a violent concussion. Every spark of hope was extinguished, and to all human perception nothing but inevitable death stared them in the face. But Providence ordered it otherwise, and a remedy, almost miraculous, appeared at hand. The party, who had landed on the ledge before mentioned, in the faint hope of rendering assistance to their forlorn shipmates, although there was no apparent means of doing so, and notwithstanding they had but just escaped from death themselves, like true British sailors, were still ready to risk their lives in the service of others, had, by dint of persevering exertion, scrambled over the craggy precipices and through the woods, followed the ship as she drifted along the coast, and succeeded in reaching the spot where she now lay, buffeted about by the winds and sea, in the last extremity of distress. On the southeast side of the nook into which she had been driven is a part considerably lower than the rest, and to this they contrived to descend; and the head of the ship having come in juxtaposition with this spot, those on board were enabled to throw a small rope to their companions on the cliff, by aid of which, at nine o'clock, a hawser was hauled up and made fast to a rock. By this means in a short time lights were sent on shore, and several of the crew were drawn up the rugged face of the cliff, and there appeared to be a reasonable prospect that the remainder would likewise be got safe to land. But the hope of deliverance thus presented was yet doomed to meet with checks and painful suspense. At a quarter past nine the water was up to the main-deck: the ship was now sinking very fast, and, under the influence of the heavy waves that rolled in, was writhing with a vibratory motion, and, as if in a last convulsive effort, gave a tremendous surge, and sank; at the same time displacing the rock to which the hawser had been fastened, and thus at once destroying the communication with the shore, and increasing the distance between it and those on board. At this instant, when there appeared no hope that a soul could be rescued, it was discovered that the ship had reached the bottom; the upper part of the larboard bulwark,* the hammock-nettings,† the tafferel,‡ and the stumps of the masts, remained above the surface of the water, and these served the crew to cling to, though they were frequently enveloped in surf, which threatened every instant to tear them from their hold. All possibility of general efforts was at an end, and the period for individual exertion and intrepidity had arrived, which was indeed exhibited most conspicuously. Mr. Geach, the boatswain, a very powerful man, whose conduct throughout had been most praiseworthy, happily succeeded in reaching the stump of the bowsprit with a small line in his hand, to the end of which he fastened two belaying-pins,§ and having contrived to secure himself in his position, by an extraordinary effort, but not until after repeated failures, he succeeded in throwing the line to those on the cliff, several of whom had by this time managed to get considerably lower down than on the former occasion; and, as before, a large rope was thus hauled up, the end of it made fast, and the means of communication and relief were thereby restored. Captain Burgess now placed himself just within Mr. Geach, encouraging the people, and assisting to sling every man singly, so long as there were any that would go, but there were a few that hesitated, preferring to

* Half of the crew.

† A strong piece of timber to suspend the anchor to.

* A very small boat.

* The upper part of the side of the ship.

† Compartments in which the hammocks are placed in the day-time; situated on the top of the bulwark.

‡ The upper part of the stern of the ship.

§ Pieces of wood or iron for the purpose of making ropes fast to.

remain on the wreck until daylight. Finding his persuasions unavailing with them, and that his remaining any longer on the wreck could not be of any possible utility, while every one was urging him to save himself, he consented to be drawn up, and immediately afterwards those whose obstinacy had very nearly been the cause of their destruction, repented, and were saved by the same means; the last man being rescued from this most perilous position just as daylight broke and showed them their real situation and their devoted ship beneath them. Considering the whole of the circumstances, it is most wonderful that there were but twenty-eight persons lost, among whom was young Bingham. This fine spirited young gentleman had been most active during the whole period of the distressing scene, particularly in getting the small sail on the stump of the mainmast. Nearly the whole of those who were saved had their hands and feet dreadfully lacerated by the rocks, and were otherwise much bruised and injured.

In this result it is impossible not to see the interposition of Providence; for this nook, in which the Thetis was lost, is the only spot on the whole line of coast on that side of the island where they could possibly have been saved.

I have given in the above sketch a mere outline of the circumstances of this very singular and distressing accident, which, if dwelt on in detail, would extend to a greater length than might be considered consistent with my proposed ostensible object, that of giving a narrative of the subsequent proceedings for retrieving, as far as possible, this heavy loss.

On the 19th of August, 1830, his majesty's ship Lightning, under my command, sailed from Rio de Janeiro, for the purpose of completing her station-time in the Pacific ocean; and having in her voyage thither touched at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, arrived at Valparaiso on the 12th of October; where was lying his majesty's ship Tribune, on board of which was deposited a considerable quantity of specie and other treasure, which had been intended to be sent to England in the Thetis; but which, from some cause with which I am not sufficiently acquainted to state, was not called for by that ship on her voyage homeward. Captain the Hon. Wm. Waldegrave, of his majesty's ship Seringapatam, the senior officer on that part of the station, arrived a few days after me, and, in furtherance of British commercial interests at that port, immediately ordered me to receive the treasure from the Tribune, to call at Coquimbo for whatever treasure might be there, and thence proceed with the whole, which amounted to about forty-five thousand dollars in value, to Rio de Janeiro. In the execution of these orders I proceeded with all possible speed, in the hope that I should reach my destination before the Thetis sailed from thence, that I might tranship the treasure to her, so that it should go to England by the conveyance originally intended; but a series of light and adverse winds for the first ten days after I sailed somewhat retarded my passage, which nevertheless was an unusually short one. The Lightning reached to within about fifteen leagues of Rio on the evening of the *fifth* of December; but not having for several days before been able to obtain any observations for determining the longitude, and the weather being squally and precarious, and the night very dark, I did not think it prudent to run in to make the land, but brought the ship to the wind under easy sail, stood off and on during the night, and on the following day arrived in the port. The Thetis, however, was gone, and my endeavours were consequently frustrated.

The Thetis had arrived at Rio de Janeiro a considerable period before me, had undergone the usual refit, and received a small quantity of treasure on board in addition to the large amount brought from the Pacific; and it is observable, from the foregoing account of her loss, that had the Lightning been fortunate enough to complete her voyage one day sooner, that melancholy event, in all probability, would not have occurred, as the transhipment of the treasure to the Thetis would necessarily have caused some delay.

Immediately on my arrival at Rio Janeiro, I received orders from Rear Admiral (now Sir Thomas) Baker to refit for sea; and was proceeding in compliance therewith, in prospect of returning to the Pacific, having been sent from thence for the purpose already specified; but a different employment very unexpectedly presented itself, which it is my purpose to relate in the following

NARRATIVE.

On the 10th day of December, 1830, intelligence of the loss of his majesty's frigate Thetis was communicated to Rear Admiral Baker, C. B., the commander in chief of the South American station, then at Rio de Janeiro, in a letter from Captain Samuel Burgess, brought over land by Lieutenant Hamilton, late of that ship.

My first information on the subject was derived from the telegraphic signal to that effect from the Warspite, the flag ship, to the admiral on shore, and having been engaged to dine with him on that day, I hastened to his house, where shortly afterwards I met Lieutenant Hamilton, who concisely related to me the circumstances. The subject formed, as may readily be imagined, the only topic of interest and discussion during the dinner and the rest of the day. The consternation occasioned by the dreadful catastrophe was not confined to naval persons, but was universally felt at Rio, particularly amongst mercantile people, since, from the tenour of the letter and the description given by the officer who brought it, the ship and every thing she contained were considered as totally lost. The event became a matter of general conversation; but while every one deplored it, I did not hear of any who seemed disposed to venture on an attempt to recover the property, all appearing to consider the case as perfectly hopeless. At this time there was before me the prospect of being actively employed for two years in the Pacific on the customary duty of collecting treasure at the different ports, and, at the termination of that period, of returning to England as usual with a freight, by which I might realise several thousand pounds; on the other hand, here was an undertaking, which, if successful, I felt would assuredly lead to professional reputation and fortune, but which every one whom I addressed on the subject thought must fail. Still, the scarcity of the opportunities of obtaining distinction and credit, by an extraordinary act of duty, which present themselves to officers in the navy in these "piping times of peace," offered a consideration which prevailed over the more certain pecuniary advantages of freightage; and I determined on making the attempt, if I could get orders from the commander in chief to that effect.

In order to know what would be the means necessary for carrying the project, now the object of my ambition, into execution, I made minute enquiry into the circumstances, and endeavoured to learn the form of the coast and depth of water, and to obtain every other information bearing on the subject. The result of these enquiries was, that the enterprise was practicable, or at least that it was worth the trial, although it was evident that, to obtain success, great dangers must be encountered and many difficulties and obstacles overcome; and that with so few as one hundred and thirty-five persons, the complement of the Lightning, immense labour and exertion must of course attend it.

On the day succeeding the arrival of the communication of the loss of the Thetis, the admiral put to sea with his majesty's vessels Clio, Algerine, Adelaide (tender), the Warspite's launch, and his own barge; intending to proceed to Cape Frio to visit the wreck, and afford relief to the distressed crew: but after an ineffectual attempt for three days to beat up against a strong north-east wind, he returned in his barge, and on the following day, the 14th, went over land. On reaching the place, he found that the above named vessels had arrived:* he remained there for ten days, when he "appointed his majesty's sloop Algerine to guard the wreck, and to save any thing of value which might be driven up;" and having despatched the other ships to Rio de Janeiro with the unfortunate surviving officers and crew of the Thetis, he returned over land to that place.

On the return of those ships from Cape Frio, I made many enquiries as to whether any plan or contrivance had been suggested, or put in practice, for the recovery of the property; but to all of them received negative answers. This was certainly the very reverse of encouraging; and I must confess that it became a matter of serious reflection whether the sacrifice was not too great, in exchanging the pecuniary prospects of a trip to the Pacific for an undertaking which every one appeared to consider chimerical. The hull of the Thetis at this time was still entire; and since with that advantage and the resources of a frigate, two sloops of war, a schooner, and a launch, together with the great numerical force of their crews, and a large proportion of the carpenter's crew of the Warspite, and likewise the commander in chief to direct them, no attempt was hitherto made beyond guarding the wreck and saving any thing that "floated up," it might well be considered temerity in me to venture in the matter. Actuated, however, by the same feelings which had at first prompted me to hazard the attempt, and having a natural repugnance to receding after having, during my enquiries, disclosed my views very freely, I was resolved to persevere.

During the absence of the commander in chief, I constantly employed myself in enquiring for any persons likely to assist me, searching for implements, and obtaining all the information within my reach, and devised several instruments of minor importance which appeared likely to be useful. On his return from Cape Frio, I showed these to him, of the whole of which he approved; and they remained at his house for general inspection. They were devised under the impression that the hull of the Thetis was still entire, which at that period was the case, and had it remained so until the commencement of our operations, they might have proved very beneficial, for at that time my notion was to cut down into her hold, but as she shortly afterwards went to pieces, they consequently were never used. My sole object in mentioning them at all, is to show that my attention was early directed to the mechanical preparation for the undertaking. I considered a diving-bell and apparatus for working it to be indispensable, and had no doubt but one could readily be obtained at Rio. I sought throughout the public establishments, the city, and the contiguous parts, but was surprised to find that neither this nor any other description of instrument likely to be useful could be procured; and I therefore perceived that much assistance must not be expected from those quarters, and that as to machinery I must depend almost entirely on my own resources for invention, and on such assistance as I could obtain for its construction. This disappointment I reported to the admiral, from whom I learned that Mr. Ashton, the charge d'affaires, knew of a diving-bell. This for the moment was encouraging; but on waiting on that gentleman, I found that he had been misinformed; and, therefore, concluding it to be impossible to succeed without one, and as there were not the necessary facilities for casting one in the usual way, I consulted every person who was likely to be able to assist me with an opinion as to getting one made; but failing in these means, I was obliged to make an attempt to construct one with such as were within my reach. The difficulty of this at first appeared insuperable; but, after much anxious consideration, it occurred to me that it was possible to make such an instrument of iron water tanks,* strengthened with bars of iron, &c.: and I accordingly mentioned this plan to the admiral, and requested to be supplied with two two-ton tanks, which he immediately ordered to be furnished from the Warspite, and also authorised me to purchase the iron bars for the bell, and an air-pump.

In the course of my enquiries I heard of a working engineer named Moore, who had been for some years in the employment of the Brazilian government; and as at this time, not having seen the situation of the wreck, I had an impression that there would be a great deal of work of a purely mechanical nature to perform, I considered that he might be useful to me in executing it, and therefore sent for him, and told him that I was going to Cape Frio to attempt the recovery of the property sunk there, and that if he would go with me on speculation I would take him, with the clear understanding that his reward should depend on the degree of success of the undertaking. To this, after some consideration, he agreed. I immediately engaged him, and from that moment he considered himself in my employ. I then gave him my idea of a diving-bell, and desired him, with the assistance of Mr. Jones, the carpenter of the Lightning, to make a model according to my description, which was speedily done, and I immediately put the bell under construction at the island of Villegagnon, situated at a short distance from and in front of the admiral's house.

Not wishing to go to the expense of sending Moore over land to Cape Frio, and not being able to take him passenger in the Lightning without permission, I took

* H. M. frigate Druid also arrived while he was there.

* Iron vessels in which the stock of water is kept.

him at this period to the admiral for the purpose of obtaining it, where it was decided that he should go with me in the ship.

The apparatus next of importance to the diving-bell to be obtained, was an air-pump; which, although I could not find one ready made, there was not much difficulty in getting made, beyond that of the excessively tedious manner in which work is performed at Rio. With the assistance of Mr. Jones and Mr. Moore, a mechanist was procured, and I directed him to construct one; but he required daily visiting to ensure its completion by the time that the other work should be ready, which occupied more of my time than I could well spare from the other preparations. In the mean while my thoughts were turned to the formation of air-hoses, without which the diving-bell and air-pump would be useless, in fact, all that had been done, as it were labour lost. In vain I sought throughout the arsenal and city; it was impossible to obtain them ready made: there were hoses to be had in abundance, but not one that would retain even water when subjected to the action of a force-pump. Being unable to find a workman in Rio de Janiero who would undertake to make an air-tight hose, there appeared for a time to be a stop to my preparation; but recollecting that there was Truscott's pump on board the Lightning, I attempted to render the hoses belonging to it fit for the purpose, and to my great delight succeeded, by first beating them hard with a broad-faced hammer to render the texture as close as possible, then giving them a good coat of Stockholm tar, afterwards parceling* them well with new canvass saturated with the same material, and finally carefully serving† them with three-yarn spun-yarn‡ made of new yarns and well twisted. They were used throughout the whole of the operations up to the termination, and answered admirably well, only requiring occasional repair.

Having thus surmounted without assistance the two most formidable difficulties that had yet presented themselves, I entertained a hope that my own resources would prove equally available on future occasions; and hence my confidence in ultimate success increased, in the event of the stores and treasure still remaining where the ship was lost. My officers and crew likewise now began to feel a great interest in all that was doing; and their conduct and expressions afforded me a happy presage that their future exertions would fulfil my most sanguine expectations.

General preparations were now going on with energy and rapidity; but while the exertions of those engaged in them were highly gratifying and encouraging, I could not but feel that the same encouragement was not afforded by some from whom I had most reason to expect both it and assistance; for although I had now been for six weeks engaged in the work, drudging on in the double capacity of carpenter and blacksmith, I had not a single voluntary offer by them of any article that might be useful to me. Nor was the kindness of my friends very encouraging; for they almost universally endeavoured to dissuade me from giving up the prospect that I have already alluded to, and venturing on an enterprise which every one considered hopeless; to all of which remonstrances my only reply was, that my mind was made up, and that I should not withdraw from it.

January, 1831.—The diving-bell was completed on the 22d January, 1831, and was constructed in the following manner: One side of a two-ton tank (four feet square) was taken out, another was divided into halves, from one of which halves the side was also taken out, and these then riveted to the bottom of the former, thus forming a cubical vessel six feet in height by four feet in breadth each way, and open at the bottom; round the upper square or head, bars of iron two inches broad and a quarter of an inch thick were riveted, and others were placed down each side of the corners from the head to the lower edge, which was also strengthened in the same way as the head. In the inside, at the upper corners, were diagonal bars to afford additional support against the external pressure when the bell was suspended. Slings made of the Lightning's top-chain,§ with shackles, were attached at each corner of the head, and the other extremities were united at the point of suspension by a chain-cable shackle. For the purpose of weighting the bell, three loops of bar-iron were placed on each side of the lower half, through which a sufficient quantity of chain-cable was rove, with the addition of four large pigs of ballast, one fixed in each corner, in the inside to sink it. At eighteen inches from the lower edge, in the inside, were two bars of iron, to answer the double purpose of strengthening the bell and supporting two seats for the men to sit on while descending or ascending, and across the centre of the bottom, at the extreme lower edge, was a flat bar of iron to rest their feet on, which was removable at pleasure, to be put out of the way when the bell was at the bottom, so as not to obstruct their work. On the upper part in the inside were numerous hooks for the purpose of suspending the various implements for boring rocks, digging, &c. It was lighted by six patent illuminators, two on the top and one on each side; and these rendered it so light that a person might see to read at the depth of many fathoms. When weighted, it weighed about four tons, but it was afterwards made considerably lighter.

The apparatus to be connected with the bell being also completed, it was taken off to the Warspite for trial, and a *watch* of that ship's crew, superintended at first by the commander, and latterly by one of the junior lieutenants, was appointed to attend the working of it from the cathead* of that ship. It was lowered on trial, but not being sufficiently ballasted, it was taken ashore again to be rectified, and on the following day was again sent down in seven and a half fathoms water, with four men in it, and was found to succeed perfectly well. All my people who were present were desirous of descending in it; and not to check the warm feelings that were manifested, I permitted some of them to do so. A number of boats from the shore had come off filled with persons to witness the experiments, and they greeted the successful issue of it with three cheers, at which compliment I could not but feel much gratified; but while these kindly testified their good feeling, there were others who by their absence evinced their apathy, though they fully compensated for it when the dollars began to come up; there was then no want of energy in their endeavours to establish a claim to the benefit to be derived from the recovery of them. I must here notice the fortunate circumstance of having accidentally learned that the Warspite was furnished with that excellent invention, Fisher's watering apparatus, which I immediately applied for, and was supplied with by the direction of the commander in chief. This was a great acquisition, for a trifling alteration in the force-pump rendered it a powerful air-pump, and some of the hoses answered the purpose of air-hoses, and were used as such. Had they been new, they would all have been well adapted for that purpose; but unfortunately the greater part of them, from want of attention, or through some other cause not known to me, were rotten, and several accidents occurred from their bursting, though happily attended with no loss of life; but it will readily be imagined that this was sufficient to keep me in constant dread whenever they were in use. As I do not suppose that Captain Fisher ever contemplated the application of his invention to such a purpose, I am happy in having this opportunity of offering my humble tribute of commendation to his valuable apparatus. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding my increasing enquiries for any thing of this description, no one ever suggested that it was on board the Warspite, and it was only, as it were, by chance that I heard of it, at the last moment before my departure.

Being now furnished with the necessary mechanical implements, my mind was relieved from the great weight of anxiety which I had felt until they were obtained; and being at my request supplied, by order of the commander in chief, with a Brazilian launch, an anchor, sundry hawsers and rope, and a net which he had caused to be made to be placed outside the wreck, and also two men, George Dewar and John Littlejohns, who had been removed from his majesty's sloop Clio for the occasion, and who had been used to working in a diving-bell, (the former of whom was a very valuable man) and also William Stebbing, a mechanist, from the Warspite, who subsequently proved very useful, I reported every thing ready, and received my sailing orders on the 23d of January, 1831: they were of a very general nature, which was a matter of much gratification to me, as I was in consequence left at liberty to pursue such measures as a view of the place and other circumstances might suggest as the best to be adopted. This gave me the more confidence in the ultimate success of the adventure, as it is obvious that any attempt, by a person at a distance of seventy miles from the scene of operations, to point out a specific mode of proceeding, would not only have proved futile, but must have fettered my exertions by rendering it necessary to communicate with the admiral upon every new idea, before it could be put in practice.

Full of that ardour which the magnitude of the undertaking and the prospect of professional reputation, acting on a disposition on all occasions sanguine, would naturally excite; relying on every body about me, and conscious that this reliance was reciprocal on their part, I sailed on the 24th for Cape Frio with the Brazilian launch in tow, and La Seine, French frigate, in company, going to visit the place as a matter of curiosity. We had to contend against a strong northeasterly wind, which retarded our passage much, as the launch towed so badly that we could not carry a press of sail; I therefore, on the 28th, stood close in shore, and cast her off with the first lieutenant, H. P. L. Delafons, and a good crew in her to work up to the cape.

We arrived in the harbour of Cape Frio on the 30th. Here I found his majesty's sloop Algerine, Commander Martin; Adelaide, schooner, (tender,) Lieutenant G. Hathorn; and the Warspite's launch, her crew, and some of the carpenter's crew, with the boatswain and carpenter, in charge of Mr. Wood, the master of that ship; and there were lying scattered on the beach at the island various fragments of the masts and other spars of the Thetis, which had been brought in by the boats.

The island of Cape Frio is about three miles long and one in breadth, is the southeastern extremity of Brazil, and separated from the main land by a narrow strait or gut, about four hundred feet broad, having very deep water in it, and through which, the land on each side being very high, the wind constantly rushes in heavy gusts, and a rapid current runs. This island is entirely mountainous, and nearly covered with an almost impenetrable forest, and the whole coast on the sea side of it is formed by precipitous cliffs, washed by very deep water close to the shore; and on the harbour side, with the exception of a sandy bay, is very steep and rugged.

From Thetis Cove across to this bay, is the narrowest part of the island, being about a quarter of a mile broad; and as the beach presented the most convenient point for landing and embarking, I determined on occupying a situation near to it. The island was entirely uninhabited, but there were a few deserted fishermen's huts in a dilapidated state, in a small bay on the harbour side.

Immediately on my arrival, I proceeded, accompanied by Commander Martin and Mr. Charles Pope, the master of the Lightning, to inspect the coast and ascertain the situation of the wreck, which until that time I had no reason to doubt would be still visible; but I was much disappointed on discovering that not a vestige of her was to be seen, and that she had either washed out into deep water, or was entirely broken up. I therefore was obliged to have recourse to the uncertain means of sounding with a hand-lead* about the place pointed out as that where she had first sunk. By this method, I thought that I could feel, in various parts, something like rigging, wreck, &c., in the depth of from six and a half to eleven fathoms water; but of course this mode could not be depended on; and it was necessary immediately to devise some means of ascertaining whether any part of the ship still remained there.

The situation in which the Thetis was lost, is a sort of cove or inlet, formed by three sides of a parallelogram on the northwest, northeast, and southeast sides, and consequently exposed to the whole force of the South Atlantic ocean on the southwest. It extends about one hundred fathoms inwards from the sea, and is about ninety fathoms broad; the depth of water in it varying from three and a half to twenty-four fathoms, the bottom being strewed with huge irregular rocks, so that

* Narrow strips of canvass bound round a thing in the way we put a common bandage on.

† Wound tightly round.

‡ Several rope-yarns twisted together.

§ A chain to sling the lower yards with.

* A strong piece of timber on each bow of the ship to suspend the anchor to.

* A leaden plummet at the end of a line for the purpose of finding the depth of water.

within a very limited space there is a difference of several fathoms in the depth of water. The part in which the Thetis sunk, is towards the eastern corner, with her head over towards the southeastern side, and her stern inclining to the northeastern side. The coast is formed of rugged and almost perpendicular cliffs, varying from eighty to one hundred and ninety-four feet in height, a peak rising at each point, and another in nearly the centre of the northeastern side. On viewing this terrific place, with the knowledge that at the time of the shipwreck the wind was from the southward, I was struck with astonishment, and it appeared quite a mystery that so great a number of lives could have been saved; and indeed it will never cease to be so, for that part at which the crew landed is so difficult of access, that (even in fine weather), after being placed by a boat on a rock at the base, it required considerable strength and agility, with the assistance of a man-rope, to climb the precipitous face of the cliff; and I am certain that in the hour of extreme peril, when excess of exertion was called forth, there must have been a most extraordinary display of it by a few for the benefit of the whole.

Having obtained all the information that a cursory survey afloat could furnish, I returned to the harbour, and landed at the island for the purpose of viewing the scene of future operations from the hills above. When in the cove, I was strongly impressed with prospective danger throughout the progress of the work, but on looking down from the heights on the situation in which we were about to be employed, while so great a number of lives would depend on my management in the measures I might pursue, the weight of responsibility came on me with increased force, and, indeed, it was a matter of consideration with me whether the charges of presumption made against me by some persons were not correct; for reflecting that the commander in chief had already been here with a frigate, two sloops of war, a schooner, and all their resources, and with all the surviving crew of the Thetis, for upwards of a week during the time that the wreck remained entire and visible, and that although nearly two months had elapsed, no plan had yet been devised or attempt made to recover the property, my attempt to accomplish this task with little more means than could be supplied by a sloop of war, and after the entire destruction and disappearance of the sunken ship, was certainly made a subject of considerable doubt. This was a matter for deep reflection; relying, however, with proper confidence on the zeal and support of my officers and crew, who were ready to submit with cheerfulness to the perils and difficulties which it was now clear we must inevitably encounter, and which would be necessary for the accomplishment of the work before us, I encouraged myself and them with the thought that the merit would be in proportion to the difficulties surmounted; and recollecting what my late patron, Lord Collingwood, once said to me when I was a very young lieutenant, that "one of the best means to ensure success in any undertaking, is to have a rational confidence that you will succeed," all other feelings gave place to a determination to persevere.

I devoted the remainder of the day to selecting situations for erecting tents and depositing the stores. The 31st of the month was occupied in landing small sails, studding-sail booms,* and other materials, for forming temporary residences, and store-houses, and in shifting and mooring the Lightning close in shore in perfect safety; for it was quite apparent that, occasionally at least, all hands would be required at the island, as it will hereafter be seen was the case. It was also necessary to have the ship in a state of readiness for any other service to which on emergency she might be called, so that, although engaged in this particular work, she might still be eligible as an ordinary vessel of the squadron. The sails therefore were unbent,† the running rigging‡ unrove, and the yards and topmasts struck; the greatest caution being observed in tallying and placing every thing in the most handy manner possible, and all the necessary tackle-falls§ were stretched along, &c. Under these arrangements I always considered that the Lightning could be under weigh in four hours, whenever hastily wanted.

I had now to consider in what manner our work was to be accomplished, and felt that it was not easy to determine on it. During my preparations at Rio, I had daily conversations with the commander in chief as to the means likely to be available in this undertaking, and amongst other hypotheses started, was that of a suspension cable from the northwest to the southeast sides of the cove, with a cable-guy* attached to an anchor laid out seaward; but on a survey of the place, I found it to be so different in reality from what had been in my imagination, that all hypothetical propositions immediately fell to the ground, as it became clear to me that the work I had undertaken was entirely practical, and could be accomplished only by adapting diversified means to local circumstances as they might occur, for the purpose of obviating and repairing those casualties to which, from the exposed and very peculiar situation of our operations, we were liable; and I foresaw a chain of obstacles in the enterprise before us which threatened to continue up to its termination. Hence it was most satisfactory to me, that the orders I had received did not point out any specific plan to be pursued; for as it was already apparent that success in the service must depend entirely on foresight, personal activity and promptitude in deciding and acting, it was obviously impossible for any person, not immediately on the spot, to give such advice or direction as could prove practically serviceable, since every thing must depend on local and transient circumstances arising from change of wind or weather, or other temporary causes.

On examining the cliffs to ascertain how far it might be practicable to suspend a cable across, I immediately saw that from the nature of the positions in which the ends must be secured, from the great length requisite (one hundred and twenty fathoms at least), the small means we had for accomplishing such an undertaking, the great length of time it would require (perhaps six or eight months), if possible to do it at all, from the effect of the sea on the cable-guy, and consequently on the cable, which must inevitably cause a very great oscillation of the diving-bell when suspended to it, as well as from the great expense it would involve, I could not undertake it excepting in a case of extreme necessity: I was therefore induced to relinquish that plan; and the idea of erecting a derrick† having struck me on my first visit to the cove, I determined to adopt it if the materials for making one could be found; but in this I anticipated great difficulty,—for, on penetrating into the woods, it was found that all the trees of any considerable magnitude grew high up the hills, and would require great labour and time to get them down; and even if obtained, the great weight of the wood, which, on examination, was all found to be as heavy as oak, and being green, was consequently liable to shrink, presented such objections to making a derrick of these materials, that with my scanty means, and anxiety to get to work as soon as possible, I could not venture on the attempt. I then thought of making it of the Lightning's mizen-mast and main top-mast, but these were found to be too short. A resource, however, remained; for, on consulting with Mr. Batt, the carpenter of the Warspite, and Mr. Daniel Jones, the carpenter of the Lightning, they both gave their opinion that a derrick sufficiently strong might be made of the fragments of spars saved from the wreck. On this therefore I decided at once, and on the 3d of February set a party to work on it under the immediate superintendence of the former officer, while another party under the latter was employed in making bollards‡ and other fastenings, and crabs§ to be placed on and about the heights above the cove for securing and working it; while a part of the crew, under Moore the engineer, were employed in cutting roads through the woods to the summits and down the faces of the cliffs, in leveling the peak of the northeast cliff for a platform, for the main purchases,‖ one over the northern corner, and another over the eastern corner for guy-topping-lifts,* and various others in different parts for working the guys and other gear, and in fixing bolts in numerous parts of the cliffs for miscellaneous fastenings. On this day also the preventer net already alluded to was laid down, although there was no prospect of its ever being of the smallest utility; it was composed of one and a half inch and two and a half inch rope, with meshes of from four to six inches, not knotted, but seized with raw rope-yarns; the head-rope was a six-inch hawser, and the Algerine's chain cable extended along the foot of it. The Thetis, when she sunk, was about sixteen hundred tons weight, and after deducting in round numbers two thirds for diminution of gravity under water, we should still have a weight of five hundred tons to be resisted by this net, had she remained entire, a pressure which it could no more have resisted than a gossamer web could that of an elephant, in arresting her progress outward; but as she had been rent to pieces by the effects of the sea, it is clear that the same force which could produce the destruction of the ship, could drive any one timber of her against the net with an impetus that must inevitably tear it to pieces. The head-rope was broken on the first day a heavy swell set into the cove; it was speedily repaired, but the net was very soon forced from its position, and torn to rags.

The distance between the ship and the place of the operations being upwards of two miles, and a dangerous bar† intervening, to save time, and avoid the danger of passing to and fro, it was necessary that all the crew that could be spared, consistently with the safety of the ship, should live on shore: therefore, a sufficient number of tents for their reception being now completed, three fourths of them, and a proportionate number of officers, with a large quantity of provisions, were landed, and we were soon completely domiciliated at the island; the regulations being that a quarter watch‡ should be relieved every fortnight, and the same system of discipline kept up on shore, as if on board the ship. But in making arrangements for our subsistence, one of the great necessaries of life, water, was likely very soon to fail us, since the only source of supply discovered at the island at this period was one shallow stagnant pool, not more than a foot deep in any part, and the water that was obtained therefrom was of the colour of weak coffee, which it will readily be imagined was not very wholesome; during the meal-times of the people, therefore, I personally undertook the task of searching for a spring or stream, but without success; nor, on enquiry, could I learn from the fishermen, or other persons who had frequented the island, that either one or the other was ever known there. However, in the course of my search, small quantities of water were found in the gullies between the hills: but it is remarkable, that however high the situation, it invariably had a saline taste, the cause of which I subsequently endeavoured to trace, but could not succeed in discovering any that was satisfactory to me. On the subject of water, I applied to several of the principal inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Praya de Anjo on the main, but the only answer I received was, that there was but one little hole on the beach from whence the supply was obtained for the whole population, and that the quantity it produced was so small, that if I took any from it, it would distress them very much; I therefore declined the attempt, concluding that if a spring, or rather a soak, which this was, existed in one spot, another might be found contiguous to it when time and circumstances would admit of making a trial.

My great anxiety to keep the ship ready for any service, induced me to resolve not to trench on her water-tanks, except in case of great necessity. Thus circumstanced, I took the earliest opportunity of clearing the first discovered pool of a great quantity of decayed vegetable matter and rubbish, and deepening one part of it, so as to allow the water to deposit its sediment, and thus to obtain a supply more clear and pure.

Up to the period of my arrival, the only work doing was that of creeping in the cove from six A. M. until two P. M., whenever the weather would admit, by the

* Long poles run out from the ends of the yards.

† Taken from the yards.

‡ Ropes which are used for the management of the sails.

§ That part of a tackle on which the people pull.

* A rope used for pulling aside any article which is suspended.

† A sort of crane.

‡ Strong pieces of timber placed vertically in the ground to fasten ropes to.

§ Portable machines used as capstans.

‖ A series of large pulleys. The principal are here meant.

* Ropes used for raising or lowering, as well as the purpose of guys.

† A bank or shoal under water, generally at the mouth of a river, or harbour.

‡ One fourth of the crew.

Warspite's launch, and bringing in whatever might be so obtained, or float up. For the present I employed the Brazilian launch in the same way, and thus considerable quantities of the ship's equipment were recovered. Nearly all that the launches obtained, were in a very damaged state; the cables were cut into short pieces; chain-plates* and hammock-stanchions† were twisted; water-tanks crushed flat; and bolts and other iron-work so bent into various shapes that it was scarcely possible to recognise what they had been, but all demonstrating that the hull was entirely demolished; and this, as she had disappeared, I considered a favourable circumstance, for it afforded a fair ground for hope, that as the ship had not drifted out entire, the treasure might be deposited, with other heavy articles, at the part of the bottom where she sunk.

Being strongly impressed with the necessity of making the most of our time, I gave written general orders that "the hands should be turned up at half past four, breakfast at five, dinner at twelve, and work to cease at sunset;" myself and the officers to take our meals at the same time as the ship's company; but I afterwards altered the periods of turning the hands up and breakfast to an hour earlier. From the nature of the work, however, it rarely occurred that we could act up to the orders, as regarded refreshment, and we were obliged to catch our meals whenever and wherever we could.

Immediately on determining on the derrick, and the plan of rigging it, I consulted with Mr. Wood, the master of the Warspite, Mr. Pope, the master of the Lightning, and Mr. Chatfield, the boatswain of the Warspite, as to what rope would be required for it; for the expense was a matter of serious import, while success was so very doubtful; and when we had fixed on the quantity and size, I wrote to the commander in chief for such supply of rigging for it as was necessary beyond what the Lightning could afford, and sent the Adelaide for it, with which she returned on the 13th, and bringing a letter from the admiral, giving "his cordial sanction to the plan," and expressing his opinion "that it was likely to succeed in recovering the stores and treasure, should they be still in the cove."

The launches had continued creeping, and on the 9th brought the rudder in, the whole of the pintles‡ being broken off, and it was placed on the beach. The recovery of this afforded a further and more positive proof that the ship was broken up. On the 12th they recovered numerous other articles, and amongst them the stream chain cable and a slipping shackle, both of which, as well as many other articles, were very useful to us. But this, although we were doing a great deal of work of the kind, was making but little progress towards the great object in view, and did not at all accord with the ardour which pervaded us all; and as, by information derived from the fishermen, we learned that at this season of the year the northeast winds, which blow directly off the land, and consequently least disturb the sea, prevailed more than at any other, I was anxious not to lose the benefit of these winds if it were possible to secure it; and as a considerable time must elapse before the derrick could be brought into operation, I determined on the experiment of working a diving-bell from a boat; and therefore, on the 16th, set to work to construct a small one out of a one-ton tank, and the remains of a two-ton tank, which had been cut to make the large bell; it was very similar to the large one already described. While it was in progress, the Warspite's launch was hauled up on the beach, and prepared for working it. She was fitted with a davit§ stepped on the keel, supported by a spur‖ on each side, resting on the transom¶ it projected over the stern at a sufficient angle to admit of the bell, when suspended above the water, hanging clear of the boat, and was of a height to allow of a small boat passing under the bell for the men to get in and out. To relieve the stern in a measure from the great weight of the bell, a short strong mast was stepped in the usual place, and steeving forward; from its head to the head of the davit was a span,* which set up with two thimbles† and a lanyard,‡ and the whole was supported by a strong stay§ from the mast-head to the stem of the boat, and two shrouds on a side, leading forward. The bell-purchase was the Lightning's jeer-blocks,‖ and six parts of four-inch rope led completely round the boat through four leading blocks, one on each bow¶ and quarter,** and thus admitted of thirty men to work at it, independently of those who attended the air-pump, hoses, and signal-line. There was also a preventer runner†† and tackle fitted to heave up the bell in the event of the purchase giving way. I prepared a sketch of the boat as she was thus fitted, and sent it to the admiral by Moore, to whom I gave a week's leave of absence to attend to his affairs at Rio.

We were now suffering very much from sand and rain alternately; the former, being composed of the most minute particles, was blown up in clouds from the beach and the contiguous hillocks above, which formed the whole line of coast of the bay, forced its way through every crevice of our slightly-constructed habitations, and mingled itself with both victuals and drink; and in fact with every thing; at once blinding the eyes and filling the ears—while the rain descended in torrents too heavy for the pervious canvass to resist, and we were consequently wet in our beds every night in which it fell, a circumstance particularly distressing, after a long and hard day's work under an almost vertical sun; rendered still more intolerable to those employed on shore, by the reflection of the rays from the snow-white sand; and it was quite distressing to witness the effect produced by this cause on the eyes of some of those who were most exposed to it. It became in consequence absolutely necessary to build dwellings more effectually wind and water-proof; and therefore as large a party as could be spared from the other works, was employed in constructing them, the materials being composed of such wood and grass as the island produces; but the latter was of so bad a description that our huts required constant repair; and notwithstanding great labour and attention were bestowed on them, we were never able to make them sufficiently weather-proof to resist the wind and rain; consequently, colds and rheumatism were very frequent amongst us, which induced me to apply to the commander in chief for an assistant-surgeon; for, not having one in the Lightning, it was impossible, with the ship at so great a distance, that the surgeon alone could attend to the sick on board and at the island too; and it was now obvious that casualties were very likely to occur, and probable that the cases of sickness would be numerous. Against those ills, however, we had one palliative. I had taken the precaution, as soon as the pool before mentioned was empty, to deepen it considerably by digging the mud out; and as the rains filled it, although they distressed us in one way, they compensated us in some degree, for a short time, by affording us a supply of tolerable water in this reservoir; and this always proved most acceptable, for it prevented a further reduction of the stock on board the ship, and relieved my mind in a great measure on the subject of the health of the people. We had had one sudden and rather severe case of cholera, and others of less moment, from which I did not entirely escape personally, and which I was apprehensive was caused by the use of stagnant water. We were, however, at present tolerably healthy.

Our encampment and the adjacent parts of the island now presented a bustling, and, I flattered myself, a rather interesting scene. There were parties of carpenters building the derrick, making, carrying to the selected situations, and placing the securities for supporting and working it. Riggers were preparing the clothing‡‡ for it, sawyers cutting wood for various purposes, rope-makers making lashing, and seizing stuff from the pieces of cable crept up from the bottom, and two sets of blacksmiths at their forges;* those of the Warspite, making hoops, bolts, and nails, from various articles of iron-work which had been crept up—and those of the Lightning, reducing the large diving-bell and constructing the small one; five gangs of excavators leveling platforms on the heights above the cove, cutting roads to lead to them, and fixing bolts in numerous parts of the faces of the cliffs; some were employed in felling trees and cutting grass for, while others were building and thatching, the huts; water-carriers were passing to and from the pool with breakers of water, and the Brazilian launch was still employed creeping, whenever the weather would permit; the officers were attending to the different parties assigned to them for their immediate guidance. To the whole of this I gave my personal superintendence from morning till dark; and the early part of the night I devoted to writing reports, journals, and memoranda, and in making arrangements for the ensuing day; which, altogether, it will be readily admitted, gave me occupation of no ordinary magnitude; but at this period I possessed a degree of bodily activity which but few enjoy, and therefore bore the fatigue very well.

A report at this time spread among the people, that there were tigers and alligators on the island, and although I doubted the fact, I was induced to give an order that not less than six persons together should penetrate into the woods. There was very little necessity, however, for this precaution, since constant employment was alone a sufficient preventive for the wanderings of any of us for pleasure.

Our carpenters' and blacksmiths' work was now very heavy, and I was apprehensive that fatigue and disease might probably deprive us of some of the artificers; I therefore chose some of the most apt of my ship's crew as apprentices, and selected for particular duties those among them whose abilities in each could be most serviceable; and this arrangement turned out to be most beneficial, for the severely great extent of sickness which we subsequently endured supplied a most distressing proof of the correctness of my anticipations; and the apprentices so chosen afforded a good illustration of what proficiency may be made in a short time, by ardent application—having at the end of a year become really good workmen for ordinary work. By the end of the month, sickness, arising from exposure and exertion, began to prevail to an extent which caused me serious forebodings as to the future. There occurred among the officers and crew several cases of diarrhœa, and many were suffering from rheumatism.

March.—The launch and small diving-bell being completed on the 2nd of March, they underwent a first trial in the harbour, to ascertain if any alteration was necessary. The bell was lowered at the depth of four and a half fathoms, with two persons in it. They remained down upwards of half an hour, during which time the launch was removed from one place to another, and the bell-men could readily have obtained any article within their reach. It is generally the case, in first experiments, that some defects are discovered. On this occasion, however, I had the satisfaction of finding that all that was required was a trifling improvement in the launch's davit, the leading of the purchase-fall, and in weighting the bell; these were completed in two days, and the whole did great credit to Mr. Jones, the carpenter, in whose particular department, under my own inspection, I had placed the fitting and constructing of them.

I was also highly gratified in ascertaining that the bell, which had been originally intended only for one person, would answer very well for two, which proved of immense advantage.

At this time a colonel of engineers, named Guasque, a Spaniard, in the Brazilian service, arrived with seven caboclos (Indian divers), sent by the admiral. From the extraordinary professions of this gentleman, great results might have been expected, and I therefore readily afforded him and his party all the facilities in my power: the armourers were employed in making various implements for them—and, among others, small grapnels, to be carried in the hands of the divers, so that, on occa-

* Iron links to which the rigging is attached.

† Certain frames of iron which form the hammock-nettings.

‡ Metal pins, by which the rudder is hung in its place.

§ A piece of timber used as a crane.

‖ A shore.

¶ A timber placed across the stern of the boat or ship, to strengthen it.

* A rope placed between two points to afford support from one to the other.

† A sort of iron ring.

‡ A piece of rope serving to connect two articles.

§ A strong rope.

‖ The blocks through which the ropes which support the lower yards, are rove.

¶ The rounding part of a ship's side, forward.

** That part of a ship's side towards the stern.

†† A strong rope used to increase the mechanical powers of a tackle.

‡‡ The fixed part of the rigging.

* Captain Thibalt, of La Seine, had been kind enough to lend me the forge of his ship, which was very useful for small work.

sion, they might hook on to a rock, or otherwise, at the bottom, to hold themselves in any particular position. Oil was also provided, to be taken in the mouth and discharged, when requisite, to clear the water (as they said) and assist the vision, or, as it appeared, to be *swallowed, as circumstances or appetite might demand.*

For some days past there had been so much swell in the cove as entirely to prevent our working there; but in the afternoon of the 4th it had sufficiently subsided to admit of our going out with the launch and small bell for trial. And now I had arrived at the great point which must determine on the future prospect of success in the undertaking. There was evidently great danger in this first attempt, which was to decide whether it was possible for a diving-bell to be worked at all from an open, and by no means a large boat for the purpose, in so exposed a situation, and on such a frightful coast; for although the immediate surface of the sea, when the wind blew off the shore, was perfectly smooth, still there was continually that swell which always exists, to a greater or less degree, in the open ocean; while this attempt was likewise to decide, if possible, whether, subsequently, any commensurate benefit could be obtained.

We had hitherto succeeded in all our attempts, and I did not fail to avail myself of this success to impress the officers and people with confidence in me; and this I was happy in knowing they entertained to the fullest extent. Indeed, I had overheard many expressions among them to that effect, so that consequently there was not the slightest hesitation or apprehension discoverable in any one of them; and it was a great happiness to me to find that they were such men as seemed particularly fitted to the arduous task I had undertaken.

I had, by cross-bearings, marked the spot pointed out to me by those who had seen the wreck when entire, as that wherein she sunk, the depth of water being six and a half fathoms. There the launch was placed and secured by warps* made fast to the bolts which had been previously fixed in the lower parts of the cliffs, four points on each bow; others at corresponding angles on each quarter, and a breast-fast from the starboard beam to the foot of the northeast cliff, so that she might be removed in any direction at pleasure.

The boat's crew consisted of thirty men, exclusive of a commissioned officer, a midshipman, the boatswain, and the man appointed to attend the bell-signals, which were to be communicated by pulling a line which extended from the bell to the boat, or by writing on small pieces of board, with which the bell-men were provided for that purpose, to be sent floating up whenever occasion required.

The little code of signals we adopted, was as follows: one pull, for more air; two pulls, hold fast; three, hoist up; four, lower; five, haul the boat to starboard; six, to port; seven, ahead; eight, astern; and a quick shaking of the line, attention. But it was considerably extended, until by pre-arrangement we could hold a dialogue; and I subsequently discovered, that by a private code established on this foundation between the bell-men, those in the bell were informed of almost every thing that was going on above. They knew whether I was in the cove or not; they could ask a question, or hold any other kind of short communication; they were informed of the state and appearance of the weather, and any opinion I might have expressed thereon as to ceasing from work, &c. &c. In addition to this, there was a small line from the bell to the surface, for the purpose of hauling up or down any article that might be necessary.

In the use of these signals there were two points especially necessary to be attended to: first, the keeping of the boat's head exactly in one direction; and second, the keeping of the bell-purchase clear of turns; for it is obvious that if there was a quarter of a turn in it, the signal which would be intended by the bell-men to haul ahead would, when acted on, take them in a direction which they considered to be starboard or port, and if half a turn was in it, they would be removed in the very opposite direction from that which they intended.

I attended in my gig† close to the launch, whence I might watch the air-hoses and progress of the bell.

* A rope used for hauling the ship or boat from one place to another.

† A light long boat.

Lieutenant Hathorn, of the Adelaide, expressed a wish to descend on this occasion, and after strongly urging attention and silence, I directed him and one of the men to get into the bell, and every thing was now prepared.

I must acknowledge that at this moment I was much excited by alternations of hope and fear as to success—for at this period I had strong reason to apprehend that odium awaited me in the event of a failure. It was, then, under the influence of such feelings that I gave orders for the bell to be lowered. The launch at this time was surging six or eight feet, from the effect of the swell, which caused me the most painiul anxiety for the safety of the bell-men. At the depth of three fathoms, the signal to hold fast was made, and immediately after that, for more air, which being supplied by a quicker action of the pump, the bell was lowered to within a short space of the bottom; notice being given to the bell-men, the boat was then gradually removed from place to place, crosswise, to enable them to search for the wreck. This was continued for about two hours, when the swell having so much increased as to render the risk of life excessive, I gave directions to raise the bell, and returned to the harbour. During the operation, I was kept in constant dread from the vibratory motion of the boat and bell, which were frequently in opposite directions, and consequently the more alarming, lest the latter should be upset by being driven against the projecting rocks at the bottom. The trial, however, was most gratifying, for the bell was found to be perfectly adapted to the work, and the bell-men were satisfied with it, though nothing was discovered beyond various bolts and pieces of rope.

On the 7th we made another attempt, and some of the implements required by the colonel for his divers, being completed, I gave one of them an opportunity of showing his aquatic powers, by placing him with Richard Heans, the carpenter's mate, in the bell, in order that, while the latter was searching from within it, he might emerge from it, by which means a large space could be examined in a short time. His efforts were, however, very futile indeed. Heans could not persuade him to quit the bell but once, as he by far preferred remaining in company. Dewar was therefore appointed in his place.

The swell was now rapidly increasing, and its influence on both the boat and the bell was so great as to affect the air-hoses.

The water, considering its disturbed state, happened to be particularly clear, which afforded me an indistinct sight of the bell, although in the depth of eight fathoms, and I had with almost breathless anxiety been watching it for a long time, when suddenly a small line of air-bubbles rose from about the middle of the hose. I instantly gave the word prepare, when every man in the boat, with earnestness depicted in his countenance, stood with the purchase-fall in both hands, and at the same moment I made the signal to call the attention of the men in the bell; but the supply of air being kept up by an increased action of the air-pump, they were enabled to continue the search, and did not evince any desire to come up. The agitation of the sea became greater every minute, and there was a rise and fall of eight or ten feet against the cliffs. The danger had become most extreme, and I was on the eve of directing the bell to be raised, when the order was hastened by the appearance of an immense column of air rising from it. It had been driven violently against the rocks, by which cause it was thrown on its side and filled with water. The next moment I discovered the two men emerge from the bell and swim up. Heans at first had his foot entangled in the signal-line, but quickly released it; and notwithstanding this detention, being particularly buoyant, he rose very rapidly, and was the first to reach the surface, and was taken into the pinnace—Dewar being some seconds longer, I was apprehensive was much hurt. The gig had been removed while he was rising, which enabled me to seize him by his dress the instant he reached the water's edge. The bell was up, and there was a pause, a profound silence, save the roaring of the surf against the rocks, until it was broken by Heans calling to his partner, "Never mind, mate, we haven't done with it yet; all right." Poor Dewar was too much exhausted to reply. Of course this accident put an end to our work in the cove for this day; but I felt it necessary, before quitting it, to address a few words to the people, which I did to this effect: "That it must not be supposed that such a work as we were engaged in could be carried on without accident; that what had now happened afforded us a fair earnest of what we might expect throughout our operations; it therefore was incumbent on every one of us to act in his situation with attention, promptitude, and alacrity, so as to avert casualities as much as possible, and to counteract them when they might occur." This was well received by all hands, and if for a minute there had been a little feeling of doubt, it quickly subsided, and the minds of all were so made up to persevere, that, when we reached the harbour at two in the afternoon, there was not a man who appeared at all disconcerted.

On this occasion I found that I had no reason to regret the not having been able to obtain a cast-iron bell, and had abundant subsequent proof, that if I had been provided with one, it would have been broken against the rocks, and most likely some lives would have been lost in consequence; for even those of my own construction, made entirely of wrought iron, were repeatedly split and turned up for several inches from the lower edge.

On the 8th, although I was sure the swell was too heavy to admit of our working in the cove, the colonel urged me to let him have a boat exclusively for his divers, and I accordingly supplied him with the pinnace; but he found it impossible to make even an attempt, and speedily returned.

The 10th was more favourable than either of the preceding days, and there was a prospect of a long day's work. We were out with all the boats, accompanied by the colonel and his caboclos, shortly after daylight; and as they were now furnished with every thing they required, and as the colonel had never ceased to extol their abilities, and to assert that remaining under water for several minutes was but an *amusement* to them, I determined to put them to the test. And this intention I expressed to him, and proposed that while the bell was sent down with Heans and another man, his party should "amuse" themselves by diving from my gig or the rocks, with their grapnels &c., and make them fast to whatever they might discover. To this he consented, but urged that I should not be precipitate with them, as they were a peculiar sort of people, and required to be humoured and encouraged; I therefore offered them a reward of ten milreis,* to which ten more were added by Lieutenant Hathorn, if they would remain under water two minutes. They then complained that while my people were protected from the sharks by the bell, they, when diving, would be exposed to them. After a good deal more of this description of parley, I found that I could make no progress with them, and therefore for the time gave it up. I must acknowledge, however, that sharks were so numerous as to present a formidable objection to remaining long under water without some kind of protection. We frequently saw five or six at a time in the cove, but none very large, nor are they of the voracious nature of those in the West Indies, but appear to live principally on the small fish which abound in these seas. Still the presence of a shark is always dreaded; and on one occasion, subsequently, we were led to form a more unfavourable opinion of them. One of my people was washing his clothes in the surf on the beach, and standing about up to his knees in water, when he suddenly observed a shark close to him. He instantly ran to my gig, which was near at hand, and got a turtle peg† from her, and returning to the shark, which continued slowly passing along just without the line of surf, drove it into him; but, on hauling on the line attached to it, it broke out, and he swam away to a considerable distance, but soon returned to the charge, and was again struck with the peg. By this time several of the crew had come to the spot, and while the shark was plunging in the surf, they approached him near enough to get a rope fast to his tail, and by that means dragged him on shore. He measured eight feet in length. This was the only instance evinced of an inclination to attack any one, notwithstanding the men frequently bathed.

The bell had been down with the same men in it for several hours, during which time the launch was removed, first across the cove, to near the northwest cliff, then outwards and across towards the southeast cliff, inwards towards the northeast cliff, again towards the northwest cliff, and latterly diagonally over the square so formed.

* Equal at that time to about 30s.

† A barbed spear used for catching turtle.

On being raised to the surface, the men reported to have discovered a chain-cable and part of a hempen one, and a very large indefinable mass of rope, canvass, wood, bolts, and a great many other articles which Heans thought likely to be part of the body of the Thetis. Here was the first gleam of encouragement; for little doubt remained as to the wreck having been broken up at or near the ground we had examined. It was therefore absolutely necessary to obtain not only an accurate knowledge of the situation of the various parts of the wreck, but also an acquaintance with the general formation of the bottom; consequently I determined to continue this mode of searching until these points were ascertained.

When the bell was again ready for lowering, the colonel urged me to allow two of the caboclos to have it to themselves to descend in—to which, as wishing to give them every chance, I consented: and, in order that they might have something specific to do, desired them to make a large rope fast to the cable which had previously been found. This they failed in doing effectually, for, the moment we brought a strain on it, it became disengaged, and the labour was lost. We continued searching until one o'clock in the afternoon, when the swell became so heavy that we could proceed no longer. I therefore buoyed the principal articles we had discovered, and returned to the harbour; all hands being delighted with the success of the day, and the perfect adaptation of the bell to the work.

The colonel, who lived with me, again took occasion in the course of the evening, to extol with great earnestness the merits of his divers; and insisted on their being able to remain under water for a quarter of an hour at a time.

"Those are the very fellows for me, colonel," said I, "because that is the longest period I can afford for dinner; so, while we take our meal, we may leave them at the bottom to *amuse* themselves, and relieve them after we have dined, and thus no time will be lost." The colonel's risible muscles were not at all excited by my joke. I gave him clearly to understand, however, that I considered that, up to the present time, great labour and attention had been wasted on them, and as it was probable that on the next day we might be able to work in the cove, I expected that he would insist on their doing something that I should consider conclusive. In answer to which he made great promises; but which, as will be seen, ended in very small performances.

The excavators had now made considerable progress with the platforms and roads; and a great quantity of wood having been procured, the crabs, bollards, and other descriptions of securities for the derrick, which were in a forward state, were put, as soon as finished, into their places. The Lightning's spare bower and stream-anchors were landed—which, as well as the store-anchor I had brought from Rio, having been got up the cliffs by great exertion, were subsequently buried in the main or north-east cliff, for the gear to be attached to for the support of the derrick.

The Brazilian launch continued creeping daily, and recovered numerous articles of iron-work, and other stores and equipment, a great part of which was most acceptable to us; for the very small supply of extra stores I had received, when compared with the magnitude of the undertaking, which was still in a state of great uncertainty, rendered the most rigidly economical application of them necessary. The 13th was a very favourable day, and we were in the cove with all the boats, the warps laid out, and every other arrangement made for a thorough day's work, and the bell ready for lowering at daylight. Dewar and Heans having sufficiently recovered from their accident, went down, and after a search, conducted by removing the bell launch in a similar manner to that before described, they came up and reported to have found a piece of the ship's side, which from the paint was known to have been a part of the captain's cabin and quarter-deck bulwark, and had five cannonades and two long guns attached to it. It was lying considerably outside of any other fragments of wreck that we had hitherto discovered, being in eleven fathoms water.

Between this and the heap before mentioned, was the capstan*. During the time the people were thus employed, I continually urged the colonel to send his divers down, and he as strenuously pressed them to comply; but my somewhat angry arguments, though accompanied by offers of liberal rewards, and his entreaties, were alike unavailing. They would not stir from the boat, and I ceased to say any thing more to them until dinner time arrived, when I again proposed to the colonel that, as I should allow myself and people a quarter of an hour for refreshment, he might send the caboclos to *amuse* themselves at the bottom during the time; and I backed the proposition by an offer of a greater reward, as high as five pounds. This was subsequently increased by Lieutenant Hathorn, to ten pounds for every minute after the first minute that they should remain down, but it was all in vain—and I told the colonel plainly, that although I would not prevent any exertion they might be disposed to make, I should not request any thing further of them. The fact was, that from the first attempt I was convinced they never could be of any use, and, if they had been engaged by myself, I should speedily have discharged them; but, as they were sent by the commander in chief, I felt a delicacy on the point, and therefore patiently gave them every assistance in my power, although heartily tired of them.

Our exertions by means of the bell were continued throughout the remainder of the day, and the result was very satisfactory, for we found about twenty-five feet of the keel, with about two feet of the starboard and five feet of the larboard floor-timbers* attached to it, which on examination was considered to be the part immediately before the mainmast. It was nearly covered with iron ballast, in a very disordered state. At about sixty feet from this was a part of the stern-post,† with a transom fast to it; and an anchor and numerous other articles were likewise discovered, from the positions of all which I was induced to think that the confused heap or mass we found on the 10th, was the part of the ship somewhere about the spirit-room,‡ in which the treasure had been stowed—and I therefore determined on a thorough examination of it on the first opportunity. The fact of the total destruction of the ship was now placed beyond doubt.

I will here mention a rather ludicrous circumstance which occurred in the afternoon. The bell was in the act of being lowered, and my attention being directed to it, was for the moment diverted from other points—at which instant one of the caboclos slid over the side of the boat, unobserved by me, and disappeared. In a few seconds the signal was made to hoist up; and fearing there was something the matter, I hastily gave the order to do so. As the bell approached the surface, something of a brownish hue was observed hanging to its bottom, and, on being raised above the water, this object turned out to be the caboclo, who had essayed to join company with the bell-men; but as they mistook him for an evil spirit uncalled for, "from the vasty deep," they gave him proof with their feet that there was no admittance for him, and he was therefore obliged to content himself with hanging on by the foot-bar with his head only above the water.

Littlejohns, and Williams, a quartermaster, were the bell-men—the former of whom declared "he thought it was the devil;" and the latter said "he thought so too, or else one of them big sharks they saw t'other day." And in good sooth he might have been taken for either one or the other, for he was of a colour about midway between the two. This was the last attempt of the divers; and it afforded a good deal of amusement to the people during the whole of the day.

In the evening I told the colonel that I was supporting his party at a considerable expense, without having any adequate return for it. He immediately took the hint, and, after consulting with them, decided on quitting the following morning. I accordingly started them off at an early hour, and thus got rid of an encumbrance with which I had suffered myself to be pestered for eleven days. Their efforts throughout were utterly contemptible, and not worth my stock of salad oil, which they entirely consumed—and I felt regret that so much labour and attention as had been bestowed upon them should have been so completely thrown away.

From the 13th the cove continued in a very agitated state for four days, and we failed in our attempts to work. Various small pieces of wreck floated up, which caused me some apprehension, lest that which I considered to be the spirit-room should be washed away; but favourable weather on the 18th set my mind at ease on that point, by enabling me to re-examine this part, when various indications confirmed my former opinion, and I resolved to go to the proof on the morrow, by commencing to take it up. With this view it was carefully buoyed, and the rest of the day was occupied in searching and buoying the other articles we had observed, with buoys both at the bottom and on the surface, denoting each by numbers—those at the bottom being of a very bright colour, that they might be the more readily seen from the bell.

During the search several guns and large quantities of ballast and shot were seen. By the evening of the 18th, we had thoroughly examined a space of about three hundred feet square, and I felt satisfied there could not be any part of the wreck of considerable magnitude in the cove, the position of which we were not acquainted with. I therefore drew a rough sketch of it, and sent it to the admiral. We had strengthened the pinnace, and fitted her with a very strong davit; and having supplied her and the Brazilian launch with runners and tackles, and other necessary gear adapted to the work we had in prospect, on the morning of the 19th, although the weather was rather threatening, yet as the sea was smooth, we seriously attacked, with a resolution to demolish, that part of the wreck which we had strong reason to hope could but for a very short time longer conceal the treasure.

The launch being of the greatest burthen and strongest, was of course employed in removing the largest and heaviest articles, and those most difficult to extricate; and the pinnace was used for the smallest, and those most easily taken up, and by frequent reliefs of the bell-men they were enabled to work very hard. By these means we made a rapid reduction of the heap, and in doing so, uncovered part of the chain cables; but at eleven in the forenoon, our progress was arrested by the southwest swell setting in so suddenly and heavy that the danger became excessive, and we were obliged, though very reluctantly, to desist.

When I first arrived and determined on the plan to be pursued, I carefully measured the distance from the face of the northeast cliff to the spot where Messrs. Batt and Chatfield said the ship had sunk, and found the distance to be one hundred and twenty feet to her outer side; the derrick was, therefore, constructing of that length, and was now in a tolerably forward state—but our recent discoveries having induced me to ascertain the distance from the cliff to the place where I had reason to hope the treasure was deposited, I had the mortification to find that it was one hundred and fifty feet from the nearest point. I would not allow this disappointment to present an obstacle, and directly ordered the spar to be lengthened to one hundred and fifty-eight feet. Fortunately we had just wood enough to do so; but it expended every foot we could possibly find that was fit for the purpose, and instead of stepping it at about forty feet up the cliff, out of danger from the sea, according to my original intention, I was obliged to fix on the most projecting part, which was the extreme corner of a flat rock forming the base of the cliff, and near the water's edge.

The state of the sea and the weather continued so very unfavourable for five days after this time, that it was impossible even to attempt to work the bell. But there was no want of occupation; our whole energies were directed to other employments equally necessary, not only for the furtherance of the undertaking, but for the preservation of the health of us all—which latter object began to cause me some anxiety, since the number of cases of sickness had so greatly increased, that a separate hut, expressly for their reception, became necessary, and one was accordingly built, which we denominated the hospital. This effect of our exertions and constant exposure, occasioned me considerable alarm, lest disease and casualties should render us too weak for our work, in which case it might prove difficult to augment our numbers. During the absence of fine weather, or rather, of such as would admit of our working in the cove, numerous parties were dispersed in various

* A machine for heaving the anchor up, and other heavy work. Its mechanical power is gained by the application of a lever to a strong wooden roller fixed vertically in the deck.

* The timbers attached to the keel.

† A long straight piece of timber which stands vertically on the keel, and terminates the ship behind.

‡ A compartment in which the ship's stock of spirits is kept.

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PART I. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 11, 1837. NO. 15.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

directions, and employed in different kinds of work, such as felling trees, and getting them down from the hills; cutting grass, and repairing the huts with it; building the hospital; hauling the Thetis's rudder higher up the beach; landing the Lightning's capstan, and getting it, with the bower anchor,* and the Thetis's stream cable,† on the main cliff, &c. In fact, the whole neighbourhood of our domicile presented a lively scene of exhilarating, and, to me, most interesting bustle. And it was very gratifying to observe that both officers and men joined heart and hand in every act.

We now had some heavy rains, which replenished the pool from which we drew our supply of water, and I took an opportunity of going to Praya de Anjou with a party of men, and, after digging in numerous places, at length succeeded in finding water. And, as the natives were now much better off in this respect than formerly, I induced them to spare us a little from the hole from which they were supplied, so that altogether we obtained a sufficient quantity for the daily use of the ship, and occasionally for those at the island. And from this time we had always a tolerable though irregular supply, but never could succeed in rendering the pool clear: there were obvious marks that animals of some kind disturbed it during the night, and prevented its becoming wholesome. However, on the whole, having succeeded thus far, my next object was to obtain some fresh provisions, for which purpose I sent Mr. Smith, the purser, into the country. At first he met with many difficulties, but ultimately succeeded in making arrangements for a partial supply of bullocks, sheep, and vegetables: and as the fishermen brought us fish occasionally, and we sometimes caught a few ourselves, the people had frequently a fresh meal. These supplies were of great assistance in enabling me to keep the Lightning in a state ready for any service at a very short notice.

An amusing occurrence took place about this time. We were drawing the sean,‡ and had enclosed a large quantity of fish, when, as the net approached the beach, a tolerably large turtle was discovered in it, making great efforts to get through; which being observed by Mr. Chatfield, who was standing in the bow of the boat, and perhaps already in imagination enjoying a basin of soup, he became alarmed lest the turtle should escape—and on the impulse of the moment, forgetting that he could not swim, he plunged into the water to seize it, and in the next instant was struggling to save himself, thus adding to our draught the "oddest fish" of all. He was speedily taken into the boat, where he continued to puff and blow for a time, but without having received any injury, and afforded a good dead of merriment to all the spectators.

The situation of the various fragments of wreck being now well ascertained, I declined for the present making further search in that way; but, on the 25th, again explored the heap, and took up from it some pieces of a messenger,§ and large quantities of rope, canvass, wood, copper-bolts, dead-eyes,‖ iron, lead, and a variety of other things, by which operation it was so much reduced, that on making fast the runners of the launch and pinnace to several of the undermost articles, and heaving on both windlasses at once, we succeeded in turning over and pulling it completely to pieces. But this effort terminated for the present in disappointment; for instead of finding underneath, as we had anticipated, a part of the bottom of the ship, nothing but large rocks was presented to our view. The launch was therefore employed as before, for the rest of the day, in exploring the surface of the bottom; and we found some guns, ballast, and shot, but no other part of the keel or timbers. This tended to impress me the more strongly with the conviction that extraordinary efforts would be necessary to accomplish the object of finding this part of the wreck. Alternations of hope and doubt were evident in all countenances, according as the result of any particular attempt presented a prospect of success or failure; but in no instance could I discover the slightest relaxation of their desire to use every effort to obtain a successful issue. I was now satisfied that it was in vain to expect to find the treasure attached to, or resting on, any part of the wreck. And having to such an extent explored the surface of the bottom, made it a matter of serious consideration to me whether it had not gone out seaward with that part of the ship on which it was stowed; and it seemed that our endeavours should now be directed to the recovery of such articles as we had discovered. In order, however, that on the first opportunity a more minute examination might be made between the rocks, I had the necessary implements made for digging among them—and, to give further encouragement to the bell-men, I offered a reward of fifty milreis for the discovery of the treasure, and subsequently thirty for the first bar of silver.

For the purpose of conducting such stores as we might recover to a place of deposit, I had intended to rig two short derricks on the face of the main cliff, to raise them from the boats, instead of rowing with them into the harbour; but on cutting the zig-zag paths down, for the purpose of leveling a platform at the point where each derrick was intended to be fixed, I found that the expenditure of labour and time would be too great, and therefore had rope-ladders made merely for the purpose of ascending and descending at those parts where we could not cut a path, and thus completed a line of communication between the cove and the summit of the cliff.

On the 27th, we were thrown into considerable alarm. When we left off work on the evening of the 25th, the swell had begun to set in. It continued to increase till it reached to such a height that the cove was in a state of awful commotion; and when I considered the abrupt declivity of the bottom, I feared that all the wreck might be washed out seaward. The tides had hitherto been tolerably regular as to their rise and fall, and even strong winds had not made any material difference in them. This day commenced with light variable winds, and heavy thunder, lightning, and rain; there was a terrific sea in the cove and all along the outside coast; but it remained smooth in the harbour, and there was not the least apparent reason for apprehension until nearly noon. As it was Sunday, we had mustered the ship's company, by divisions, according to routine, and performed divine service; and I was glad of the prospect of giving the people a day's rest, but an hour determined that it was not to be so. The tide rose with great rapidity, and caused such devastation on the beach that the exertions of all hands were necessary for the preservation of every thing which was on it. The first object of our care was the derrick, which, with great alacrity, was parbuckled* higher up, and secured by fastenings from the bank above.

While we were thus employed the Brazilian launch broke from her moorings, was driven broadside on to the beach, forced close up to the bank, and with great difficulty saved from being wrecked. We next gave our attention to the removal of things of less consequence, most of which were ultimately saved; but several articles of useful iron work were irrecoverably sunk in the sand; the sawpits were destroyed; the Thetis's rudder buried entirely out of our sight, and was afterwards dug out at a considerable distance from the place in which it had been lying, and the whole appearance of the beach was entirely changed.

A dead body likewise was discovered in the surf, and taken up. It proved to be that of the late captain's clerk, of the Thetis, who was drowned at the time of the wreck, and had been buried in the beach; and it was remarkable, that, notwithstanding upwards of three months had elapsed since the time of its interment, decomposition had not taken place in the slightest degree. It was re-interred—the funeral service being performed on the occasion.

In prospect of the completion of the derrick, which it was computed would, with its gear, weigh about forty tons, I applied to the commander in chief for the assistance of about one hundred men, expressly for the purpose of erecting it, who were to return immediately when this was accomplished. It will readily be imagined that a party of good sailors, of the full number requested, were necessary for such a work, wherein an accident in one part would, in all probability, be fatal to the whole. I was consequently much disappointed on the arrival of the Adelaide, on the 30th, to find that she had brought but seventy-four persons; among whom were twenty-five ordinary seamen, six landsmen, and eight boys. However, as I had no remedy, I made the best of them that I could. They exerted themselves to the full extent of their abilities.

The Adelaide brought also the rigging I had demanded for the derrick, and the day was employed in getting it on shore, and placing it in the store. The incessant southwest swell setting into the cove, rendered the working of the bell at all times more or less perilous—but practice had inured the men to it, and given them judgment to direct their exertions. So that, although there was no remedy for the violent concussions against the rocks, yet there was less danger of broken legs or arms, or other injuries to them; and I had the satisfaction of seeing them go to their work, just as they would to any ordinary duty that might be required. Still the exertion of working hard in so small a space, and in so great a depth of water, was distressingly fatiguing, which induced me to determine, in order to render it less so, that all the petty officers of the ship should become bell-men—and accordingly I appointed them in turn to that duty.

The 31st was a remarkably fine and bright day, and we were in the cove by daylight. The sea was less disturbed than on any preceding day since we commenced our work; and so clear that rocks at the bottom could be seen at the depth of seven fathoms, and every thing seemed auspicious for rigidly exploring the interstices between them; and, if not successful in that way, the bell-men were prepared for digging with the implements with which they were provided. It had from the outset been my study to keep up the interest which all the people felt in the undertaking, by occasionally using a few encouraging words bearing on the reward and merit which would accrue in the event of success. On this morning, it was somewhat remarkable that I had a strong impression, or rather presentiment, that the system of work I had concerted would succeed. So forcible was this feeling, that I rose at three o'clock, and commenced writing a long despatch to the commander in chief, and at half past five left it unfinished, in the hope that I might have to insert a report of the anticipated good fortune. On reaching the cove, when every thing was prepared, I gave very minute directions to the bell-men, and added, "Now, my lads, be alive; let every man be attentive in his station, for I mean to find the dollars to-day." This produced a universal smile of satisfaction, though, perhaps, in some instances partaking a little of the incredulous; and "good luck to you," was addressed to the bell-men by all the boats' crews, some of whom remarked that I had never disappointed them yet.

My arrangement for the day was to commence near the northeast cliff, in five fathoms water; next, to move out seaward to ten fathoms, and then diagonally to cross the whole of the ground on which we had seen any wreck. But so strongly was I impressed with the conviction that the situation in which the heap of materials had lain was the most probable spot, that I could not abstain from searching there first; and was the more induced to do so, as I judged that the heavy sea on the 27th might have cleared away a great deal of rubbish. This proved to be the case to some extent, for, on examination of the bottom, it was found that a great part

* One of the largest anchors of the ship.

† The cable belonging to the stream anchor, which is the anchor next less in size to the bower.

‡ A large net.

§ A large rope, which being lashed on to the cable, and passed several times round the capstan, the anchor is hove up by it.

‖ A round flattish wooden block, with three holes in, to receive a rope called a lanyard, by which the rigging is made fast.

* Rolled along by means of ropes passed round, having one end made fast, while the others are pulled on.

of the remains of the heap which we had turned over on the 25th had disappeared, and left the rocks partially clear. This induced me to alter my plan, and to direct the bell-men to keep very close to the bottom, while the movements of the launch were confined to about ten fathoms each way, occasionally stopping and lowering the bell on the bottom, to enable the men to look into the crevices, and turn over the smaller rocks. This method had been pursued with great earnestness for some hours, when the signal of attention was made from the bell, and immediately afterwards a tally-board floated up with the cheering words written on it, "Be careful in lowering the bell to a foot, for we are now over some dollars." These directions being complied with, they remained on the bottom for a considerable time, the depth of water being about seven fathoms, when they came up with their caps full of dollars and some gold. They were received with three as hearty cheers from all of us in the cove as ever were given, the effect of which was increased by the reverberation from the surrounding cliffs; and they were as enthusiastically returned by those who were on the heights above, some of the natives who happened to be there joining in the shout.

The treasure was so strewed about and mixed with pulverised granite, splinters of wood, and the various materials and contents of the ship, that it was impossible to form an idea as to the extent or quantity of it; still our efforts were at last crowned with success. We had persevered through discouraging difficulties and obstacles of no ordinary nature, and had found means to surmount them often contrary to all expectation; but further and great exertions must still be used ere we could reach the point which we were ambitious to attain; namely, the recovery of all the property that could by any means be rescued. A part at least of the treasure was now found, and the next consideration was to devise the best and most expeditious mode of taking it up, and to prevent its being washed away by the action of the sea during the operation.

By sounding with a hand-lead, I found that the declivity of the bottom at this part was at an angle of about twenty-three degrees with the horizon; and, from this circumstance, it was to be presumed that on every occasion of a heavy swell setting in (which experience had shown always disturbed every thing movable at the bottom), it would settle further out into deep water.

My orders to the bell-men were therefore as follows: They were first to go to the outermost dollar, or other article of treasure they could discover, and to place a pig of ballast, with a bright tally-board fast to it, against, and on the inner side of, the nearest fixed rock they could find; from this they were then to proceed in taking up all that lay immediately on the surface, but not to remove any thing else until all that was visible was obtained; this being done, they were to return to the place first commenced at, and passing over the same ground, remove the small rocks and other articles, one by one, and progressively take up whatever might, by such removal, be discovered, but not on any account to dig without express orders from me. In furtherance of this, the pinnace was employed in weighing and carrying into deep water the small rocks as fast as they were slung by the bell-men. Pursuing this mode, by half past eleven we had recovered about 3000 dollars; and I went on shore for a few minutes, finished my despatch to the admiral, and having sent the Adelaide with it, returned to my post in the cove; and we continued our labour until dark, when, having well buoyed the place, we, with great reluctance, desisted. But the ardour of the officers and people was raised to the highest pitch, good fortune had given such a spur to their zeal as inspired them with a perfect contempt of danger; and this was manifested by the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness with which every proposal I made, and every order I gave, was received and executed.

Appreciating this on their part, and convinced that such a set of fine fellows would attempt the performance of any thing that man dare undertake, it was impossible that I should not experience corresponding feelings, and I determined on evincing them by venturing out of the ordinary track in an experiment entirely novel; that of working a diving-bell in the open sea by torch-light. What I have already recited, renders the great danger with which we were constantly surrounded, during the progress of the work, so apparent, that perhaps I may be thought to have exceeded the bounds of prudence on this occasion in exposing the lives of so many persons; but it must be recollected that the enterprise was novel and unique in its nature, and that this was only following up a series of perilous experiments which had all proved successful, none of which would ever have been attempted had I been guided by a cool calculation of what might be prudent in the general acceptation of the term. On reaching our encampment, I directed that while we who had been in the cove were taking some refreshment others should prepare a number of large torches, and get the boats ready for resuming work. We were in the cove again by nine o'clock, and matters were arranged in the following order. The bell-launch was placed over the spot we had previously been working in, and secured with the usual warps, having two torches over the stern, and one on each quarter; the Brazilian launch was placed at about three fathoms off on her starboard quarter, with four torches over her side. The pinnace was similarly situated on the other quarter, also with four torches, and the cutter right astern, with two torches, thus forming a square, and this arrangement of the torches produced a very strong light.

The great caution I had used in buoying, was now turned to good account, for as we could not use any cross bearings, the buoys enabled us to place the bell-boat to a nicety, and the bell was on the first attempt lowered exactly on the spot we had left at dark. There was a lighted wax-candle taken down in the bell, but it consumed the air so fast that it was necessary to extinguish it as soon as the bell-men got a fair sight of the place they were about to work in.

To depict the scene now presented, is a task beyond my powers of description. Thetis Cove, on this occasion, would have supplied a fine subject for the artist. The strong glare cast from the torches on every projection of the stupendous cliffs, rendered the deep shade of their indentations and fissures more conspicuous—their darkness more visible; and, notwithstanding there was a flickering brightness thrown upon some parts, a solemn gloom pervaded the whole, which was much heightened by contrast with the brilliant whiteness of the foam on the rocks beneath. The rushing of the roaring sea into the deep chasms produced a succession of reports like those of cannon, which were multiplied by echoes from the surrounding cliffs; and the assembled boats, containing groups of persons employed in their various occupations, kept in constant motion by the influence of the swell, completed a scene which, when viewed from the heights above, might suggest the idea of looking into Pandemonium. This experiment succeeded to admiration, and we continued taking up treasure until two o'clock in the morning of the 1st of April, when we were glad to retire, having obtained in the whole, by this attempt, 6326 dollars, 36 pounds 10 ounces of Plata pina, 5 pounds 4 ounces of old silver, 243 pounds 8 ounces of silver in bars, and 4 pounds 8 ounces of gold. After a little rest, we were again at our employment by half past five, and proceeded very prosperously for some hours, but were then obliged to desist, and had a very narrow escape from imminent peril, arising from a sudden shift of wind, one of those causes which subsequently frequently occurred, and were at all times attended with great danger. It had blown moderately from the northeast during the morning, with every appearance of its continuing so, and we were proceeding with the most encouraging success, having removed a number of rocks of various magnitudes, some of them weighing many hundred weight, and had taken up upwards of 4000 dollars in value, but at eleven o'clock our progress was arrested by the wind suddenly setting in from the westward, and in a very short time a dangerous sea got up, occasioned in a great measure by the recoil from the perpendicular cliffs, which, as already stated, form the whole coast on the sea side of the island, and our situation became very critical. We were obliged hastily to leave the cove, and notwithstanding the most prompt measures were taken, and the utmost exertion used at the oars, the launch being towed by all the boats including my own gig, for three hours we made scarcely any progress, and she shipped water so fast as to keep many of the men constantly baling; but fortunately the current changed in our favour, and at the expiration of the fourth hour we happily reached the harbour; which, if we had not done, most of us must inevitably have perished. During the month of March, the cases of rheumatism increased in number, as did also those of cholera, and ulcers became more numerous and painful.

April.—A new responsibility at this period devolved on me, namely, that of protecting the treasure from plunder. The circumstances under which it was obtained, as well as the unavoidable exposure of it, furnished temptations of no ordinary nature. My anxiety was not only that it should not be purloined, but that there should not even be room for suspicion of its being so; I therefore determined that every thing relating to it should be done in the most public and exposed manner that circumstances would admit of, and at the same time that there should be such a police as would render robbery impossible. To this end I made the following arrangements. The bell-men's dresses were simply a frock and trowsers made of blanket, and these were taken off in the boat immediately on their coming from the bell, and thoroughly examined by an officer. I had buckets made of very thick canvass doubled, with a rope grummet* at the top and bottom, and strengthened at the sides by platting made of rope of the same size as the grummets. In these buckets the treasure was sent up from the bell, just in the state in which it was taken from the bottom, a great part having been pressed by the rocks into a concrete mass with the pulverised granite, and other substances. On being hauled into the pinnace, it was turned into a trough prepared for the purpose, with holes in the bottom; in this the lumps were broken, and a great quantity of water thrown on it to wash the filth away. The large pieces of Plata pina, old silver and gold, were first removed; the dollars were then picked out, and underwent a cleaning by being rubbed hard against each other between the hands; they were then carefully counted, and put into canvass bags. The rubbish then underwent a more rigid scrutiny, for some of the pieces of gold were so small, and a great quantity of the Plata pina was so smashed into minute particles, some of them smaller than a pea, that without the most careful examination a considerable value might have been lost. The bars of silver, and other large pieces of treasure, were cleaned by scraping and scrubbing. This first course was performed by the young gentlemen of the boats, assisted by one or more of the crew, according to the quantity, and under the immediate observation of myself or the officer of the bell-launch. I then took it in my gig, and carried it to the encampment, where I had a large table, or rather platform, fixed close to my hut for the purpose of the final cleansing and packing. It was now placed under the guard of the officer of the watch and a sentinel, and in the immediate charge and superintendence of Mr. R. T. Reep, my clerk. Here it was subjected to a more thorough cleansing, being ultimately washed in fresh water, then dried in the sun, or on sheets of copper placed over a fire under cover in wet weather; the dollars and other coins being again counted, and the other kinds of treasure weighed and registered under my own superintendence, and that of the first lieutenant, master, and purser, whenever practicable; it was then put into bags containing five hundred dollars each, and finally into boxes containing six bags each, marked, numbered, and sealed with my own seal, and then deposited in my hut until a favourable opportunity of subsequently placing it on board the Lightning for safety until called for by such vessels as might be ordered to convey it to England; and as I had a great objection to its going out of my possession excepting direct to the Bank of England, to be there deposited until the rightful owners were ascertained, I wrote to the commander in chief to allow them to call at Cape Frio for it, with which request he complied. The bell was searched every evening by an officer.

The derrick being extended to so great a length, had consumed an immense quantity of iron; the whole of the hoops of the pieces of the Thetis's masts were already used, and I was obliged to have recourse to chain-plates, hammock-stancheons, and other large articles of iron, to make more; but notwithstanding the blacksmith, John Leary, was an excellent workman, and exercised a good deal of ingenuity, the forge was not of sufficient power for the work, and the hoops frequently broke in driving on, a misfortune which could be remedied only by making them with hinges and forelocks, which was done; and by such means we managed to make a sufficient number.

* A hoop or ring made of rope.

Another report of several tigers having been seen during the night on the beach in our neighbourhood reached me, and I determined on proving its truth or falsehood by ocular demonstration, and therefore gave directions that whenever one was seen I should immediately be informed of it; I also desired that some muskets should every evening be loaded with ball, and previously to going to bed charged my fowling-piece with two pistol-balls in each barrel. On the night after this preparation, the sentry called to me that "There were five tigers on the beach." "Rather a formidable enemy to encounter," said I. But the number was quite enough to satisfy me that the animals were not of the kind they were supposed to be. I took my gun, and with the midshipman of the watch, the corporal of marines, and sentry, each armed with a musket, sallied down towards the beach, when there proved to be a group of the number stated. The derrick formed an excellent screen for us, and, by creeping along a little above it, we were enabled to get within about fifty yards of the objects of our attack, expecting to "bag" at least a brace of them; but they were too wary to allow us to approach nearer. Finding they heard us, I discharged my gun into the midst of them, and they simultaneously rushed into the sea and disappeared. They were sea-pigs (capivara), of which we subsequently saw a considerable number, killed several, and found their flesh excellent food, but with this exploit terminated our tiger-hunting at Cape Frio. On subsequent enquiry, I found that it was not by any means an unusual occurrence for tigers to swim over from the main-land in quest of the very animals which in this instance had been mistaken for them, and of which they are very fond; and, therefore, considering that there was no particular obstacle to their approaching and making free with one or two of us should their appetite dispose them for a more delicate morsel, I repeated the order that the people should not stray into the woods, excepting in parties.

During the succeeding three days after the 1st of April, the swell was too great to admit of working the bell, and the people were employed on the cliffs in securing several lengths of the Thetis's chain stream cable to the different fastenings to attach the derrick gear to; the party of excavators was increased, some hands were employed in making torches, others in cutting wood for capstan and crab bars, and sinking bolts at various points. Carpenters were employed in making money-boxes, and on the 4th, Moore the engineer, with his party, blasted a hole in the rock to form a step for the derrick.

The 5th was a very favourable day: by sunset we had recovered a large quantity of treasure, and there still remained much more within reach. Determined to persevere, we lighted the torches, and made the other preparations for continuing to work through the night, but shortly afterwards the sky suddenly became overcast, and thunder, lightning, and rain, following in quick succession, disappointed our hopes, and drove us to the harbour.

On the following morning we made another trial, though there was a great deal of swell, and the launch surged violently; still, though at great risk, we persevered for two hours in our endeavours to land the bell, but they were fruitless; we found it impossible, and consequently returned to the harbour. But on the 7th the sea was sufficiently quiet to admit of our placing it between the rocks, which being at length accomplished, we got at the treasure that had been left on the evening of the 5th. At dark the torches were again lighted, and the work continued until nine o'clock, when we concluded a very productive though exceedingly dangerous day's work.

The unsettled state of the weather and the sea (as before mentioned) had, for several intervening days, precluded the possibility of working the bell, which enabled me to direct my whole force and attention to the derrick, the hooping of which was completed on the 6th, and we then commenced woolding* it, and getting all the clothing on, which for a considerable time had employed a gang of riggers, and was now completed under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Chatfield.

On leveling the cliffs for the platforms, the excavators discovered amongst the decomposed granite a great quantity of mica of a bright yellow colour, which they supposed to be gold, and brought many specimens of it to me under the idea that they had found a far more profitable mine above than below the sea. I endeavoured to undeceive them in this respect, but they looked very incredulous, nor could I for a long time remove the impression from their minds; their skepticism was rather amusing, for, whenever I visited them, I was sure to find a heap of it placed in a corner for my inspection, and on every occasion they had some new reason for assuring me that it *must be* the precious metal. We had by this time taken off thirteen feet of the peak of the northeast cliff, and thereby made a platform of eighty feet by sixty; on this was placed the Lightning's capstan and four crabs, formed of the heels of the Thetis's topmasts, the Lightning's bower and stream anchors, and the store anchor, to which were shackled the chain splicing-tails and several lengths of the Thetis's chain stream cable which we had recovered, extending several fathoms over the cliff to attach the standing parts of the topping-lifts and guy-topping lifts to, and preserve them from chafing against the rocks. There were also eight large bollards placed in proper situations for other securities. Four other platforms, each large enough for working a crab, were made at appropriate parts for using the guys and guy-topping lifts. The roads and paths that had been cut, extending from our encampment to those platforms, and from the one to the other of them, together amounted to the length of nearly a mile and a half. The zig-zag path down the cliff was finished, and at those parts of the main cliff which were inaccessible in that manner, rope-ladders were substituted, and thus a communication was formed with the cove at the point where the derrick was to be stepped.

All this being done, the large hawsers† were rove through the blocks, their purchases lashed to them, and partially overhauled‡ over the cliffs. The getting the before-mentioned heavy articles up was most distressingly laborious, for they were obliged to be carried a great part of the distance where the surface was covered with a loose deep sand, and to this cause may be mainly attributed a complaint of the heart which subsequently attacked several of the people.

Amongst the things crept up was a part of the bows of the wreck, including the hawse pieces,§ which were of great value to us, and were turned to good account by being fitted with rollers, and fixed as a breast-work on the brink of the main‖ platform for the gear to traverse over; this plan not only prevented chafing but likewise saved a great deal of labour. Mr. Jones succeeded in accomplishing this in a most effective manner.

The 8th of this month was another good day with the bell. On the preceding day we had taken up all the treasure which lay on the immediate surface, or could be found by removal of the small rocks within the space in which it had first been discovered. We now had recourse to digging, and, pursuing the plan I at first adopted, commenced at the lowest part; so that in the event of any that might be above being disturbed, it should fall into the hole thus made, and be arrested in its progress seaward; the advantage of this plan is obvious, and it was frequently exemplified during the continuance of the service. In the course of the day the bell-men dug through a mass of decayed and putrid provisions, which they at first considered were the bodies of those who were lost in the wreck; the stench arising from it was so insufferable that they were obliged to come up. In consequence of this, I immediately shortened the period for their remaining down until this place was cleared, but two of them became very ill, and indeed many of them suffered from the same cause.

The derrick, which was now composed of twenty-two pieces, united by a great number of dowels and bolts, thirty-four hoops, and numerous wooldings of four-inch rope, was finished on the evening of the 7th, and the clothing fitted on, and I now had arrived at a point which required much foresight and prearrangement, namely, the preparation for erecting it; and it was necessary to weigh with coolness and circumspection the mode by which this was to be done.

A party of about sixty of our best hands were employed in getting the Lightning's chain and hempen stream cables and large hawsers passed over and round the faces of the cliffs, and the purchases were sufficiently overhauled to admit of their reaching the derrick, and the falls brought to the capstan and crabs, ready for heaving it up. All who are well acquainted with the character and manners of sailors, know that it is no easy matter to rid them of their habitual heedlessness; I endeavoured to impress them individually and collectively with the necessity of caution in not holding by, or treading on, any thing, without first ascertaining that it was secure; the almost universal answer I got, was, "Never fear, sir;" which, from the fearless and careless manner in which it was expressed, was by no means calculated to remove my apprehensions for their safety. It is for those only who have been placed in a responsible situation, where the error of one order, or want of judgment in directing any thing to be done, might be fatal to many lives, to judge of the state of anxiety and excitement which this day's superintendence caused me. The task we had now in hand was one of immense danger. The parties working over the cliffs were some of them slung in bights* of ropes, some supported by man-ropes, some assisting each other by joining hands, and others holding by the uncertain tenure of a tuft of grass or a twig, while loose fragments of rock, being disturbed by the gear and the men who were working on the upper part, were precipitated amidst those below, endangering their being dashed to pieces every moment, while the sharp crags lacerated the hands and feet, and rendered the moving out of the way extremely difficult; circumstances which kept me in a state of rapid and constant transition from one cliff to another, in order not only to direct the whole, but also to point out danger, and to admonish the heedless. However, by great attention on the part of the officers, and by promptitude in rendering immediate assistance when required, this very arduous part of our work was performed, which I sincerely believe could not have been accomplished by any men in the world but British seamen; the only accidents which occurred being some cuts in the hands and feet by scrambling about the rocks, and a few bruises from the falling stones.

While this was doing, preparations were also made for launching the derrick, and I took Mr. Jones and Moore with me, and minutely and finally examined all the securities.

All the gear being prepared, in the evening I arranged the distribution of my officers with their particular parties at the capstan, crabs, purchases, &c. The smallness of the number of hands sent from the Warspite rendered it necessary that I should have every working man from the Lightning; and on this occasion she was left with only a few convalescents to take care of her, and even the young gentlemen were obliged to give their aid at the capstan. On the morning of the 9th the derrick was launched without a casualty, and while the boats were towing it to the cove, all the gear was got ready to be attached to it the moment it arrived at the proper position according to the plan I had given. It had to be towed for a distance of about a mile, subject to the influence of a strong current running westward through the gut, at once exposing us to the twofold danger of being driven to sea or against the rocks, either of which would have occasioned us great difficulty if it had not entirely frustrated our future hopes of benefit from the use of this machine. In apprehension of accident from one or the other of these causes, I had taken the precaution of placing bolts at several points of the rocks, so that in case of necessity a warp, with which the boats were amply provided, might be made fast. However, it reached the cove without accident, and as in this laborious work every thing depended on promptitude of action, I had all the gear fitted to go with toggles,† which so much facilitated the rigging, that in one hour and a half after its arrival every thing was in its place, and the Lightning's chain stream cable being made fast to the heel of the derrick which was placed directly under its step, ready for heaving up into it, and the guys being hove taut to keep it in that position, I left the further management in the cove to Mr.

* The act of winding a piece of rope round a mast, or other spar.

* Those parts which are made fast.

† Large ropes generally made like cables.

‡ All the parts of a tackle rendered slack or extended.

§ That part of the bow with holes in it for the cables to pass through.

‖ The principal is here meant.

* The double part.

† Large wooden pins, which, being fixed transversely in one bight or strop, attaches it to another.

Chatfield, and placed myself on the main cliff; for all the securities being untried, I felt that they would require my earnest personal watchfulness in case of the failure of any one of them, as a suspension of work would immediately be necessary.

Every thing being thus prepared, I gave the order to heave round, and every one was on the alert; but we had scarcely brought any considerable strain on the gear, when a report came to me that the heel of the derrick was displaced and driven into a chasm at the foot of the cliff, an accident which for this time put an end to further attempts to get it up. The day was far advanced, and therefore, as no time was to be lost, I had no alternative but immediately to cast every thing off, and return with the derrick to the harbour if possible; but this had become exceedingly doubtful, for the wind was much increased since the morning, and was blowing in heavy gusts, and the current consequently was proportionably more rapid. We repeatedly succeeded in towing it into the gut, and were as often driven back; till at length finding it impossible, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to get it through in this way, we were under the necessity of making it fast to the rocks until a small anchor and some grapnels were laid out, by which means it was ultimately warped into the harbour, and by half past eleven at night moored off the beach near the Adelaide, and the party which had come from the ship in the morning then retureed on board after a very fatiguing and dangerous day's work. Undismayed by this failure, by seven o'clock on the following morning we were again in the cove with the derrick. Our energies were raised to the highest pitch, and we soon had all the gear toggled to it, and the heel quickly hove up and placed in its step.

On this occasion I left the watching of the securities to Mr. Jones and Moore, and determined to direct every thing in the cove myself from my boat. Never was ardent exertion or attentive obedience more requisite or conspicuous than in this case. The enormous weight of the derrick, the great height of the purchases above it presenting a serious obstacle to communication, the number of these purchases, and the great distance they were apart from each other, rendering an union of the parties on any emergency impossible, were circumstances which much contributed to the difficulty of this task; despite of all which, at the close of the day, I had the satisfaction of seeing this huge spar in the place assigned for it, and the head of it hove ten feet above the water, no material accident having happened to any one. On the 11th we were again at our purchases, and the head was raised to the angle I had intended, being about fifty feet from the surface of the sea, and plumbing the part we were recovering treasure from. About the middle of the day the wind set in from the southwest, and the sea rapidly increased; but, fortunately, by half past one P. M. every thing was made fast.

During the operation of erecting the derrick, it evinced great pliability, the consequence of being composed of so many pieces, which obliged me to get numerous additional guys on; and having thus secured it, we returned to our encampment, all of us being excessively fatigued by three consecutive days of the most harassing exertion, and on the two former not having had any refreshment between the hour of half past four in the morning and late at night. On looking down from the precipice on this enormous machine, with all its immense but necessary quantity of rigging, it became a matter of astonishment to myself, and I believe it was to every one else who saw it, that, with the small means we had, we could have succeeded in placing it in such a situation.

It was impossible to expect that this work could be accomplished without the occurrence of serious casualties, but I have reason to exult when I state that none of any consequence happened; a result which could only be attributable to the great and unceasing attention of the officers, displayed in the energetic promptitude with which they put my orders into execution, and to the ready persevering exertions of the people, which seemed to augment in proportion to the magnitude and danger of the work to be performed; and I felt that from such a disposition no other than a favourable issue could result.

It has been my lot to witness many circumstances in which great solicitude has been evinced, but never one wherein such general anxiety and such an unity of feeling were manifested as on this occasion. And, indeed, it was most necessary, for if any one thing had given way, it must have been fatal to the whole,—a general crash must have ensued. This derrick, of greater magnitude I believe by far than any other ever constructed, was suspended by six topping-lifts, namely, the Lightning's chain and hempen stream cables; one nine and a half inch and one eight inch hawser, each double; one five and a half inch hawser, double; one of four inch, four parts, which was also intended for the secondary purpose of a purchase for raising the guns and other weighty articles; and two guy-topping-lifts, one of nine and a half, the other of eight inch, double. The lower guys were all of five and half and five-inch hawsers; and, from being led to about eighty feet up the cliffs, all had a lifting tendency. There were two pairs of belly shrouds* fitted with double runners and tackles midway between the inner topping-lifts and the step; and there were four tackles, besides lashings, at the heel to keep it in its place. The whole of the strops† were made of spunyarn, warped. There was also a runner fitted for removing rocks, and weighing the anchors, guns, and chain-cables. The bell-purchase was the Warspite's jeer-blocks, with six parts of five and half inch rope.

On the 12th I despatched the Adelaide to Rio with the men lent to assist in erecting the derrick, they having been with me twelve days. I now set the riggers to work in preparing the purchase, guys, and other gear, for suspending and working the large diving-bell from the derrick, and employed the carpenters in making a stage of sixteen feet square, to hang from the derrick-head, having hatches on hinges in the centre, so that the bell might be lowered through it, and which, when the bell was up, were shut down, so as to facilitate the getting in or out of it, and also for receiving whatever might be sent or brought up from the bottom. The stage was large enough to contain also sixteen persons, for the purpose of overhauling the bell-purchase, working the air-pump, attending the guys, bell-signals, &c. While these were in hand, the small bell was actively worked in the same manner as before, in taking up ballast, shot, bolts, and various other articles; in removing rocks and rubbish, and recovering treasure from amongst them. On the 13th we made another successful attempt by torch-light, but the number of hands being so reduced by the return of the party to Rio, there were not sufficient remaining to work by watches,‡ and therefore the fatigue, as well as peril, became so excessive, that from this time prudence dictated that I should not persevere in this mode any longer, and I therefore limited our working hours to daylight. The bell-men had become so habituated to the pressure of the air in the bell, that they could remain down a much greater length of time than at first; on some occasions, when not in very deep water, for the space of four hours and a half; and I was glad to benefit by this advantage in reducing the size of the large bell, by taking off a foot length from the bottom of it, and thereby rendering it considerably lighter.

The northeasterly winds blew much stronger at this period than previously, and rushed through the gut in such heavy gusts, that we repeatedly had great difficulty in getting the bell-launch into the harbour; and on the 19th, after many hours' warping and rowing, we failed in our attempts to do so, having carried away several warps, and broken a number of oars; we therefore had no alternative but to moor her in the cove for the night, with a small crew in her, and leaving the dingy as a tender to communicate with the main cliff. The officer of the watch was ordered to take his post on the main platform, and men were stationed at different points to give information in the event of any change in the state of the sea or weather, the vicissitudes of which were quite sufficient to dispel sleep from my eyes so long as my men and boats were in so perilous a situation; and many a restless night I subsequently had from the same cause. On these occasions, my order to the sentry was to call me should any heavy clouds appear, or the wind fall light. On this day I received orders from the commander in chief to discharge the whole of the officers and artificers of the Warspite, and on the second day after sent them to their ship by the Adelaide.

Having cleared away all the small rocks from the space in which we were working, and taken up the treasure to be obtained both in this way and by digging, on the 21st the sea in the cove being unusually still, we commenced the removal of those rocks of the greatest magnitude that could be weighed by the Brazilian launch, and in the course of the day we thus displaced three, the smallest of which, by rough admeasurement, was estimated to weigh about three tons. The method adopted for removing the rocks was very simple; it was by means of a lewis,* of a somewhat different description from that in general use among masons, being composed of two pieces only, an inverted wedge and a wedge, each having one side rounded and the other a plane surface, and a ring being in the upper part of each: the former was placed in the hole made in the rock, and fixed there by the latter; by means of a purchase and pendant† attached to the former, the rock was lifted by it, and the boat was then hauled into deeper water by a warp; which being done, a strain was brought on the wedge by heaving on its single pendant; the purchase was then slackened, and the weight being consequently brought on the wedge, by a blow with a heavy hammer, it came out, the lewis was released, and the rock fell. As I had no means for the present of lifting those which were too heavy for the launch, they were merely turned over by purchases from the most appropriate parts of the cliffs. When we had removed these obstructions, we dug down to the depth of five or six feet, at about which distance we came to the natural solid granite bottom, and removed large quantities of treasures during our progress.

The 23d was a beautiful day, and we were out with the boats by daylight; but scarcely had we attempted to lower the bell, when, notwithstanding the wind was fresh from the northeastward, the swell suddenly became so heavy that it was impossible to work, and it took us five hours' hard rowing to get into the harbour.

The treasure which we had now sorted and cleared amounted to 33,000 dollars, which was on this day deposited on board the Lightning. In the evening the wind was so strong through the gut that we were again obliged to leave the bell-launch in the cove, but on the next day we got her in.

On the 28th, the wind being from the southwestward, the sea in the cove was very heavy, the waves beating to the height of sixty or seventy feet up the cliffs, which I considered to afford a good test that the stability of the derrick, about which I had felt very anxious, was sufficient to resist a great force of sea; and it also gave me an opportunity of discovering the weakest parts, and consequently of applying additional support to them: it was gratifying to us all to find that it bore the assault so well.

On the 30th the Adelaide brought twenty-four persons from the Warspite, amongst whom were fifteen boys, landsmen, and ordinary seamen; they were in charge of an acting lieutenant and two passed mates; making, with the launch's crew, forty-seven persons, who remained with us fifteen days.

In addition to our sufferings, from the wind and rain penetrating our slightly-constructed huts, we were now attacked by myriads of tormentors in the shape of ants, musquitoes, fleas, and, though last not least, but worst of all, jiggers (chicres), to such an extent, that one might have thought we had invaded the united kingdom of insects, and that the whole community had risen *en masse* to expel us from their territory. The ants were so numerous that it was impossible to protect our food from them; one particular kind, of a minute size, attacked every thing that was eatable. Some were of an immense size, of which I have one now in my possession five eighths of an inch long; but these were not mischievous. The serenade of the musquito is too well known to need description here; but very few have experienced his sanguinary nocturnal embraces to the extent that we did, many of the people frequently having had their eyes completely closed by the effects of the sting of this insect. The fleas were in numbers infinitely beyond the power of any method that we could adopt for their destruction, for they were inhabitants of the sand; at night, swarms of them assailed us in our beds; while, by day, they were equally numerous in our

* Short shrouds, placed about midway between the customary rigging of a mast and the deck of the ship.

† A circular wreath of rope.

‡ Half of the crew at a time, alternately.

* An iron implement used in masonry for lifting large stones.

† The thick piece of rope to which the tackle was attached.

clothes; and it afforded amusement sometimes to pull up the leg of our trowsers and see them take flight like a flock of sparrows from a corn-stack; while there might be a hundred congregated inside the stocking, and if you turned it down to eject a rascal that was more troublesome than the rest, his ninety and nine companions resisted the "right of search," by bouncing in your face. Every one who has been much in a tropical climate knows what a jigger is, but here they were a hundredfold more numerous than I ever knew them elsewhere; and all who have not been in those countries in which they are found, may congratulate themselves on their non-acquaintance with these little insidious devils, the thought of which, even now, excites the sympathy of my toes and fingers; they penetrated the skin in almost all parts of the body, but more particularly the feet, forming a round ball, of which they were the nucleus, and causing sores, which, being irritated by the sand, became most painful and troublesome ulcers, and produced lameness to half of our number at a time; in a few instances they were extracted even from the face, and the very pigs and fowls did not escape them. Our encampment was also infested with a large kind of black rat, partaking somewhat of the nature of the opossum, having a purse for its young, and also the property of clinging by its tail, that which is generally called ring-tail. They had become so familiar, that even in the open day it was dangerous to leave any food unprotected; and scarcely a night passed without a reduction in my stock of poultry, which I occasionally purchased in large quantities for the use of the sick and for my own table, if I could be said to keep one, and which roosted about in the contiguous bushes. This made our plagues nearly equal in number to those of Egypt, and in some respects not very dissimilar in kind; ours being sand, rain, fleas, musquitoes, jiggers, ants, and rats; to which, subsequently, was added a very disgusting one,—snakes, which became so numerous that the thatching, and almost every other part of our habitations, was infested with them; they were frequently found in the people's hammocks and clothes, and several were caught on board the ship, doubtless having been carried there in the bedding when the reliefs of the quarter watches took place, or in empty casks, or such like. On one occasion one of those reptiles, of frightful magnitude, paid us a visit; my clerk's assistant was writing in the hut denominated the office, when he heard a rustling in the overhanging bushes, and something near the side of his face attracted his attention. On looking round, to his astonishment and terror, he discovered that a huge snake, pending from the bushes, had extended its head to a distance of several feet through the hole which answered the purpose of a window, and, with glittering eyes, was harmlessly looking about, as if on a tour of inspection. He was not a man to be scared by trifles; but this was enough to shake the strongest nerves, and I should think that there are but few who would not have done as he did. He roared out and "alarmed the camp," but there were very few persons in it, for the bell was at work in the cove at the time. Muskets, cutlasses, sticks, and every other weapon that was at hand, were in great requisition; a general attack commenced, every one who was near joined in pursuit, and the monster soon found it high time to be off. He, however, notwithstanding so serious an assault on him, did not receive much injury, having escaped with but one blow from a cutlass. I received numerous reports as to the dimensions of this extraordinary snake; my steward, who was a man of about five feet two inches in height, and weighing about fourteen stone, insisted on it that it was as big round as his thigh; and the sentry said it was as big as the Lightning's bower cable; and as to the length, the statements varied between twenty and thirty feet; and I have no reason to doubt the latter, for at Rio I was afterwards offered the skin of one which measured twenty-seven feet long and twenty-two inches broad. On another occasion, Mr. Sutton, the boatswain, went into the store, in which there was no window, to get a piece of rope; from going out of the glare of the sun and off the bright sand, the place appeared quite dark; he laid hold of what he considered to be the article he wanted, and pulled lustily at it, and was not undeceived until he had fairly dragged it out into the light, when he was horror-struck at discovering it to be a large snake, which, as may readily be imagined, he very soon gave permission to retire into the woods. He described it to be as big round as his leg, and full three fathoms long. At another time, the first lieutenant, master, and purser, were sitting at the table in their hut, discussing their wine, when a large snake introduced itself to their notice, by forcing its way through the thatching; they allowed it to descend nearly as low as the table, and then attacked it with sticks; but not liking so warm a reception, it made a precipitate retreat into the woods, before they could get outside to continue the assault. Indeed, they were so numerous, that hundreds of them were killed during our sojourn on the island; and I have repeatedly, on coming in from the cove, found five or six which had been caught by the people in the course of the day, and put into a cask for my inspection. I had the skin of a very beautifully marked one, eleven feet long, which I killed, but the ants destroyed it. Centipedes, scorpions, and tarantulas, were also very numerous, and frequently found amongst our clothes. Indeed, altogether, it might have been imagined that the blood of the Titans had been shed at the island of Cape Frio.

During the month, I had to regret a considerable increase in the number of sick. Cases of diarrhœa became frequent, owing to the unavoidable exposure of the people to the sun; and the cases of ulcers, occasioned by the jiggers, continued numerous and troublesome.

May.—On the 1st of May, we met with an accident, in endeavouring to put an extra guy on the head of the derrick. Some of the men, in attempting to get to a particular part of the cliff, ventured within reach of the surf, which being heavy at the time, one of them was struck off, and, by falling between the rocks, was much bruised; but, by the ready assistance of those near him, was rescued, and his life saved, although he was in a very dangerous state.

From the 23d of April the swell and wind were very uncertain; and, though we made repeated attempts, we could not work the bell. At times the surface of the sea was very smooth, and, to appearance, there was no obstacle to landing the bell at the bottom and proceeding as usual: but when it was lowered to near the bottom, the underset was so strong that it vibrated ten or twelve feet, and was violently driven against the rocks, to the great peril of those who were within—and it was found to be impossible to place it. But at this time there was no want of occupation on shore, for the strong north-easterly winds which had previously blown had much injured our huts, and rendered it necessary to give them a thorough repair, in both wood and thatching; which was done, and they were restored to a more water-proof condition. The Brazilian launch was employed in bringing timber from a distant part of the island, which had previously been cut; some hands were occupied in making rope nets for shot, as weights for tallies, with which to mark different articles at the bottom. Many of the purchases required fleeting,* and a new set of truscot pump-hoses, which I had received, were prepared.

The whole of the derrick gear being of new rope, was much affected by the heat of the sun, and, from varying in size, stretched so irregularly that it required constant attention and labour to rectify it. On the 6th, it was at length all brought to bear an equal strain, the derrick fixed for working, the bell-purchase rove, and the bell hung to it. On the 8th we were again able to work, though the wind was from the southeastward, and there was a short bubbling sea in the cove. On the 9th, the stage was suspended to the derrick-head, the bell weighted, and all other arrangements were completed by the 11th, on which day we made the first trial of this immense machine; and, in order to put its expected advantages to the test, I first made an attempt to work the small bell, but the state of the sea was such that the launch surged, and the bell swung to and fro so much that it was impossible to manage it.

The large bell-purchase was worked by the capstan on the main cliff, which being too distant for the voice to be distinctly heard at all times, I devised a simple little semaphore with one arm, as the medium of communication, three signals only being necessary—they were these: the arm pointing upward, to heave up; to the right, lower; to the left, hold fast. The bell was fitted with three span-guys with a single whip; one from the derrick, at about sixty feet within the stage; one from the starboard, and the other from the larboard head guys, at about the same distance; and these enabled us to shift the bell over a space of ground of about sixty feet one way and thirty the other. It was my intention afterwards to rig the Lightning's fore-topmast out at the derrick head, for a guy-boom, and this would have increased the space to sixty feet square, without altering the position of the derrick. I had also intended, had I been supplied with a sufficient number of hands, to work both bells at the same time.

On examination of the bottom from the large bell, it was found that the almost constantly agitated state of the sea had filled up all our excavations; many large rocks had fallen into them, and there was no treasure to be seen. Our first care, therefore, was to remove these impediments, and the advantages of the derrick were immediately perceived. One of the greatest obstacles to working the small bell was the surging of the launch, by which the warps which secured her in her position in the cove were frequently broken, to the imminent danger of the bell-men. We now had the benefit of a fixed point, from which the large bell was suspended, and with the assistance of the guys we could lower it with considerable exactness to work on any part. This stability enabled us to fix with ease the lewis in the rocks, at times when it was impossible to use the bell-boat. The derrick also, as a bridge, afforded us the facility of a ready communication with the main platform, by means of the rope-ladders placed to ascend and descend by, and there was also the advantage of the greater capacity of the bell, which would contain three men; so that, on the whole, this was a machine which, viewing it in its combined nautical and mechanical construction, and considering the scanty means out of which I had to produce it, was perfect in its kind, and in every respect calculated for the purpose for which it was intended, and to do great credit to all whom I had employed on it. But while I thus looked on it, with some pride I confess, and with much gratification, and notwithstanding the strong test it had been put to on the 28th of April, I could not divest myself of strong apprehensions on account of the dangerous position in which circumstances had obliged me to place it; and my fears were, unhappily, too soon realised. The first day on which it was brought into operation, was devoted to boring some large rocks which were much in our way, and were supposed to cover a large quantity of treasure, and to preparing for their removal. On the following day we completed the boring of a rock, estimated, by admeasurement, to weigh about eight tons. The lewis was fixed, and the purchase being brought to the capstan, it was raised to a few feet from the bottom, and a guy of five and a half inch rope being made fast to it, and brought to a crab on the southeast cliff, it was drawn over in that direction and released. Several others of a large magnitude were displaced in the same way, and some treasure thereby discovered; but the weather changing, we were prevented from taking up much of it.

On the 13th, his majesty's ship Eden, Captain W. F. Owen, arrived, bringing me orders from the commander in chief to discharge the whole of the persons belonging to the Warspite, excepting Dewar and Littlejohns, and to send them with the launch to their ship.

On the 15th, other rocks were turned over—one of them estimated at thirteen tons weight—when we found a large mass of treasure, and continued raising it with such great success and rapidity, that on the 17th we took up the immense sum of twenty-one thousand six hundred and eighty dollars in value; and by the morning of the 18th, although the derrick had been worked on but eigth days, from the great facility it afforded us, we had taken up upwards of fifty thousand dollars in value, in that period.

Our constant liability to accident, and the fear that we might lose one of our air-pumps, induced me to request Captain Owen to supply me with his ship's fire-engine, which he immediately did, and I sent it to Rio de Janeiro, by Moore, to get it altered to an air-pump, according to the method I furnished him with.

We had now saved in the whole about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, in bullion and specie. And as the Eden had come out for the purpose of carrying to England so much of it as was ready, I made my first shipment by her, to the amount of about one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, consigned to the Bank of England, in the name of myself and the rest of the salvors, and she sailed on the same day.

* The act of extending the blocks of the tackles to a greater distance from each other.

During the sojourn of Captain Owen, he evinced great interest in all our proceedings, particularly in the construction, erection, and working of the derrick. He denominated the work as being such as had never been equaled within his knowledge—and I felt much flattered in being thus complimented by so competent a judge;* and I cannot omit here acknowledging his great kindness and liberality during the time he was with us. We were taking up large quantities of treasure, and, being present, and my superior officer, he might, without any great stretch of power, have taken charge of the enterprise while remaining there—have employed all my machinery, as well as the resources of his own ship, and thereby have become an actual salvor, and legally entitled to share salvage as such; but it is with feelings of thankfulness that I state his conduct to me to have been the very reverse. On his first arriving, he, with the greatest consideration, told me that it was not his intention to interfere with me, but that if I wished for any assistance within his power to afford me, he should be happy to give it, without an idea of deriving any benefit from so doing. I mention this conduct of Captain Owen, not only from being impelled by gratitude, but also to bear testimony to the generosity of a really scientific person, who, being on the spot, might have suggested ideas and given orders in furtherance of the service, and thus have legally established a claim both to a proportion of its merits and rewards.

We continued working on the morning of the 18th, until past nine o'clock, taking up treasure as fast as we could dig it from that part from whence the large rocks had been removed, and there was every prospect of our reaping an abundant harvest; but the wind suddenly set in from the southward, and we were obliged very hastily to quit the cove.

The bringing of the derrick into use had cost us a great deal of labour and anxiety, and it was now rapidly compensating us for both. But scarcely had we time to congratulate ourselves on the subject than a sad reverse dashed the cup of joy from our lips. Hitherto, notwithstanding it had occasionally blown fresh into the cove, and the sea had beat to a great height up the cliffs, yet the derrick firmly withstood the shocks. We had never yet had a *gale* of wind from the southwestward. But on the afternoon of this day a strong breeze arose, which gradually increased towards the evening, by which time the sea was beating seventy or eighty feet high; and the appearance of the weather being very threatening, I dreaded the consequences, and placed a strong party, of which of course I was at the head, to watch the derrick during the night. Hour after hour passed; the storm continued to increase, and with it my anxiety. At one o'clock on the morning of the 19th, it blew a perfect gale; the cove was in a far more disturbed state than I had ever seen it before; the sea rolled up the cliffs to an astonishing height—and by daylight the cove was in a state of awful commotion. The spray beat over the heights to such a degree that, while standing on the main platform, at an elevation of one hundred and fifty-five feet, I was completely wet, and could scarcely resist it. Every succeeding wave was heavier than the former one, and struck the derrick with increased force, and shook it violently, while I was watching it with all the distressing feelings that a father would evince towards a favourite child when in a situation of great and immediate danger. Still, so good and so equalised were the securities, that it continued to withstand the assault. By six o'clock, the wind had risen to a heavy gale from the west-southwest, which, not being directly into the cove, threw the waves obliquely against the southeast cliff, and caused them to sweep along its whole length, until opposed by the northeast cliff, from which, as each wave recoiled, it was met by the following one, and, thus accumulated, rose in one vast heap under the derrick stage, beat it from under the bell, and washed away the air-pump, air-hoses, and semaphore, which unfortunately had been left there in consequence of the hurried manner in which we had been driven by the weather from our employment on the previous day. The stage was suspended at a height of thirty-eight feet from the surface of the sea, when in a quiescent state—from which circumstance an idea may be formed of the state the cove was in on this occasion. Nine o'clock arrived, and I had, almost without intermission, been watching for fourteen hours. The constant concussions the derrick received had by this time caused the gear to stretch, and it had become, with the exception of the topping-lifts, much slackened and irregular. Our utmost efforts were therefore given to rectifying it; but notwithstanding this, every blow from the sea caused the spar to vibrate to an alarming degree. Nothing more could possibly be done to save it; and I saw plainly that, unless the gale suddenly ceased, its destruction was inevitable. I therefore left an officer to look out, and report to me immediately as soon as the event should take place—then quitted the cliff, went to my hut, and arranged my parties for the work to be put in hand consequent on the catastrophe. Scarcely had I done so before I saw the officer coming down to me, and, anticipating his report, went to meet him, and received it, which was to the effect that, at ten o'clock a stupendous roller had rushed in, struck the derrick on its side, and broke it off at about twenty feet from the heel. Thus in one crash was destroyed this child of my hopes, just after it had arrived at maturity: a disaster which never would have happened if I had had sufficient wood to make it long enough to be stepped high up the cliffs, as was originally intended. In a very short time it was dashed into six pieces, forming, with the multifarious gear, one confused mass of wreck.

My constant apprehensions from the period that I found myself compelled to place the derrick step near the water's edge, had induced me to mature a plan for a substitute, should ever the disaster occur. This was a suspension cable, to be extended diagonally from the northeast to the southeast cliffs, with cross cable guys from the western peak to the eastern corner. This device was entirely different from that intended previous to my leaving Rio. My diagram of it was prepared, and I had even gone to the detail of the distribution of the officers and men; therefore not a moment was lost in going to work, and, in a few minutes from the period of the misfortune, all hands were actively employed in the particular work selected for them to perform. A party of hands were immediately set to work in excavating the rocks on the southeast cliff, near the place where the crew of the Thetis landed, to form a platform; and another party in preparing situations for the fastenings, as well as other necessary measures for getting the cable across—while the rest had ample field for exertion in saving all the rigging possible from the derrick. Mr. Delafons, the first lieutenant, was directing on the northwest, and Mr. Pope, the master, on the southeast cliff, and myself on the main platform, and occasionally visiting the whole of the parties.

On this occasion we very nearly lost the former officer. The sea was roaring with terrific fury up the cliff where his gang was at work, and below was one of the guys, on the saving of which depended a great deal more of the rigging. To get down to make a rope fast to it was very hazardous, and I had given him the caution, that although it was essential in our present paucity of stores to recover all that we could, yet the preservation of life was the first object of consideration; but, in his ardour to be conspicuously useful, he ventured down to fasten the rope himself, and just as he had accomplished it, the sea struck him, and beat him from his position. He however fortunately caught hold of the guy, and managed to cling fast until those above threw him a rope, which he made fast to himself, and was hauled up by them, and thus rescued. On the following day, I sent him overland with a letter to the commander in chief, informing him of the accident, and the new plan I had devised.

Being deprived of the Warspite's launch, and no other boat being supplied to me in lieu, I was obliged to have recourse to the Brazilian launch for a bell-boat, and therefore on the 21st hauled her up on the beach, for the purpose of fitting her as such. On the 22d, the wind shifted to the eastward, the swell moderated in the cove, and we were enabled to go out with the pinnace to assist in clearing the derrick-gear—the greater part of which was saved by noon, on the 23d, but many of the blocks were lost, some were split, and all the rope much cut and chafed by the rocks. Several pieces of the derrick were towed into the harbour, and hauled up on the beach; and in the afternoon we attempted to heave up the large bell, which had been sunk when the derrick was lost, but it was so jammed by the rocks at the bottom that the purchase-fall broke. By the evening, the people were very much exhausted by their excessive exertions since the 19th. The carpenter's crew of the Warspite being taken away, some of the Lightning's being in the sick list, and the fitting of the Brazilian launch requiring the whole of the remainder, I was very short of artificers, and was therefore under the necessity of seeking for Brazilian carpenters, and was fortunate enough to obtain four from the city of Cape Frio, about nine miles distant, who, although they were by no means good workmen, yet relieved our hands from some of the rough work, such as cutting timber. We were for the present without the means of proceeding in the recovery of treasure and stores, but it so happened that the weather was such as to render it impossible to work if we had had them.

During the whole of the 25th, all hands, excepting the artificers, were employed in overhauling, splicing, and repairing the gear saved from the derrick, which was subsequently to serve as rigging for the suspension cable. On the 26th, the Brazilian launch was completed, and furnished with the diving-bell and the small air-pump, which I had made at Rio, previous to starting from thence. The swell had much subsided, but it was still so heavy as to render it very dangerous to work. Notwithstanding this, we went out, and the recovery of Fisher's pump, and the air-hoses which had been washed from the derrick, being an important matter, we commenced searching for them. Fortunately, immediately after they were lost, and before the accident to the derrick, I had taken cross bearings, and was thereby enabled to place the boat nearly over the spot. Dewar was the person who volunteered to descend on the occasion. The launch surged frightfully, and the bell vibrated greatly; still he succeeded in finding one length of air-hose—and this gave us hopes of recovering the rest of them, and the pump. But scarcely had we congratulated ourselves on this success than we were doomed to another very serious and nearly fatal accident. Failing of seeing the pump, he made the signal to move outward, which we did into eleven fathoms water; but, from the depth of water and consequent extended length of hose, the action of the swell against it was greater, and caused it suddenly to burst. The bell instantly filled, and poor Dewar was again obliged to emerge from it and swim to the surface, and was taken up in a very dangerous state, from the great distance he had to rise, and being severely bruised against the rocks, the bell having been very near the bottom at the time of the accident.

On the 27th, we renewed the search, Heans volunteering to go down—and, after removing the launch in various directions for several hours, he at length made the signal, previously determined on, that he had found the air-pump. A large rope was immediately sent down to him, which he made fast to it, and to our great satisfaction, we soon had it in the boat; and as a sort of palliative for the severe reverse we had suffered, it happily had fallen between two large fixed rocks, and therefore was not greatly affected by the action of the sea; but the break and delivering flange were lost, and one of the cylinders was injured. We did not succeed in recovering any more of the hoses, but fortunately I had anticipated the probability of accident to them, and in March applied for and procured others, which were prepared for use. In the afternoon we found the large bell, got a hawser fast to it, and hove it up to the main cliff. It had not fallen in so favourable a situation as the pump, but among loose rocks, amidst which it must have been cast about during the gale, for it was smashed to pieces, nothing of it remaining but the mere shell, some of the iron bars, and part of the chain-cable which weighted it. This misfortune drove me to the necessity of breaking in upon the Lightning's stowage, and it was with the greatest regret that I was obliged to take a two-ton tank from her to make another large bell, on which the artificers were immediately employed.

The repairing of the air-pump afforded full employment for myself, Mr. Jones, and Stebbing, during the greater part of the night. It was partially done by the morning, and we were out with the small bell at an early hour, but, as before, a great quantity of rubbish had been washed into our excavations, and took us the greater part of the day to clear away—which being done, we recovered some treasure, and on the following day a large quantity more—though during the latter part of the afternoon the weather was very cloudy, with lightning, and every appearance of a change of wind.

* See Appendix, No. II.

Notwithstanding the loss of the derrick was a very serious one to us, yet we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had derived much benefit from it, not only in having been the means of recovering a large quantity of property with great rapidity, but also in removing some very large rocks which had impeded us very much. We had the cable in progress as a substitute, and had still our bell-boat and small bell to go on with, and with which we were working very successfully. Every means we had brought into practice had succeeded, so that on the whole, although the misfortune had caused us a great deal of fatigue, our circumstances were not for the present by any means desperate, and we went on cheerfully; but another disaster awaited us close at hand.

Although the appearance of the sky, on the evening of the 29th, had been very threatening, it had subsided during the night, and the morning of the 30th was very fine. The wind was from the northeastward, and the cove unusually smooth, with every prospect of continuing so. Mr. Pope was the officer of the bell-boat for the day. We were out with all the boats at an early hour, and continued working with great success until half past one in the afternoon, when, without any kind of warning, the wind suddenly changed and set in from the westward, and in a few minutes there was an alarming sea. We immediately cast off all the warps, and all the other boats took the launch in tow, myself leading in my gig. By prompt exertion we succeeded in getting about two cables' length* from the coast, and altered our course towards the gut, but here our utmost efforts to get further were unavailing; we could not even hold our own. In consequence of the top weight of the bell hanging to the launch's davit, she rolled frightfully, and shipped water to an alarming degree. Mr. Pope employed all hands that were not at the oars, in bailing with buckets, hats, and shoes, but it was all in vain—they could not keep her free; and he was under the necessity of reporting to me that the water was fast gaining on them. This was no time for hesitation. It at first occurred to me to steer the opposite way, and by going round the island, to reach the harbour by the eastern entrance; but on looking towards the southeast point, I discovered that the opposing wind and current had caused such a heavy sea, or rather race, that it would be impossible for us to pass it. My directions were therefore for the boats to return to the cove with the launch, and place her as near as possible to that part which was least under the influence of the waves, to lower the bell to the bottom, to unreeve the purchase-fall, leaving the preventer-runner as a buoy-rope, with a buoy to it, and then endeavour to return to the harbour. But if they could not get the launch out of the cove, she was to be made fast to the bell, the runner serving as a cable, and, her crew being first taken out, she was to be abandoned, and the other boats were to make the best of their way to the harbour with the people. As soon as the great danger the launch was in became apparent, the saving of the air-pump was an object of great importance to me, as the being deprived of it on the former occasion had caused me a great deal of uneasiness, in consequence of our not having any other of equal power. We could not approach the launch while she was rowing, because of impeding her progress, and she was rolling so heavily that I was apprehensive she would go down every moment; we therefore waited until she reached the situation I had pointed out in the cove, then dashed alongside and took the air-pump into the gig, which immediately placed her in a more dangerous state than even the launch was, and we were obliged to make for the harbour immediately. By this time the sea had become dangerous for any small boat, and before I had reached half way to the gut, I should have been heartily glad to get rid of the air-pump, which but a short time before had been an object of my greatest solicitude to obtain, but it was impossible. In consequence of the quick motion of both the boats, and the great weight, as well as inconvenient shape for handling, of the pump, we could not place it in the centre of the gig, and thus being unavoidably placed on one side, it gave her a considerable heel;† and it is evident that any attempt to throw it overboard, by bringing the weight of the men to the same side, must inevitably have swamped the boat, particularly as she had now a great deal of water in her. In this dilemma I was under the necessity of laying in the aftermost oar, and sending the man who had been rowing it forward in the bow, so as in some measure to counterbalance the weight of the pump, whilst another of the boat's crew, with his hat, and myself with the boat's bailer, continued bailing. We had lost our rudder in towing the launch; and thus, with only two oars to row, and much water in the boat, we happily reached the harbour. Had we swamped, not a soul could have escaped. On approaching the beach, I waved for assistance, and a party of hands came down to receive us when we reached it, so that the pump was speedily taken out by them; and I immediately despatched every one from the encampment to the summit of the cliffs, prepared with ropes, to watch the boats in their progress along the coast, and to render assistance, should they be driven on the rocks. While I was giving these directions, the gig was bailed out, and we instantly started again, my object of most painful anxiety now being the safety of the people in the other boats; and it is they only who have been similarly situated that can judge of the distressing state of mind I was in. On reaching the gut, we had to encounter a greatly increased sea, which detained me for a full hour in the most agonising suspense; for we could see nothing of the boats, with upwards of eighty people in them. My fears had attained the highest pitch, when a momentary lull enabled us to get round the point, and in an instant we had the happiness of discovering that they were, at any rate for the present, safe, but still maintaining a doubtful contention with the waves and current. On reaching them, we were received with three cheers—and I immediately resumed my situation of taking the lead in towing. On this occasion, Mr. Pope had exhibited a sound judgment. Having got rid of the encumbrance of the diving-bell, the launch towed much better, and he was enabled to get further out seaward from the land than on our first attempt; so that although he got into a greater strength of adverse current, he yet avoided a much worse impediment in the bubbling short sea, increased, as I have before mentioned, by recoil from the rocks, and the launch's oars were more efficient. We still had to oppose our efforts against the sea and current for several anxious hours—but as the latter is at this place always more or less influenced by the wind, which on the present occasion was in a great degree opposed to it, it at length slackened, and enabled us to reach the bay before dark; a most happy conclusion to our day's work, for, by the time I rejoined the boats, the waves were raging so violently up the cliffs that it was impossible for them to approach the coast. And if they had been driven against the rocks every soul must have been lost.

I should do despite to my own feelings, and withhold justice to my officers and crew, were I to pass this point of the narrative without expressing my unqualified admiration of their conduct under these perilous circumstances. Great coolness and sturdy fearlessness were indispensably necessary, and were equally manifested on this trying emergency; the critical nature of our situation seemed to infuse an additional spirit into them all, and to have summoned them individually and collectively to the exercise of their utmost efforts, which happily resulted in safety.

On my first arrival at Cape Frio, an inspection of the situation in which the operations were to be carried on enabled me fully to anticipate the peculiar dangers and obstructions to be encountered in the prosecution of the service; they had now come on us in rapid succession, and seemed to occur in so connected a train, that in truth the surmounting of one appeared to be but the introduction of another, and it might have been thought that the series of reverses which we had endured within the last twelve days would damp our ardour, and I doubt not that it would have checked that of any other men than British sailors; but I had under me a set of persons who had given such proofs of firmness and resolution, that I could at no period hesitate in pursuing with vigour the plan and measures I originally adopted, convinced that they would rise superior to all obstacles.

We were now without a diving-bell at all, and had, as it were, to begin our work anew. The Brazilian launch was an extremely fine boat, rowed well, and had other good qualities; but she was low, and our recent misfortune proved that in her present state she had not sufficient stability to bear the weight of the bell in a much-disturbed sea; I therefore determined on endeavouring to improve her, and on the 31st hauled her up on the beach for the purpose of raising her an additional streak, and applying bilge pieces and calking to her bottom.

During the month we had several cases of cholera and diarrhœa, besides catarrh and an increased number of ulcers and some painful wounds.

June.—On the 1st of June there was a tremendous sea in the cove, which put an end to all hope of ever seeing the diving-bell whole again, and I therefore got a tank from the ship ready to make another.

The fishermen had informed me that a piece of the derrick was lying on a beach at a distance of some miles to the northward, for which the pinnace was sent in search, and returned with it in the evening. From the 1st to the 3d, inclusive, the sea was so heavy that it was impossible to send a boat to the cove, and we were occupied in getting the bower cable from the ship, and carrying it up to the main platform, ready for suspending across; in conveying hawsers and lengths of the chain stream-cable to their respective situations, and fitting dead-eyes, pendants, and purchases for rigging it; laying down fresh moorings for the boats in the bay, and others just within the gut for warping the launch in; the carpenters were making bitts, shifting crabs, and fitting the launch; blacksmiths were making bolts and other iron work, and repairing diving-bell instruments, and the excavators were employed about the platforms and in sinking bolts for fastenings. On the 4th we got the cable across, and the sea having sufficiently subsided to admit of our sending the pinnace to the cove, we made two hawsers from the main and northwest cliffs fast to the runner of the small diving-bell, and hove a heavy strain on both of them, but could not move it in consequence of its being so jammed between the rocks at the bottom: the sea having increased so much that the boats could not remain in the cove, we made fast both hawsers until the force of the waves removed the rocks and released the bell.

On the 5th it blew hard from the southwestward with thunder and torrents of rain, and the cove was in awful commotion, while the sea heaved more than we had ever observed it to do before, and the spray beat over the cliffs and flew entirely across the island, reaching in trifling quantities even down to our encampment. It was Sunday, and therefore divine service was performed, and the articles of war read according to the usual routine. My people being completely fatigued from the incessant toil they had undergone since the 9th of May, I hoped to let them have a day of rest, but, as on the occasion formerly mentioned, my intention was frustrated by the elements. At about noon, a heavy swell set in on the beach, which washed the launch from the chocks on which she was placed, and beat her broadside on the beach, and broke the pinnace from her moorings, furnishing us abundant occupation during the remainder of the day to haul them up out of danger. The gale continued to increase, and on the morning of the 6th the bell-runner was observed to slacken, and it was inferred that the bell was released; all hands were immediately sent on the cliffs to heave it up, in doing which a large rock was dislodged from the upper part of the cliff, and, falling on the northwest hawser, cut it as with a knife, but the other hawser fortunately holding, we were enabled to raise the bell sufficiently high to be out of reach of the body of the waves. In the afternoon the surf on the beach increased until it reached the bank below the encampment, one hundred and fifty feet above the ordinary high-water mark; it entirely altered the form of the beach, and rendered it necessary to remove every thing from it; and it was only by the most prompt exertion that we were able to get the launch and pinnace into safety, being obliged to haul the latter up on the bank, and indeed I was for some time apprehensive that even it would be washed away, and that our workshop might be placed in danger.

The small bell was hove up on the main cliff, but, like the large one, was so battered by the rocks, that there was no part of it useful but the slings. The new small bell had been put in progress on the 4th, and being determined that it should be made forthwith, I took the superintendence of it on alternate nights with Mr. Jones, his crew and Leary the blacksmith working on the same plan, and by extraordinary efforts in this manner by night, and by means of all of them being employed on it by day, it was completed in the short space of six days; and thus, as there had not been any weather that would

* The length of a cable is one hundred fathoms.

† An inclination to one side.

admit of our working since the loss of the other, no time was lost by that accident.

The launch was also completed on the 10th, the bell hung to her davit, and the large air-pump was completely repaired, and I had now the satisfaction of possessing a boat, diving-bell, and apparatus, quite adapted to the service they were to be employed on, and on the first opportunity we resumed our work with fresh spirits.

The southwesterly winds were now prevalent, and the vicissitudes of weather particularly sudden, and the two alarming dilemmas we had been placed in had already admonished me to be very watchful of appearances, and also to devise every means in my power to avert calamity.

The former diving-bells had been loaded with both chain-cable and pigs of iron ballast, *fixed* within bars of iron; but in the new ones I made a great improvement by loading them with pigs of ballast *only*, placed within an iron frame, and merely wedged in; so that in the event of the bell-boat being placed in danger by a change of wind, as on previous occasions, we could readily remove them, and thereby render the bell so light that by a small tackle we could in a few minutes get it from the davit to the centre of the launch, and thus relieve her of the top weight: I also reduced the size, so that much weight was saved in that way.

For two days after the completion of the launch we were unable to go to the cove, and the people being very much exhausted, I was glad to give them a few hours' rest on each day, to mend their clothes, which were wretchedly torn, and to repair the huts, through which the rains constantly penetrated; and I took the opportunity to go to Praya de Anjou to make better arrangements as to an occasional supply of fresh provisions, and also of water, which from this time, during the rainy season, we were able to obtain whenever we sent for it.

By the morning of the 10th, the sea had much subsided in the cove, and at daybreak we started as it were anew; we felt the benefit of the late short interval of comparative rest, and commenced again with renewed vigour, when the advantages of the increased buoyancy of the launch and decreased weight of the bell were so obvious as to produce the most gratifying confidence. The gale had washed away all our surface buoys, and on descending we found that the bottom was very much altered. By this time, however, I had taken so many cross bearings that we could place the boat nearly over any part of the bottom which we wished to examine; and as some of the tallies at the bottom remained, and were soon seen by the bell-men, we had not much difficulty in finding our *mine* again, which, after a few hours' work in clearing away the rubbish, we were again working, and had a grand day of it, having by the evening recovered to the value of upwards of thirty-six thousand dollars; the following was also a very successful day. On the 15th we devoted the forenoon to taking up a large quantity of shot and rubbish, and removing some rocks; and in the afternoon of the 16th we recovered a large amount of treasure, and this appeared to finish the *lode*.

The greater part of the 17th was employed in searching, by taking up large quantities of iron ballast, shot, bolts, and other articles of copper and iron, and removing rocks; and in the evening we found a small quantity of treasure, which was taken up.

For the last three days a great deal of rain had fallen, and we had scarcely a dry article of clothing; and as the wet did not merely extend to our articles of dress, but our beds were to a great extent in a similar state, we were, as may be imagined, in a pretty miserable plight; the grass with which our huts were thatched being of a very coarse description, and as we had been obliged to use it as soon as it was cut, without drying it first, it shrank, and consequently the roofs became very pervious; in addition to this, the exposure in the boats was very trying; in the intervals between the showers the sun struck so hot upon us as to make our clothes steam, and the sudden gusts of wind which came down on us over the cliffs caused most uncomfortable chills. Under these circumstances I consulted Mr. Dabbs, the surgeon, on the propriety of giving the people an additional quantity of spirits, and his opinion according with my own as to the necessity of it, we spliced the main-brace* at nine o'clock in the morning, and this I continued to do every day to the end of the work, occasionally purchasing rum for the purpose. I must here crave the favourable consideration of our temperance societies, and they will the more willingly grant it when I assure them that Mr. Dabbs is one of themselves, never having drank a glass of wine or spirits in his life; for myself I must acknowledge that I gave a direct sanction to the crime by taking some brandy and water and a biscuit at the same time, and a great comfort it was. The whole of the 18th was devoted entirely to taking up a quantity of shot, removing rocks and rubbish, and carrying them out seaward; but no treasure was discovered.

His majesty's packet Calypso arrived on the 19th, and on the following day I made my second shipment by her, amounting to the value of about one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars, with which she sailed to England on the 21st.

From the 18th to the 22d, the sea being too heavy to admit of our going to the cove, we gave all our strength to the preparation for the suspension-cable, to repairing the boats, and making the large diving-bell; we also bestowed some attention on our huts, and as our thatchers had by experience become better workmen, they improved them considerably; indeed, we had from this time what might be called a small village. It consisted of a hut for the crew, about eighty feet long, with poles across at about six feet from the ground for hanging their hammocks to. At a short distance from this hut was the residence of the officers, at a like distance from the other that of the midshipmen, and below it was the guard-house and my clerk's office, which formed one side of a square, my hut another, my steward's hut and the mechanists' workshop another, and the remaining side was the walk for the officer of the watch and the sentry; this square was denominated Treasury Square, from the circumstance of the treasure being sorted, cleansed, and packed in it, and the depository for it being at the end of my hut, which was also my dormitory. There were also two large store-houses, one for the ordinary stores, the other for those that required particular care, which was likewise the workshop for the manufacture and fitting of air-hoses. Immediately contiguous to my hut was the general workshop, a place of about sixty feet long, and near to this was the provision store. We also had a small hut as the particular depository for the air-pumps and hoses, and the materials of which the latter were made, for it was extremely difficult to prevent their being injured by the sand. The cooking place was up above all. The whole, however, underwent some trifling alterations on occasions of thorough repair. This village, which the natives were pleased to compliment me by denominating "San Tomas," was situate on a rather steep acclivity at about a hundred yards from the beach; in the interstices between the huts were a variety of evergreen shrubs and trees, with numerous creepers covered with blossoms entwining amidst them, amongst which the white and yellow convolvuli and a brilliant scarlet passion flower were conspicuous; also many parasitical plants in beautiful bloom adhering to the branches, while interspersed about was the magnificent yuca gloriosa from fifteen to twenty-five feet high, with its thousand flowers, towering above the rest as if claiming particular observation, and here and there a gigantic cactus of the crimson and yellow flower kinds, all in wild luxuriance contributing a natural ornament to our rude abodes, and rendering our village on the whole a picturesque and interesting object.

On the 23d we made two attempts to work the bell, but the underdraught was so great that it was impossible. We were enabled, however, by means of the pinnace, to mark the suspension cable for making fast the cross cable-guys; it was then hove higher up, the south end made fast, the guys were arranged on the cliffs ready to be attached, and preparations made for heaving them up also. On this day an accident occurred of a man being washed off the rocks, who received such severe bruises as to deprive him of his senses, but through the skill of the surgeon he ultimately recovered.

The swell having gone down on the forenoon of the 24th, we succeeded in displacing a very large rock, and had the satisfaction of finding a mass of treasure, of which we took up a considerable quantity, principally in large lumps, having by the great pressure of the rocks and by oxidation formed a hard concrete with the particles of granite, iron nails, fragments of jars, glass bottles, pitch and paint, and various other materials. When we ceased working there was a prospect of a great deal more remaining immediately contiguous to the place, but there was a large rock in the way, by the side of which the bell-men had dug to a great depth and thoughtlessly undermined it: this very nearly cost them their lives, for while they were at work it inclined over against the bell, but fortunately, being arrested by another rock, not sufficiently to crush it. On the following day we made an attempt to remove this rock, but although the weather was calm, the action of the sea at the bottom was so great that we could not bore it for the purpose of fixing the lewis, yet notwithstanding this failure I had much reason to be gratified by the result of the day from the following remarkable incident. Past experience kept me impressed with the great danger which must always arise from the wind suddenly setting in from seaward, and I had constantly attended to every thing which I thought could indicate change, such as the appearance of the sky and sea, the particular roaring of the surf against the rocks, echoes, the state of the atmosphere as it might cause much or little refraction, congregating or dispersing of birds, appearance of porpoises, &c. &c.; yet in none of them could I observe any thing that gave a sure warning; but on this morning a circumstance struck my attention, which, from its apparently trifling nature, had till then been unobserved, but which subsequently saved us many a fatiguing row. On the southeast side of the cove, near to the part where the Thetis's crew landed, was a rock rising a few feet above the sea, and detached at a short distance from the cliff, with very deep water between them. I discovered that while the swell in the cove, which was remarkably smooth at the time, did not rise nearly to the top of the rock, the water occupying the space between it and the cliff continued rising and foaming over it, and that not simultaneously with the swell in the cove; it therefore was quite clear to me that the two effects could not be produced by the operation of the same cause. As it was not possible to stand on the rock at the time, I was obliged to defer the examination of this singular phenomenon until a more favourable opportunity. A few days subsequently I stood on the rock, and having prepared a line with a heavy lead, and a long piece of white rag tied to the line about three feet above the lead, I suspended the line down the fissure between the rock and the cliff, allowing the lead to remain at the bottom; whenever the water rose the rag was forced upward, but on its receding the rag was drawn downward and in a direction under the southeast cliff, which rendered it quite evident that there existed a submarine passage from a small inlet which was on the other side of the cliff; and further observation proved to me that the cause of the rise and fall of the water in the fissure was the underset of the sea occasioned by a distant and approaching southwesterly wind. Hence I derived an almost unerring barometer, the state of which was for the future amongst the subjects of observation by the officer of the watch, and formed one of his reports to me at daybreak in the morning.

Our constant liability to accident rendered it very important to have surgical advice near at hand, and it was with great reluctance that I was now called on to give my sanction to being for a short time without it at the island. In addition to the numerous cases of severe catarrh, rheumatism, and ulcers, we were in this month visited by a fever of a severe intermittent character, and the sick list was very heavy: the variable state of the weather, and particularly the pouring rains, much increased, if possible, our discomforts at the island; and I therefore, by the advice of the surgeon, sent him with the sick on board the ship, which change was found to be beneficial, and I therefore subsequently had frequent recourse to it.

On the 29th we were again enabled to resume our work in the cove, and succeeded in boring and removing the large rock which impeded us on the 24th, and the result was, that in two days we took up treasure to the value of thirty-three thousand dollars.

On the 13th we bored and fixed a lewis in the northwest side of a large rock which had before baffled all our efforts to remove, although it lay on a considerable declivity; but as we were already working in a bed of treasure, we merely attached a hawser to the lewis and led it to the southeast crab, and having excavated a considerable cavity on the southeast side of the rock, left it in that state, intending, on the first day on which we

* The giving a dram of spirits to each person.

could not go out with the boats, to endeavour to displace it from its situation; and accordingly, the following day, the weather being threatening, and a considerable swell in the cove, afforded us the opportunity of making the trial. The extraordinary effect which experience had taught us the swell had on every thing at the bottom, induced me to determine on availing myself of this natural assistance to our artificial efforts. As much force as the hawser would bear was applied to the crab, and a heavy strain kept regularly on it; the pressure being towards the cavity mentioned, the less resistance was opposed to its operation on the surrounding bed of pulverised granite in which the rock was lying, which the motion of the swell acting on at the same time, gradually dispersed, and the rock was in a few hours, by slow degrees, drawn and turned over for a distance of several yards; but as we could not go to the cove with the bell to release the lewis, of course the hawser remained fast, and by a heavy sea which set in a few days afterwards, was carried away, affording another proof of the utter inutility of a net of small rope in such a situation to resist the effect of the sea, and particularly the impossibility that it could resist the force of any weighty articles acted on by it.

During the month I derived much happiness from a diminution in the number of sick, but still the cases of ulcers caused by the jiggers continued to increase, and occasioned sympathetic glandular swellings; and it really was very distressing to see the poor fellows hobbling about at their work. I never in my life was in a ship in which there was not a "Jack of all trades," or "Caleb Quotem;" in the Lightning we had a rare one, and his versatile talent was never put to better account than on this service. There is considerable art in extracting a jigger well, and in this he had acquired great dexterity; and often have I sat in my gig near the bell-launch while the bell was at the bottom, and watched "Jemmy," as he was called, administering to the necessities of his shipmates by his operating faculty on their feet and toes, while they held the purchase-fall in their hands, their attention being divided between their duty and the effects of the application of a rusty needle, or, as it might be, the point of a clasp knife; the grotesque countenance of the patient exhibiting a good index of the torture he was suffering, and the expectant looks of the rest of the party patiently abiding their turns for the same kindly offices, formed altogether a subject for Thomas Hood or George Cruikshank; and however much the cause of their suffering was to be regretted, rendered it impossible to keep one's risible muscles in any thing like a state of discipline. There were several others who were pretty good jigger doctors, but none equal to "Jemmy," as I can attest from experience.

On the 30th, Moore returned, having been absent upwards of six weeks; and I had the mortification of finding that he had not succeeded in getting the fire-engine altered to an air-pump, nor was it done until I subsequently went to Rio and attended to it myself.

July.—The month of July commenced with southwesterly winds and occasional rain and bad squally weather, which continued until the 7th; and as excess of exertion both of body and mind had much impaired my health, I took the opportunity during this period to go on board the ship for a few days' change, and for the purpose of giving attention to the exercise of my people at their guns and small arms, airing the sails, overhauling the rigging, clearing out the holds and cable tiers, serving out slops, and all other such matters as were necessary to keep the Lightning in an efficient state for the general service of the station. I also received a capstan from Rio, sent by the admiral, which, after much alteration and improvement, was placed on the main cliff instead of the Lightning's, now removed to its position on board. In this week also great progress was made in every thing connected with the suspension cable, and the people got a tolerably good supply of fish, by means of a large seun which the commander in chief supplied me with; we also made our well on the beach at Praya de Anjou larger, and consequently increased the supply of water; in fact, this may be said to have been a thorough general service week.

On the 8th the wind changed to the northeastward, and we again resumed our operations in the cove; but the under draught continued so great, in consequence of the long period during which the southwesterly winds had blown, that it kept the bell in such a constant state of oscillation, that some hours elapsed ere we could place it on the bottom: having at length succeeded, and removed a large quantity of iron ballast, rubbish, and stones, which had washed into the place from which the large rock had been removed on the first of the month, we found a good deal of treasure.

And now I arrive at the most distressing part of my narrative, in the relation of a circumstance which, even up to the present moment, I cannot call to memory without grief, although no foresight or prearrangement of mine could possibly have averted it. It had all along been the daily subject of delightful reflection to me, that notwithstanding the unceasing and excessive danger that attended all our work, through the exercise of extreme watchfulness and preventive measures, up to the present moment not a life had been lost from casualty; but this source of happiness was now at an end. On the morning of the 11th it was perfectly calm, and the boats started for the cove as usual at an early hour; but very shortly after reaching it, the water in the fissure I have before mentioned began to rise over the rock, the sky became cloudy, and every thing indicated a change; the boats returned, and in a short time a breeze set in from the southward, and by noon there was a considerable surf on the beach. The Adelaide was lying near the Lightning, and her long boat had been sent to the island for some plank which had been sawed there for her use, and was returning with it. Mr. Linzee, the mate of the Adelaide, two of her men, a boy belonging to the Lightning, and Moore, (as passenger,) being in her. When they left the beach the sea was not breaking on the bar, and Mr. Linzee thought he might safely venture across it; but alas! poor young man, he was not sufficiently aware of its deceptive nature. By the time he reached it the breakers began to roar on it, and the wind increased so much as to induce him to reef the sail. Fortunately the attention of those on shore was at this moment attracted by the dangerous situation of the boat, and they were watching her with great earnestness. At the moment the sail was lowered for the purpose of reefing, a breaker rolled in upon them, and another immediately succeeding, filled the boat, and she sunk to the bottom instantly. The misfortune being observed, there was a simultaneous rush of the officers and people, who saw or heard of it, towards the beach; with the intrepidity of British sailors, all vying with each other in their endeavours to render assistance. By this time there was a heavy surf, but they dashed through it and swam to the cutter, which was lying at her moorings a considerable distance off: a sufficient crew, headed by Mr. Speck, volunteer of the first class, having reached her, the moorings were let go, and they were soon at the scene of distress, and at the great risk of their own lives endeavouring to save those of others; but out of the five persons only two, a man and the boy, remained floating. Poor Linzee was considered a remarkably good swimmer, yet it appeared that he swam but a very short time; Moore could not swim at all, and never made the slightest effort, but merely clasped his hands together, raised them up, and, standing up in the boat, sank with her; the other man endeavoured to swim until he became exhausted, and then sank. The bodies were subsequently found, and buried at the island, the funeral service being solemnly performed over them. The appearance of Linzee indicated that he had been seized with apoplexy. Poor Moore left a widow and five young children; I therefore immediately directed that she should be paid ten pounds a month until the service was completed; a subscription was set on foot, and it was really delightful to see with what good feeling all hands came forward to contribute to her relief; the amount subscribed was, I believe, forty-eight pounds.

On the 12th we took up a considerable quantity of iron ballast and shot; on the 13th we removed a large rock, and on the 14th two others, and found some treasure; but on the 16th the weather again became unfavourable. From some alteration on the station by the admiralty, the commander in chief was ordered to the Cape of Good Hope and the Mauritius, and sailed from Rio in the early part of this month; and previously to leaving the station gave me directions to place myself under the orders of Captain Waldegrave, the remaining senior officer on the station; but as he was in the Pacific, and consequently could not reach Rio for a long time, Captain George W. Hamilton, of H. M. ship Druid, who shortly after the admiral's departure arrived at Rio, gave me directions to place myself under his command, and on the forenoon of the 23d I had a proof of the necessity of my precaution in having the ship always ready for any other service, for the Adelaide arrived, bringing information of a revolution at Rio de Janeiro, and orders for me to join Captain Hamilton at that place as soon as convenient, leaving such a number of persons to guard the machinery and stores as I might think proper. Accordingly the two following days were employed in hauling the bell launch and other boats up on the beach, making other arrangements at the island, getting stores, &c. on board the ship, and preparing her for sea. It was not without considerable concern that I was about to leave my machinery, for the jealousy that the Brazilian government had evinced, and the correspondence which had taken place in consequence of our remaining so long on the island, as well as the very unsettled state of the country, led me to apprehend the possibility that every thing might not be left in entire quietude during the absence of the ship. However, we had always kept up a good understanding with the neighbouring natives, and I had no doubt that, should any inimical measures be contemplated within their knowledge, they would give notice of them to whomsoever I might leave at the island. Having selected three of the young gentlemen and twelve of the crew, I placed them under the command of Mr. Frederick Read, the acting second lieutenant, appointed him to the temporary charge of the enterprise, and supplied him with the following instructions:—

"The public service requiring my temporary absence, with the ship, from Cape Frio, it is my directions that you rigidly adhere to the following instructions.

"You are to consider the whole of the stores left on the island, whether public or private property, as in your immediate charge for the time being, and you will, with all convenient speed, make a correct list of them, and take especial care thereof, so that no part be stolen or wasted: and you will also keep a correct account of whatever may be used during my absence.

"You will correspond with me whenever opportunity shall offer, keeping me informed of every particular relative to your situation as for the present in charge of the enterprise in which the Lightning has been employed, directing your letters to me, or in my absence to the senior officer; and should any thing of particular importance occur, you will not hesitate to send Mr. Jolly overland with the communication, should there be no other immediate means of which you can avail yourself. Your particular attention must be given to keep up that good understanding which has hitherto existed between us and the natives, and they are not on any account to be molested in their fishing or other avocations at the island. Look-out men are constantly to be kept, *but not on any account the appearance of an armed guard.*

"It is not probable that you will be molested, but, should the Brazilian authorities at all interfere, you must not resist beyond remonstrance, but that firmly, and refer them to our minister at Rio de Janeiro.

"You will proceed in rigging the cable, according to the plan given you, whenever the weather will permit, but not on any account to attempt the use of the diving-bell. A rigid discipline is to be kept up, and there is to be as little absence from the island as possible.

"You will keep a correct journal of your proceedings as well as of all occurrences during my absence, and forward the same to me by every opportunity, always retaining a copy thereof. The great value of the stores remaining on the island rendering it necessary that you should be left in charge with a sufficient number of men to protect them as well as to carry on the duty above pointed out, the young gentlemen, and men named in the margin, will remain with you accordingly."

We sailed on the 25th, and arrived at Rio on the 30th, with 112,000 dollars on board, which on the 2d of August I sent on board his majesty's ship Tribune, being my third shipment.

Previous to our leaving Cape Frio, the boats had suffered much by the heavy work they were employed on, and were too few in number for the service. We also wanted a large and strong boat to convey to the harbour the guns, anchors, and chain cables, which I contemplated taking up as soon as the suspension cable should be completed, and the fine weather season set in. With this view I demanded a large pinnace which had been left at Rio by the Warspite, and she was supplied to me by the order of Captain Hamilton. This boat had been

assigned to me in the month of May, but the Adelaide was unable to bring her to us. I also bought a whale boat, so that we were now pretty well off. During the month of July, a fever, of a severe remittent character, again occurred, and there were many cases of severe catarrh, besides rheumatism; and ulcers continued to be numerous.

August.—Matters being arranged, and quiet being restored at Rio, I received directions from Captain Hamilton to resume my occupation, and sailed on the 23d, and arrived at Cape Frio on the 25th of August. We were exactly a month absent, and the relaxation from incessant labour thus afforded had done us all much good. My general health, as well as that of all hands on board, was greatly improved. We had got rid of the jiggers, and the ulcers were healed; we were no longer lame in hands or feet, and the rheumatism had in a great measure left us; in short, we were considerably renovated. But with respect to the poor fellows at the island, it is true that they had remained perfectly undisturbed; but I shall not readily forget their wretched appearance when they came down to meet us as we approached the beach; they were in a most miserable plight, every toe and foot, and almost every hand, was bound up with rope-yarns and rags; and on the whole they reminded me of a set of poor creatures whom I have known removed from a water-logged vessel at sea, after having remained on the wreck for a very long time, benumbed and frost-bitten.

On leaving the island, I had selected the most healthy and effective of my crew to proceed in rigging the suspension cable, which they had exerted themselves to do so long as they could; but latterly they were so lame as to be only able to protect the machinery and stores. Of course they were immediately removed to the ship, where, by the assiduity of Mr. Dabbs, they were restored to health.

The Lightning was placed in her former berth and state, and, as before, three fourths of the crew landed at the island, but we had a great deal of work to do before we could resume our operations in the cove.

Our bell-launch and boats, left at the island, were so affected by the sun as to require calking and other extensive repairs; the huts were in such a shattered condition as to need almost rebuilding. The air-hoses had suffered from the heat, and needed refitting; and our wells, or rather holes, from which we had before obtained water, were filled up, and had to be dug out. We also dug others at Praya de Forno; so that in fact all this kind of work had to be done over again. The three quarter watches, however, being landed as before, by the 31st we had the bell-launch repaired and launched, the bell suspended to her davit, and ready for working whenever the weather would permit, all hands being anxious for a recommencement. The large pinnace was hauled up on the beach, and put into a state of preparation for work.

September.—On the 2d of September we were again at work in the cove, and, as had been expected, the whole surface of the bottom, in the part in which we had formerly worked, was completely altered, large rocks having been disturbed by the sea had rolled down into our excavations, and the interstices between them were entirely choked up with small ones and rubbish; but on this occasion we were remarkably fortunate, for after employing the greater part of the day in removing those impediments, and not at all expecting to find any treasure for a considerable time, for some days at least, towards the evening, when the bell was descending, it swung over a part whence a large rock had rolled, and the bell-men espied a few dollars on the spot; and on further examination, by digging, they recovered several thousands, besides some bars of silver; and on the 5th, after boring, and by means of a hawser and purchase to one of the crabs, removing some contiguous rocks, we obtained a considerable additional quantity of treasure.

While at Rio I endeavoured to obtain a supply of truscott pump-hoses, but there were none in store, and those I had were so much used that I began to be apprehensive they would become worn out; I therefore bought a quantity of canvass and leather for the purpose of endeavouring to make other air-hoses. With the leather I entirely failed, in consequence of its quality being so bad, although I got the best that could be procured; but by particular attention in making them, and saturating the canvass well with a composition, which after various experiments I had made by compounding numerous ingredients, I succeeded tolerably well; those thus made being used on very favourable occasions, or when the others required repair. On the 6th we bored and fixed the lewises in a rock estimated to weigh twelve tons, which, by means of the hawsers and purchases hove on by two crabs, was turned over; and in the afternoon we bored two others, but did not attempt to remove them, but employed the remainder of the day in taking up ballast and shot, a quantity of copper bolts and iron work, and some treasure.

The improved health of my officers and crew, and the increase in the number of boats, enabled me to put a strong party to work on the suspension cable, and it was now fast advancing towards completion; but the finding of proper situations for the principal fastenings was a work of infinite labour and difficulty, and proved most vexatious and disappointing, in consequence of the quality of the rock, the exposure of which to the atmosphere caused it to split. By blasting and other means, we had removed many hundreds of tons of rock from the cliffs, and repeatedly found what we considered to be perfectly solid parts, for the securities, and bored holes and fixed numerous bolts therein; but, in a few days afterwards, numberless cracks appeared diverging in all directions from them, and it became necessary to excavate farther, and seek other places; however, we at length succeeded, had them completed, the cross cable-guys attached, and the cable hove up to its situation, which, with the guys, formed a cross over the cove, one end of the cable being secured to a bower anchor sunk on the northeast cliff, and the other having a large thimble* spliced in the end of it, with four parts of the Lightning's chain stream cable for a lanyard, each part reeving through a separate bolt, and two nine and a half inch pendants, hitched and seized on below the thimble, with dead-eyes and lanyards, the whole forming a sort of crow-foot,† and set up to bolts fixed in the southeast cliff, a little outside the spot where the Thetis's crew landed, contiguous to which a platform was made, and a crab placed, for the facility of altering the height or position of the cable if requisite; the guys were one of nine and a half inch, and another of eight inch, leading to the west peak, and two similar ones directly opposite to them; there being in each situation a platform and crab for working them, so that the point of suspension of the bell might be placed over any part we wished to work in.

For the four following days, though the wind was from the eastward, the sea was so disturbed that we were unable to do any thing in the cove, but this gave us an opportunity of putting our huts into a tolerable state of repair. On the 12th we again got to work, and succeeded in removing the two large rocks we bored on the 6th, and recovered some treasure and stores; but towards the evening the wind blew very strong in gusts from the northeastward, the current through the gut was more strong than I had ever known it before, and the swell increased in the cove, which induced me to leave it much sooner than usual. We managed to tow the bell-launch into the gut, and to lay out a warp, but a sudden gust broke it, and in a very short time the current and wind carried her out seaward to such a distance as caused us great uneasiness as to her safety. The pinnace was immediately directed to take the air-pump from her for security, to proceed to the island with it, and after landing it, to bring another grapnel and two warps, while all the other boats took the launch in tow to enable her to hold her situation. As we had not any additional grapnel besides the launch's moorings, the pinnace was considerably delayed in taking it up; she however returned before the launch had got into a greater depth of water than forty fathoms, and we fortunately were enabled to anchor her. The wind having by this time increased to a gale, and the gusts through the gut being very heavy, we were glad to be able to rest a short time, after which we resumed our exertions, by towing and warping at the same time; and the wind somewhat abating, we got her to her moorings by half past ten at night, all hands being completely exhausted by exertion, and having had a very narrow escape; for if she had drifted out beyond the smooth water and the shelter the land afforded, the sea was certainly too heavy for her to have contended against it; and having no sail, for it was impossible to encumber her with one while used as a bell-boat, she must have been lost. On the following day, notwithstanding it still blew a fresh gale, with heavy gusts from the northeastward, we were at work in the cove at an early hour, and during the first part of the day took up shot, copper bolts, and various other articles of stores, and in the afternoon brought the suspension cable for the first time into use in removing a large rock, under which was some treasure. The wind continuing to blow strongly in the evening, the bell-launch was left in the cove rather than run the risk of having her driven to sea again. On the 14th we removed another large rock, and experienced the benefit of the cable, for it afforded us great facility in this description of work, which, now that sickness had again so reduced our number of working hands, was a material object to us. From being more perpendicular to the weight, rocks were much more easily turned over by a purchase from the cable than by one from the cliffs at a greater distance; but in some cases, when the object to be removed was of very great weight, and required to be shifted far away, we used both at the same time.

We had frequently, while in the cove, been amused by the sight of numerous whales in the distance, none of them having come near enough to cause any fear; but on one occasion, the close approach of one, which I estimated to be eighty or ninety feet long, produced a feeling somewhat beyond amusement. This huge fish came to within a few fathoms of the mouth of the cove, when, as I suppose, being surprised by the abrupt impediment presented by the part of the cliff below the water, he suddenly turned round and went to some little distance off, but soon returned, and crossed several times, as if endeavouring to find a passage through; this caused us considerable apprehension, for if he had happened to enter the cove, on discovering that the depth of water suddenly decreased, and that he was enclosed on three sides, he might have become alarmed, and in his confusion just as easily have smashed our boats to pieces and set us all swimming, as he could have dispersed a shoal of herrings; this would have been "no joke;" he went away, however, without offering any molestation to our peaceful occupation. Having observed several large lumps on his back when he rose to blow, I was induced to row after him in my gig to examine their nature, and discovered that they were large putrid ulcers, which I presume might have been occasioned by wounds inflicted by a whaler's lance or harpoon, or perhaps by disease, unless indeed there are such insects as *sea jiggers*. Although we were not by any means desirous of the presence of such a visiter as the above, there were others which were by no means uninteresting. Shoals of porpoises, bonito, and other large fish, constantly came into the cove, and darted round about and between the boats in pursuit of, and feeding on, the millions of small fry with which the sea is replete; while just without, hundreds of boobies* were skimming above, and every minute darting down from a great height, and diving to obtain food from the same source; and the watchful and voracious man-of-war birds awaiting their arrival on the surface to seize from them the food they had thus procured. Besides these, there was a great variety of other sea fowl congregated in immense numbers, and some of them of beautiful plumage, each kind approaching the coast at a particular season of the year; these afforded very agreeable, and indeed interesting objects to the eye.

In consequence of the prevailing southwesterly winds, the swell from that quarter had gained such an ascendency that it required several days of northeasterly winds to quell it sufficiently to admit of our working in the cove; and consequently at this period our progress in the recovery of the stores and treasure was much more tardy. With the exception of a few hours on the 23d, when we were fortunate enough to get the stage hung to the cable, and a purchase rove for the large bell, from the 15th to the 29th inclusive, we were prevented going out with the boats, but we had no want of employment during the intermediate time. The wear and tear of our boats, stores, and implements for boring and removing

* An iron ring, made concave on the outside for the rope to fit into.

† Numerous ropes diverging from one particular point.

* A sea bird, so named from the circumstance of its frequently alighting on the ship and immediately falling asleep.

rocks, and digging for stores and treasure, were very great, and the replacing some, and repairing others, kept the artificers fully employed; the air-pumps and hoses were examined and put into good order; the large stage, similar to that lost with the derrick, was made for the suspension cable, and the gear fitted for it; the cable was hove-higher up, and the guys regulated; the great weights which had been removed by them, and the effect of the sun having caused them to stretch, the boats' moorings were examined and regulated; the store huts were cleaned out and the stores rearranged; sawyers were employed in cutting plank for repairing boats and other necessary purposes; a quantity of recovered stores was shipped on board the Adelaide and sent to our government store-house at Rio; and the large bell being completed, was taken down to the beach and placed in readiness to be put into the boat to carry it to the cove; besides all which, there was the never-failing occupation of repairing our huts. These were our employments at the island, while those afloat were a general clearing and examination of the ship, and gun and other exercises of portions of the crew.

On the 25th we were visited by a heavy storm, that blew over the cutter which was hauled up on the beach for repair, and also very much damaged our huts, and consequently increased our work. At length, on the 30th, we got to the cove and hung the large bell to the cable, and with the small one continued removing rocks and rubbish, taking up quantities of copper and iron bolts, iron knees, and various other articles, such as ballast and shot, and some treasure. During September, the number of persons attacked by catarrh was more than double that of the preceding month, and the complaint assumed a serious character, being frequently accompanied by enlarged tonsils, from which the persons so affected were very slow in recovering; there were also many cases of inflammation of the liver, besides bowel complaints and ulcers, as usual.

October.—On the 5th of October, we attempted to remove a rock which we supposed to weigh ten tons, but after breaking one five and a half inch hawser twice, and another once, we failed for the present. In the afternoon, although the wind was off the land, a heavy swell suddenly set in to the cove, and drove us from our employment there.

On the 8th, all the gear immediately attached to the large bell was completed; and I made an addition to the rigging of the suspension cable. In consequence of its being guyed by the cross-cable guys from the western peak, the *outer* or south end of the cable was not exactly in a line with the purchase-fall leading up to the main cliff, so that when a heavy strain was hove on the purchase, the crown, or point of suspension of the cable, was drawn over towards the eastern corner of the cove; now this change of position was not of the least importance in removing rocks or other heavy bodies, but it is obvious that in working the bell it was very material, indeed, because when the cable became released from the weight by the bell being landed on the bottom, the point of suspension would immediately deviate, and therefore whenever a strain was again brought on the purchase for the purpose of raising it, the bell would be drawn partially on its side to the great peril of the bell-men. To remedy this defect, I attached the Lightning's hempen stream cable to the suspension cable, at a few fathoms distant from the crown, the other end being carried out and set up with a lanyard and dead-eyes to some bolts placed at nearly the extremity of the south peak, and this acting as a jumper,* was in a great measure a remedy for the evil I have described. By means of span-guys attached to the bell, that on the north side from the suspension cable, on the south from the jumper, and on the east and west from the cross-cable guys, it could be placed on any part of the bottom, within a space of forty feet square, without any alteration in the position of the suspension cable. In the course of our work, we had at various time discovered the anchors, chain-cables, and many of the guns, but had no boats to spare that were of sufficient strength and burthen to take them into the harbour, and even if we had had one, the weather and state of the sea had been so precarious and uncertain, that we could not have ventured to do so; but we were now much better off; the suspension cable was admirably adapted for the purpose of raising them, and the large pinnace which I brought from Rio was strengthened and otherwise fitted for carrying them. Thus we were prepared for taking them up and bringing them into the harbour; but it was also necessary to have a convenient position for landing, and also for shipping them on board any vessel that might be appointed to take them to England.

From what I have already stated of the beach below our encampment, it will be readily seen that if we had placed the guns and anchors there, they very soon would have been buried in the quick fine sand, as was the case with the rudder and other articles; I therefore determined on a spot about midway between the gut and the beach, alongside of the rocks, where the water was sufficiently deep for the boats to lie, and there was a tolerably flat part upon which to place them; but though this was the best situation that could be found, still there were numerous detached rocks close to the shore which rendered the placing of the boat between them extremely dangerous whenever there was any swell. Having long since determined on this place, I had, amongst other prearrangements, cut down a number of trees high up the hills, brought the timber down, and exposed it to the sun on the upper part of the beach, and it was now seasoned. With this I directed a derrick fifty feet long to be made, and a party of excavators were immediately set to work to level a platform on the side of the hill above the landing-place, for placing a crab to work the purchase, and for fixing the different securities, while the blacksmiths prepared the iron-work. From the 9th to the 11th, inclusive, we recovered a considerable quantity of treasure by the usual modes, but the wind blew so strong from the northeastward, and the current ran so rapidly through the gut to seaward, that we could not get the launch in, and were obliged to leave her in the cove on each night; but at half past three on the morning of the 12th, the wind suddenly falling light, we went hastily out with the other boats to tow her in, and during the remainder of the day the people were employed in heaving the suspension cable higher up and regulating the gear, as it had again greatly stretched from the effect of the heat of the sun.

From the first moment that I had found it necessary that we should live on shore, I had always been apprehensive of the jealousy of the Brazilian government with regard to our remaining long on the island, and it had been my constant study to avoid any thing likely to give offence. To such an extent did I act on this feeling, that I would not allow even a flag of any description to be used, although a communication by signal with the Lightning would have been a great convenience to us on many occasions, and would also have saved the time and work of sending a boat to or from her; and so careful had I been, not to show the least appearance of military possession, that I would not allow the sentry guarding the treasure even to carry a musket or bayonet, but merely a stick, and I had unceasingly and successfully endeavoured, by courtesy and kindness to the natives whenever we came in contact with them, to conciliate their good feeling. Notwithstanding all this foresight and precaution, I had frequent communications from the commander in chief, and from the senior officer in his absence from the station, that a great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed to our minister at what was called the occupation of the island, and I was called on for explanations. First I was accused of interrupting the fishing, and cutting the wood, and had to show by charts and otherwise that the former could not be the case, for the cove was not amongst the parts they were in the habit of fishing in, and that they came to pursue that avocation whenever they pleased, and sold a large quantity of fish to us at a much higher price than they could possibly obtain any where else. Then it was said that I had built houses, and I was directed to explain whether they were of *wood* or *stone*—many a shattered constitution bears testimony on this point. Amongst the numerous orders I received on this subject was the extraordinary one that I should state "what were the private expenditures of myself, officers, and crew,"* and lastly was brought against me the more serious charge of having "taken exclusive possession of the island, and built a fort." This was too important a matter to be passed over without notice: the Brazilian government had therefore directed the municipality of the city of Cape Frio, distant about nine miles, to come and see if such were the case, and now in accordance with these directions I was visited by some of them. Of this I had no previous intimation whatever, and was therefore completely taken by surprise; however, when their approach was announced to me as "a number of respectable gentlemen coming," I immediately suspected something of the kind, and hastened to the beach to receive them, and as soon as they landed, immediately attended them to my hut. The moment they entered it, astonishment was evident in every countenance, for they had expected to find a village composed of comfortable houses. It was fortunate that I had by this time acquired a slight acquaintance with the Portuguese language, just sufficient to understand them, for there was not one of them could speak a word of English; and after loading me with more "Ilustrísimos" than I ever had heaped on me before, or perhaps ever shall again, they very soon let me know who they were and their business, to the effect, that it had been represented to the government that I had taken exclusive possession of the island, and prevented the person who rented it of the government from fishing, and obliged him to quit it; that I had constructed a fort, and had large guns there; and that they were directed to come and examine into those circumstances.

I told them that their arrival afforded me great satisfaction, as I could readily prove to them how utterly void of foundation these statements were, and that I was rejoiced that the investigation was confined to such competent judges as the municipality of the city of Cape Frio, and taking especial care not to be outdone in "Ilustrísimos," said, that after a long row in their boat in the sun, they would find the ascent up the hill and descent over the cliffs fatiguing, and recommended their taking some refreshment, which they readily accepted, and we then proceeded to business on the different points, *seriatim*. In the first place, on the subject of "exclusive possession," there was no difficulty, for it happened that there were some of the natives from Praya de Anjou at the island at the time, to whom I appealed, and they immediately bore a ready testimony that there had been no obstruction whatever to the fishing, or their coming to the island for the purpose of selling their various commodities, or on any other occasion, and that I had always been very kind to them, so that that matter was at once done with. I next conducted their "worships" to the platform on the main cliff, that they might examine my *fortification*. Here they were completely puzzled to know of what use, at such a distance off, all the crabs, capstan, and such a quantity of rope, could be in getting up money from the bottom of the sea. In order to explain this difficulty, I urged them to advance to the brink of the cliff, and look over at the suspension cable, when they all approached just far enough to get a sight of the diving-bell, which, as we were not at work, was hanging to it, but they then simultaneously halted; it was in vain that I urged them to go further, and take a more satisfactory view, that they might be certain there were no guns any where thereabout; at length I took hold of the arm of a little dark man who appeared much more anxious than the rest, and leading him to the breastwork, persuaded him to look over while I explained the machinery to him for the information of the whole, to whom he frequently referred, and they were all much amused; but while he was looking over, he was surprised by a peculiar sound, and, appealing to the rest of the party, said he heard cannon, then looking at me, asked earnestly where it was.

At the base of the cliff is a deep chasm, into which, whenever there was much swell in the cove, the sea rushed, and caused a report which by a stranger to the place might readily be mistaken for cannon; this was heard by the crew of the Thetis, and by them considered to be signal-guns, and on this occasion it attracted the attention of my Brazilian friend, and excited the anxiety which produced his enquiry; I told him what it was, but he was very skeptical, for he could not at all make out how water could produce such an effect. I was obliged to confine myself to the above simple statement, for, independently of my deficiency in the knowledge of the language, one might as well have attempted to discuss with him the best method of untying the Gordian

* A rope fixed in the opposite direction to the one hauled on.

* I do not mention this in the tone of complaint. Captain Hamilton considered it necessary, and gave the order with great courtesy.

knot as to explain philosophically to him the cause and effect. I however proposed to him to accompany me down the zigzag road and rope-ladders to near the bottom of the cliff, but this was politely declined. I have already stated that the hawse-pieces of the Thetis were fitted with rollers and fixed on the brink of the cliff; it certainly had the appearance of a battery in miniature, the hawse-holes being the embrazures; to this I called their attention, and assured them that it was the only fort I had constructed at the island, which excited their mirth, but set their minds quite at ease on that subject. I now urged them to go round to the northwest and southeast cliffs, and examine the other parts of our work, but when they reached the southeast crab, which was near two hundred feet perpendicularly above the sea, and the intervening declivity between which and the south peak being very steep, they declined going farther. Having satisfied them on this point of their investigation, and found that they had no objection to a joke, I told them that, as they had seen a specimen of my fortifications, I would now show them where I made the cannon, and they followed me to the workshop. Here were boat-builders, carpenters, blacksmiths, and sawyers, employed at their various trades, and shoemakers and diving-bell men making and repairing air-hoses, together forming a very busy scene: they walked round the place, examining every corner, and merely remarking that we were carrying on all sorts of trades, expressed themselves satisfied, and were about to retire; I however expressed a hope that they would not go until they had seen our great gun; this again excited their surprise, and they looked round with scrutinising curiosity and then at each other, as if to ask, Where can this great gun be? In order to give them ocular demonstration, I attached to the large air-pump a length of hose, and drove a wooden plug firmly into the other end; then, by putting four men to work the pump, the pressure of air became so great as to force the plug out, and drive it with great violence against the end of the hut, and to cause a report somewhat louder than that of an air-gun; the effect startled them a little, but they were very much pleased with it, and laughed heartily. I afterwards conducted them to the different huts and every other part of the establishment they wished to visit, and having ordered dinner to be prepared during our peregrinations, invited them to partake of such entertainment as the miserable accommodation of my hut would afford. Luckily I had recently received a supply of eatables from Rio, and was well off in my stock of wine, beer, &c.; the fare, therefore, was by no means to be thought lightly of, and they gave good proof that such was their opinion in their relish for Gamble's preserved soups and meats, which they did not fail to wash down with a proportionate quantity of champagne, port, ale, and porter; in fact, I never saw a set of fellows enjoy themselves more. We drank "William the Fourth," "Pedro the First," and "The municipality of *Cabo Frio*," sufficiently uproariously, and having settled these and all other matters, towards sunset they expressed their perfect satisfaction with the reception they had met with and the attention I had paid them, declared there was not the least cause of complaint against me, and above all that *I had not fortified Cape Frio*; and after the exchange of many compliments between us, they retired in at least as good humour and spirits as when they arrived. It may readily be supposed that, as I had not much knowledge of the Portuguese language, I had rather a difficult task to perform; however, by the help of a good deal of Spanish, a little French, and less Portuguese, I plumed myself on having managed the business rather creditably. I subsequently heard that four of them had gone to Rio de Janiero, and made a favourable report. Amongst other means of getting rid of the annoyance and trouble I had experienced on this head, I had in the month of May complained to the villagers of Praya de Anjou that there must be some very mischievous persons amongst them, who had made false representations to suit their own purposes, and that if such conduct was continued we must decline any further intercourse with them; they expressed their sincere regret at the circumstance, and immediately drew up a declaration as follows: "We, inhabitants of Praya de Anjou in Cape Frio, declare that we have no grounds whatever of complaint against the officers or crew of his Britannic majesty's ship Lightning, Captain Thomas Dickinson, nor have we been in the least annoyed by them." This was signed by twenty-five of the principal residents. I wrote to Don Antonio Garcia da Rosa Terra, the justice of the peace for the district, and enquired of him as to the complaints, and he answered that none had come to him. I also found out the renter (arrematante) of the island, and paid him the amount of a year's rent, which satisfied him; and at length, by these means and through the final enquiry of the municipality, I was relieved from a most vexatious correspondence.

Up to the 18th the weather continued exceedingly unfavourable, and we gave great attention to the repairing and manufacturing of air-hoses, and on the 17th tried a new one with the small bell in the harbour; it answered tolerably well, and was frequently used afterwards when the others required repairing; but I never succeeded in discovering a composition that would render canvass *thoroughly* air-proof, when under the strong pressure of an air-pump.

On the 19th the large bell first came into use from the suspension cable; the sea was too much disturbed for the small one, and I therefore chose the occasion in order that the test might be the more decisive; we continued working it until almost noon, when the increase of swell obliged us to discontinue. As we expected, the inferiority of the cable to the derrick was obvious enough: the pendulousness of the former, occasioned by the swell acting against the bell-purchase, and its elasticity, from the great distance between the two ends, and the weight suspended from it, rendered it extremely difficult, even with the assistance of the four guys, to land the bell exactly on any particular spot required, but which with the derrick could be done with considerable exactness. We subsequently worked the large bell on four other days, and recovered some treasure. On the 25th we were employed in surveying the preventer net, and, as of course would be the case, it was found to be destroyed by the sea, never having been of the slightest utility; even the chain-cable which was at the bottom of it was broken.

For a long time past I had been wishing to give the people a day's relaxation from the routine of toil and danger, and fixed on the 21st of October, the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, for a thorough holiday, should the weather be such as to prevent our submarine operations; a good dinner for all hands was of course a principal object on the occasion, and with this view I bought a large pig, which had now been in course of fatting for about two months, and by the contributions of all hands had been brought to excellent condition, and weighed about thirteen score. Until within about a week of the designed gala-day I did not express what my intentions were, and numerous were the speculations as to what the captain intended to do with the "great hog;" but so soon as they were known, piggy became a greater object of attention than ever, and the anniversary was looked forward to with a twofold interest. The day arrived, but disappointment with it; for the sea and weather admitted of our working the large bell from the cable all that and the two following days, so that, from these and other circumstances, we were under the necessity of deferring the feast, though I rather regretted it, for there was evidently a little excitement at the prospect; but the calls of duty were paramount to those of amusement, and we continued our routine until the 26th, when some unfavourable weather became the harbinger of piggy's death, and he was accordingly executed shortly after daylight in the morning in the presence of all hands. My great point in the matter was to have something out of the common way, and therefore I determined on a barbecue, and told the people that they must manage to roast the pig whole. This was a complete puzzler for them; they said little, but looked a great deal from me to the pig, and from the pig to me, some with doubtful, others with inquisitive countenances, and some scratched their heads in a way which indicated a greater feeling of despair than they ever evinced under the most untoward circumstances during the whole period of the enterprise; finding, however, that I really intended what I said, they set their heads to work to get over the difficulty, and after breakfast commenced preparations for roasting; it was amusing enough to see the numerous shifts and contrivances they had recourse to: some were for having two triangles formed of sticks similar to those used for culinary purposes by gipsies, but on a larger scale, with a long pole between them to hang the pig to lengthwise, while the fire was to be made underneath him; but this would not answer, because of the difficulty of turning so heavy a weight; others wished to hang him by the head to a single triangle, but this would not do, because, from the great length, the nether end would be doubly done before the other end could be warmed by the fire. Many other ways were thought of, but all were unsuccessful, for they could not hit on any that would ensure the pig being either wholly dressed, or protected from the sand which every gust of wind blew up from the beach. In this dilemma they announced their failure, and appealed to me for advice, for they began to think that delay was dangerous: but even in this trifling matter we had a resource. Although, as amusement was to be the order of the day, I wished to put their ingenuity a little to the test (and there were several amongst them who on other occasions had shown themselves by no means deficient in that way), I had a plan in reserve for at once relieving them from their double difficulty, which, notwithstanding it was very simple, was still equally efficacious. It was this: the remains of the large diving-bell which was sunk when the derrick was lost, but as before stated was subsequently recovered, was lying on the beach; this was beaten out into its original shape, and a round hole made in the head of it; it was then placed sideways on two rows of iron ballast arranged for the purpose about two feet high; a triangle of stout sticks was fixed in the sand at a short distance from the bottom of it, the bilboe bolt (happily very little otherwise used in the Lightning), serving as a spit, was thrust through the pig longitudinally, one end resting on the triangle and the other in the hole in the head of the bell, which formed a sort of case or oven, while at the same time it effectually kept off the sand; and a fire being made under and on all sides of it, the heat struck through and roasted the pig in a way that might be envied by any roaster that was ever spitted by the hands of a first-rate cook, and I may add that the celebrated Quin never ate his most delicious cut with better zest than that with which our porker was devoured. The object of my intention was accomplished: the day was passed in fun and frolic; cheerfulness and festivity pervaded every one, and our gracious sovereign never had his health drunk with three more loyal or hearty cheers than were given by the crew of the Lightning at Cape Frio on that occasion.

On the 26th also I made my fourth shipment by the Lyra packet, in value about ninety-six thousand dollars. On the 31st we brought the large bell in from the cove, for we found that the cable could be turned to a far more advantageous account by using it principally for removing very large rocks. I therefore began on the following new plan:—By means of the small bell a rock was bored, the lewises fixed, and the large bell-purchase, with a double pendant of five and a half inch rope attached to one of them, and a five and a half inch hawser, with a purchase leading from one of the crabs to the other. The rock being first lifted from the bottom by the cable-purchase, was guyed from its original position by the hawser from the crab, then lowered down, and the lewises released by means of the small bell; another rock was then bored and prepared in the same way, and the bell-men commenced working in the spot whence the former one was removed, while the cable was in operation in displacing the latter, and in this way we worked very rapidly whenever the weather would admit; and I always took care to have a rock bored in advance, so that in prospect of a change of weather we could fix the lewises, and attach the purchases and remove it when we were not able to go out with the boats. In pursuing these measures great caution was necessary; first, in ascertaining that the rock was not a fixed one, and next, that it was not of greater weight than our gear would bear; I therefore always had it measured, and calculated, as nearly as its position would enable me, the number of cubic feet it contained, thence deduced the weight, and deducted one third from it for hydrostatic pressure; I thus knew whether the strength of our gear was equal to the weight, and avoided accidents which otherwise might have happened; and it was through expedients of this nature that in this most dangerous service so few occurred; but notwithstanding such precaution we sometimes carried away our hawsers. There was another respect in which the suspension-cable was of much importance to us, and saved the people from a great deal of peril and toil, and me also from a great deal of anxiety, which a very declining state of health rendered neces-

ary. Whenever the wind blew strongly through the gut and rendered it difficult to oppose it with the bell-launch, we always suspended the small bell to the cable for the night, and the launch being thereby relieved from the weight of it, the difficulty of rowing into the harbour in a great measure ceased.

During this month the number of persons suffering from ulcers considerably diminished, but cases of catarrh and liver complaints continued to occur, though the sick-list was comparatively greatly reduced, as it amounted in the whole but to eighteen.

November.—On the 1st of November we attempted to remove a larger rock than any previously removed, but the lewises broke, and on a subsequent day we made another effort, with increased strength of gear, but failed from the same cause. We were therefore obliged to be content with merely turning it over, but our success was not by any means commensurate with the labour, for but little treasure was found under it; and, indeed, for some time past, there was not any great prospect of our recovering much more; but we had so frequently found some in parts where we little expected it, that there was not the slightest disinclination to perseverance in searching.

By this time every one of us had suffered from disease in some shape or other, and I feel certain that all who read this narrative, up to the present period of it, will readily admit that the personal superintendence of the multitudinous operations and occupations it sets forth, and the exposure and privation consequent thereon, together with the equally necessary duty of attending to the good order and discipline of my ship and crew, were quite enough for the most robust constitution; but however great I had felt the oppression of bodily fatigue, and the distressing vicissitudes of weather, they were by no means equal to the oppression I suffered mentally. I was forced into a correspondence of a most troublesome nature with private individuals, which brought on me such a quantity of writing as was impossible for me to accomplish during the short intervals I could snatch from duty in the day-time; and I was therefore obliged to devote to it that portion of my time which should have been given to refection and rest; and it consequently frequently happened that, after rising at half past three in the morning, and directing and superintending the work in the cove, and being employed otherwise until late at night, I have sat up writing until one, and even two o'clock in the morning; this excess of exertion, and the constant state of excitement which by such circumstances I was kept in, was too much for me; and my health, which had for some time been far from good, at length yielded to their pressure. I became quite incapacitated from continuing the personal attendance of the fatiguing duties of the operations, and by the advice of Mr. Dabbs, on the 6th, went on board the Lightning, as affording me a better chance of recovering than I could have in a miserable hut on the island. A few days' quietude were evidently beneficial to me, and I appeared to be recovering, when I was attacked by a severe form of dysentery, which for some days resisted all the measures employed for my relief, and reduced me to a state of the most imminent danger, in which I remained for four days, when a favourable change took place; I gradually recovered, and resumed my duties at the island. On the 16th the harbour derrick was completed and erected in the place assigned for it, and we now only waited for a favourable state of the sea to commence taking up the anchors, guns, and chain-cables; but at present it was in so constantly a disturbed state, that we dared not venture on them.

Notwithstanding we continued, whenever it was possible to work, to remove a great many rocks, and persevered in digging about in various parts, but little treasure was found; the whole of the 22d was therefore devoted to a thorough survey of the cove by the first lieutenant and master; on which occasion Mr. Delafons was particularly fortunate, having found five large bars of silver, weighing three hundred and twenty-nine pounds, in the depth of eleven fathoms water, and in a different part from any in which we had before discovered treasure; he also dug down by the side of a very large rock and two others of smaller magnitude, and found some dollars; and, from other circumstances, we considered that there must be a great many under them.

On the 26th we removed one of the smaller rocks and met with a favourable result, and the large one was bored for removing on the first favourable occasion. During the whole month we had but seven days on which we could work in the cove, and I took the opportunity of refitting the ship, examining and repairing the boats and gear, regulating the suspension-cable, examining and repairing the fastenings, and giving our huts a thorough repair, which they were much in want of. We unfortunately had now again an increasing sick-list; there were several bad cases of inflamed liver, and the number of complaints before mentioned as being prevalent, and with which we had been less seriously affected, now increased, and assumed a very obstinate and troublesome character. The number on the sick-list amounted to twenty.

December.—We were unable to work until the 9th of December, on which day Lieutenant Dechamps, who had recently joined, descended in the bell, and continued the survey commenced by Lieutenant Delafons and Mr. Pope, and likewise found some treasure; however, our great point now was to remove the large rock and the smaller ones examined by the latter officers; accordingly, the following day we succeeded in displacing them, and found a mass of treasure, on which we worked whenever we were able, and on the 15th had taken up to the value of about thirty thousand dollars from a space not more than eight feet square. On the following day we removed two other rocks and found some treasure; but in the course of the forenoon the swell increased, and, in attempting to lower the bell between the rocks, it was forced violently against one of them, and a hole burst high up in it, through which the sea rushed; the signal was immediately made for more air, and the greatest possible force was applied to the air-pump, but still the signal was rapidly repeated, which, of course, indicated that something was the matter; orders were therefore given to raise the bell, and on its arriving at the surface it was found that the bell-men, with their accustomed intrepidity, had remained until they were nearly up to their shoulders in water, and had had a very narrow escape, as we were working in very deep water at the time. The bell was repaired in the course of the night.

On the 19th we had a thorough search in the cove, but with comparatively little success.

The commander in chief having returned to Rio de Janeiro from the Cape of Good Hope and the Mauritius, sent for me, and on the 20th I proceeded to him in the Adelaide, being at the time in very bad health. I was absent till the 30th, then returned in the Pigeon packet, and resumed my duties; and I should be glad could I add, under more comfortable feelings. During my absence, although every exertion had been made, little treasure was found, but a considerable quantity of the ship's equipment had been taken up. I had now to lament the loss, for the present, of two important aids in our work; namely, Mr. Jones, the carpenter, and John Leary, the blacksmith, who were on board the ship very ill, and continued so for a considerable length of time.

On the 31st I made my fifth shipment by the Pigeon packet, in value about sixty-five thousand dollars.

During the month of December the number of sick amongst the officers and crew increased to an alarming extent, the complaints being of the same description as before specified, but of a very severe character; the cases, in the whole, amounting to the alarming number of forty.

For some time past we had been taking up a considerable quantity of stores, such as ballast, shot, crow-bars, chain-plates, hammock-stancheons, copper and iron bolts, &c., which the removal of rocks, and of a great quantity of rubbish, had left exposed; but no treasure was found at present. The weather had hitherto been of a nature not to admit of my venturing to send in the anchors and guns in such boats as we had, even if we had taken them up, without a much greater risk than their value would justify.

The whole of the suspension-cable gear having recently undergone a thorough examination, and having been regulated so as to bring the purchases immediately over one of the anchors, we were quite prepared for this work whenever a favourable opportunity should offer. The season of light winds had arrived; the current, which caused us so much labour and anxiety in getting the boats through the gut, was consequently less rapid, and the unceasing heavy swell which had from the first so much incommoded us, and had been so dangerous to the bell-men, might now be expected in a measure to subside.

January.—On the 10th of January, 1832, the swell was very much less than heretofore, particularly the under draft; the wind was very light off the land, and in fact every thing was favourable for the nature of the work; I therefore on that day determined on commencing it, and succeeded in taking up two bower-anchors, which were got safely into the harbour; one of them was landed by the derrick, but towards the evening the swell increased so much that we could not venture to place the boat between the detached rocks before spoken of, and consequently could not land the second, but it was placed near the other on the following morning.

The enterprise, from beginning to end, was one of expedients and contrivances, and on this occasion we were quite put to our shifts; for the launch was not equal to the reception of an anchor while the diving-bell was suspended to her; we therefore managed in this way,—as soon as the anchor was hove up by the cable-purchase high enough for the launch to be placed under it, the diving-bell was lowered into the large pinnace, the anchor was then placed in the launch, the bell suspended to the cable, and the former boat was thus left available to tow the latter. On the 11th we took up two thirty-two pounder carronades, when our hoses became leaky, and we were obliged to cease working at an early hour in the afternoon, but they were repaired in the course of the night and following day.

Although we occasionally had some heavy showers of rain, yet the intense heat caused such a great evaporation that our pool of water soon became very low, independently of which, some animals, but of what description we never could discover, took the liberty of using it at night as a cold bath, so that we were in a measure deprived of one of our greatest necessaries, in consequence of which some hands were employed in digging a small reservoir and cutting wood for the purpose of covering it over. On the 22d we made an attempt at the chain cables, but they were so entwined amongst the rocks, and entangled of themselves, that, after a most laborious day's work in endeavouring to get them up entire, we failed. Towards the evening the diving-bell became leaky; in fact it was quite worn out by concussions against the rocks, and a new one was necessary, which I put in hand under Heans, and on which neither he nor his party ever ceased working until it was finished, in thirty-six hours from its commencement; the construction, however, was greatly facilitated by the tank being in a measure prepared, and the strengthening bars, slings, &c., of the old bell being available for the new one, which was brought into operation on the 26th. This was the fifth diving-bell that we had constructed.

In the evening of the 25th there was a good deal of distant lightning to the westward, which usually indicated a change, but the wind was so strong from the northeastward that it was impossible to get the launch into the harbour, and she was as on former occasions moored in the cove with a watch. The weather continued in this state until early in the morning of the 26th, when it became exceedingly threatening, and our exertions were suddenly called forth to save the launch. The wind fell light as it were in a moment, the sky became as quickly completely overcast, and thunder and lightning rapidly approached nearer and nearer. All hands were immediately called; the launch's crew were sent over the cliffs to be conveyed to her by the dingy (which had been left in the cove for the purpose of communication), to cast off the warps and get up the moorings, while the other boats were manned with all speed, and proceeded to the cove to tow the launch in. By the time we got through the gut it was a perfect calm, and the night was so dismally dark, save during the flashes of lightning, that it was impossible to judge how near we were to the rocks, except by guessing at the distance from the line of white surf just distinguishable through the deep gloom. We had not reached more than half way to the cove when a terrific storm burst over our heads; the thunder reverberated in echoing peals along the stupendous cliffs from one end of the island coast to the other, in a continuous roar like hundreds of cannon, and the vivid flashes of lightning following in rapid succession affected the eye to such a degree that we could scarcely see where we were going, and caused the rocks to appear much nearer than they

really were, while every rising swell seemed threatening to cast us against them. The whole circumstances, taking into consideration the perilous situation in which we were placed, rendered it the most awful and appalling night I ever experienced. Fortunately, however, we got the launch into the harbour by four o'clock, where we had scarcely reached before the wind blew very strong; this, however, was of short duration, and the storm having subsided, we were again at work before noon.

Finding it impossible to heave up the cables whole, I was induced to adopt another plan, which was by unshackling them at the bottom in lengths; but this was a most irksome job; the forelocks and bolts had become so oxidised as to cause the bell-men great labour in removing them, which was much increased by the extreme difficulty of using a large hammer in the confined space of the bell; still they succeeded, and by these means we were enabled to unreeve the lengths singly from the mass, and they were thus recovered; but the taking up of the cables was decidedly, when the length of time it occupied is taken into consideration, the heaviest work in the whole undertaking, rendered the more so by the reduction of our force through sickness, which put me under the necessity of leaving the Lightning with only six hands besides the sick and convalescent to take care of her; but by the end of the month I had the happiness of seeing a great improvement in the general health of both officers and crew, the number of cases being reduced to fifteen.

February.—On the 5th of February the commander in chief arrived in his majesty's sloop Pylades; he came to the island two or three times, and walked up to the cliffs, and also went to the cove and witnessed the operation of taking up some chain cable. He sailed for Rio in the Adelaide on the 15th. On the 16th we took up two eighteen and one twelve-pounder long guns, which were carried to the harbour in the pinnace and landed by the derrick.

Like all the other plans we had adopted, the harbour-derrick answered to admiration, but in landing one of the guns, a rock on the side of the hill, to which a tackle was led, became detached, and, accompanied by numerous fragments, came rolling down amongst us, to the imminent danger of the whole party; but on this, as on many other similar occasions, being constantly on the look-out, we were fortunate, and escaped without loss of life, the only injury occurring from the accident being a few cuts and bruises.

The number of sick during the month of February continued to be comparatively small, and our general health to improve.

March.—On the 1st of March I was deprived of the services of a most assiduous and able officer, Mr. Dabbs, who, although he had not been liable to the dangers incident to our laborious occupation, yet had with the rest of us been subject to the same exposure and the other evils of residing on the island; and his unceasing attention to the sick, which he carried to such an extent as on some occasions to visit them every hour by night and day, for the greater part of the time without an assistant, had brought on what was considered to be a complaint of the heart, which induced him to apply for a survey on himself, and I accordingly sent him to Rio for that purpose.

We continued on all favourable occasions taking up guns and other heavy articles, and by the 3d we had recovered twenty-seven guns, nearly the whole of the chain cables, and three bower-anchors, and continued recovering ballast, shot, and other stores. Occasionally a little treasure was obtained by their removal, but not nearly so much as from the previous course of our work might reasonably have been expected; still we persevered in our exertions with spirit; perseverance was our motto, and the same energy pervaded during our less profitable work as had existed during the greatest height of our good fortune. There was, however, one spot in particular in which I had great confidence of success. During the survey of Lieutenant Dechamps he observed a few dollars between the rocks where the capstan was lying; those rocks had been displaced, and some treasure discovered thereby; four guns also were uncovered, which we had now obtained, and on the fourth of March the capstan was taken up; on that and the following day a quantity of rubbish was removed; and on the 7th and 8th some more treasure was found in a part from which we had removed several other guns; the place from which the capstan was taken was quite cleared, and here I had determined to have a thorough examination by digging, feeling assured that the excavating of this part would produce all the treasure that could be obtained; and as nearly all the public stores which had been seen were recovered, our labours were drawing to a close; but while I was enjoying the pleasing anticipation of a speedy and successful termination to the enterprise, on the 6th I was surprised by the arrival of his majesty's sloop Algerine, with orders from the commander in chief to me to resign the charge to Commander the Hon. J. F. F. de Roos, of that sloop. It appears that the admiralty had been led to think that no more property could be rescued, and therefore ordered my removal. I could not but feel this a most mortifying circumstance. I had been the only person who had come forward to attempt the recovery of the large property which was considered to be irretrievably lost; I had devised the whole of the methods by which a very large portion of it was recovered, and in giving effect to them I had endured peril, sickness, toil, and privation, during a period of more than a year, to the injury of my constitution; and the work was now reduced to a mere plaything compared with what it had been, and yet I was not allowed to put the finishing hand to it. Notwithstanding this, the deep interest I felt in the undertaking remained unabated, and I was determined that nothing should be wanting on my part to ensure a successful termination to it. On the 7th I ordered the necessary survey on the stores previous to their being turned over to the charge of other hands; and while the proper officers were performing this duty, I took Commander de Roos to examine the air-pumps and hoses, store-houses and stores, and on the cliffs, to inspect the various fastenings and machinery, and afford him every minute verbal explanation and information respecting the operations that he should consider would be advantageous to him, and offered him the perusal of my log-book, that he might abstract from it any thing that he might think useful, in fact, to make him thoroughly acquainted with the whole establishment. Fortunately the 8th was a very favourable day for pursuing our operations in the cove; I therefore ordered Commander de Roos to attend there with his officers and men to witness the mode of working the bell, and receive various instructions thereon; this was repeated on the 9th; and being most anxious that there should not be any information wanted as to the situation of stores and treasure still remaining unrecovered in the cove, although I was in a very ill state of health at the time, I took a bell-man with me and descended to take a thorough survey of the bottom. Immediately on reaching it we proceeded to the place from which the capstan, rocks, and guns, as before mentioned, had been removed; here we commenced digging, and very soon found a great quantity of treasure; in fact, in a space of several square feet there was a large mass of it, deeper than, by loosening it, I could work my arm down into. After having sent up several bucketfuls of it I proceeded with my survey. With a feeling which I thought would be properly appreciated by a brother officer, I did not continue to take up this treasure, which I was quite at liberty to have done if I had chosen, but left it for the benefit of our successors, observing at the time that "the world should not say that I had left them nothing to do but the labour of removing rocks and rubbish." The survey being completed, I devoted the remainder of the day to a personal scrutinising examination of every bolt, capstan, and crab, bollard and other fastening, and in short every part of the apparatus, to satisfy myself that they were secure and in good repair. I selected twenty of my most useful men, discharged them as lent to the Algerine, and drew up the following letter of instructions, which I delivered to Commander de Roos on the succeeding morning, and then resigned the enterprise to his charge and direction.

His Majesty's Sloop Lightning, Cape Frio,
10th March, 1832.

Sir—Pursuant to orders from the commander in chief, that I should deliver to you a written account of the state of the enterprise carrying on here, I am to call your attention to the following remarks.

It is necessary to a clear understanding of the cove, and the position of the various stores and treasure still remaining at the bottom of it, to have some point from which all directions should diverge, and I therefore consider the stage which is attached to the suspension cable to be the most appropriate for that purpose. Immediately under, and for a considerable space on the southeast, southwest, and northwest sides of it, there are quantities of shot, ballast, and various other articles of ship's equipment; also many copper bolts strewed about, much of which is recoverable, although a part is so jammed between, and partly covered with huge rocks, that perhaps any attempt to take them up would be unavailing. On the southeast side, and lying in nearly a direct line towards the cliff, is about twenty-five feet of the kelson, near to which, and on the sea-side, is a part of the bower chain-cable, which extends thence in a nearly direct line with the southeast side of the cove towards the outer point; it is much entangled amongst the rocks, and supposed to be attached to an anchor at the outer end. The chain-cable to which the net was attached lies across about the centre of the cove. At about twenty feet from the western corner are two long guns and a carronade. These are all that are known of at present, and I am disposed to think that but few more are recoverable. The amount of treasure stated to have been in the Thetis when lost, is 810,000 dollars, of which I have, as near as I can calculate, taken up 586,000; there therefore remain still 224,000, a considerable part of which, I think, may be found in the spot we worked in yesterday; for I felt much, and have no doubt there is a great deal more within a space of sixty feet square, taking the northwest side of the stage for the southeast side of such square.

The feature of the bottom of the cove is very irregular, being strewed with rocks from a small to a very large size, some of which I judge it necessary to move, and for which purpose you will find the lewis and purchase the most available means. After the conversation we had together, and the verbal explanations I have given you on the subject, I know of nothing more that I can say for your guidance; but should any thing occur to you which will further assist you, I shall be happy to attend to it at your suggestion.

With the most sincere wishes that you may bring to a termination this great undertaking with as much success and as little casualty as it has been commenced and conducted up to the present time,

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) Thomas Dickinson (b), Commander.

The Hon. J. F. F. de Roos,
Commander H. M. sloop Algerine.

P. S. I think it necessary for the satisfaction of the renter of the island, that three of the best huts which I have built should be left standing when you quit the place.

The suspension cable and all its gear had lately undergone a thorough examination and refit, and was in an excellent state; all the boats were in good repair, the diving-bells were nearly new, and there were three air-pumps, which with the air-hoses had recently been put in good condition. Thousands of tons of rock had been excavated from the cliffs; and roads and platforms formed, affording facility for working the machinery, and innumerable bolts and other fastenings had been placed in every situation requisite for carrying on the work. Hundreds of tons of rocks, some of them of large magnitude, which presented serious impediments, had been removed at the bottom, and rendered the working of the bell infinitely less dangerous than before, and a system of operations was matured which the experience of more than a year proved to be the best, and indeed the only effectual one that could be pursued, and which was attended with unexampled success; and the most favourable period of the year for continuing the work was commenced.

With all this information, and all these means ready provided, together with the additional advantage of twenty excellent men who had, under my directions, been trained to the use of them, I could not but feel that, if the same course was persevered in, a successful conclusion to the enterprise must be the result. Still I determined on remaining in the harbour for three days, in order to afford any further information or instructions that might be required, and to be assured that every thing was going on well. Immediately on Commander de Roos assuming the direction, his party commenced working on the treasure I had discovered during my

survey, and continued during our sojourn in the harbour to take up thence the value of about ten thousand dollars a day, and on the return of my people I had the gratification of knowing that my anticipations were realised, for they informed me that nearly the whole of the treasure they recovered subsequently to my quitting was taken from this spot. On the 11th I received a letter as follows from Commander de Roos.

His Majesty's Sloop Algerine, Cape Frio, 11th March, 1832.

Sir—I beg to avail myself of the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, to attend to any suggestion or enquiry which may occur to me in furtherance of the important service on which I have the honour to be employed.

I have to request that you will be good enough to furnish me with any plan or plans of the cove, which you or any of your officers may possess, pointing out such parts as have been worked by you, and the spots where the most valuable of his majesty's stores and other property may be supposed to remain.

I shall be obliged to you for an abstract from your journal of the wind, weather, and swell in the cove, in the months of March, April, May, June, and July last.

I shall also thank you to inform me of the name and residence of the renter of the island; and if any terms have been entered into between yourself and that individual.

I thank you for the kind wishes expressed at the end of your letter; I already feel much pleased with my present success, and I am very sanguine for the future.

I have the honour to remain, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. Frdk. F. De Roos, Commander.

To Commander Thomas Dickinson, H. M. S. Lightning.

To this I replied on the 12th:—

Sir—I have received your letter of yesterday, and am most willing to afford you any further information and assistance in my power; but it appears strange to me, after the clear description of the cove which I have given you, both verbally and written, that you should still feel at a loss as to the situation of his majesty's stores, and other property which still remain in it.

In a state of health very ill adapted to such an undertaking, I descended in the diving-bell, and surveyed the bottom, expressly for your information, and in order to resign to you the direction of the enterprise under as advantageous terms as I possibly could, the result of that survey, as well as information derived from the bell-men, is contained in my letter of the 10th instant, and my having placed you in the situation I did, whence you might immediately proceed to the recovery of a large part of the treasure as well as stores, is one proof that the instructions and description I have given you thereon are sufficient for your guidance. With respect to the abstract you wish for, I am surprised that you did not avail yourself of my offer of my log, from which you might have abstracted any thing you pleased; but I do not think any information you might have derived therefrom, as to wind and weather, would be of any use, they are so uncertain—and I would therefore recommend you to guide your management by an unceasingly anxious watchfulness: this has been my system. However, by a reference, I find that the northeasterly and easterly winds (which are those during which I have been most able to work the bell) have blown as follows: in March seven, April seventeen, May seventeen, June twenty, and July sixteen days, in 1831. But I wish to impress on your mind, not to take this as a rule for the present year. The renter (arrematante) of the island resides at the village of Praya de Anjou; his name is Miguel Borges. I have never seen him but once, and then for a very short time. I have made enquiry, and believe he is perfectly satisfied, up to the present time. He bears a very bad character; and I should therefore advise, that whatever you may have to do with him, should be through the medium of the juiz de pas (magistrate) of the district.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) Thomas Dickinson (b), Commander.

To Commander the Hon. J. F. F. De Roos,
H. M. Sloop Algerine.

Feeling that nothing more could possibly be wanting from me, I sailed on the 13th for Rio, and arrived there on the 14th—myself, officers, and crew, having suffered very much in health, many with shattered constitutions; and poor Delafons fell a victim to this most severe service. That excellent and amiable young man died at the instant of letting go the anchor, as if it had been the signal for his departure from the world. On my return from Rio, in December, I found him in a very weak state, from excess of fatigue, and repeatedly urged him to go on board to recruit his health; but he evidently expected promotion would accrue to him from his exertions in so arduous, hazardous, and important a service, and always replied that he hoped I would not insist on his quitting his duty at the island, as he felt that his situation of first lieutenant called on him to bear a conspicuous part, and he should soon be better. To this wish, so zealously and urgently expressed, I for some time conceded; but at length, seeing that he was fast declining, ordered the surgeon to take him off to the Lightning—whence he never was removed, until taken to his grave, attended by the officers of the squadron, and buried with the usual honours.

On the 23d, I made my sixth and last shipment, by his majesty's ship Maidstone, of the value of about sixty-four thousand dollars, making in the whole, five hundred and eighty-eight thousand eight hundred and one, and the Algerine subsequently recovered about one hundred and sixty-one thousand five hundred—making about fifteen sixteenths of the whole property sunk. We also recovered a large quantity of government stores, of the value of about two thousand pounds sterling.

Any officer of right feeling will readily acknowledge that there cannot be a more agreeable act of a superior than that of setting forth the meritorious conduct of those serving under him; and on this point I had an ample field for gratification. But I felt that the magnitude of the enterprise, the numerous difficulties encountered and overcome during the space of fourteen months, presented so many instances of collective and individual merit, that I could not compass them in the space of an ordinary public letter sufficiently to do justice to my officers and crew. And being most anxious that their deserts should be known, where I did not doubt but they would be appreciated, I drew up a concise narrative of our operations, and delivered it, accompanied by a letter, to the commander in chief, to be forwarded by him for the information of my lords commissioners of the admiralty, in order that they might be made acquainted with the whole of the circumstances. This was an agreeable public duty. Nor can I here resist the pleasure of bearing testimony to the praiseworthy conduct of those persons by whose extraordinary and united efforts this most singular service was achieved; which, notwithstanding the general impression of its hopelessness, they entered upon in a spirit of undauntedness, which, throughout the whole period of its continuance, never forsook them, and at all times exhibited a resolution to contend against obstacles which threatened difficulty and duration, and required great labour and perseverance to surmount—they underwent the severest toil, fatigue, and disease, with invincible patience, and unwearied fortitude. And during the whole protracted period of such a complication of disasters and constant privation to which they were exposed, they demonstrated that intrinsic firmness which was requisite for the consummation of so hazardous and laborious an undertaking; throughout the whole signalising that intrepidity of character for which the naval profession has at all times been renowned.

[*Note by the Editor of Waldie's S. C. L.*—Captain Dickinson at this place refers to an appendix, for an account of the treasure, as recovered by him daily, at Cape Frio, between the 31st of March, 1831, and the 9th of March, 1832, a period of nearly a whole year. This appendix forms a large tabular view of the daily receipts, which, as it would scarcely interest the reader, we have taken the liberty of omitting. It is pleasing, however, to contemplate the summing up of the table, and to know that this meritorious officer recovered no less a sum than *Five hundred and eighty-eight thousand eight hundred and one dollars.*]

In this narrative, I have, perhaps inadequately, but at least faithfully, set forth the nature of the service, the circumstances under, and the means by which, it was accomplished; and thereby shown how great results may be attained by the well directed and united efforts of a small body of men. So far my task has been an agreeable one, and here would have terminated, were it not that there remains a duty to myself, from the performance of which, however unpleasant, I shall not flinch, until I have made it clear to the members of my profession and the public, that I am fully entitled to the merit I have assumed, as the originator and contriver of the enterprise, and that I, and no other person, was entitled to that character; nor until I have removed an impression, which I fear exists in the minds of some of my brother officers who have not made themselves sufficiently acquainted with the subject, that I could have prevented the vexatious, tedious, and expensive litigation in which the salvors were involved. In handling this subject, I hope not to be considered as being solely actuated by an angry spirit—my great object being, by a fair statement of facts, and references to documents, to defend myself from the charge of litigious feeling, and to prove that I was justified in taking the position, since legally confirmed.

With this view, I, in the first place, assert that salvage is a reward for *personal* services exerted in the rescue or recovery of property; and secondly, that salvage service differs from the ordinary services of naval co-operation, such, for instance, as joint capture, where the mere being in sight entitles a vessel so situated to share with the actual captor: for, "in respect of salvage services, there is not known in law any such principle as *constructive* assistance; but the principle adopted by the admiralty court, in awarding salvage, has heretofore been uniformly in proportion to the fatigue, anxiety, determination to encounter danger, spirit of adventure, skill, and dexterity, and especially danger and hazard of life exercised and incurred by actual salvors, and no others." Now this being the nature of salvage, as I was advised, could I, without depreciating the services of my officers and crew, no less than my own, consider myself in any other light than as the *principal* salvor? a title so indisputable that I surely cannot, by the most unprofessional of my readers, be accused of presumption in assuming it, particularly when that title has been since confirmed by two solemn decisions: still it *was* denied me—and, to my surprise, I found a competitor, not merely for the honour, but for the reward.

Immediately on our first success in the recovery of the treasure, I received a letter from Messrs. Samuel, Phillips & Co., of Rio de Janeiro, of whom I had some previous knowledge, offering to become my agents; and shortly afterwards one of the firm came to Cape Frio on the subject. It appearing to me to be necessary that there should be appointed, on behalf of the salvors, some competent person at Rio, for the purpose of effecting insurances on the transmission to England, of the property saved, and for general objects, we were induced to appoint Messrs. Samuel, Phillips & Co., as our agents at Rio, with directions to communicate and act with our general prize agent, Joshua Woodhead, Esq., of London. The first proposition of the firm was, that the property saved should be sent to Rio, and thence forwarded by them to England: and in the next place, that their correspondents in London should be empowered to act there on our behalf; both of which proposals met with a positive refusal—it being my determination, that for my own justification, and for the security, no less of the owners of the property, (whether the crown or underwriters,) than of the salvors generally, no part of the treasure saved should be allowed to enter the hands of third persons, but be shipped from the place of recovery, so far as circumstances might allow, direct to the Bank of England. These points being settled, we calculated on the services of Messrs. Samuel, Phillips & Co., and for a short period, not doubting their utility, (especially as we were apprised, by a letter from them, of the 4th of May, 1831, that the business of effecting the insurances had been commenced, in compliance with *my* wishes,) I from time to time furnished them with the particulars of our services. Then, indulging myself in the hope that they, or our general agent, Mr. Woodhead, might find opportunities of discovering the owners of the property, and of entering into some arrangements for the settlement of the salvage; not foreseeing the complication of interests and circumstances which afterwards rendered legal proceedings unavoidable. My first ground

of complaint against Messrs. Samuel & Co., arose, on finding that, instead of effecting insurances through Mr. Woodhead, they had, contrary to my express directions, transferred the business into the hands of their firm in London. This was followed by a total absence of information as to their proceedings on our behalf. Other circumstances led me to doubt of their zeal for our interest; and on the 23d of June, I found myself under the necessity of addressing them a letter, expressive of my disapprobation.

According to my own notion, and the tenour of my instructions, the enterprise had been undertaken as a matter of *public service*, and apparently it so continued to be considered at head quarters, at least during the unprofitable services of February and March. Our subsequent success I need not repeat, and here only refer to it to introduce the following fact. By a letter from the admiral, bearing date 29th May, 1831, and which was subsequently brought into court by his legal advisers, I was informed that he had appointed Messrs. Samuel & Co. to be his agents, and desiring me to understand that the salvage had been originated by him on "private account," and directing me to apply to those gentlemen "for such assistance of men or materials as might be deemed advisable for the complete accomplishment of the work." I simultaneously received a letter from these agents of the admiral, in which they stated, "We shall attend to your wish, and not pay bills without your orders, *having received the commander in chief's directions to that effect. This of course applies in his absence only, and relates solely to the part in which you are responsible, which is only for what you sign; the rest remains with us, as agents to the owners and underwriters at Lloyd's, as before explained in his absence.*" If my confidence in Messrs. Samuel & Co. had been previously shaken, this correspondence justified my doubting how far the interests of the salvors were likely to be served by them; for it was now but too evident that they were attempting to act in the triple capacity of agents to the salvors, of agents to the admiral, and as agents also to the underwriters—the latter wholly incompatible with their duty, no less to the first than to the second named party; not to mention the knowledge, which in all probability they then possessed, of the admiral's intention to claim and contest his precedence as principal salvor. On the 21st of July, I again expostulated with Samuel & Co., and again received an unsatisfactory reply; and, as a climax, on arriving at Rio, in July, (the admiral having sailed early in the month for the Cape of Good Hope and the Mauritius,) I found that Messrs. Samuel & Co., presuming on a letter addressed to them by the admiral, on the 18th of May, 1831, had the audacity to assume an authority over me and my ship, declaring that both I and my ship had been placed under their control; and, moreover, refused to furnish me with the copies of the policies of insurance, which they had already advised me had been effected by my order. It cannot be surprising that all further connection with the firm of Messrs. Samuel & Co. was at once broken off—and having given them due notice of our determination, our London agent, Mr. Woodhead, was furnished with a detail of circumstances, and instructed to counteract what was anticipated might be the adverse measures of Samuel & Co., or their correspondents; and in which foresight I had reason to be satisfied.

It was early in August, 1831, that the first shipment of the treasure recovered by the officers and crew of the Lightning arrived in England; and upon its arrest for the crown, as property found derelict, Mr. Woodhead caused an appearance to be entered in the court of admiralty, on our behalf, by our proctor, Mr. Poynter, who alleged us to be the salvors, and prayed a reward. This appearance took place on the 13th of August. On the 18th, at the instance of the London firm of Messrs. Samuels, an appearance was entered for Rear-Admiral Sir T. Baker, who was alleged to be "*a salvor.*" Thus matters stood until the 23d of September, when the same firm directed a second appearance to be given for us, and which was accordingly entered by the proctor of the admiral. An expostulation was made, as well by Mr. Woodhead, our agent, as by our proctor, against so unprecedented and unauthorised a procedure, which the London firm justified by asserting themselves to be *our* agents, denying the right of Mr. Woodhead, and, by inference, the legality of his acts—and at the same time withholding from him our power of attorney, which in confidence had been placed in the hands of the firm at Rio, to be transmitted to him. I have been necessarily led to dwell on these dates and circumstances, in order to show the perplexing situation in which I and my agent were placed at the outset, and which was the cause of much unnecessary litigation, in order to obtain the annulment of the appearance which had been so artfully entered for us, by the London firm of Samuel & Co., and no doubt intended to prevent Mr. Woodhead from protecting our interests.

It was not until the 21st of January, 1832, that the court annulled the appearance which had been entered for us by the admiral's agents, upon which occasion the judge directed that the proceedings to be had on behalf of the salvors were to be conducted by Mr. Poynter, our proctor. This order having deprived the admiral's agents of the power of taking the lead under the pretended title of agents to the Lightning, mark their conduct: on the 23d of February, they take a new ground; an appearance is given for the admiral, alleging him to be "*principal salvor.*" This measure opened a second question for litigation, and which was unavoidable, inasmuch as it was well known to my legal advisers that at least up to that period the admiral had never been near Cape Frio, from the commencement of our services there. Under such circumstances, then, can I, or those to whom the interests of myself and people were intrusted, be blamed for denying the right of the admiral to any such a title? Moreover, the admission of it would not merely have been playing the game of the underwriters, to which I shall have occasion to refer, but would inevitably have reduced the expected pecuniary reward of the hard services of the salvors, and (what would have affected me much more) no less the merit of the undertaking—a concession to which no person of spirit could possibly submit. My agent therefore most properly resisted so serious an encroachment, by all legal means; and although ultimately successful in maintaining my rightful position, and overthrowing the pretension which would have deprived me of it, the settlement of this, which apparently involved little more than a preliminary question, led in fact to much protracted litigation, and gave the underwriters a manifest advantage over the salvors generally: an advantage which unquestionably had the effect, both in the court of admiralty and in the court of appeal, of reducing the quantum of reward to which they were entitled. This part of the subject I cannot quit, without lamenting that the question as to the admiral's rights had not been conducted on his part by the gentleman who I believe is his ordinary prize agent, rather than by a mercantile firm and its solicitor; for I feel thoroughly persuaded that, with the knowledge of the service, and the right feeling which that gentleman possesses, the question, under his management, might have been more readily and candidly brought to an issue.

It cannot be disputed that the services detailed in my narrative had entitled the salvors of so large a property to very considerable reward; and it was but natural to expect from those to whom that property was restored a corresponding liberality. This I had never doubted. On the contrary, feeling fully assured of it, I constantly cheered my people in the most hazardous and trying situations, by setting before them the prospect of the reward which was to crown their labours, and was in some measure thereby enabled to excite them to unusual perseverance in their more than arduous exertions. The principal part of the bullion and specie having been insured at Lloyd's, the underwriters had an apparent interest in it, from the moment the Thetis was lost, and upon the news of that disaster arriving in England, an "especial committee was appointed to manage the interests of that body," and was composed of the following persons: Robert Dewar (chairman), John Peter Rosch, William Leathley, Charles Richard Harford, and David Carruthers, merchants. After proof had been given of the ownership of the property saved, the crown-officers withdrew their claim, and it was restored in due course to the representatives of the owners, upon their first paying salvage. And having arrived at that stage of the proceedings, Mr. Woodhead expressed a desire to come to such an arrangement with the committee in respect to the salvage, as would have been alike just to the salvors and creditable to those who so greatly benefited by their exertions. This, had no other impediment intervened, was prevented by the interference of the admiral's agents, who had already, as it would appear, been negotiating as for the principal salvor; and had, no doubt, long before impressed the committee (an impression most willingly taken, as it was for their manifest interest so to do) with the belief that the admiral was so to be considered, and as such alone to be negotiated with—which will appear from the following facts. It appears that, shortly after the commencement of my enterprise, a correspondence was opened by the admiral with the especial committee of Lloyd's, the nature of which was unknown to me. I knew, from a rumour only, that a vote of thanks had been forwarded to the admiral, as early as the 5th of April, 1831—a fact which appears from a letter of his, addressed to Mr. Dewar, dated on the 7th of June, 1831, and filed in the court on behalf of the underwriters. True it is, that, although my name was hardly mentioned in the admiral's published communication to Lloyd's, I still think it scarcely possible to doubt of his having in some other parts of his correspondence acquainted the underwriters of the real origin of the enterprise, from which the committee might have been made sufficiently aware that the means by which their property was rescued had been invented by me, and put into operation under my immediate directions. Be this as it may, no sooner was the title of *principal* salvor assumed in court, on behalf of the admiral, than the representatives of Lloyd's re-echoed it; and in all the subsequent proceedings, although the judge had expressly, at the adjudication of the preliminary point, as to who was to be considered as the true representative of the actual salvors, decided that our agent and proctor were these persons—still, the legal advisers of Lloyd's adopted a course of conduct in those proceedings, not blamable, perhaps, with reference to the pecuniary interests of the underwriters, but certainly reprehensible, when viewed in relation to a candid consideration of the main question, which was simply that of a fair remuneration for services rendered. And, of this conduct I consider myself the more entitled to complain, because, no sooner had the very extraordinary intervention for the admiral taken place, than Mr. Poynter, perceiving the injury which must inevitably be done to the general interests of the salvors, by any conflicting statements, as of services, and which obviously would weaken the merits of the salvage, proposed to the legal advisers of the underwriters, to allow the main question between salvors and owners, of remuneration generally, to be first settled, and leave the distinct question, as of appropriations of the reward between the parties claiming to be entitled as salvors, to a separate decision. But this proposition was rejected; and the underwriters have therefore no right to complain of having been mixed up with any extraneous question, since it was in effect their own option. It was a course advisedly adopted by them, and by which they no doubt have largely profited, inasmuch as the value of the salvage service was materially affected, to the prejudice of the actual salvors, by the conflicting question of the admiral's claim to *the chief merit of the enterprise.*

Much as I may have wished that legal proceedings could have been altogether avoided, and which I certainly at first thought was possible, I am now convinced of the contrary, and cannot but concur in the advice originally given me, that the salvors could not securely discharge themselves of the treasure without the sanction of a court of competent jurisdiction: at the same time, the proceedings merely necessary for such a purpose would have been little more than formal, and when the court had pointed out the true owners of the property, those owners might, one would think, have been readily dealt with in respect of the quantum of the reward. Passing over here, as I sincerely wish I could altogether have done, the unfortunate collision (so injurious to our general interests, and mine individually in particular) with the admiral, which encumbered and mystified the proceedings, I proceed to show how impossible it would have been to have avoided litigation with the underwriters,—those very underwriters whose complaint it is that they have suffered by my litigious disposition, and who boast of liberality and straight-forward dealing.

The statement of our services up to my latest communication with England having been filed by our proctor, he prayed the court to pronounce for an adequate reward; and what was the answer of the underwriters? Did they deny the facts? No, not one fact was denied,

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PART I. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18, 1837. NO. 16.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

or attempted to be controverted; on the contrary, let me quote the very words of their legal reply: "A meritorious service has been performed in raising and recovering the bullion and treasure which is the subject of the present question." Such an admission, one would naturally suppose, must have been followed up by the offer of some specific sum, or portion of the property saved, correspondent to their view of the services rendered; but not so; on the reverse (and were it not for the papers on the file of the admiralty court, I could hardly venture to assert the fact), *they denied our right to any salvage.*. Here are their words: "That all the several persons engaged therein, and now claiming to be salvors, as well officers as men, were, during the period referred to, as they now are, in his majesty's service, and receiving pay as such; that it was the unquestionable duty of the said alleged salvers to proceed in their public capacity upon any service which might call for the exercise of their skill and labour, without reference to any private emolument to be derived therefrom;" an answer not to be forgotten by the navy of Great Britain. Such being the avowed disposition of the underwriters, the mask being withdrawn, what chance, I ask, would there have been in attempting to negotiate with them? Nay, more, what security would there have been for us, had we parted with the treasure, or any part of it, into their hands? This extraordinary reply of the underwriters being before me, I cannot avoid referring to another passage, in order to show in how anomalous a position I found myself, when placing *their* view of my duty in contrast with certain expressions of the admiral, viz.; the underwriters say, "It was the duty of Captain Dickinson to obey the orders of Admiral Baker," inferring, as was the fact, that I acted under a public order of the admiral; and thence arguing, as before quoted, that on that account the officers and crew of the Lightning were not entitled to a reward. Now, what says the admiral? why, "you are employed on private account!!" Here was I, then, between Scylla and Charybdis.

It is scarcely necessary to assert, that there is no instance in which a commander in chief, *as such*, has been admitted to share in salvage; at the same time, if Admiral Baker conscientiously considered himself entitled to share (no other arrangement being made), it would have been quite right in him to advance his claim: of this I never should have complained; my complaint is, that he was set up as the principal salvor, and which claim was persevered in after it must have been known by his agents, his attorney, and his proctor,—for all these were retained for him,—that he had never been within *seventy miles of the place in which the salvage service was performed, from its commencement until it had been in progress more than a year, and that during that period he had been absent for about five months, at the Cape of Good Hope and the Mauritius.* This position having been claimed for the admiral, it became necessary to support it by statements of which also I have just cause to complain, because, without advancing the merits of the admiral one tittle as a salvor, those statements were framed with a view to reduce mine; a short-sighted policy when viewed with relation to the main question, and in fact not sustainable, while it furnished the underwriters with abundant arguments for undervaluing the general services. As an instance, I will quote one clause: "Captain Dickinson having mentioned to" the admiral "an engineer named Moore," the admiral "had an interview with him; and finding him very intelligent in his profession, authorised Captain Dickinson to benefit by his abilities, and aid in the construction of the diving-bell and its appendages, undertaking to remunerate Mr. Moore for his labour. An air-pump for the bell was made by M. Fleury, a French artisan residing in Rio de Janeiro, at" the admiral's "expense." Now, without disputing the admiral's having made this arrangement with Moore (although it certainly never came within my knowledge), I would ask, why is not also stated in this document this fact, that when I took him to the admiral I stated that he, Moore, was already engaged by me, and that the terms were agreed on? The truth is, that Moore had been for some time in my employ, and had received pecuniary assistance from me before the admiral knew there was such a person in existence, and that he only knew him from the circumstance of my having taken him to his house; the same remark applies to statements of a similar character respecting Fleury, who was paid for the air-pump by me on board the Lightning, although I admit that the admiral did repay me, and so far the instrument was certainly made at his expense. Nor is it only of this method of glossing facts, that I have reason to complain.

Exclusive merit was claimed for individuals in the performance of particular duties which I assigned to them, and this, not with a view that they might benefit beyond their legal share of the general award, but apparently with this intent, that so much merit as could be attached to them or others, might be deducted from my services, and though not adding to the amount of assistance rendered by the admiral, might, by lowering mine nearer to the level of the admiral's services, diminish the relative disproportion; thus, in two affidavits, the carpenter and boatswain of the Warspite are stated to have been employed, the former in building and the latter in rigging the derrick! Why, in the name of all those who concocted the system on which naval duties are performed, what would have been the use of either of those officers to me, but to be employed in such work? But this is not all as regards them. On their quitting Cape Frio, I was induced to give each of them a certificate of his good conduct and abilities, little thinking that this act of kindness on my part could ever by possibility be brought forward against me; yet so it was, these very certificates were put into court, not by any means to serve those officers, but to prove that, because I had the assistance of their abilities, there was so much the less of talent shown by me, and consequently less reward due, and proportionably the more to the admiral who placed them under my orders. In reply to such statements, it was proved that they, forming a part of a considerable force, were for nearly two months at Cape Frio before my arrival, without having made any effort whatever towards, or even preparatory to, the recovery of the treasure. I regret the necessity of making these remarks, because the general conduct of those officers, during the short time they were with me, fully justified my approbation. And now for a few words as to Moore, to whose *intelligence* in his profession so much importance was attached by the admiral's representatives, and, of course, re-echoed by the underwriters. I have stated in my narrative, that at the time I engaged him, I had an impression that we should have a great deal of work of a purely mechanical nature to perform. On my arrival at Cape Frio, I found otherwise, and therefore employed him in making roads, excavating rocks, fixing bolts, and such work. He soon complained to me that his affairs at Rio required his personal attention, and requested to go there, for which purpose I furnished him with money, and gave him leave of absence, and he was away for a week or ten days. On the 16th of May I sent him to Rio with the fire-engine supplied me by Captain Owen of the Eden, to get it altered to an air-pump, according to the plan I furnished him with; on this occasion, he was away upwards of seven weeks, during which time the derrick and two diving-bells were lost, the suspension-cable constructed, two other diving-bells made and brought into use, and the kind of work in which he was most useful was greater than at any other period of the undertaking. On the 1st of July he returned *without* the air-pump, with which disappointment I could not but feel angry; on my expressing myself so, I immediately discovered a great change in his deportment. From the period of my first engaging him, up to the time he left, he had conducted himself as an humble individual, perfectly obedient, and willing to be employed in any way that I directed; but on this occasion, he assumed an air of consequence which very ill accorded with my notions of discipline, and on my calling on him to account for his change of behaviour, and putting various questions to him, he expressed himself very ambiguously, and being pressed for an explanation, he said something about having been advised to write a letter; this conduct, combined with other circumstances, which had not escaped my observation, and communications I had from Rio, determined me on promptly putting an end to the matter. I therefore told him, that as he had thought proper to absent himself for so great a length of time during the period of our greatest difficulties, and when his services might have been useful, and as I had not in the slightest degree been inconvenienced by his absence, I could for the future dispense with his services altogether; and therefore desired that he would not, in any the slightest way, interfere with the work, but added, that I should fulfil my engagement to him as to compensation; and, in answer to his question, whether he was to remain at the island, I replied, that assuredly I should not prevent his doing so, provided he rigidly obeyed my orders as to the non-interference in the work, and that if he wanted money for the purposes of amusement, I would give it him; he availed himself of my offer, and continued with us until his death, as stated in the narrative.

Another affidavit, sworn to by six persons upwards of a year after the loss of the Thetis, contains twenty-one clauses, in nineteen of which the expressions that they were "informed" "and believe" occur, either separately or connectedly, *twenty-eight* times. My only object in mentioning this, is to show the nature of the evidence adduced by the admiral's representatives in support of his claim. Another affidavit, on which the judge could not resist passing the censure of declaring, that expressions contained in it "were very improper, and could apply to no one with propriety;" and that the statement was "not proper to be put on the records of the court," I will not quote. Suffice it to say, that the course of proceeding, which was unfortunately adopted on behalf of the admiral, had a most prejudicial effect on the award of salvage, and materially assisted the object of the underwriters.

This lamentable course of proceeding having naturally met with every facility and encouragement from the underwriters, at whose instance the judge had been induced to decline to separate the two distinct questions, the one to ascertain the amount to be awarded as between the salvors generally and the underwriters, and the other that of the apportionment of the award as between the admiral and the actual salvors; the case, encumbered with the subordinate question as of the admiral's claim, at length came on to be argued, and the counsel for the admiral, still claiming as principal salvor, attempted to open the arguments; the interference of the judge, however, gave the lead to the counsel for the salvors of the Lightning, and from that time the title of principal salvor being found untenable, was no longer asserted for Rear-admiral Sir Thomas Baker, but it was decided by the court that I was the originator and director of the enterprise. Having heard arguments on all sides, the judge, after mature deliberation, on the 20th March, 1833, pronounced the sum of £17,000 to be due to the whole of the salvors, including those of the Algerine, amounting to near 400 persons. This award was so manifestly inadequate to the service performed, that setting personal consideration entirely out of view, common humanity towards persons who had, by excessive exertions and fatigue, for the space of fourteen months, suffered so greatly in health and constitution, rendered my duty on the occasion obvious enough: I immediately determined on appealing to the "Judicial committee of the privy council."

However unjust the decision in respect of award, the true position of the several parties had been ascertained, and being desirous of avoiding further legal proceedings, Mr. Woodhead wrote to the organ of the underwriters as follows:—"If you do feel desirous to make such offer of compromise as shall be creditable to yourselves as British merchants and underwriters, and equitable to those who have saved you from total loss, I shall, with pleasure and promptitude, make it my business to see Captain Dickinson, and to recommend his acceptance thereof." To this Mr. Dewar replied—"The committee, necessarily acting as trustees for the parties interested,

feel it to be quite out of their power to make any offer to you of compromise." After this, nothing remained but to apply for the judgment of a higher tribunal. The admiral also appealed; while the agent of Captain De Roos entertaining, no doubt, a very sound judgment with respect to the services of his principal, remained content with a decision which, by including the commander and crew of the Algerine in the distribution of the £17,000, did ample justice to their services. To the latter circumstance I should not have alluded, had not the "special committee" availed themselves of the fact of the commander of the Algerine abstaining from an appeal, using it as an argument, and produced an unsubstantiated statement of the services of the officers and crew of that vessel in evidence against me; insisting that, because the commander of the Algerine rested satisfied with the award, I and my party of salvors must be held to be adequately compensated; at the same time magnifying and lauding (on the ground of that statement, which, be it remembered, was the only document in the cause which was not sworn to) the exertions of the commander of the Algerine, avowedly in order to depreciate mine. In the unsubstantiated statement referred to, there are many points, as connected with the proceedings, to which I might allude more in detail, but from which I refrain, unless compelled by future circumstances. To one fact, however, I think it here requisite to refer, and it is this: that although immediately upon Captain De Roos taking charge of the enterprise, namely, on the *10th of March*, there were large quantities of treasure taken up by his people from the very spot previously discovered by me, and pointed out to him; and treasure continued to be thenceforward recovered from the same spot for a considerable time; yet the first mention made by Captain De Roos in the statement of his services, of his success in recovering any of the treasure, is on the date of the *22d of May*. For this omission, or suppression, it is not for me to account; but the inference drawn from it, and argued upon on behalf of the "special committee" before the "privy council," was that, at the period of my delivering over my charge, I considered that no more treasure was recoverable. Of the fallacy of such an assertion, my original letter of instructions to Captain De Roos is quite conclusive. But if more be necessary to disprove such and similar misstatements, a reference to the Lightning's journal of the proceedings at Cape Frio for the 9th and 10th March, cannot fail to set that question at rest. "Friday, March 9th, 1832; wind northeasterly; A. M., moderate breezes and fine, 6h. 15m., out to work the bell; worked it all day, and obtained some copper bolts and articles of iron. Employed sending ship's stores on board.—P. M. fresh breezes, with heavy gusts; the captain descended in the bell to survey the bottom of the cove, previous to giving up charge of the enterprise to the hon. Captain De Roos, of the Algerine. In the evening, not being able to get the launch in, moored her in the cove. *Recovered to-day*, 517 dollars, 189lbs. 14½oz. of bar silver, 224lbs. 8oz. of plata pina, 8lbs. of old silver." "Saturday, 10th March; wind northeasterly; A. M. fresh breezes with heavy gusts; delivered over the charge of the enterprise to the Hon. Captain De Roos, of H. M. sloop Algerine, who immediately took possession; and at 7h. 30m. commenced working the bell. Employed getting every thing belonging to the ship on board, and seventeen boxes of treasure. *At the period of resigning the enterprise, we were working in a part in which there was a large quantity of treasure.*" Such were the advantageous circumstances under which the Algerine commenced her part of the enterprise, *the whole of which are omitted in the statement*. But enough on this point.

The cause came on before the "privy council," on the 19th of June, 1834; on the following day it confirmed the decision of the admiralty court in all respects except as to the amount of award to the appellants, decreeing the sum of £12,000 in addition to the £17,000 already awarded. As Captain De Roos and his party were not appellants, of course they did not benefit by that augmentation.

From my narrative and the few succeeding remarks, the reader may have been enabled to form a judgment of the relative merits of myself, the admiral, and Captain De Roos. I therefore proceed to advert to the subsequent treatment which I received at the hands of the underwriters. In the United Service Journal for January, 1835, the following statement appeared: "At a meeting of the underwriters and parties interested" "to receive a report from the committee to whom had been entrusted the management of their important interests in regard to the treasure saved from the wreck of the Thetis, man-of-war," "the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:"

"1st. A vote of thanks to Admiral Sir Thomas Baker, for his zeal and exertions."

"2d. The same to Captain De Roos, of the Algerine, and a grant of £2000 to himself, his officers and crew, being the amount they would have received had they been parties to the appeal."

"3d. To mark the sense of the meeting of Captain De Roos's conduct, they further voted to this officer a piece of plate, of the value of 100 guineas."

Although, abstractedly, I should not set a very high value on the opinion of any body of men who could have sanctioned a course of proceedings such as were adopted on behalf of the underwriters against the salvors, yet the votes to which I have referred, having been intended to convey towards me a formal censure, I cannot pass that part of their conduct without some short observations, and in the first place call to notice the evident inconsistency of their conduct. According to the tenour of the second vote, it acquiesces in the justice of the appeal of the salvors to obtain a proper compensation for services, and for services certainly equal to those of the officers and crew of the Algerine; it then places the latter, in point of pecuniary reward, on the same footing as the appellants, and omits any mention of the Lightning's officers and crew; presenting such a specimen of petty feeling, and indeed of black ingratitude, as is consistent only with a plea, which had in effect denied one sixpence to be due for the salvage of 588,800 dollars. This omission of the Lightning's officers and crew I should not have condescended thus to dwell upon, were it not that the public might be misled into a belief that it was to the admiral and Captain De Roos alone the underwriters were indebted for the recovery of their property; a feeling which induced me, in the following month, to address a letter to the editor of the *United Service Journal*, stating, that "I protested against the possibility of their present to the commander for services rendered by him, as being contradistinguished from those rendered by me; for, most assuredly, if it had not been for the machinery invented, devised, and constructed by me and those acting under my orders, directions, and superintendence, and not by the suggestion of any person at a distance from the scene of operations, he never could have recovered a dollar." This letter drew forth a reply, in which the writer attempts to justify the conduct of the underwriters: "But, without detracting from Captain Dickinson's merit *in inventing the machinery by which so large a share of the specie was saved*, I will, without fear of contradiction from any one but the complaining officer, aver that Captain De Roos exerted himself in the most praiseworthy way; *that he confined himself continually, and for whole days, in the diving-bell*, and persevered in his endeavours *in a stage of the proceedings that Captain Dickinson considered forlorn.*"

An acknowledgment of the merit of "inventing the machinery" which led to such important results, is certainly a novel way of justifying the omission of the name of the inventor, and the stupid and preposterous fallacies contained in the last four lines of the quotation are so palpable, and so completely refuted by common sense, and my letter of instructions to Captain De Roos and the Journal of Cape Frio for the last two days, that it would be a waste of words to remark on them; at the same time, I am not by any means disposed to deny, that the exertions of Captain De Roos in the diving-bell were considerable. But mark what follows in the letter referred to: "Had Captain Dickinson relied on the liberality of Lloyd's Coffee-house, *he would not have been a poorer man.*" Here, then, we arrive at the development of the real feelings of the underwriters: here is exposed the head and front of my offending.

Rely on the liberality of Lloyd's Coffee-house! of the men who *denied that the salvors were entitled to any reward!!* So that, because I would not abandon my duty to my officers and crew, or separate my interests from theirs, and place myself and them at the mercy of the underwriters, the initiation of the enterprise and the services of fourteen months, besides the rescue of nearly 600,000 dollars, are to be merged or considered as utterly unworthy of mention. Can it be necessary, in order to entitle a British officer to honourable mention in Lloyd's Coffee-house, that he should abandon a right, and, succumbing to the feet of its mighty committee, accept as a donation, doled out too with all the ostentation of a gratuitous liberality, that very reward which legally took precedence even of the ownership of the property rescued!!

Having, as I hope and believe that I have, succeeded in showing my true position in the enterprise, and also that litigation was not occasioned by me, it remains for a discerning public to decide to whom the merit of this extraordinary and unique service is due: to its judgment I submit my narrative, and with its judgment I shall rest satisfied. "Palmam qui meruit ferat."

In conclusion: Until my late collision with the underwriters, I was willing to believe that they maintained the same feelings which did them, as a body, so much honour during the late war, and out of which originated an institution never equaled in any other nation,—I mean the Patriotic Fund, which is so intimately connected with the brightest pages in the history of our country; but so little of a similar spirit has been demonstrated towards the officers and crew of the Lightning, whose application to Lloyd's was not for a gratuity but for a compensation, not merely legally due, but earned by services of an extraordinary nature, and crowned too by so successful a result, that I think myself justified in questioning whether, with the ancient liberality of Lloyd's, its notions of equity may not also have evaporated. For the honour of the *modern* Lloyd's, they may seek others to court and truckle; I am not ambitious of distinctions from such hands, not because I, as an officer, undervalue the good opinion and honourable notice of the merchants and ship-owners of my country, but only because I am convinced that the merchants and ship-owners of Great Britain are not duly represented by any committee in Lloyd's Coffee-house, which could have allowed personal feelings to mystify and divert the current of common justice to the extent exemplified in the case of the Thetis.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

(*Referred to in page* 204.)

"By Thomas Baker, Esquire, C. B., rear-admiral of the red, and commander in chief of his majesty's ships and vessels employed and to be employed on the South American station.

"You are hereby required and directed to put to sea to-morrow morning in his majesty's sloop under your command, and proceed to Cape Frio for the purpose of relieving the Algerine in guarding the wreck of his majesty's late ship Thetis.

"After receiving from Captain Martin, of the Algerine, every information he has to communicate relating to the position and present state of the wreck, you will lose no time in commencing operations with the diving-bell and other apparatus with which you are furnished, for recovering as far as practicable the public property and treasure sunk in the Thetis, and which it is believed are still attached to the remains of that ship.

"I feel that it would be superfluous for me, after what I have seen of your persevering attention to this subject, to urge upon your zeal and ability, on which I place entire reliance, the advantage of making localities subservient, as far as you possibly can, in forwarding the interesting duty upon which you are engaged; but you will take every precaution to avert those unforeseen disasters and accidents to which your endeavours to accomplish so peculiar a service must be liable.

"You will keep me constantly acquainted with your proceedings, of which I would recommend you to form a distinct journal; and you will not fail to point out, whenever it may be advisable, any way by which I can afford you assistance.

"In the mean time I have instructed Captain Martin to remain with you a few days, in the event of your requiring any assistance beyond what the Adelaide and the two launches can afford you, which vessels you are to employ as you may find necessary.

"An account is to be kept in the annexed form of the property you may succeed in recovering, making sepa-

rate reports of what may prove to belong to individuals from that belonging to the crown: and you are to continue on this service until further orders.

"Given on board the Warspite, Rio de Janeiro, 22d January, 1831.

(Signed) "THOMAS BAKER,
"Rear-Admiral and Commander in chief.

"To Thomas Dickinson, Esquire,
Commander his majesty's sloop Lightning.

"By command of the commander in chief;
(Signed) "ALEXANDER KANT, Secretary."

No. II.

Appeared personally, William Fitzwilliam Owen, Esquire, a captain in the royal navy, and made oath that, being in the command of his majesty's frigate Eden, he arrived in the harbour of Cape Frio on the thirteenth of May, 1831, in order to receive on board his majesty's said ship, treasure saved from the wreck of his majesty's late frigate Thetis, and convey the same to England, the deponent being bound thither: That his majesty's said frigate Eden, on the said occasion, remained at Cape Frio five days, during which time the deponent proceeded in a boat to the cove in which the Thetis was wrecked, and the deponent afterwards ascended (from the land side) the cliffs which surrounded the said cove: That the deponent thereby had a full opportunity of observing with accuracy, and did observe the derrick, which at that time was stepped or fixed in a socket or excavation in the rocks within the said cove, and a few feet above the water's edge, supported at its other extremity by a chain-cable made fast above to the rocks at the height of 150 feet, or thereabouts, with various other stays, whereby the outer end of the said derrick was raised to the height of about 40 feet above the sea: That the deponent was at the time informed, and he believes that the said derrick was of the length of 158 feet, and had been made up of 22 separate pieces of spars, and put together in a masterly manner: And that the summit of the cliff, being as aforesaid about 150 feet perpendicular height, had been leveled, and that holes had been worked in the granite of which the said hills were composed, and wherein capstans and crabs were fixed, the said crabs having been formed, as the deponent was informed and believes, out of the stumps of the topmasts saved from the wreck: That the deponent during the same period observed the operation of a large diving-bell which was suspended beneath a stage at the end of the said derrick: That the said bell was raised or lowered by a capstan fixed on the summit of the said cliff: And that crabs were fixed on the cliffs at other points of the cove to which guys were led for the purpose of moving the head of the said derrick from side to side: The persons employed at such capstan being directed by a series of signals conveyed in the first instance from the bell to the stage, and from thence to the platforms on the said cliff, whereby the said bell was hoisted, lowered, or moved in any direction at the will of the persons therein: That the deponent also observed that the service of working in a diving-bell in the said cove, and at a depth of between five and six fathoms, was one of considerable risk, and always of great labour and exposure to danger, the action of the sea in the said cove being for the most part heavy on account of the said cove lying open to the ocean: That the construction, rigging, and working, of the said derrick greatly excited the admiration of this deponent: And the deponent, who has been for forty-four years in continued and active employment in his majesty's service, is of opinion that the aforesaid works and operations do infinite credit to the talent, zeal, and seamanlike tact of the individual under whose orders and directions the said works and operations were carried on and accomplished, and that the erection of the said derrick as viewed by this deponent, under the great disadvantages of the locality aforesaid, and very limited means of effecting the same, forms a work which, under such circumstances, could only have been performed by British seamen, and certainly has never been equaled within his knowledge: And he lastly saith, that he observed that every person employed in the said salvage service, gave his utmost exertions with admirable cheerfulness in furtherance of the same; and that it appeared to this deponent, and he verily believes, that the expectation of a liberal reward, for such their services, acted as a strong stimulus to their said exertions.

And he further saith, that during the period before mentioned, Thomas Dickinson, Esq., the commander of his majesty's sloop Lightning, was (save the deponent) the senior officer on the said island of Cape Frio, and that the whole of the operations there carried on in respect of the salvage of the treasure aforesaid during such period were carried on by, or under the immediate orders and personal direction of, the said Thomas Dickinson: And it is the opinion and belief of the deponent, that the success of the service on which the said Thomas Dickinson was then employed, depended entirely on his own great personal activity, and promptitude of mind and action in obviating and repairing those casualties to which the same was continually and inevitably exposed and subjected; and that it would have been next to impossible for any person not on the spot to have given the said Thomas Dickinson either counsel or instructions of such a nature as to have been in any way serviceable to him in the aforesaid operations, depending as they did entirely on local and transient circumstances, and requiring his constant attention and instantaneous decision, as well as a diversified application of his means, on every change of wind or weather either moderate or violent.

W. F. OWEN.

Sworn before me, on the 19th November, 1832.
J. ADDAMS, Surrogate.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

The Gurney Papers.

No. III.

I am perfectly sure that the growth of affection so generally admitted to be the inevitable result of juxtaposition and constant association between those whose tastes accord, whose feelings assimilate, and whose habits and principles are congenial, is neither so rapid nor so decided as the progress of dislike when once the sentiment has taken hold of one. I felt as I sat carving a huge haunch of mutton, which in our moderate establishment still maintained its place at head-quarters, unbanished to the side-table, that I really *was* nothing more than purveyor to the party, and likened myself to one of those mountains of flesh who were wont to cut slices from huge rounds of beef in a shop at the corner of St. Martin's court, and sell them—

"To every passing villager."

There were ten people to be helped to mutton,—of which ten, my wife and brother were the only two who had any legitimate claim to places at the table;—it is all very true Mrs. Wells is a very nice woman, but even she, I think, interferes more than she need in my domestic affairs, and seems to impress upon Harriet's mind that the mode in which matters are managed at the Rectory is the only system to be adopted and adhered to all over the world. I hate boiled pork,—so does Harriet,—a parsnip is my aversion, it reminds me of a sick carrot;—no matter. Mrs. Wells has instilled into her daughter's mind the necessity of having certain prescribed joints and dishes on certain particular days in the week; and accordingly it was but yesterday that I was taken by surprise with an odious leg of boiled pork, accompanied by a mixture resembling nothing but a dab of yellow plaster for a wall, which they call pease-pudding.

To-day was mutton day, which I was fully aware of long before dinner-time. My predecessor at Ashmead could not endure the smell of the dishes he was destined afterwards to taste, and accordingly consulted an eminent architect upon the construction of his kitchen. The kitchen was built at the extremity of a long passage divided by double doors, and ventilated by a sort of open turret, which was to render the whole affair unsmellable. The result is, that the servants, who are continually passing and repassing along this passage, invariably fasten, or as they call it "trig," both doors back, in order to save themselves the trouble of shutting or opening them; the cook, who dreads the rheumatism, shuts up the flappers of the turret; and the consequence is, that the northeasterly wind, which gets into the kitchen on the other side, blows the whole flavour of the feast, right through this kind of funnel, into the hall and house generally, but more particularly into the dinner-room itself, from which the door to the offices opens directly into the passage.

Cuthbert, who looks like parchment, and smells like a Japan cabinet, is perfectly indifferent to every inconvenience that does not compel himself to move. If he get his curry done to his liking,—the light yellow Moorman's curry, with pickles; and his promiscuous kabobs, in which he revels at breakfast, or his occasional pillau, he is content; although on the days when the flavour of mutton does not supersede every other scent, the whole place is redolent of oriental condiments.

Kissing Kitty is a venial offence as far as her father-in-law is concerned, but it makes me sick to see him feeding her with his own spoon at table, picking her out little nice bits of sweetmeats, and then making her "sweeten his glass" before he drinks his wine. Well, a fortnight more and the holidays will be over, and then something like order will be restored here.

I had concluded the round of feeders, and helped myself, and was beginning to make preparations for eating, when, just as I had got a morsel on my fork, and while it hung Mahomed-like midway between my plate and my mouth, its progress was suddenly stayed by Cuthbert.

"Gilbert," said he, "here is a young lady who will trouble you for a bit more,—that which you sent her before is hardly done enough; just turn the haunch over and cut her a little slice—under—there—I cannot point out the place, exactly—where it's brown; Kitty is like her pappy, she likes her meat well done; don't you, dear!"

"I like whatever you like, pa," said the young lady.

"Hyena," said I to myself, as I essayed for the third time to turn the unwieldy joint, a trial of my skill and patience, which ended in its slipping from my hold, and toppling down into the midst of its gravy, of which it made a sudden dispersion, producing an effect similar to that of one of Shrapnell's shells upon a small scale; and I confess I was rather pleased than vexed when I saw a considerable portion of the lava-like liquid fly from the dish into the face of the odious Tom Falwasser, who received the aspersion with the worst imaginable grace, and the worst possible philosophy.

"Bush," cried the savage; "ain't I cotched it now? I say, pa, my heye is heut."

"Poor boy!" said Cuthbert. "Ah, that's it; misfortunes never come alone,—my fault—dear me. Oh, Gilbert, don't trouble yourself," and so on, until he had persuaded the yahoo that he was wretchedly persecuted, and induced Miss Falwasser to give me a look, such as she would have bestowed upon my butler, if he had, by any accident, spoiled a sky-blue silk dress, by spilling half a plate of soup on it, in handing it over her shoulder.

I was in a bad humour, and yet those who know me, have always fancied it would take a great deal to drive me into one. As George Colman says in the song of Caleb Quotem, in his admirable farce of the "Review,"

"Many small articles make up a sum."

And the truth of the line was most painfully evident to me, inasmuch as it was a combination of little irritations by which I was affected. Harriet seemed unaccountably fively; and she and Fanny had some joke between them and that odious red-fisted Lieutenant Merman. I begin to hate *him*. What is it—what has soured my temper?

I was asking myself this question seriously, for the third or fourth time, just as the second course had been removed—if second course, a brace of pheasants at one end of the table, some sea kale at the other, and some patties and jellies on the sides, could be so called: and I felt a certain degree of relief from the cessation of a duty with which, I admit, mingled very little pleasure—when I heard the sound of carriage wheels approaching the house door: the sound suddenly ceased, and a peal at the bell set the house itself ringing.

Every body looked amazed. We expected nobody. The Nubleys were not coming. Wells could not have left the Earl's so early; we all were astounded, save and except my brother Cuthbert, and that minx Kitty, who, when we were all staring at each other, in "amazement lost," said to her "pa," loud enough for me to hear, "I shouldn't wonder if it was——"

What these ominous words portended, I could not venture to surmise; but my astonishment and dismay were not exceedingly small, when I saw my brother's man Hutton enter the room, and, proceeding to Miss

Kitty, whisper something in her ear, and beheld her, after giving Cuthbert a pat on the arm, jump up from her chair, and run out of the room, followed by Jane, to whom she made a signal, into the hall, where, in a few moments, the noise of the laughing and giggling of girls and women, and the barking of dogs, resounded.

In the midst of my amazement—in Ireland it would have been alarm—at the invasion of my house at so unusual an hour, in bounced Miss Kitty, who, running to Cuthbert, exclaimed, with a look of triumphant saucineness, "It is *her*."

"Where is she?" said Cuthbert.

"Gone up with Jane into our room to take off her things," said Kitty; and, turning to my wife, who looked petrified at the performance in progress, added, "it's only Mrs. Brandyball, dear."

Dear! to *my* wife!—only Mrs. Brandyball!

"Why," said I, "she cannot have got our letter."

"No," said Cuthbert, "but I can explain that. Kitty had said she was sure you would be glad to see her on her way back—and so—I hadn't time to mention—this—before, but——"

"It makes no difference," said I. "Harriet, dear, hadn't you better just see——"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Falwasser, interrupting; "don't hurry, because dear governess has got something to tell *me* all to myself, and I'll go up and keep her company till you go into the drawing-room." Saying which, and seeming perfectly satisfied that her proposal for the arrangement was in fact a *fiat*, she proceeded unchecked by any body to fulfil her intentions.

"This is quite a surprise," said Harriet, looking, as I thought, a little ruffled by the event—"did *you* know Mrs. Brandyball was coming to-day, cousin?"

"Why," said Cuthbert, "I don't exactly recollect what dear Kate said about it—I know she told me that when she heard from Mrs. Brandyball, she seemed to wish to know whether her coming here would be agreeable to you—and then, as far as I can recollect, Kate told me that she wished you to send her an invitation, as if it originated with yourself—so that she might not feel a difficulty in accepting the one she had given her; however, as she is come, all the trouble of writing to her to ask her might have been saved. Tommy, dear, pick up my toothpick—eh—ah."

"I did not know," said I; for I confess the tact of Miss Fulwasser in her manœuvrings was any thing but soothing—"I did not know that Kitty had heard from the lady."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "one day last week, I think."

"I didn't see the letter amongst ours," said I.

"No," said Cuthbert, "Kate's maid always goes down to the servants' hall when the letters come, to see if there are any for *her*; it saves us the trouble of sending them up to her after we get up—ah!"

All this sounded odd—there appeared a kind of precocity in her measures which did not tend in the slightest degree to exalt the opinion of the young lady's character or disposition which I had previously formed, and Cuthbert evidently saw what was passing in my mind.

"You know," added he, "the children are up long before we are—so that there is no reason why Kate should wait to get any letter which comes for her till we go to breakfast."

"None in the least," said I: "only I was not prepared to hear that so young a lady maintained an independent correspondence."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "her poor dear mother was always an advocate of freedom from restraint; and, besides, if the poor child were obliged to write those difficult pattern answers she would be tired to death—indeed, she can't bear any thing of the sort, but when she writes of herself, if she does not spell every word exactly right, still she speaks her own sentiments and opinions. I am a great friend to leaving the mind all free."

"Well, Fanny," said Harriet, rousing her sister from a whispering *tête-à-tête* with her odious lieutenant, "when you are at leisure, perhaps mamma would like to go to the drawing-room."

"Law, Harry!" said Fanny, blushing, "I am sure *I*'m ready to go whenever she pleases."

And up they got, and away they went. I took Harriet's vacated seat and arranged the bottles.

"Sad accident has happened," said Merman, "to a brother officer of mine, Jukes, of ours. He was riding in the Park the day before yesterday, his horse ran away with him, and threw him, and he has broken his leg and two or three of his ribs. It would be deused hard if he were to die, for he only purchased his company a fortnight since."

"That's sad work," said Cuthbert; "just give me a little claret, Gilbert—there—thanks. I don't know if I ever told you of a most formidable-looking accident that happened to me a vast many years ago, when my poor father and I were traveling in a postchaise down Shooter's Hill, just where the place built like Severndroog is——"

"Bush, pappy," said Tom, who had watched him with considerable anxiety thus far, "you ave told hus that story hevery day this olidays. You should ear sister Kate tell it, just like you——"

"Does she, my boy?" said Cuthbert; "how odd that is. Her poor dear mother had a strong turn for imitation. I didn't remember I had told Lieutenant Merman that story,—but wasn't it a miraculous escape?—we must have been dashed to pieces, if the horses had not stopped of themselves."

Lieutenant Merman, who evinced by a look at me his perfect intimacy with the catastrophe, then occupied at least three quarters of an hour in relating a case of great hardship, in which Captain Dobbington had lodged his money for the majority of his regiment, and that Captain Winnowmore had been appointed—and that Lieutenant-colonel Somebody had died—and that the commander of the forces had done him a great injustice, and so had the adjutant-general, and the quarter-master-general—and so had the secretary at war, and the paymaster of the forces, and the judge advocate general, and the general commanding the regiment, and, as far as I recollect, the Archbishop of Canterbury. However, Mr. Grub and Mr. Snob, two stanch redressors-general of all human wrongs, were to bring the case before the house of commons the very first week of the next session, it being one of such importance that the eyes of the whole army were directed to it, and the feelings of the whole nation in a state of ebullition.

I listened; and at the conclusion of the details, said I had not heard any thing of it through the public papers; and when I turned to Cuthbert, I found he was fast asleep, with the snuff-box still in his hand, but reversed, as the heralds would say, and the snuff "absent without leave" on the carpet. Not liking to rouse my poor brother from the soft slumber in which he was, like another Chrononhotonthologos, "unfatiguing himself," I pushed the wine again to Merman, who thinking, I suppose, that my doing so was an encouraging hint to resume his lamentations, continued to enlarge upon the infamous job which had been done, until the slumberer awoke.

In my mind, there does not exist in the world a more anomalous character than a radical officer of the army or the navy. Pledged as they are, to defend the king and country against all foes, foreign and domestic, and always eager to redeem that pledge,

"E'en in the cannon's mouth,"

nothing can seem more extraordinary—I should say, perhaps, more disgusting—than to hear them giving utterance to sentiments, the expression of which by any man not belonging to either service, would at once stamp him for a disloyal and disaffected subject. It is always to me a convincing proof of great weakness or great wickedness. If they believe that the radical reform, of which they speak so enthusiastically, means any thing short of eventual revolution, the former is their misfortune. If, with their eyes open to the ulterior results, they advocate the course which leads to them, and laud the men who uphold it, the latter is their crime; and in either case, respect for themselves and society should keep them silent: for, as they are bound to fight for the existing order of things, and in the case of any outbreak, they would, in doing their duty, be compelled to oppose and overthrow it, their own previous proclamations, that what they did was contrary to their opinions and principles, would add but little to their reputation for sincerity, or their character for independence.

Merman's long tale having been quite unfolded, and Cuthbert been awakened to the loss of his snuff, I suggested a removal to the drawing-room, anxious, I admit, to see the Minerva under whose fostering auspices two such promising girls as my pseudo-nieces were fast coming to maturity.

Cuthbert did not appear to evince any particular desire to greet the lady, which quite satisfied me that his anxiety to show her civility had originated in his devotion to his daughter-in-law. However, having got Lieutenant Merman to ring the bell for Hutton to come and fetch his snuff-box to be refilled, and then to wheel him across the hall to the edge of his couch, in the drawing-room, we proceeded to an inspection of the all-accomplished Mrs. Brandyball.

I found her seated on one of the sofas between her young pupils. She was a plumpish, dressy woman, of about fifty-four or five, with a florid countenance, and coal-black hair, which, upon the established principle of *meum* and *tuum*, was unquestionably her own, above which she wore a capacious white bonnet, decorated with flowers, which would have made Lee and Kennedy jealous, and have driven Colville mad; chains and rings adorned her neck and fingers, and although *en deshabille* for travelling, she was quite as fine as need be.

Upon Cuthbert's arrival, the two girls leaped from their *musnud*, and while Mrs. Brandyball tired him to death with the most affectionate enquiries after his health, Kate stood kissing his forehead, and Jane holding one of his hands. After this ceremony had been gone through, Cuthbert, looking anxiously after me, pointed to the lady, and said, in a subdued tone of voice, "Gilbert, allow me to introduce Mrs. Brandyball."

I made the *aimable* with the best grace I could, and expressed myself extremely glad to see her at Ashmead—hoped she had had some refreshment, and suggested that we should have some supper early, since she had missed our dinner hour, by her late arrival.

"Thank you, Mr. Gurney," said my fair friend, in a tone of voice suitable to a girl of sixteen, performing on the stage, "for your delicate attention; but I would not for worlds disarrange the economy of your establishment, nor is it in any degree necessary; for, owing to the amiable solicitude of these dear children, I have been supplied with every necessary refreshment since my arrival in your charming mansion."

"Have you?" said I; "I am very glad to hear it."

"Yes," continued the lady, "dear Katharine, anxious to evince a regard, which is truly reciprocal, desired the domestics to arrange a little repast in her own apartment, and I found abundance of every thing to gratify the appetite, all elegantly disposed for my accommodation—interesting creatures! It is most satisfactory to a solicitous preceptress to discover, in acts of kindness and consideration like these, the delightful evidence of affection, resulting, perhaps, in the present instance, from a strict adherence to the principle, that where kindness governs in the place of anger, the pupil always receives instruction with gratitude."

This euphonic oration startled me, not only by its manner, but its matter. The woman appeared to me to have swallowed half a score of her own copy-books, the examples in which she was now delivering out of her lips; but this being merely ridiculous, I thought I might be amused by her absurdity. What really *did* startle me, was the coolness with which the interesting Katharine had given her orders for preparing a snug dinner for her high-flying schoolmistress in *her* room, without enquiring whether she might do so or not. Nor was this all; for under Hutton's directions, my butler, it seems, had furnished forth wines "of sorts," for the banquet, of which—I speak it with diffidence and reserve—it appeared to me that my fair friend had imbibed no very small quantity.

"I have been just expressing to Mrs. Gurney," said Mrs. Brandyball, "the sentiments of admiration which I entertain for the beauties of this vicinage; it was so late when I arrived, that the shades of evening had thrown their mantle over the beauties of nature. It was, however, impossible not to perceive, by the outlines of the surrounding scenery, how very beautiful it must be in a more genial season of the year."

"I think," said I, "you flatter us too much; the country about us is very pretty, but——"

"Oh!" said the lady, smiling her best, "my opinion is that courtesy should ever be accompanied with candour; and although 'to err is human, and to forgive divine,' as far as I am capable of forming a judgment upon such subjects, I think the drive from the coast hitherwards is quite charming."

"I hope," said I, "that we shall improve your favourable impression during your stay."

"I have explained to Mrs. Gurney," said Mrs. Brandyball, "the cause of my somewhat premature appearance here. I really entertain so sincere a regard—I might almost denominate it a maternal affection—for these two dear creatures, that I ventured in some measure to overstep the ordinary regulations of society by accepting my dear Katharine's invitations; but, as I say, affectation is at best a deformity, and conciliatory manners command esteem—so that when the dear girl wrote to beg me to come, I came without reflecting how much perhaps I ventured to intrude."

I bowed—though it was evident that Kitty, in the course of the second dinner, in what this eloquent lady called *her* apartment, had explained to her the whole of the manœuvre which had failed, with regard to the invitation which was to have been sent to her.

"Oh, Mr. Gurney," continued the lady, "'a good education is the foundation of happiness, and ignorance is the parent of many injuries,' and this I say, because a good maxim is never out of season—now I have had these dear creatures under my care five years, nay, more—the course of time is so rapid, and I may say so imperceptible—in fact, like the varied movements of the vast universe, that one is unconscious of its flight—and I declare that I never have had the smallest reason to find fault with either of them—as I say, perfect idleness is perfect weariness, and of all prodigality, that of time is the worst. Defer not till to-morrow what you can do to-day; indeed, I find lazy folks take the most pains—but I do assure you, that my two young charges appear to me to possess a felicitous mixture of talent and genius, with a desire to improve their natural advantages, by a sedulous devotion to the more abstruse studies."

Studies, thought I—of quadrupeds running about upon the ceiling, with a great many legs—or of geography, sailing into an Asiatic Mediterranean through Behring's Straits——however, I saw what my florid, black-haired lady *was*, in a moment, and felt not the slightest indisposition to amuse myself with the animal *rouge et noir*. Besides, as Cuthbert and the people he called his children, were to be pleased by any attention paid to our newly-arrived guest, I resolved to put a good face on the matter, convinced that the fine language of my new friend was only plating, and that after a day or two we should scrape our way to the real material.

I was somewhat relieved from the overflow of Mrs. Brandyball's loquacity, by Harriet, who, I suppose, saw that I had had enough of it, to use a phrase which the euphonic lady never would have adopted, and who came to remind me that Cuthbert was looking wistfully for his whist—the hint was enough; and I began to make up his little party by enquiring if Mrs. Brandyball would like to cut in.

"No, my dear sir," said the fascinating hedgehog; "I invariably decline card-playing. Malice never wants a mark to shoot at; and, although regarding the subject with an unprejudiced eye, I see really no moral interdiction to such a relaxation, I think it better not to gratify myself by an amusement which the rigid might censure; I feel it is always right to comply with cheerfulness, where necessity enjoins; so, as every condition has its troubles, I give up upon principle, what might, in the estimation of the liberal portion of mankind, be considered little else than a relief from mental labour."

The effort she made to decline the whist, was as palpable as that which an ill-bred child makes to say, "No, I thank you," when asked to eat or drink something which he or she particularly wishes for, but has been taught by some vulgar person to refuse, as a matter of delicacy.

Mrs. Wells and I played against Cuthbert and Harriet; Merman of course "sat out" with Fanny; and Mrs. Brandyball enjoyed herself amazingly with the two girls, who sat on either side of her, soaking their hands in hers.

This was dull work for the new arrival, I presume; but, luckily for all parties, Sniggs dropped in to look at Tom's wounds, which were very parliamentarily divided between the eyes and nose. When he came half stepping, half bounding into the room, the vivacious Brandyball seemed quite astounded. I heard Kitty put her to rights in a moment. "The apothecary," said Kate; and immediately Brandyball drew herself up, and looked hatchets and carving-knives at him.

"Been to see Master Tom," said Sniggs, who had visited the lout in his room, to which he had been conveyed, under the orders of his sister, who had no desire to be bored with his society after the arrival of her governess. "All going on well—slight discolouration—gone by to-morrow—pulse good—tongue clean—every thing as it should be—shocking affair, Mr. Gurney—have you heard?—Hawkins, the butter-man, has bolted—off to America—always suspicious—martyr to hepatitis—wife pretty woman—attended her in four of her confinements—fine family—troubled a little with rheumatism—sitting in the parlour with her back to the keyhole—has cheated every body—poor Sims, at the Crown, is a great loser—bad for him—short neck—determination of blood to the head, last Easter—twenty leeches to his temples—brought him round, but no accounting for sudden shocks."

"You have ruffed, or roughed (for I don't know how it is to be spelt) my thirteenth," said Cuthbert to Harriet, who was his partner. The word ruff, or rough, as the case may, being, as I have discovered, synonymous with trump. As for Harriet, she hated whist, pretty much, perhaps, for the same reason that I do—because I do not understand it,—nor would I take the trouble, if I thought I could succeed in the pursuit to its attainment, or devote my time and intellect to a game which no man ought ever to play, except for amusement, because when learned to the best of one's ability, it necessarily involves the fate and fortune, if it be played for money, of a partner.

Harriet was quite shocked at the earnestness with which Cuthbert charged her with this high crime and misdemeanour, nor did either she or her mother feel particularly pleased when Cuthbert added, "Well, I should think, considering your father is a parson, he might have taught you better." This observation set Mrs. Brandyball into a loud fit of laughing, and put me into something very like a rage; but then it was my brother who made the remark, and he was lively, and facetious, and therefore better than usual; and so I shuffled and sorted my cards, and tried to think of the principle of the game which I was playing, but in which most assuredly I took no interest.

I had hoped when my brother had exerted himself sufficiently to scold my poor little wife about the unfortunate mistake, that there would have been an end. But no; when the hand was out, Cuthbert, with a gravity far beyond what the importance of the affair seemed to require, said—"Harriet, dear, see what that mistake of yours has done; if, in the second round of clubs, you had played your nine instead of your seven, Gilbert's eight would have fallen; and then, when you saw me lead the knave of diamonds through your mother's king, your putting a trump on it was madness; besides, when you had the lead, if you had returned me the spade, which I had shown you in the very first round was my strong suit, we should have got three tricks running, and then I could have returned you the heart, which must have made two more, because you had ace, king, which, as it was, fell to their trumps."

Harriet listened to the lecture patiently, but profited little. I listened, but not patiently. Poor Cuthbert was perfectly serious, and really out of sorts; he was worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and we were playing sixpenny points.

Harriet got tired,—perhaps the scolding did not do her good,—but she was rapidly approaching the period of her confinement, and I saw that she turned pale, and gave me more than one look of exhaustion and weariness; but it would have been treason to deprive Cuthbert of his prescribed three rubbers, so she played on, and Cuthbert was so keen a player for nothings, that he would not allow Harriet and me to play together.

"No," said he, "never, never let man and wife play together at whist. It is too much trouble for me to point out all the things they do; but, my dear Gilbert, there are always family telegraphs, and if they fancy their looks are watched, they communicate by words. My dear fellow," continued he, looking as white as a sheet, and wholly exhausted by the exertion, "at Bungalapumbungbad, up the country, where I was carried in my palkee to get somebody to look at some indigo which I wanted to buy, I met with a Mr. Smigsmag and his wife,—nice woman, upon my word,—I did not cultivate their acquaintance much, because he lived more than half a mile from my bungalow, and I was merely a visiter,—but I dined with him once or twice, and we played whist, and his wife and *he* always played together;—oh, dear! Kitty, give me the eau de Cologne, dear,—isn't she grown, Mrs. Brandyball, eh?—and so—I found out that I never could win against Smigsmag and his wife,—he was a Burrah Saab—a resident—excellent man in his way,—and so—I mentioned this to my partner, who, being an expectant creature,—I, you know, had nothing to do with John Company, and did'nt care a cowrie for all Leadenhall street put together,—and he told me—'You never *can* win of them.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said he, 'they have established a code.' 'Dear me!' said I; 'what signals, by looks?' 'No,' said he; 'by words. If Mrs. Smigsmag is to lead, Smigsmag says, "Dear, begin." Dear begins with D, so does diamond, and out comes a diamond from the lady. If *he* has to lead, and she says "S, my love, play," she wants a spade. Smigsmag and spade begin with the same letter, and, sure enough, down comes a spade. "Harriet, my dear," says Smigsmag, "how long you are sorting your cards." Mrs. Smigsmag stumps down a heart: and a gentle "Come, my love," on either side, infallibly produces a club.' I can't stand these family compacts, Gilbert."

I was delighted to find Cuthbert equal to so much exertion as was required in telling this story, which produced an observation from Sniggs that whatever the Smigsmags gained by tricks they could not make much by their honours. At which Galenic effusion Mrs. Brandyball fell into a fit of laughter, and little Jane, who did not understand in the slightest degree what it meant, shook her flaxen curls like a newly washed poodle.

"I am sorry," said Harriet to Cuthbert, "that you have so bad an opinion of us; I never should have thought of such a scheme."

"But," said Sniggs, "like the ostler and the priest, now you have been told how the matter *may* be managed, perhaps you will avail yourselves of the information."

"No," said Cuthbert, "I don't suspect them. As for myself, I could not take the trouble to recollect what letter the names of the different suits begin with."

"Shall I," said Mrs. Brandyball, "relieve you from the exertion of arranging your cards? Allow me: many hands make light work. Every condition has its troubles; without a friend the world is a wilderness!"

Saying which, the officious lady settled Cuthbert's hand, and resumed her place at his side, Katharine sitting on his left; and in this fashion we went through the prescribed rubbers, just before the conclusion of which, the servants prepared a "tray" in the anteroom, which Sniggs invariably called "an excellent trait in our character;" and round which, I must confess, our little party has frequently enjoyed more social sociable mirth than it has partaken of during the whole of the day. Sniggs eyed the arrangements with evident satisfaction; and Mrs. Brandyball turned her head, almost instinctively, to the quarter in which the rattling of glasses announced the approach of some agreeable liquid. Merman and Fanny needed neither eatables nor drinkables; they were living upon themselves, in a distant corner of the room, feeling immeasurably happy, and looking inconceivably ridiculous.

When the last rubber was ended, much to my relief, not more on my own account than of poor dear Harriet, Cuthbert desired Jane to ring the bell for Hutton, who was wanted to wheel him into his room, in order that his hands and face might be washed with rose-water—an ablution which he seemed to consider indispensably necessary at that period of the evening.

Having broken up from our play, I found Kate and Jane still remaining fixtures for supper. However, as it was the night of Mrs. Brandyball's arrival—and her arrival at all was matter of compliment to their indulgent father-in-law—there was nothing in *that*, only they had not been in the habit of staying up to supper. Cuthbert, having been washed, and refreshed, was wheeled back; and we closed round the supper table, I, with our new guest on my right hand, and my mother-in-law on my left.

Sniggs sat on Harriet's right, Cuthbert on her left, with Kitty, of course, on *his* right. I had often heard Sniggs talk of the unwholesomeness of suppers; and as often seen him eat voraciously of them, as, indeed, many men who have at other times small appetites, *will*. Dr. Franklin was one of Sniggs's favourite authors in the way of reference: and as I thought that nothing could be better than bringing the printer to bear upon the

'pothecary, I went to my library for five minutes before Cuthbert's return, and "read up," for an attack upon our Galen if he should begin his customary depredations upon our eatables. There he was, sure enough, "pegging away," as we used to say in my horrid school-days, at cold fowl, salmagundi, roasted oysters, and finishing with a *piquante* bit of deviled turkey.

"Well, doctor," said I (for brevet degree in a country place like Blissford is all fair), "I see you do not exactly practise as you preach.

"None of us do," said Sniggs. "When I was in town last, I dined with three physicians of the starving school, and two surgeons sworn to the Abernethian doctrine. I never saw five men eat or drink so much in the whole course of my life; and, Mr. Gurney," added my Lampedo, "go where you will, watch the doctors, and you will find them the greatest gormandisers in the empire."

"Yes," said I, "at dinner, perhaps, but not at supper; recollect what your idol Franklin says:" and then I came out with my quotation. "'In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if we have not dined; but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers after full dinners. Indeed, as there is a difference in constitutions, some rest well after these meals; it costs them only a frightful dream and an apoplexy, after which they sleep till doomsday. Nothing is more common in the newspapers than instances of people who, after eating a hearty supper, are found dead a bed in the morning.'"

"Correctly quoted by you, sir," said Sniggs; "and aptly observed by the doctor; but suppose, now, I was to tell you that I have had no dinner—fact. Three hours at Mrs. Humbleman's—case of asthma—bad breathing—great distress—husband wouldn't let me leave her. He himself dyspeptic, with a slight disposition to erysipelas. Mrs. Sniggs did not wait for me—I away to Stephenson the watch-maker's little girl—second—nice child—scarlatina—fancied measles—I with her—cup of black tea, weak, and with dry toast, all I had—here to look at Master Falwasser's dear little nose. What could I do! so I only make up the former deficiency of diet."

"It must," said Mrs. Brandyball, "be exceedingly excitatory to witness the various afflictions of the different domestic circles into which you are professionally invoked. Experience is the mother of science; and prevention is better than cure. However, the longest day must have an end; and you must experience a most gratifying sensation when you return to repose, to think first, that, perhaps, under Providence, you have been the means of restoring a dear child to a fond parent—for even the crow thinks its own bird the fairest; and greatness of mind is ever compassionate."

Sniggs, who was not particularly sentimental, and thought more of his pills and his bills than of any other thing in the world, looked at our new friend with an expression of countenance which I thought rather equivocal, the character of which was changed into the broad comic when he perceived her sip somewhat largely from a tumbler, into which she had previously poured some particularly strong brandy, which, it must be admitted, took her by surprise.

Harriet looked at me, and I looked at her; and we both laughed. I am sure I have no notion why. However, as we *had* laughed, I thought it was absolutely necessary to atone for the indiscretion by an extra show of attention; and therefore begged to recommend to her particular notice a cup which the servant had just brought in and put down; and in which there was something which I thought she would prefer, since it was evident she was a judge.

The mixture which I advocated, was a peculiar sort of punch, really not strong, but rich and agreeable; and which even Cuthbert, if any body would take the trouble to pour it out for him, would not object to imbibe.

"Thankee, Mr. Gurney," said the lady, "it is never too late to learn; and although I seldom indulge in such combinations, your kindness is such that I find it quite impossible to resist your delicate attentions. I will have one glass."

The tumbler was returned, the lady sipped; and smiled, and smiled and sipped again: her eyes approved, even before her tongue had spoken.

"I fear," said Mrs. Brandyball, "the delightful weather which we have been enjoying during the last few days is drawing to a close. The moon's envelopment in that silvery mist augurs an approaching change, and threatens an accession of cadent humidity."

"Isn't that mist," said Kitty, "what the astrologers call a hay-loft?"

This was fatal. Cuthbert, who was in a nap, with Kate's arm round his neck, heard it not. Merman was leaning his head on his hand, with his nose within three inches of Fanny's mouth, and heeded it not; but the eyes of Mrs. Wells, Harriet, Sniggs and myself met. What to do was the doubt of a moment: the struggle was ineffectual, and we burst into a fit of loud laughter. Mrs. Brandyball stared, Merman and Fanny were flurried, Kate tittered, and Cuthbert awoke.

(To be continued.)

From the London Monthly Review.

EUTHANASIA MEDICA.

Numerous as may be the causes for disgust with life, its end is never contemplated with indifference. Religion may elevate the soul to a sublime reliance on the benefits of a future existence; nothing else can do it. The love of honour may brave danger; the passion of melancholy may indulge in an aversion to continued being; philosophy may resign itself to death with composure; the sense of shame may conduct to fortitude; yet they, who would disregard death, must turn their thoughts from the consideration of its terrors. It is an instinct of nature to strive to preserve our being; and the instinct cannot be eradicated. The mind may turn away from the contemplation of horrors; it may fortify itself by refusing to observe the extent of impending evil; the instinct of life is still opposed to death; and he, who looks directly at it and professes indifference, is a hypocrite, or is self-deceived. He, that calls boldly upon death, is dismayed on finding him near. The child looks to its parent, as if to discern a glimpse of hope; the oldest are never so old, but they desire for life one day longer; even the infant, as it exhales its breath, springs from its pillow to meet its mother, as if there were help where there is love.

There is a story told of one of the favourite marshals of Napoleon, who, in a battle in the south of Germany, was struck by a cannon ball, and so severely wounded that there was no hope of a respite. Summoning the surgeon, he ordered his wounds to be dressed; and, when help was declared to be unavailing, the dying officer, pushed into a frenzy by the passion for life, burned with vindictive anger against the medical attendant, threatening the heaviest penalties, if his art should bring no relief. The dying man clamorously demanded that Napoleon should be sent for, as one who had power to save; whose words could stop the effusion of blood from his wounds, and awe nature itself into submission. Life expired amidst maledictions heaped upon the innocent surgeon, whose skill was unavailing. This account would have seemed incredible, if we had not occasion to know a similar, though in humbler life: a sick man, vowing that he would not die, cursing his physician, who announced the near termination of his life, and insisting that he would live, as in a derision of the laws of nature. To some minds this foolish frenzy appeared like blasphemy; it was but the uncontrolled display of a passion for life; the instinct of self-preservation, exerted in a rough and undisciplined mind.

Even in men of strong religious convictions, the end of life is not always met with serenity; and the moralist and philosopher sometimes express an apprehension, which cannot be pacified. Dr. Johnson was the instructer of his age; his works are full of the effusions of piety, the austere lessons of reflecting wisdom. It might have been supposed that religion would have reconciled him to the decree of Providence; that philosophy would have taught him to acquiesce in a necessary issue; that science would have inspired him with confidence in the skill of his medical attendants; and yet it was not so. A sullen gloom overclouded his mind; he could not summon resolution to tranquilise his emotions; and, in the impotence of despair, taking advantage of the absence of his attendants, he gashed himself with ghastly and debilitating wounds, as if the blind lacerations of his weak arm could prolong the moments of an existence, which the skill of the best physicians in London declared to be numbered. So earnest was the passion for a continuance of life, that he, who had, during his whole career, been a monitor of moderation, who had acquired fame by enforcing the duties of morality, was now betrayed by a lingering desire of life, into acts of imbecile and useless cowardice.

"Is there any thing on earth, I can do for you?" said Taylor to Dr. Wolcott, as he lay on his death bed. The passion for life dictated the answer: "Give me back my youth." They were the last words of the satirical buffoon.

If Johnson could hope for relief from self-inflicted wounds; if the poet could prefer to his friend the useless prayer for a restoration of his youth, we may readily believe what historians relate to us of the end of Louis XI. of France—a monarch, who was not destitute of eminent qualities as well as disgusting vices; possessing courage, a knowledge of men and of business, a powerful will, a disposition favourable to the administration of justice among his subjects; viewing impunity in injustice, as a royal prerogative. Remorse, fear, a consciousness of being detected, disgust with life, and horror of death—these were the sentiments, which troubled the death-bed of the powerful king. The ignorance of physicians in those days was in part betrayed by the belief, that the blood of children could correct the defects of age and the weakness of decrepitude. The monarch, the first who bore the epithet of "the most Christian," was so abandoned to egotism, that he allowed the veins of children to be opened, and greedily drank their blood. He believed that it would renovate his youth, or at least check the decay of nature. The cruelty was useless.

We find the love of life still more strongly acknowledged by one of our poets; who, after declaring life to be the dream of a shadow, "a weak built isthmus between two eternities, so frail, that it can sustain neither wind nor wave," yet avows his preference of a few days', nay, of a few hours' longer residence upon earth, to all the fame which men can bestow.

> Fain would I see that prodigal,
> Who his to-morrow would bestow,
> For all old Homer's life, e'er since he died, till now!

We do not believe the poet sincere; for one passion may prevail over another, and in many a man's breast the love of fame is at times, if not always, stronger than the love of being. But if those, who pass their lives in a struggle for glory, may desire the attainment of their object at any price, the competitors for political power are apt to be doubly enamoured of being. Lord Castlereagh could indeed commit suicide; but it was not from disgust of life; his mind dwelt on the precarious condition of his own elevation, on the unsuccessful policy in which he had involved his country. He did not love death; he did not contemplate it with indifference; he failed to observe its terrors, because his attention was absorbed by objects which pressed themselves upon his mind with unrelenting force.

Madame de Sevigne, in her charming letters, gives the true sensations of the ambitious man, when suddenly called to leave the scenes of his efforts and his triumphs. Rumour, with its wonted credulity, had ascribed to Louvois, the powerful minister of Louis XIV. the crime of suicide. His death was sudden, but not by his own arm: he fell a victim, if not to disease, to the revenge of a woman. In a night, the most powerful man in Europe, one who was passionately fond of place, was summoned from the splendours of his active career. The man, whose power extended to every cabinet, whose views embraced the policy of continents, was called away. How much business was arrested in progress!—how many projects defeated! how many secrets buried in the silence of the grave! Who should disentangle the interests, which his policy had rendered complicate? Who should terminate the wars which he had begun? Who should follow up the blows, which he had aimed? Well might he have exclaimed to the angel of death, "Ah, give but a little time; a short reprieve; spare me, till I can give a check to the Duke of Savoy; a check-mate to the Prince of Orange!" "No! No! You shall not have a single, single minute." Death is as inexorable to the prayer of ambition, as to the entreaty of despair.

But though the love of life may be declared a universal instinct, though the contempt of death is hypocrisy, it does not follow that death is usually met with abject-

ness. It belongs to virtue and to manliness to meet the inevitable decree with firmness. It is often met voluntarily; but even then the natural passion is declared. A sense of shame, a desire of plunder, a hope of emolument—these, not less than a sense of duty, are motives sufficient to influence men to meet danger and defy death. Yet the love of life appears in the midst of hardihood. The common hireling soldier bargains to expose himself to the deadly fire of an hostile army, whenever his employers may command it; he does it, in a controversy of which he knows not the merits; for a party to which he is essentially indifferent; for purposes, which, perhaps, if his mind were enlightened, he would labour to counteract. The life of the soldier is a life of contrast; of labour and idleness; it is a life of routine, easy to be endured, and leading only at intervals to danger. The love of ease, the certainty of obtaining the means of existence, the remoteness of peril, conspire to tempt a crowd of adventurers, and thus armies have never been affected with any other limit than the wants of the treasury. But the same soldier would fly precipitately from any danger, which he had not bargained to encounter. The merchant will visit the deadliest climates in pursuit of gain; he will pass over regions, where the air is known to be corrupt, and disease to have anchored itself in the hot, heavy atmosphere. And this he will attempt repeatedly, and with firmness, in defiance of the crowds of corpses, which he may see carried by wagon-loads to the grave-yards. But the same merchant would fly with percipitate panic from his own residence, in a more favoured clime, should it be invaded by epidemic disease. The same merchant, who would fearlessly meet the worst forms of a storm at sea, and coolly take his chance of escaping the fever as he passed through a city in his route, would shun London in the season of the cholera, and shrink from any danger which was novel and unexpected, differing from the perils which he had prepared himself to disregard. The widows of India ascend the funeral pile with a fortitude which man could never display; and readily, it is said, cheerfully and emulously, yield up their lives to a barbarous usage, which, if men were called upon to endure, would never have been perpetuated through successive generations. Yet is it to be supposed that these unhappy victims are indifferent to the charms of existence, or blind to the terrors of death? Calmly as they may lay themselves upon the pyre, they would beg for mercy, were their execution to be demanded in any other way; they would confess their fear of death, were it not that love and honour pronounce their doom.

No class of men in the regular discharge of duty incur danger more frequently than the honest physician. Never recreant to his trust, there is no form of malignant disease with which he fails to become acquainted; no hospital so crowded with contagious death, that he dares not walk freely through its wards. His vocation is among the sick and the dying; he is the familiar friend of those who are suffering under infectious disease; and he never shrinks from the horror of observing it under all its aspects. He must do so with calmness; he must not suffer his equanimity to be disturbed; as he inhales the poisoned atmosphere, he must coolly reflect on the medicines which may mitigate the sufferings that he cannot remedy. Nay, after death has ensued, he must search with the dissecting knife for the hidden cause and the phenomena of disease, if so by multiplying his own perils he may discover some alleviation for the afflictions of humanity. And why is this? Because the physician is indifferent to death? Because he is steeled and hardened against the fear of it? Because he despises, or pretends to despise it? By no means. As a class of men, it is the especial business of physicians to value life; to combat death; to cherish the least spark of animated existence. And the habit of caring for the lives of others, is far from leading them to an habitual indifference to their own. The instinct of life displays itself in the physician as in other men; he shuns every danger, but such as the glory of his profession commands him to defy.

Thus we are led to an explanation of the anomaly of suicide, to reconcile the apparent contradiction of a fear of death, which is voluntarily encountered. It may seem a paradox; yet the fear of dying has sometimes prompted suicide, and the man who seeks to destroy himself, at the very moment of perpetrating his crime, fears death, and feels the passion for life. Do you ask for evidence? Menace him with death under a different form from that which he has chosen, and he will fly from it like other men. He will defend himself against the hand of the assassin, though he might be ready to cut his own throat; he will, if at sea, and the ship were sinking in a storm, labour with the best to save it from going down, even if he had formed the design to leap into the ocean in the first moment of a calm. Place him in the van of an army; it is by no means certain that he will not prove a coward. It is only under the one aspect, which the mind in some insane excitement has chosen, that the terrors of death do not overpower the sentiment of disgust and disappointment, which may induce him to desire to die, because he has failed of obtaining all the happiness for which he had hoped.

Many celebrated physicians remark most justly that opposite extremes of severity and indulgence in education are amongst the most fertile sources of suicide; for if a boy be indulged in every whim and caprice while he is at home; if he be allowed to rule and domineer, not only over domestics, but even over his parents themselves (a case unfortunately by no means rare), what are we to expect of him when he enters upon life; when he mixes with the world, and finds that nobody will allow him to have his own way, or to exhibit his tyrannical habits; and when, instead of indulgence, he meets with affront, opposition, and attack; and, instead of excuses for his follies or his crimes, finds accusations and criminal charges brought directly against him. Is it to be wondered at, if such a boy run headlong to suicide, when he is buffeted about among those who care not for his darling self, whom he has been practically taught from infancy to consider the uncontrolled sovereign of the actions, and even the looks of those around him? Is it to be wondered, that he will retire from the scene where he encounters nothing but continued rebuff and reiterated neglect, to brood in solitude over his past supremacy, and to sink into hopeless melancholy, or that he will take refuge at last in the dark uncertainty of death. Instances of this kind occur almost every week in our metropolis.

On the contrary, when severe measures are employed to curb the propensities of youth, the young heart is broken and ruined, and the spirit of manliness is crushed down to shrinking timidity, and slavish terror, which trembles at the parent's frown, and never dares relax into the smile of cheerfulness. The poor boy becomes melancholy and listless, and flies to solitude, to escape from the severities to which he is daily and unfeelingly subjected. He broods in silence over his misery, and, in all probability, will at last put an end to his unhappy life. These are not exaggerated pictures, though they are extreme cases, and they ought to be a warning and a lesson to all who may have the power to avert one of the most terrible diseases that can afflict humanity. Dr. Burrows refers to the difference of disposition in children, the cause of the same effects from excessive indulgence or severity; but if the above remarks be just, any difference of disposition will be immaterial to the consequences. That we have not reasoned upon imaginary facts, will appear from the frequent instances recorded in the public prints, of mere children (some as young as ten years of age), destroying themselves in consequence of being chidden, contradicted, or threatened with corporeal punishment. The same dispositions in maturer age, meeting even the ordinary mortifications of life, soon give way, and precipitate their fate. When actuated by envy and jealousy, orphans of eight years old have been known to starve themselves to death, and a story has been told of a boy twelve years old, who hanged himself because he was only the twelfth in his class.

We are reluctant and sorry to denounce as undoubted causes of suicide, the works of men of splendid talents; but in such a case it would be wrong to mince the matter, and plead any excuse for so detestable a prostitution of talent by those writers who attempt to inculcate that suicide is a virtue, and, with the assertion in their mouths, that, under certain circumstances,

> "What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Cannot be wrong,"

their victims rush headlong and unthinkingly into a dark and awful futurity.

There are few persons comparatively in those places where suicide most prevails, who cannot read, and the means of doing so is amply supplied by a teeming and cheap press. As the eagerness for this species of gratification has augmented, the public taste has become in many respects vitiated and debased, and hence, nothing is found more attractive than tales of horror or of wonder, and every coroner's inquest on an unhappy being who has destroyed himself, is read with the utmost avidity. Not content with domestic horrors, we see our most respectable diurnal papers industriously selecting from every foreign source these lamentable proofs of the degradation of humanity, and dressing them in colours such as excite pity rather than abhorrence. It can scarcely be doubted that the frequency and general diffusion of these reports familiarise the minds of the readers with suicide, and thus diminish the detestation in which it ought to be held. Were this and other crimes to be less noticed, it is highly probable they would be less frequent. The reasoning of a young woman, who was rescued from a desperate attempt at suicide, serves to confirm this opinion; upon being questioned how she came to think of committing so dreadful an act, she replied, "That she knew other people killed themselves when they were miserable, and she did not know why she should be prevented from terminating her existence."

From the Asiatic Journal.

THE GAMESTER.

I was pacing listlessly down Waterloo Place, a few days since, in all the sublimity of that solitude which a December in London so amply affords; and which, in my case, was increased by a long absence from my native country, during which many fountains of affection have been dried up, or, at least, remain transmitted through the conduits of another generation, remembered only as the companions of the desert of by-gone days,—the petted consumers of oranges and sweetmeats; when a well-remembered voice addressed me by name, and a few minutes served to reunite those whom long years had sundered. Alike solitaries, we clubbed our independence, and in one of our most charitable institutions, in which a trifling payment secures to the houseless and homeless the luxuries of a princely dwelling and every attendant comfort, we opened, over some most inviting Chateau Margaux, the annals of our mutual histories. Of these there is no occasion to speak, as the public would be little the better for a share in our confidence. They may be sure that if we had any evil to relate of ourselves, the narrative might be safely entrusted to our friends; and as to our good works, they would infallibly find a place in the same records; although, perhaps, the motives might be represented more in accordance with the received theory of human weakness than is consistent with the independent dignity of virtue.

We had sat some time, exhausted by a rapid skirmish of interrogatories, varied occasionally by a charge of anecdotes, when it occurred to me to enquire after some of those who had shared our early dangers and sympathies during a long and perilous voyage out to India. Lewis had remained in India, while I, from the nature of the service to which I belong, had returned after a few years' duty, and been ever since nearly in the position of Noah's dove on her first outset, finding no resting-place for my feet. We both turned, therefore, to this period with the keenest interest. It was the beginning of an acquaintance with several whom time could not efface from our memory, and the renewal of our own schoolboy regard and intercourse. The man must possess more of the material of the *Stoa* than of the stoic, who did not kindle on such a topic. Morning, the young morning, I admit, found us still together, and we parted with an engagement for the following day, to prevent all mistakes, at the same time and place.

The cloth being drawn and every arrangement made, as they can be made at a club only, I called upon Lewis to proceed with his records—I wish I could have prevailed upon him to write them down, in his own clear and forcible manner; but as I could not, and as I thought one or two of his narratives worthy of preserving, as possessing an interest beyond that of our own feelings, I undertook the task myself, and glad shall I be, if I succeed in awakening in my readers the same attention which I myself felt called forth:—

"Of the twenty who surrounded our table on that eventful voyage, we two alone survive. The sword, the pestilence, the sea, have each claimed their victims—and not these alone; but fierce passions and broken hearts, the consuming of the one, and the withering of the other, have borne away their portion of the spoil. It was mine to witness much of this rapid ruin; to share much of its peril, and to endeavour, at least, to subdue some of its ravages.

"Of all our party, none came so constantly under my observation as Edward Malcolm,—and no brother could have maintained a deeper interest in my affections. You must well remember the liveliness of his character, and the captivating charm of his address. Although considerably our junior, he preserved an equality with us without offending these acute perceptions of dignity which mark the early era of manhood. You saw less of him than myself; as your attentions to a very delicate duty which you had imposed upon yourself, called you from table sooner than the rest of us. But it was here that, by the playfulness of his wit and gentleness of his demeanour, he won upon us all. He possessed, however, a pertinacity of design, which nothing, alas! could frustrate. Had he been of a quarrelsome or morose disposition, this tendency would have rendered him at once hateful to all around him, and involved him in eternal broils; but from this he was secured by his sweetness of disposition. He was, moreover, represented by some, who knew more of him, as it afterwards appeared, to have claims upon the consideration of society, arising from some secret grounds of sympathy. I learned, subsequently, that he was the only son of Frank Malcolm, who died, of fever ensuing upon wounds in action, at Cintra; and that the widow and her child were disowned by old Malcolm, from motives which it is to be hoped satisfy those who entertain them, a sense of the dignity of the family. Fortunately for Edward, the brother of his paternal grandmother, an East Indian director, was more accessible to the claims of the widow and the fatherless—and to the goodness of Mr. Bensley he owed every thing which a child could receive at the hands of a father. But of this state of the case we were all entirely ignorant, and young Malcolm joined in the play that in general closed the evening. It was then that the perseverance to which I have alluded displayed itself. His whole being became absorbed in the game; not his mind only, but his very body, was swayed by the impulses of his hopes and his fears. Night after night was the play prolonged, at his request, far beyond the usual hour, and resumed the next day earlier from his importunity. Yet he had no success to lure him on: he won, but not often, or to any thing near the amount of his losses. I played but little; being naturally irritable, I shrank from the excitement, and used every argument to recall young Malcolm. In vain—reckless, although not ungrateful for advice, he rushed on; and, as his infatuation increased, his judgment declined, for he played solely from the impulse of passion, not from any calculation—in fact, he had surrendered himself to his appetite and became its very slave.

"It is useless to dwell upon this painful progress. It is enough to tell you that, on landing at Calcutta, he was indebted to the different members of the mess above two thousand pounds. For this amount he gave his note, payable in three months. This was suggested to him as the usual course, and as such adopted; not one thought being bestowed upon the means of payment, and as little upon the consequences of his inability. This was all unknown to me at the time, and, perhaps, under the circumstances, I could have done nothing to prevent the unhappy step.

"We were separated by our engagements, and our intercourse terminated with a pledge to maintain a correspondence. The value of this pledge is usually not very great, nor is the redeeming it reckoned among the cardinal virtues. Business, pleasure, or *ennui*, are alike available excuses. The details of the two former can seldom interest the two parties in an equal degree: and as for a moiety of the latter, a man earns little thanks by communicating it to his 'heart's own brother.' So five years passed without any important intercourse between us. I saw so many living happily, at least externally so, under the heavy burdens of their play-debts, that, if ever the subject occurred to me, it failed to create any great anxiety in my mind for Edward Malcolm. Why should he be weighed down by that, which scarcely checked for a moment the merriment of a hundred, similarly situated, as I deemed? He, I remembered, had higher spirits and more firmness of character than generally fall to the lot of the same individual.

"About this time I returned to Calcutta, and my first task was to seek Edward—my kind, generous, noble-souled Edward. I found him, at least so much of him as constant and consuming care had left. A cold reserved manner usurped the place of the ardent greeting of but five years back. A nervous quivering of the face and eyelids betrayed the shattered constitution, which, so short a time since, seemed framed to encounter the inroads of toil and years without impression from their attacks. The light of the eye was gone—the arch of the brow was pointed—its brave and noble space furrowed by a ridge of wrinkles; the tone of the voice changed from the music of the heart to the broken whispering of a care-worn wretch. Such was the friend I found; and his frank and generous bearing was shrouded from the eye under a cold, suspicious glance, which seemed afraid of all encounter with mine. To the appeal of remembrance, he was all but dead—the rites of hospitality were grudgingly afforded—our conversation languished—and, finally, after a short interview, we parted; and the only gleam of pleasure that passed over his wan countenance, met my look as I extended my hand at bidding farewell. That evening, however, I learned the cause of this appalling change; but the whole truth did not come upon me at once.

"It appeared that as soon as the real nature of his embarrassments came to be understood, when he found that the notes he had given on board ship must be met with payment, his agony and distraction were beyond control or endurance. At last, some *friend* introduced him to a native usurer, who gladly found the money, although at a most ruinous rate, and to the absorption of about nine tenths of his income. I do not attempt to account for the blindness and madness of the gamester, or of any other delivered over to the dominion of the passions: I have seen enough to know that extrication from the immediate pressure of present evils, seduces the unhappy individual to continue in his fatal course.

"Few, I believe, are aware of the suffering of those upon whom this vice has fastened itself. The bitter regrets—the solemn resolutions, framed only to yield to the next temptation; the hopes of recovery by some turn of luck, cherished only to sink in deeper despair. Fewer still reflect upon the gradual but sure growth of selfishness, which comes like a cloud of death over the noblest natures, as they become inured to the feelings of the gamester. None ever looked back with tenderer love to the ties which bind them to the absent than Edward; and yet, as you will find, none ever more effectually loosened those ties than this unhappy victim. But to proceed.

"You may suppose that my visits were not frequent, although the affection which held me to him would not allow me wholly to desert him. I called, yet no return of my visits, even in the most formal manner, was ever made. I wrote, when I heard of his accumulating difficulties, making him the offer of whatever assistance I could render; yet there came no reply. Time passed on, and my return to the scene of my duties was at hand. I wrote again, adjuring him by our friendship to listen to me and allow me to aid him, and announcing my departure. To this letter he replied. There was a show of regret at his estrangement, and a cold, although not an offensive, rejection of my offer. I was now entering upon my last week of absence, and, consequently, much engaged; so that no occasion of our meeting presented itself. He was still attentive to his duties, although every moment, which could be snatched from them or from rest, was devoted to play—the same wild reckless play.

"One evening, the last but one of my stay, I was at dinner with some officers, several of whom had recently arrived from Europe, when the subject of inveterate gaming was discussed. One of them seemed to have collected all the narratives which have ever been handed down upon the subject; and, among the rest, mentioned a case which had made some stir in London a short time before his departure. A woman, whose appearance was far superior to her wretched condition, had been brought before some magistrate for attempting suicide. It appeared from her broken statement, that she was highly connected, although dependent upon a son in India for her support; that he had long since discontinued his remittances, and it was but too certain that the cause of his neglect was a ruinous devotion to the gaming-table; that all remonstrances from her and his kindest friends were disregarded, and finally her letters unanswered. I leave you to guess my dreadful suspicion of the author of this misery. I could entertain no doubt of the truth of the statement, and but little of the parties to whom it related. I had seen enough, in Edward's altered manner towards me, to lead me readily to admit the extension of that alteration towards even a mother. I was depressed and abstracted all the evening, and retired as soon as I well could from table. About 11 o'clock, as I was preparing to go to bed, my servant came hastily and said some one wished to see me upon urgent business. He proved to be the bearer of a note, evidently written under great excitement, entreating me to come back with the bearer, and signed "E. M." I was so absorbed in the consideration of Malcolm's case, that I was hardly surprised at the coincidence. I followed the messenger, and soon reached the house. I was shown in and left alone some short time,—agitated, as you may conceive, beyond all power of concealment. When the servant returned, he asked me to accompany him quietly to an adjoining room. The dimness prevented me from noticing more than that some one lay on a couch, surrounded by attendants, and, as it proved, a surgeon. Upon my approach, the patient endeavoured to rise, and extending his hand, called me faintly by name. I could, with difficulty, gather composure to reply. He returned my hand-pressure feebly, and looking towards the surgeon, implored him to leave us alone together. After some demur and professional exhortation to remain tranquil, he and the natives withdrew. I, by this time, perceived that my poor friend was bandaged round the head, and that his dress was still wet with his blood. After a pause of some minutes, during which he appeared to be gathering his energies and struggling with his feelings, he exclaimed, with a burst of tears, 'Lewis, forgive me; and aid me to implore it of those who still more need to bestow it upon me. O my mother! my mother! You know not what a devil you hold by the hand, or you would shrink from the touch. Read—read that paper.' He pointed to an European paper, which lay on the floor. I stooped to take it up, but it was so soaked with blood that I could not fix my eyes upon it. He saw my emotion, and continued: 'Just God! so should it be! O that these veins could wash out the record for ever! Lewis, I have starved her who fed me with her own life! I am my mother's murderer—but I must be calm—not for his bidding, but because the proclaiming of my guilt must be my own act. I have been spared one sin, if it could be a sin, to cut of all hope from one, who had ceased to deserve any. I sat at that table with a pistol, waiting until all should be still, that I might pass away—I cared not whither—secure from all interruption—I am not mad—do not believe it—you are a witness that I am not—yet I was nearer to madness an hour ago—my nerves were shaken, and wine only could string them for what I had to do. I drank deeply, and cast the bottle heedlessly from me—that act has saved me—but for what?—saved me from suicide. Hear me—a thought came over me that I should die more happily, if my mother's image was before me, looking upon me as she was wont to look, ere I wrung her heart and murdered her! I rose and swerved from my balance, fell, and with the fragments of the wine-bottle severed the temporal artery; and I, who had sat waiting for death at my own hands, cried aloud for help, when it seemed rushing upon me from another source. Can you explain this, Louis? Can you forbear to smile at my cowardice? You know the rest; you see me to-night, but where shall you look for me to-morrow? I sent for you, my friend, that I might see one face I loved before I died—I cared not for the curse that I knew would arise in your heart upon me. It is my recompense for long years of toil, and should not be withheld. But, Lewis, I adjure you by all you love and I have to dread, to renew that offer of your aid, which you so lately, so devotedly, through slight and coldness past all human endurance, so earnestly made. It may be that others have preserved that life, which I would have destroyed by a most cruel means. My mother may live,—be to her all she hoped for in him who left her to perish. She will not need your aid long. Give me her picture from that lowest drawer; look well upon it; now your hand. Farewell, farewell—leave

me, for God's sake leave me, and curse me—Lewis, farewell!'

"Exhausted with speaking, he turned from me; but, just as I was leaving the room, thinking it better that he should have the repose which nature seemed to court, he partly turned, and in a much feebler tone again called me to him, gazed earnestly in my face, implored my forgiveness; and, lastly, entreated me not to let any one disturb him. I complied, and silently left him. About half an hour afterwards, it occurred to me that I might have left him exposed to all the dangers of his excited feelings, and I determined to steal back as softly as possible to watch his slumbers. I was too late. The bandages were torn from his head, and life had evidently long ceased.

"I lost no time in forwarding to England such instructions as were necessary for the fulfilment of his wishes, but the object of my anxiety could never be discovered." J. H.

THE

Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B.

FROM A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL SOURCES.

—

BY JAMES PRIOR,

Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; member of the Royal Irish Academy; author of the Life of Burke, &c.

—

TO HIS GRACE,

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K. G.

My Lord Duke,—The following pages, and the new and more perfect edition of the miscellaneous works of Goldsmith which will immediately succeed them, originated during your administration of the Irish government, at the time when circumstances afforded me the honour of an introduction to your grace; and to you they are now appropriately inscribed. An Earl of Northumberland was the first to offer assistance and patronage to the poet; and for the amusement of his countess, the beautiful ballad of the "Hermit" was written. Were I to assign further motives for the present address, they would be the moderation of your character and measures in the government of his native country during a period of much political disquiet; and the princely munificence extended, where it was so much wanted, toward her public charities. These are merits which, among her many angry and unhappy contentions, admit of no diversity of opinion; and claim from every native of Ireland that respect which is felt by,

My lord duke,
Your grace's most obedient
And very faithful servant,
JAMES PRIOR.

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PREFACE.

Biography has been justly characterised as combining much useful instruction with a large share of amusement; and no description of it has been more popular than the lives of literary men. One of the reasons of this preference probably is, that we are naturally curious about what is more particularly considered the history of mind; and in such accounts we are often enabled to trace it in active operation while giving birth to productions that have won the admiration of mankind. Neither is the personal career of such persons without many and sometimes uncommon vicissitudes: from their lives we turn to their writings with increased interest; and delight in contrasting perhaps the follies and weaknesses that have marked the one, with the wisdom and excellence shown in the other.

To this agreeable department of literature, Ireland, though not deficient in eminent names, has contributed less than the sister countries; and her zeal has been thence thought lukewarm in celebrating the praises of her offspring. The cause however is not owing to indifference to their fame, but to the fact of the individuals having commonly transferred their talents to England, and thus lost something of that nationality which would have more particularly identified them with their native country. Among her divines, philosophers, and statesmen, there are several whose lives yet remain to be written. The remark applies equally to her poets: indeed, there are few of these whose history is familiar to the general reader. Of Roscommon, for instance, although a nobleman and necessarily moving in a sphere of life more open to observation than men of inferior rank, little comparatively is known; little at least of that species of detail which gives biography its chief charm. The same may be said of Denham; for Denham, though of English ancestry, being born in Ireland, may fairly be claimed as an Irish writer. With regard to Farquhar, whose genius for comedy was not excelled by either Congreve or Sheridan, little of a satifactory nature is recorded of his private life; nay, we have hardly any details of his more public career, excepting the facts of his having been an actor upon the stage, and afterwards an officer in the army: of Boyse (author of the "Deity") we know only that he was of reckless and dissipated habits; of John Cunningham, known for his ballads and a variety of poetical pieces between 1750 and 1770, that he was a strolling player; and even Goldsmith was enabled to glean little concerning Parnell. Southerne lived long enough to be enabled himself to contradict the story commonly told, and not yet expunged from some of the biographical dictionaries, of his having been born in England and brought up a servitor at Oxford, instead of being, as he really was, a native of Dublin, and educated at his own expense in her university. And Dr. Johnson has thought proper to consider the birthplace of Swift as in some measure doubtful.

To the list of writers of whom we know less than their reputation deserves, must be added GOLDSMITH. A biographical preface is all that has been hitherto awarded him, and it will scarcely be contended that he is unworthy of any thing more. Such sketchy outlines of a life, much of it marked by honourable literary ambition, much of it by daily struggles for daily bread, and parts of it by the imprudences common to such a state of existence, can never be satisfactory, because they must inevitably omit all, or nearly all, that we most wish to know. Biography to be useful must be minute; to be entertaining also it must be minute. Without, in short, it enters into detail, we can never know much of the individual, or of the private history, often not the least interesting portion of the history of his works; we cannot indulge that rational curiosity which all such persons are calculated to inspire; we cannot trace how his life and his writings bear upon each other; under what particular circumstances the former was passed, and under what incitements or successes, what difficulties or privations, the latter were written. We shall be the more surprised at the neglect in this instance on considering, that almost as soon as he thought proper to affix his name to his productions, it became celebrated; that for several years he occupied, next to Dr. Johnson, perhaps the largest space in the public eye; and even before death took his stand by common consent as a great English classic. No writer, excepting perhaps Voltaire, has written so variously, and, in such departments as he himself selected, so well. He stands alone in our literature for having produced some of the best poems, one of the best novels (in the opinion of all foreigners the very best), many of the best essays, some of the best plays, and in the estimate of Dr. Johnson—an opinion which we cannot safely controvert, since for fifty years past popular favour has given them an unbounded circulation—some of the most useful histories. Strong testimonies to his merits are borne by every competent writer who has had occasion to mention him.

That the life of such a man should not have been written with more regard to extended enquiry, is only to be explained by the circumstances of his situation. He had lived for many years away from his native country; he possessed no connections, and had formed no domestic ties in that which he had chosen; no relative was at hand even in his dying moments to perform the last offices of humanity, to collect the scattered fragments of his genius, or take that active interest in his fame which in general relatives only feel. His literary friends indeed were numerous and warm; celebrated themselves, and capable of imparting celebrity to others. Some, it appears, were not unwilling to assume the office of biographer, but wanted the necessary knowledge connected with his earlier life, which his relatives only could impart; and they being tardy in collecting and communicating facts, the time had passed by when those for whom the information was intended were able or disposed to follow up their design.

The poet himself probably expected that his friend Dr. Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, should have held the pen of biography, if we may judge from a communication made to that friend on one occasion at Northumberland house. He, however, if the design was ever formed, surrendered it to Dr. Johnson for an intended edition of the poet's works, as appears by a letter to Mr. Malone, dated June 16th, 1785,* in which the bishop says—

"I have long owed you my very grateful acknowledgments for a most obliging letter which contained much interesting information, particularly with respect to Goldsmith's memoirs. The paper which you have recovered in my own handwriting, giving dates and many interesting particulars relating to his life, was dictated to me by himself one rainy day at Northumberland house, and sent by me to Dr. Johnson, which I had concluded to be irrecoverably lost. Two other memoranda on the subject were transmitted to me by his brother and others of his family, to afford materials for a life of Goldsmith, which Johnson was to write and publish for their benefit. But he utterly forgot them and the subject; so that when he composed Goldsmith's epitaph he gave a wrong place for that of his birth—*Elphin*,† which is accordingly so sculptured in Westminster Abbey."

In extenuation of the charge against Dr. Johnson it should be stated, that this seeming neglect of the fame of an old friend, arose from another cause. The copyright of one of Goldsmith's pieces (She Stoops to Conquer) was still the property of Carnan the bookseller (surviving partner of Francis Newbery); and Carnan being a most impracticable man and at variance with all his brethren, in the words of Malone to the bishop,‡ he refused his assent, and the project for the time fell to the ground. When his term had expired, it was again resumed by the friends of the poet, with the view of assisting his brother Maurice, then in a state of pecuniary distress. Of this design, the bishop writes as follows to Malone:—

"Dr. Wilson's very curious letter,§ which you thought lost, I have happily in my possession, so that we may readily compile a good, at least a correct, account of the principal events of Dr. Goldsmith's life; and, with the assistance of one or other of his friends, may be able to fill up an account for almost all the time he spent from his leaving Edinburgh till he rose into public notice. He has an only brother living,‖ a cabinet-maker, who has been a decent tradesman, a very honest, worthy man, but he has been very unfortunate, and is at this time in great indigence. It has occurred to such of us here (*Dublin*) as were acquainted with the doctor, to print an edition of his poems, chiefly under the direction of the Bishop of Killaloe and myself, and prefix a new, correct life of the author, for the poor man's benefit; and to get you and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Steevens, &c. to recommend the same in England, especially among the members of *The Club*."

Proposals were accordingly printed, one of which is in the writer's possession, and two hundred copies transmitted to Malone, through his brother, Lord Sunderlin, then going to England, for distribution. The volume was to be a quarto, the price a guinea, and a memoir was promised, written from the immediate dictation of the poet himself; that is to say, the memoranda taken down by the bishop. Malone, however, proposed a change of plan; he wished that there should be added to the poems a selection of his prose miscellanies, part

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* MS. correspondence communicated by Dr. H. U. Thompson.

† It was the impression of Malone, in 1778, and probably of the bishop also, that Elphin was the birthplace of Goldsmith; but subsequent information corrected this error, as appears in the memoir prefixed to the miscellaneous works printed in 1801.

‡ MS. letter; Sept. 28th, 1786.

§ Given in a subsequent page of this work, although unaccountably omitted, like many other things, in the memoir prefixed to the miscellaneous works in 1801.

‖ The bishop was not then aware of the younger brother, Charles, being alive in the West Indies.

of which had been printed with his name, and part were unacknowledged, though known to be his by literary friends, printers, and booksellers: this it was considered would give more variety and novelty to the work.

A life, however, was to be written; and this the bishop, although best qualified for the purpose by long intimacy and thorough knowledge of Goldsmith, added to his acknowledged talents, was too busy or too indolent to supply. In compliance with his wish, however, a memoir, now in the possession of the writer, was drawn up by Dr. Thomas Campbell, a native of Glack, in the county of Tyrone, Rector of Killisheill, Chancellor of St. Macartin's, Clogher, and author of "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," and "Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland."* To this outline, for it was merely such, when completed, the bishop added notes on the blank sides of the pages, which were afterward incorporated into the text, under his direction, by the Rev. Henry Boyd, his chaplain, the translator of Dante; and the MS. when placed in the hands of the publishers, between whom and that prelate an angry disagreement occurred towards the conclusion of their negotiation, received further additions from Mr. Samuel Rose, the friend of Cowper, with which however the bishop and Malone, as appears by their correspondence now before the writer, were displeased. The memoranda of so many persons, at various times, disjointed in themselves, and thrown together with little regard to method, aimed at no detail, and claimed therefore only the merit of a sketch. No serious attempt was made, when it might have been made with effect from the remembrance of surviving acquaintance, to trace minutely Goldsmith's adventures on the continent of Europe, his early, or indeed later life, in London, or the miscellaneous writings known to have employed his pen in the necessary business of supplying daily wants. Even much of the information which had been communicated to the bishop was not used, being forgotten or mislaid in the long interval between the first design of publishing in 1785, and its accomplishment in 1801. During this time the subject was frequently agitated in the correspondence of Dr. Percy with Malone, and the latter took much trouble in making arrangements for publication with the booksellers in London.† Still the design lingered; and without casting the slightest reflection where the motives were so praiseworthy, it is too frequently thus with projects merely charitable where some strong personal interest is not present to push us actively forward in their promotion. On this occasion, from the nature of the work, neither fame nor emolument was sought; and without one or the other in view, little of value was ever achieved in literature.

The present attempt to rescue from oblivion scattered memorials of the life and productions of this popular author, owes its origin to the persuasions of an ingenious clerical friend. The writer having had the honour of being elected into the Royal Irish Academy, during a residence in his native country, in 1830, was desirous of contributing to its transactions a paper on Goldsmith, derived from some critical remarks made on his writings many years before, and enlarged by such additions in matters of fact, as enquiry in Ireland might afford. With this view, he wrote to the friend in question,‡ who is himself a poet, a native of the town nearly adjoining the place of Goldsmith's birth, one of his most ardent admirers, who had endeavoured, though without success, to acquire more extended information of his earlier life, and who also, by means of a public subscription, attempted in vain to raise a column to his memory, on the spot where he was born. This gentleman strongly urged the author of these pages to give, what he said was so much wanted, a Life. He had made the same proposition to him three years before (1827), which was at once declined; a refusal was again given on its repetition. But a renewal of these friendly persuasions, arising from a very flattering opinion of his diligence, at last induced the writer seriously to think of attempting what might possibly please others, though it might fail to satisfy himself.

The great difficulty was to procure such information as might be new and satisfactory. Of all the distinguished writers of so recent a date, his life, or at least a large portion of it, considering that it offered some curious vicissitudes, was the least accurately known. Not a new fact on the subject, and scarcely one connected with his productions, had transpired for thirty years; no one was known to possess any of his remains; and in the innumerable biographies of literary men and others, published since his death, there was not, with one exception, even a letter of Goldsmith to be found. Material as these obstacles appeared, the design, when once determined upon, was pursued, it is hoped, with becoming spirit. A journey was undertaken to his native spot; to the subsequent residence of his father at Lissoy; to Athlone; and to Roscommon and its vicinity, where the poet had spent some time in the house of one of his uncles; communications were entered into with his relatives who were supposed to be capable of communicating information; indeed, all who could be traced were applied to on the subject; and the records of Trinity College searched for such facts as they could supply. With the same view, application was made by the writer to all his literary acquaintance; and removing to London in the following year (1831,) he had the advantage of pursuing there the research that would have proved unavailing elsewhere. In proof that no reasonable diligence was wanting to the completion of an object which he considered more national (to Ireland) than personal, it may be mentioned that several hundreds of letters have been written in furtherance of his enquiries, and personal applications nearly as numerous made to others; while many of the periodical works, and several of the daily journals, for a period of fifteen years, have been carefully examined by myself, to ascertain the exact dates of the poet's productions, to trace such others from the same publishers as he did not avow, and to glean all the miscellaneous intelligence they might afford. Much of this was done amid occupations of a public nature, and necessarily cost much time, and laborious enquiry. The result, however, has been a large, and it is hoped accurate, accession of information.

One of the obvious duties of a biographer was to discover and to collect, as fully as possible, the scattered productions of his principal; to do that for an admired writer which premature death prevented him doing for himself. The previous attempt to accomplish this object can scarcely be considered serious; no information was given of the principle adopted in the selection, the place whence selected, or the certainty of the pieces so chosen being authentic. It appeared without the sanction of any name; and was not, in fact, as has been stated, the work of any one individual who could be considered accountable for its imperfections. Thus the Threnodia and Ontario, in poetry, and one of the introductions to Natural History, in prose, though known to Bishop Percy as his, are not even alluded to in the memoir; while some which are mentioned, though of undoubted merit—such as the Letters of a Nobleman to his Son—have not the preface and introductory matter included, as in other instances, in the four volumes then published; the effect of the unconnected manner in which that collection was prepared for the press. A new edition of his works has therefore become necessary. It will include many pieces that were not known to be Goldsmith's, until the present writer pursued his researches, and others which the former editor carelessly omitted. This edition, comprised in four volumes, will immediately succeed the present publication.

Very little consideration made it apparent to the editor, that Goldsmith must have written much which he had not thought proper to acknowledge; but to discover the nature of these labours, few of which, from such a hand, were likely to be worthless, he was thrown chiefly upon his own resources. Some traditional notices, derived circuitously from his cotemporaries, and one or two advertisements in the newspapers, shortly after his death, were in the first instance the chief guides; to these, much cotemporary reading and minute enquiries added others. The task of investigation proved toilsome and protracted. But a familiar acquaintance with his admitted writings, the habit of comparing them with pieces in periodical works to which he contributed, and with volumes issuing from booksellers, by whom he was employed; coincidences of sentiment, repetitions of the same ideas or phraseology, in addition to general resemblance of style, afforded facilities for tracking him with considerable success. Occasionally the writer could satisfy himself by such means, when perhaps he might have been unable to carry similar conviction to the minds of others. But it was not a little satisfactory to find, that the judgment he had passed upon the authenticity of several detached papers, from internal evidence only, was confirmed after the lapse of a few years, by the discovery of positive testimonies to their authorship. In this manner, many of the productions, written for Mr. John Newbery, one of his earlier and active friends, have been placed beyond doubt. These were not all of equal value, and some have not been retained: but it is satisfactory at least to know how, and by whom, he was at particular intervals employed.

Among those to whom the editor's thanks are due for various communications and attentions, during the progress of the work, are the Lord Bishop of Cork, who took the trouble to examine with him the records of Trinity College, Dublin; and the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, the present provost, and the Rev. Dr. Sadleir, the librarian, who gave him access to the public documents of that university. He is obliged likewise to the honourable Judge Day, now retiring from the Irish bench, for a few recollections of his acquaintance with Goldsmith; to the Rev. Dr. Handcock, of Dublin, for copies of two original letters; to William R. Mason, Esq., for the perusal of an extensive manuscript correspondence of Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore; to Dr. Neligan, grand nephew of the poet, and the Rev. Dr. Strean, of Athlone; to Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq., nephew of the author of Memoirs of the Irish Bards, for the perusal of letters of the Rev. Thomas Handcock, addressed to his uncle, respecting the Goldsmith family; to William Crawford, Esq., for two letters of Burke, and his college friends, bearing upon the subject; to Sir William Betham, Joseph Abbot, Esq., George Kiernan, Esq., and the late lamented Matthew Weld Hartstonge, Esq., for many, and, on account of the great difficulty of procuring information, often troublesome enquiries.

In England he found equal zeal expressed to forward an object, which was no sooner mentioned than it excited a lively interest. His obligations are particularly due to Thomas Amyot, Esq., Treasurer of the Antiquarian Society, whose love of letters is only exceeded by a disposition, active and friendly, in assisting all who are engaged in the pursuit; through him the use of several pieces was procured from the library of the late Mr. Heber. He is likewise much indebted to William Newbery, Esq., for various documents connected with Goldsmith's earlier literary labours for his grandfather, and curious memorials of his life; to Major General Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart., for copies of verses addressed to his family; to a lady, his near relative, for her recollections of the poet; to Dr. H. U. Thompson, of Piccadilly, for the use of several letters of Bishop Percy, addressed to Malone; to William Nicol, Esq., of Pall-Mall, William Upcott, Esq., H. W. Singer, Esq.; and to several others, whose names will be found annexed to the information which they had the kindness to communicate.

* In a letter to Bishop Percy, *Sept.* 5, 1790, Dr. Campbell says,—"As to Goldsmith, of which you enquire, and concerning which Maurice Goldsmith has been enquiring, it is in such a state that I think I could finish the remainder *currente prelo.*" *August* 13, 1791—"I cannot bend my sails for England before November. Then I shall take with me all the documents respecting Goldsmith." *February* 3, 1792, he asks the bishop "why he may not print off the first sheets and send the proofs to him at Bath. *June* 12, 1793—"I am glad to hear that you have brought the affair of Goldsmith to so good an issue—but, alas! poor Maurice. He is to receive no comfort from your lordship's labours in his behalf. He departed from a miserable life early last winter, and luckily has left no children."

† The late Mr. Murray of Fleet street was first selected for publisher of Goldsmith's works, but he died during the negotiation. A few letters of Malone to Bishop Percy, still extant, state the circumstances.

‡ Rev. John Graham, Rector of Tamlaghtard, in the diocess of Londonderry, author of Annals of Ireland, Poems, History of the Siege of Londonderry, &c. &c. In 1822, this gentleman attempted to assemble the gentry of Westmeath and Longford, at a public dinner, in Ballymahon, with the view of commencing a subscription for a column to the memory of the poet. Few, however, attended; and this patriotic design failed. Sir Walter Scott offered his contribution.

CHAPTER I.

The Goldsmith family—Pallas—Birth of the poet—Lissoy—Schools and early Instructers—Edgeworthstown.

The family of Goldsmith, Goldsmyth, or, as it was occasionally written, Gouldsmith, is of considerable standing in Ireland, and seems always to have held a respectable station in society. Its origin is English, supposed to be derived from that which was long settled at Crayford, in Kent. In Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, we find some of its members not unknown to literature, and a similarity in the coats of arms appears to confirm this belief. No clear detail of pedigree has been preserved by the Irish branch, willing, as it would seem, even in a country where ancient family sometimes assumes the place of more solid distinctions, to rest their claim to antiquity chiefly on tradition.

One of the earliest settlers in Ireland, whose name appears in public documents, was John Goldsmith, who held the office of searcher, in the port of Galway, in 1541. His appointment to an office of greater importance, apparently by the request of his superiors, is thus intimated in a king's letter, dated 5th March, 34th of Henry VIII. (1542):

"We be pleased that John Goldsmyth shall have the roome of the Clerk of our Counsaill, according to your suits and desires."

Tradition reports that a female descendant of this gentleman married a Spaniard, named Juan Romeiro, who, traveling in Ireland as the companion of a nobleman of that nation, became enamoured of her, and marrying, settled in the country. His descendants, retaining their mother's name, fixed their abode in the province of Connaught and on its borders, particularly in the counties of Roscommon, Westmeath, and Longford, where, something more than a century ago, many traces of the Goldsmiths existed, which are now swept away. With the maternal name, they likewise preserved her religious faith; one or more of the members have been usually brought up to the church, whence it has been designated a clerical family; and one of these, the Rev. John Goldsmith, rector of Borrishoule, in the county of Mayo, narrowly escaped the effects of the savage animosity engendered against the thinly scattered protestant population, at the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1641.

From his statement upon oath before the parliamentary commissioners, it appears that, in the consternation produced by the massacres of their brethren, in the vicinity of Castlebar, the survivors, to the number of sixty, including Sir Henry Bingham, the bishop of Killala, and fifteen clergymen, became anxious for safe conduct to the town of Galway, which was promised by the "lord of Mayo," Viscount Bourke, a Roman catholic. Accompanied by the titular archbishop, he conveyed them as far as Shrule: here they were handed over to one Edmond, or Captain, Bourke, a relative of the peer; but the latter had no sooner departed than a general massacre commenced, by order of their conductor. Few of the unfortunate men escaped; but among these was Mr. Goldsmith, who, being esteemed by the viscount, had just before been detached, no doubt for the purpose of saving his life, to attend upon the viscountess, a protestant; and by this means was saved from the melancholy fate which awaited many others.

A son, as it is said, of this gentleman, probably in compensation for the losses of his father, or for previous services of his own, secured, after the restoration, a grant originally assigned to him before the civil war, in the following terms:—"George Goldsmith, and Hester his wife, and their heirs, such right in law and equity in Kilbegg and Brackughreagh, lands situate in the Barony of Moycashell, county of Westmeath, as was decreed to them 4th August, 1633."

Edward, the son of the latter, was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and taking holy orders, became Dean of Elphin, in July, 1700, with the vicarages of Ardcarne, Eastersnow, and Kilmactrany, and died in 1722. His son, the Rev. Isaac Goldsmith, also educated at Trinity College, was promoted to the deanery of Cloyne, in 1736, to which, from its poverty (for deaneries in Ireland by no means imply wealth), was added the small prebends of Kilmally and Lescleary. He died in 1769.

Another son of the Rector of Borrishoule, named John, educated for the church, believed to have been at one time a fellow of Trinity College, and who afterwards enjoyed the living of Newtown, in the county of Meath, married Jane, only daughter of Robert Madden, Esq., of Dunore, in the county of Dublin, by whom he had issue, Robert, John, and Jane. John is believed to have died unmarried; Jane married first Robert Woods, of Lakon, in the county of Sligo, and secondly, Edward Muns, of Ussy, in the county of Roscommon, by whom she had issue, Edward and Jane.

Robert, the elder son, and grandfather to the poet, who seems to have exercised no profession, married Catherine, daughter of Thomas Crofton, D. D., Dean of Elphin, and settled at Ballyoughter, near the residence of his father-in-law; and Dr. Edward Goldsmith, his relative already mentioned, being afterwards promoted to the same deanery, the branches of the family were thus brought together. By this lady, who enjoyed a moderate fortune, he had a family of thirteen children, nine sons and four daughters. Of this numerous progeny, which, through mistake of his early biographers, was given to the father instead of the grandfather of the poet, several died young. John, the elder, who had been educated at Trinity College, preparatory to studying for the bar, afterwards relinquishing thoughts of that profession, settled on the family property at Ballyoughter, where Oliver once was an inmate, and where his talents were first supposed to be discerned.

Such is the account of the more remote connections of Goldsmith, derived from various sources, after considerable research; but where the individual has interested us, the illustration of family history becomes a matter of reasonable curiosity. He himself was accustomed to say, that by the female side he was remotely connected with the family of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, from whom his Christian name was derived. By the father's side, he claimed affinity with General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, whose mother, Henrietta Goldsmith, as well as her husband, it would appear from some circumstances, were natives of Ireland.

Charles, the second son of Robert, and father of the poet, brought up to the sacred profession, passed through Trinity College with credit, and is said by his son to have had, as well as his uncle John, some knowledge of the poet, Parnell. To the former, this acquaintance may have occurred at a later period, or by college tradition, for they were not cotemporaries; but his uncle John was there for a portion of the same time, and under the same tutor. His father, it likewise appears, enjoyed the acquaintance of Thomas, grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was of the same standing in the university, having entered it the 18th of October, 1707.

The Rev. Charles Goldsmith is represented to have first filled a curacy in the diocess of Dublin, and afterwards of a place of which there is no satisfactory account, probably from an error in orthography, but supposed Dusham or Duneham. These appear to have been but temporary employments, for he was without occupation, when, in 1718, he married Ann, daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school at Elphin, where he had received his preliminary education, and where the attachment commenced. This union was not approved by the friends of either. He was destitute of the means of providing for a family, and the father of his wife having a son and three other daughters to provide for, her portion was small. As some support, however, became necessary for the young couple, the Rev. Mr. Green, uncle to Mrs. Goldsmith, and rector of the parish of Kilkenny West, provided them a house about six miles distant from himself, at a place called Pallas, in the adjoining county of Longford. Here they took up their abode, and continued for a period of twelve years—Mr. Goldsmith officiating partly in the church of his uncle, and partly in that of the parish in which he resided.

In the more remote districts of Ireland, the necessaries of life being cheap, come within reach of a small income. Homeliness was then, and is occasionally now, characteristic of the country. What are called the comforts of life, in England, were not in the sister kingdom sought by many who possessed, nevertheless, means of procuring them; and to this early familiarity with what many would consider privation, may be ascribed that indifference to it, remarked of the poet in future life. Mr. Charles Goldsmith, besides the emoluments of his profession and the contributions of his friends, supported an increasing family, by renting some land in the vicinity, upon which his leisure hours were employed. His first permanent support appears to have been a gift from his mother-in-law, of fifty acres of land, procured at a nominal rent, by the exertion of that address which an Irish tenant sometimes plays off upon a necessitous landlord; and the story is still told by her descendants. The heading of one of the leases still in existence, of the date July 30th, 1729, between William Conolly, Esq., one of the lords justices, &c. and Ann Jones, &c. runs thus: "To have and to hold ——, in and during the natural lives of —— and Ann Goldsmith, wife of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, of Pallacemore, in the county of Longford, clerk, one of the daughters of the said Ann Jones," &c. &c.

The activity and spirit displayed by this lady, on the occasion of procuring the lease, are thus mentioned by Mr. Jones Lloyd, proprietor of Smithhill, or Ardnagowan, her great grandson:

"The Rev. Oliver Jones had rented a considerable tract of land from Mr. Conolly, one of the lords justices of the kingdom, which, at the death of the former, fell out of lease, and the widow was told she could not have a renewal. Not dispirited by this intimation, she determined to try her personal influence, and undertook, what was then thought an unusual effort for a woman, a journey to Dublin. No public conveyance existed; the roads were in a most wretched state; but, mounting a pillion, behind her son, on horseback, proceeded in this manner to the metropolis. The whole of the lands were refused to her application; but having, as a final argument, judiciously provided herself with one hundred guineas, she once more urged her suit to the landlord, and in addition to her solicitations displayed the gold before him. This had its due effect. Necessity has ever been master in Ireland; and the temptation was sufficient to procure a fresh lease of *half* the lands, on the same easy terms as before. She used jocularly to regret that she had not taken another hundred with her, and thus secured the whole. The journey, however, in consequence of a hurt, cost her the life of her son."

Pallas, or Pallasmore, that is, the greater or highest Pallas, in the parish of Forgany or Forney, in the county of Longford, consists of an ordinary farm-house or two; and, in a direct line, is about a mile and a half from the town of Ballymahon, though by the road, which is circuitous, double that distance. It lies to the southeast of Newcastle, a seat of the Countess dowager of Rosse, and being on a rising ground, overlooks on one side a low tract of country, occasionally flooded by the river Inny; a stream which, in passing Ballymahon, in its course to the Shannon, assumes a very picturesque appearance. The road to Pallas leads past Forney church: here it turns to the left, and after proceeding more than a mile, takes a second abrupt turn also to the left by a lane, which, if the traveller have resolution to traverse, will lead to the object of his pursuit. This place was visited on a fine day in December; but rocky inequalities of the lane in some parts, and deep sloughs in others, rendered it inaccessible to the usual conveyance, a jaunting car. Even the common rough country cars find a portion of it difficult, and the remainder defies any wheeled vehicle whatever. The route to the house was therefore pursued on foot; and after a fatiguing walk through fields and over hedges, the spot was at length reached, but it is feared with many poetical associations subdued by the uncivilised nature of the approach.

At Pallas, Oliver Goldsmith was born, on the 10th of November, 1728. The house, however, in which it took place, has been long leveled to the ground. By the present occupier of the farm, a squalid-looking, though it is said, opulent person for his class, we were informed that little more than its foundation remained, when he first became tenant, about forty years before; and, as may be supposed, even that is now obliterated. He pointed out a portion of its wall, overgrown with grass, forming a part of the fence of the orchard. To several questions he replied, that it had been, as he was told, a "good country house," the front looking toward Forney church—and he had heard that Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, was born in the best bed-room, which looked in the same direction. These details were confirmed by others. Afterwards, it would appear, this house became the residence of a branch of the Edgeworth family,* whose property the land still continues. Few persons

* In an Irish Magazine (Exshaw's, for 1770) there is the following announcement of birth—"The wife of Francis White Edgeworth, Esq., of *Pallasmore, Co. of Longford*, of a son."

now visit it from curiosity, partly from being little known, partly from the difficulties of the road; for to ladies and delicate or infirm persons it is nearly inaccessible—only one gentleman, as the farmer said, had ventured to explore it the preceding summer. The attention of literary pilgrims has been rather directed to Lissoy, on the high road to Athlone, which became the subsequent residence of Mr. Goldsmith, and offered no difficulties of approach.

An amusing tradition respecting this house was repeated to us by a neighbouring magistrate. When, from neglect and want of an occupier, the roof first fell in, attempts made to repair it were continually thwarted by the hostility of an ill-looking, (for the peasantry are minute in their descriptions on such occasions,) powerful, supernatural personage, accoutred in huge boots, who amused himself nightly in bestriding the roof, as he would a horse, and by mimicking the motion of riding, pushed his legs through it, and sometimes through the upper floor, thus rendering all attempts at reparation unavailing. The reason assigned for these pranks, was as fanciful as the story. Being on a rising ground, in a retired part of the country, and in the vicinity of water, it was favourable for the resort of the "good people," or fairies, during their midnight sports, who, if the house became habitable, would have had their privacy broken in upon: these means were therefore taken, by this feared though imaginary race of beings, to keep off intruders. It is perhaps in the natural order of things, that the spot where an admired poet first drew breath should be the scene of popular fiction.

The place of his birth, notwithstanding the statement of his nearest relatives, is still disputed with considerable heat in the different districts which claim it; and the province of Connaught, particularly, deems her honour concerned in the struggle. The rival counties are, Leitrim, Roscommon, Westmeath, and Longford—rather more than half the number of places which contended for the honour of having the father of poetry one of their fellow citizens—

> Septem urbes certant de stirpe insignis Homeri,
> Smyrna, Rhodes, Colopon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ.

The claim of Leitrim has never been esteemed valid. It is confined to the towns of Drumsna and Carrick-on-Shannon, where Goldsmith had relatives residing, and which he occasionally visited in early life. That of Westmeath is equally objectionable, being merely entered in the admission book of Trinity College, as the then residence of his father. Ardnagan, Ardnagowan, or in correct Celtic orthography, as it is said,* *Airdnagabha*, near Elphin, the abode of his grandfather, Jones, contests the matter more vigorously; and here, were his early biographers to be trusted, we should assign his birth. Mr. Jones Lloyd, its present possessor, descended from another daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jones, points out, from the information of his grandmother, the room, and even the precise part of the room, where the poet, by this account, first saw the light. At present this apartment forms the dairy, though at that time one of the principal in a house second only to that of the bishop of the diocess, and since considerably enlarged; and the confinement of Mrs. Goldsmith is stated to have occurred unexpectedly, during a visit to her mother. No corroboration can be obtained of this story—the relater of it being about the same age as the poet, could not herself be acquainted with the fact, while stronger testimony elsewhere satisfactorily disproves her statement. But as eminence commonly begets admirers, and singularity is supposed to attend uncommon events, it was necessary perhaps to make the poet peculiar, even in his birth; and unlike the other children of the family, have his nativity assigned, not to the house of his father, but to another, which gratified a little family pride, by being of more importance.

A document has been lately recovered, which sets the matter at rest. This is the leaf of the family bible, in which the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith, and the births of their children, are recorded—now in the possession of Dr. Neligan, of Athlone, great grand-nephew of the poet, from which the following transcript was made by his permission, during a visit to that town, in 1830. The marginal portion of the leaf being unluckily worn away by age, the two last figures of the century in which Henry, Jane and Oliver were born, are thus lost; the age of the poet is, however, sufficiently ascertained by the recollection of his sister, and by his calling himself, when writing from London, in 1759, thirty-one. The year of his birth is therefore, 1728.

"Charles Goldsmith of Ballyoughter was married to Mrs. Ann Jones ye 4th of May 17[illegible]8.

"Margaret Goldsmith was born at Pallismore in the county of Longford ye 22^d August 1719.

"Catherine Goldsmith born at Pallas ye 13th January 1721.

"Henry Goldsmith was born at Pallas Febr^y 9th 17 .

"Jane Goldsmith was born at Pallas Febr^y 9th 17 .

"Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas November ye 10th 17 .

"Maurice Goldsmith was born at Lissoy in ye county Westmeath ye seventh of July 1736.

"Charles Goldsmith jun^r born at Lishoy Augt 16th 1737.

"John Goldsmith born at Lishoy* ye 23^d of (month obliterated) 1740."

This paper corrects some errors, into which Mrs. Hodson, elder sister of the poet, from trusting to memory, had fallen, in the account of her brother, furnished to Bishop Percy. His birthday is there stated to be the 29th of November, instead of the date here assigned. Henry is also said to be eight years his senior—an error probably repeated from seeing it in one of the poet's letters, though the interval could not have been more than six years, if so much; and a space of eight years, stated to have occurred between the birth of the previous child and Oliver, really took place between the latter and the succeeding son, Maurice.

About the year 1730, Mr. Goldsmith, by the death of his wife's uncle, succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West. He removed at the same time to Lissoy, a respectable house and farm, on the verge of a small village standing in his own parish, on the right of the road leading from Ballymahon to Athlone, and about midway between these towns. It was neither a glebe house, nor did he, as is sometimes said, build it; but the lively interest which this spot has excited, as well in his native country as wherever the "Deserted Village" is read, as the supposed scene portrayed in the poem, added to the numerous enquiries made, even in Ireland, whether such a village as Auburn exists, or was really deserted, make some further notice of this spot necessary.

Lissoy, in that scarce volume, giving an account of the forfeited estates in Ireland, would appear to have been a species of personal property of James II. It was sold, or at least such portion of it as he claimed, amounting to one hundred and twenty-one acres, in 1708, to Captain Richard Newstead, of Westmeath, for four hundred and twenty-one pounds, the annual rent of the then tenant in possession, Robert Temple, Esq., being twenty-nine pounds. It is described as consisting of arable and pasture land, with the further recommendation of having a "good sheep-walk." Soon after the removal of Mr. Goldsmith thither, he procured a lease from the purchaser (Newstead,) of about seventy acres of this land, at the rent of eight shillings an acre, renewable for ever, on the payment of half a year's rent for every new life introduced, the first lives being those of himself, his eldest son Henry, and daughter Catherine, afterwards Mrs. Hodson. This property remained in the family until 1802, when it was sold by Mr. Henry Goldsmith, then in America, son of the above-named Henry, the clergyman, and of whom an account will afterwards appear, to Mr. Bond, a connection of the family by marriage, in whose possession it remains.

The identity of Lissoy with the scene of the poem, in the general belief of the people of the vicinity, is corroborated by an anecdote told by a traveller, some years ago, in the United States.

"'The Deserted Village,' said he, (Mr. Best, an Irish clergyman, is the speaker,) relates to the scenes in which Goldsmith was an actor. Auburn, is a poetical name for the village of Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, barony of Kilkenny West. The name of the schoolmaster was Paddy Burns. I remember him well. He was, indeed, a man severe to view. A woman, called Walsey Cruse, kept the alehouse—

> 'Imagination fondly stoops to trace
> The parlour splendours of that festive place.'

I have been often in the house. The hawthorn-bush was remarkably large, and stood opposite the alehouse. I was once riding with Brady, titular bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me, 'Ma foy,* Best, this huge overgrown bush is mightily in the way; I will order it to be cut down.' 'What, sir!' said I, 'cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn-bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the Deserted Village!' 'Ma foy!' exclaimed the bishop, 'is that the hawthorn-bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch!'"

An anecdote connected with this subject, and of which further notice will occur, requires to be mentioned here. In November, 1738, a part of the town land of Lissoy, and the adjoining lands of Cannorstown to the number of six hundred acres, were sold by "Jeffrey French, Esq., of the Middle Temple," to the "Honourable Robert Naper, lieutenant-general of his majesty's forces in Ireland," for the sum of three thousand three hundred pounds; but the general appears to have died before the purchase was completed. Upon this property, named Ballybeg, lying behind the house of Mr. Goldsmith, about half a mile distant, Mr. William Naper, son of the general, several years afterwards built the family residence named Littleton. In the preliminary arrangements, some circumstances probably neither harsh nor unjust in themselves, connected with the removal of part of the tenantry, gave rise in the mind of Goldsmith, morbidly acute in his benevolent feelings, and particularly towards the poorer classes of society, to the idea of the "Deserted Village." Proprietary rights cannot always be exercised by landlords in Ireland, even in a reasonable manner, without extreme jealousy on the part of the people. Circumstances, therefore, which occur daily in England, and produce neither censure nor notice, excite in the former loud complaint, if not open hostility. Any thing resembling severity becomes speedily known and loudly censured; and such impressions, however untrue, taken up and acted upon by the imagination and eloquence of a poet, are dangerous assailants of reputation. An attack in simple prose may be answered, and seldom long survives the period of contention; but embalmed in verse, the supposed misdeeds of an offender may endure as long as the language.

The house once occupied by the rector of Kilkenny West, pleasantly situated and of good dimensions, is now a ruin, verifying the truth of the pathetic lines of his son—

> "Vain, transitory splendours! Could not all
> Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!"

The front, including a wing, extends, as nearly as could be judged by pacing it, sixty-eight feet by a depth of twenty-four; it consisted of two stories, with five windows in each. The roof has been off for a period of twenty years; the gable ends remain, but the front and back walls of the upper story have crumbled away, and if the hand of the destroyer be not stayed, will soon wholly disappear. Two or three wretched cottages for labourers, surrounded by mud, adjoin it on the left. Behind the house is an orchard of some extent, and the remains of a garden, both utterly neglected. In front, a pretty avenue of double rows of ash trees, which formed the approach from the high road, about sixty yards distant, and at one time presented an object of interest to travellers, has, like every other trace of care or superintendence, disappeared—cut down by the ruthless hand of some destroyer. No picture of desolation can be more complete. As if an image of the impending

* By the Rev. Dr. Strean, of Athlone, to whom I feel obliged for the enquiries he has made.

* The reader will observe many variations in orthography: thus, Lissoy or Lishoy, are used as the whim of the moment prompts; thus also we have Pallas, Pallasmore, Pallismore, and Pallacemore, all meaning the same place; and the family of Hodson, near Athlone, into which the poet's sister, Catherine, married, is now, by their own relatives, called and spelt Hodson or Hudson, indiscriminately—the latter indeed most commonly. Few things perplex an enquirer, in Ireland, more than these needless and arbitrary variations.

* The Irish Roman catholic clergy were then all educated in France, and in language and manners were often more French than Irish.

ruin had been present, the poet has painted with fearful accuracy what his father's house was to be—

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

And we contemplate the realisation of the melancholy scene as we do the poem of the unfortunate Falconer, who, while singing the story of one shipwreck, scarcely conceived he was fated to perish by a second.

A visiter to this spot will be tempted to believe, from the ignorance he finds among many of the neighbouring peasantry, that little enthusiasm exists regarding the name of him who nevertheless gives it all its importance. We found some unexpected instances of this. In Ireland the legend of a saint, or of a miracle, is universally familiar and never forgotten; but not so the memorials of her distinguished men. These have too often passed away with cotemporary generations. Nor are the middling and upper classes exempt from the charge of neglecting what it should be their first ambition affectionately to cherish. It is not that they are indifferent to the fame of their celebrated countrymen, but we require more obvious proofs of the fact; it is in the public statue and the column that their professions of admiration should be brought to the test of performance.

In the homely village, standing a few hundred yards from the house, a spirit of veneration for the memory of Goldsmith has been fostered by a neighbouring gentleman,* who has used all his influence to preserve, from the ravages of time and passing depredators, such objects and localities as serve to mark allusions in the poem. Many of these are pointed out with sufficient resemblance to confirm an opinion, of which more extended notice will hereafter occur, of the poet having this spot in view when engaged in its composition. Nothing could be more natural, in sketching rural character and scenery, than to look back on such as delighted his youth, and thence most forcibly impressed his memory.

At Lissoy, Oliver, when about three years old, was given in charge of his first instructress: she was a relative, resident in the family, who by marriage with a neighbouring farmer became afterwards known as Elizabeth Delap, and died about 1787. In the decline of life she kept a small school in the village, and took pride in speaking to visiters of her former office. "I should have observed," writes Dr. Strean, now rector of Athlone, who was eighteen years curate of this parish, "that Elizabeth Delap, who was a parishioner of mine, and died at the age of about ninety, often told me she was the first who put a book into Goldsmith's hands; by which she meant, that she taught him his letters. She was allied to him, and kept a little school."

"Within the last three years," says the Rev. Thomas Handcock, in a letter to Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq., of Dublin, for whom he was making enquiries on this subject in 1790, "I was called, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman, to visit an old woman at Lissoy (the real name of the place, Auburn), and, almost with her last breath, she boasted to me of being the first person who had put a book into Goldsmith's hands."

The characteristics of his mind in infancy, according to the account of Mrs. Delap, were not promising. She admitted he was one of the dullest boys ever placed under her charge, and doubted, for some time, whether any thing could be made of him; or, in the words used by Mr. Handcock, he seemed "impenetrably stupid." Dr. Strean gleaned some remembrances to the same effect. "He was considered," says that gentleman, "by his cotemporaries and school-fellows, with whom I have often conversed on the subject, as a stupid, heavy blockhead, little better than a fool, whom every one made fun of."

To another enquirer, a Mr. Daly, who had collected some particulars of his early life, and who died in France early in the revolution, her accounts were rather more favourable. She confessed he was very young at the time; that he was docile, diffident, easily managed, and that his inaptitude for retaining his lessons might have arisen from the carelessness common to all children. Such circumstances are no otherwise worthy of notice than merely for the gratification of curiosity; they indicate nothing. He is a bold speculator who draws decided inferences of what the man is to be, from the casual peculiarities of the mere child.

At the age of about six years he was turned over to the care of the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne, a person characterised by many points of originality, had the poet thought fit to sketch him at length. He had been educated for the profession he now followed; but, enlisting into the army, went with it to the continent, and rose to be quartermaster of a regiment serving in Spain during the reign of Queen Anne. When reduced on the conclusion of peace, he returned to his original calling of an instructer of youth. His attainments were more than sufficient for all he professed to teach, which, in the want of more advanced scholars, were confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic; and the observations on manners and character furnished by the life of a soldier, set off to advantage such knowledge as he had gleaned from books.

He is represented to have been eccentric in his habits, unsettled in disposition, of a romantic turn, wrote poetry, was well versed in the fairy superstitions of the country, and, what is not less common in Ireland, believed implicitly in their truth. He could likewise, according to the accounts of a few of his scholars who were living about 1790, given to the Rev. Mr. Handcock, "translate extemporaneously Virgil's Eclogues into Irish verse, of, at least, equal elegance." Not the least of his qualifications was the art of narrating his adventures in a manner to fix the attention and curiosity of his neighbours, and the scene of these narratives was commonly the alehouse. In the school, also, when indisposed to teach a lesson, he would often tell a story; and among the most eager listeners on such occasions was young Goldsmith, whose imagination appears to have been so much excited by what he heard, as to induce his friends to attribute to this cause the wandering and unsettled turn which distinguished part of his future life.

Under the tuition of Byrne he made no material progress; a dawning of natural powers, indeed, appeared, which relatives are happy to see and proud to record; he began to write puerile rhymes, and destroyed them as fast as they were written: but the usual school acquirements, either from defective memory or application, scarcely kept pace with those of other boys. The seeming activity of imagination exhibited by his verses made a strong impression upon his mother, who early began to believe that he was destined to make some figure in the world. His temper at this time, by the account of Mrs. Hodson, though peculiar, was kind and affectionate; his manner, for the most part, uncommonly serious and reserved, but, when in gay humour, none more cheerful and agreeable. In these words she has described her brother as he afterwards appeared to his acquaintance in London; solemn and yet gay, good-natured and yet irritable, petulant sometimes, and instantly appeased by the smallest concession; so that such as did not understand, or enquire into, the occasional peculiarities of genius, were puzzled by this contrariety of disposition; and the remark is even preserved, that he seemed to possess "two natures."*

One of the causes alleged for his backwardness was devoted attachment to the fictions and marvelous stories which make so much of the amusement of children in all places, and of which Ireland has a more than ordinary store. He read with avidity; but the selection then and till a very recent period found in the village schools, cottages, and houses occupied by persons even above the class of peasantry in Ireland, was of the worst kind. His understanding or morals could derive no benefit from the perusal of such stories as the History of the Irish Rogues and Rapparees—Lives of celebrated Pirates—History of Moll Flanders—of Jack the Bachelor, (a notorious smuggler,) of Fair Rosamond and Jane Shore—of Donna Rozena, the Spanish Courtesan—the Life and Adventures of James Freney, a famous Irish Robber, and others of a similar description, then the principal books of amusement for boys at school.† Whatever were their studies, a singular negligence existed as to their lighter stores of reading; no apprehension seems to have been entertained of the danger likely to arise from familiarising the minds of youth with tales of robbery and impurity; and it is to the credit of the people, that morals have not been materially vitiated by the introduction of such improper publications into their hands.

Another favourite occupation was in listening to the ballads of the peasantry, which, as may be conceived, made so strong an impression that he could repeat and sing several to the latest period of life. Of these, and of fairy tales and superstitions, the stock in Ireland is so abundant, or the people possess so fertile an imagination for their invention, that in the rural districts few are at a loss to furnish their share for the amusement of a winter fireside. Telling tales is to others a profession; who travel the country in default of more steady modes of industry, and find refreshment and a ready audience in farm houses to hear such wonders as they have gleaned from memory, or by invention. To these legends Goldsmith is reported to have paid anxious attention; their effects were judged by his occasional reference in future life to fictions so wild and improbable. Such accidental circumstances are sometimes said to make poets; they may serve perhaps to strengthen an imagination already poetical, but could they create the race, Ireland and Scotland would boast a numerous offspring.

An attack of confluent small-pox, which had nearly deprived him of life, and left traces of its ravages in his face ever after, first caused him to be taken from under the care of Byrne. And a superior master being now necessary, he was removed, on final recovery, to the same school of Elphin, in Roscommon, once superintended by his grandfather, but then under the management of the Rev. Mr. Griffin. Here he entered on a superior class of studies; he became, likewise, an inmate of his uncle, Mr. John Goldsmith, of Ballyeughter, in the vicinity, and soon exhibited such evidences of talent as to be considered by that gentleman and his family a boy of the most promising kind. This opinion became strengthened from a variety of trifling incidents; among others, by the following instances of prompt wit, which they took care should be known to his parents: Mrs. Hodson told the one, and Mrs. Johnston, another of his sisters, related the other.

A company of young persons having assembled to dance in the house of Mr. Goldsmith, one of the party, a youth named Cumming, a proficient on the violin, was requested to play, while Oliver, who ever continued fond of the amusement of dancing, displayed his skill in a hornpipe. The effects of the late disease on his face, added to a short and thick figure, led the musician to hold him up to youthful ridicule as a personation of Æsop; and the jest proving a source of merriment, the object of it at length stopped short in the dance, and triumphantly turned the laugh against his persecutor, by pronouncing the following distich—

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

A retort so sharp and ready may seem above the usual capacity of a boy of nine or ten years old. Something of our admiration, however, may abate, when we consider that Æsop probably formed one of his school books, and that some boyish verses, for they bear no proofs of a maturer age, lingering in his recollection, may have been altered to suit the purpose of the moment in gratifying juvenile resentment.

The other instance recorded of his quickness of repartee was connected with a male relative, whose imprudences had been the subject of conversation in the family. Calling at Mr. Goldsmith's, he found Oliver in the room, and desiring him to come forward, examined his face playfully, pronouncing in a strain of banter,

* John Hogan, Esq., who, succeeding to an estate in the neighbourhood, built a pretty house on the opposite side of the road, named after the scene of the poem, Auburn; not the poem, as some seem to imagine, called after the house. This gentleman's zeal deserves every praise; and the more, perhaps, because it has not been imitated in the neighbourhood.

* Sir John Hawkins's Life of Dr. Johnson; T. Davies's Life of Garrick.

† To this catalogue of what has been termed sarcastically the *Cottage Classics of Ireland*, and most of which the writer has seen in the hands of the peasantry, a friend who entered a cottage in the county of Clare a few years ago, and transcribed on the spot a list of their books, added the following: Ovid's Art of Love—The Devil and Dr. Faustus—Parismus and Parismenus—History of Witches and Ghosts—Montelea, Knight of the Oracle—Seven Champions of Christendom—Mendoza's Art of Boxing; and, the only good volumes, several spelling books.

"Why, Noll, you are become a fright; when do you mean to get handsome again?" Annoyed by the reproach, the object of it retreated to the window without reply; when, in order to punish what was deemed a fit of sulkiness, the question was sneeringly repeated. The boy in the mean time meditated an answer, and seizing an opportunity of escape from his persecutor, called out archly as he retreated, "I mean to get better, sir, when you do." It may diminish our admiration of precocious wit, to know that he was at this time a year or two older than Mrs. Hodson represents.

His destination hitherto had been a mercantile life. The confined circumstances of his father and the expense to be incurred in giving the elder son, Henry, a university education, for which he was now preparing at an eminent classical school in Longford, precluded the hope of similar advantages for the second. The proofs he exhibited of superior intelligence pleaded strongly for every effort that could be made towards such an end; his mother earnestly seconded it, and his relatives promised their aid in contributing to the expense. As the first step towards it, he was sent, about 1739, to a school of repute in Athlone, about five miles from his father's house, kept by the Rev. Mr. Campbell. It has been said that he exhibited no predilection for this change of destination, which was rather submitted to than sought; and in mature life, before he had attained to fame, he estimated the advantages of learning to boys generally, lower than might have been expected. "A boy," he says, writing to his brother Henry in 1759, from London, "who understands perfectly well Latin, French, arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking." To the praises he received for supposed displays of early talent, as recorded in the preceding stories, the following passage in an essay on education no doubt refers:—

"Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided. A boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much that he continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing."

At Athlone he continued about two years; when the master, who bore the character of an ingenious man, resigning his charge on account of ill health, Oliver was removed to the school of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, of Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, where he remained till his entrance into the university. The traces of him here, as may be supposed from the lapse of time, are few. Accident must commonly contribute to the preservation of such frail memorials. The trifling events of what is considered a trifling period of life acquire importance only when the actors have risen into celebrity, and when the world becomes anxious to trace in the boy evidences of the future man,—to know how he thought, and studied, and acted; but such information is commonly sought when it is most difficult to be procured. Many of his school-fellows indeed were scattered in the adjoining counties, who at a future period delighted to recall anecdotes of their former companion. Among these were a Mr. Roach, a Mr. Nugent, Mr. Daly already mentioned; the Rev. John Beatty, Vicar of Garvaghy, in the diocess of Dromore, whose entry into college took place on the same day; and Mrs. Montgomery, the daughter of his master, who, though too young to remember any thing material herself, possessed opportunities of hearing something from others.

From these sources, gleaned in no connected form, or with the precision to be wished although not now to be expected, he was described as a short, thick, pale-faced, pock-marked boy, awkward in manner, backward and diffident at first, but afterwards acquiring sufficient confidence to become a leader in boyish sports, particularly in the exercise of ball-playing, or fives, in which he displayed great activity. In school he was considered indolent, though not destitute of talents; his disposition kind and generous, as far as schoolboy matters were concerned; his temper sensitive, easily offended, though easily appeased; and always willing to join in such juvenile tricks and scenes of humour as were going forward. The general impression seems to have been, that he exhibited no marked superiority to younger eyes, although well thought of by his master; and that at the period of quitting school for the university, his habits were thoughtless and boyish, and his character yet uninformed.

Here, however, it is certain he made considerable advances in learning. Mr. Hughes was an acquaintance of his father; and perceiving that the disposition of the son required forbearance and encouragement rather than harshness for advancement in his studies, he conversed with him on familiar terms, and incited, not compelled his exertions. The pupil always acknowledged the kindness he had experienced, and the advantages derived from it, but at a future period seemed to doubt whether such a system were wise in the general government of schools. He affirms in the essay on Education, speaking of the acquisition of languages, that "children are only to be taught through the medium of their fears." As a general position, he is probably right; the master must make, what men of judgment and discrimination in the management of youth ever will make, the proper exceptions. The repetition of this opinion on other occasions induces the belief that he had witnessed ill effects from injudicious leniency, yet he would have been the last to practise the contrary system; nor did he, when placed in such a situation, pursue a plan which is thus recommended for the adoption of others.

The bent of his mind appeared to incline towards the Latin poets and historians. Ovid and Horace more especially divided his regard; the former was his chief favourite at this time, although afterwards the latter acquired that hold he must ever possess on a matured mind. Cicero he did not highly esteem; with Livy he was delighted; and, in the words of Mr. Daly, in speaking of this period of life, "when he had once mastered the difficulties of Tacitus, he found pleasure in the perusal and occasional translation of that writer." It is likewise said, that he exhibited on such occasions some attention to style, in consequence of a reproof from his elder brother, to whom having written some short and confused letters from school, he was told in reply, that "if he had but little to say, he should endeavour to say it well."

The reputation acquired by Henry in the university at this time was such as to give effect to his advice. He had matriculated in 1742, at a later period of life than is represented in the college register; foreseeing, probably, he should be compelled, from the want of the necessary interest for rising in the church, to unite the scholastic profession with the clerical; and, in such cases, the candidate not unfrequently postpones, till a maturer age than usual, his entrance into the university. He came necessarily well prepared, distinguished himself soon, and on Trinity Monday, 1743, was elected a scholar; a distinction which attaches to the successful candidate through life, and enables him either to remain in college with advantage, or, should he decline to proceed for a fellowship, to quit it for any other pursuit with honour. The former would seem to have been the wish of his father; but returning into the country in the succeeding vacation, flushed probably with his recent triumph, he indulged a youthful passion, and married; his sister says "at the early age of nineteen," but he must have been three years older, or have formed this connection previous to entering the university. To some men, and in certain favourable situations, this tie becomes a stimulus to exertion; to others it seems a clog upon every effort at rising in life. Finding residence in college no longer eligible, the advantages of his scholarship were sacrificed: he retired, as appears from the college books, to the country; established a school in his father's neighbourhood; and in this occupation, added to that of curate at "forty pounds a year," though possessed of talents and character, he passed the remainder of life.

At Edgeworthstown, Oliver is said to have written verses; but on what subject, or of what degree of merit, is not known. His taste for poetry, there is no doubt, was soon formed. Among the poems familiar in the school from a spirit of boyish patriotism, were the works of their countrymen, Denham, Roscommon, and Parnell; the former born, at least, in Ireland; the second a native of the immediate vicinity and a member of one of its chief families, the Dillons; and the last not only very popular by his "Hermit," but had been personally known to their relatives. From these writers Goldsmith is believed to have first derived his style, general taste, and devotion to what was considered the classical models of the art. The fact may have been as stated; but the impression, more probably, arises from Denham being deemed the founder of descriptive poetry, in which quality the "Traveller" and "Deserted Village" are considered to excel. It is a more curious coincidence, that Denham and Roscommon were noted for their propensity to gaming, and the same charge, with whatever truth, has been brought against Goldsmith.

The immediate vicinity presented two persons whose fame was recent, and their poetical attributes sufficiently prominent to draw the attention of a youth of imaginative disposition.

One was Carolan, or Turlogh O'Carolan, the celebrated native musician and poet, who, having spent his life in the neighbouring counties, died there in 1738; an event of no ordinary importance in the estimation of a people attached to every relic of ancient habits and manners, and priding themselves on the genius of one of their countrymen exclusively in heart and character Irish. He had been brought up at Carrick-on-Shannon, where the uncle of Goldsmith, the Rev. Mr. Contarine, first settled, and expired in the county of Roscommon, to which that gentleman afterwards removed. His fame was general as well as recent; his name and performances consequently familiar to Oliver, whose occasional visits to his relative took him over the ground trodden by one whom all classes were proud to talk about and to entertain. When on a visit to Ballyoughter, he is said to have been once carried to visit him.

Carolan is considered the last of the ancient Irish bards; one of those characters around whom poetry, music, and tradition have thrown an air of veneration not extended to any of their successors in the art. By profession a retainer to rank and wealth, honoured with the familiarity and friendship of his patrons, beloved and admired by the people, he traveled the country with his horse and his harp, repaying such as performed the duties of hospitality with his music. The misfortune of blindness, from the age of eighteen, by small-pox, increased the interest attached to his occupation and character. He delighted in festivities, the appropriate scene, indeed, of a harper, and indulged freely in the habits which reveling inspires. He disdained to play merely for money. For many years he formed a welcome and admired guest among the older and more opulent families of Connaught; composed songs and music in their praise; played with taste and skill; and while thus acquiring fame, bestowed it; for many of his airs and verses are called after the names of his entertainers, who have thus acquired in Ireland a species of local immortality.

Such a character among a people naturally joyous, attached to music, strongly national, clinging to old customs with tenacity, and not yet free from many ruder characteristics, commanded a large share of popularity. His music spoke a general language, and added much to the native stock of which Ireland can boast.* His songs, though written in Irish, found ready translation; became a theme of praise in the conversation of all classes; and, at the period of his death in the adjoining county of Roscommon, were sung with delight by the peasantry in their social meetings. Impressions produced by the admiration of those around us, take a strong hold on juvenile minds; what we here praised we desire to imitate, for imitation is one of the first faculties which developes itself in early life; and of this blind native genius there is ample proof that Goldsmith heard and remembered much, by the account which he afterwards gave of him in a periodical work in London.

The other local poet, Lawrence Whyte, was a bard of more humble pretensions, who, by the description of country manners and natural grievances, acquired some

* The fertility and merit of this remnant of the bards, whose name and performances are so little known in England, attest his genius; while the occasion of the composition of the greater part gives us a view, at that period, of the primitive manners of the people. Mr. Hardiman, with whom the writer had the pleasure of an acquaintance in Dublin, and whose industry in the pursuit of works of Irish genius deserves so much praise, enumerates about one hundred and thirty of his compositions, many of which continue highly popular, and were accompanied by words also of his own composition. They take their names chiefly from himself, or from the persons whom he celebrated.

rural reputation. He is said to have been a native of Westmeath, not far distant from the paternal home of Goldsmith. His volume appeared about 1741, and, by the aid of a tolerable list of subscribers, among which appears the name of Allan Ramsay, together with a few preliminary lines addressed to him, reached a second edition. It contains some thousand lines, in the measure and something in the manner of Swift.

CHAPTER II.

Adventure at Ardagh—Rev. Mr. Contarine—Entry into Trinity College, Dublin—Letter of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, his tutor—Ballad writing.

His school vacations were frequently spent in the town of Ballymahon, where, many years afterwards, a few of his boyish tricks were remembered.

"It is now about forty years," says the Rev. John Graham, in a communication to the present writer, "since one of the directors of the sports of Ballymahon, Jack Fitzsimmons, an old man, who had experienced many vicissitudes, and then kept the ball court, frequently amused us with stories of, as he termed him, and as he was usually called when a boy, Noll Goldsmith. One of them, I remember, related to a depredation on the orchard of Tirlicken, adjoining the old mansion of that name now in ruins, then the property and residence of part of Lord Annaly's family. In this adventure, which he detailed minutely, both were engaged: detection, however, either at the moment, or soon afterwards, ensued; and, had it not been for the respectability of Goldsmith's connections, which secured immunity also to his companions, the consequences might have been unpleasant. This story, although it may seem like a different version of the deer-stealing of Shakspeare, I had no reason to disbelieve; the matter is common enough to most schoolboys in the country; and poor Jack knew no more of the history of Shakspeare than of Homer. Several other notices of the poet from the same source have now escaped my recollection; the impression, however, remains, that he was as thoughtless as other boys of the same age, and as easily led into scrapes by his companions."

An amusing adventure, which occurred in the last journey from home to Edgeworthstown school, is believed to have given birth to the chief incident in "She Stoops to Conquer." Having set off on horseback, there being then and indeed now no regular wheeled conveyance thither from Ballymahon, he loitered on the road, amusing himself by viewing the neighbouring gentlemen's seats. A friend had furnished him with a guinea; and the desire, perhaps, of spending it in (to a schoolboy) the most independent manner at an inn, tended to slacken his diligence on the road. Night overtook him in the small town of Ardagh, about half way on his journey. Enquiring for the best house in the place, meaning the best inn, he chanced to address, as is said, a person named Cornelius Kelly, who boasted of having taught fencing to the Marquis of Granby, and was then domesticated in the house of Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune in the town. He was known as a notorious wag; and, willing to play off a trick upon one whom he no doubt discovered to be a swaggering schoolboy, directed him to the house of his patron.

Suspecting no deception, Oliver proceeded as directed; gave authoritative orders about the care of his horse; and, being thence conceived by the servants to be an expected guest, was ushered into the presence of their master, who immediately discovered the mistake. Being, however, a man of humour, and willing to enjoy an evening's amusement with a boy under the influence of so unusual a blunder, he encouraged it, particularly when, by the communicative disposition of the guest, it was found that he was the son of an old acquaintance on his way to school. Nothing occurred to undeceive the self-importance of the youth, fortified by the possession of a sum he did not often possess: wine was therefore ordered in addition to a good supper, and the supposed landlord, his wife and daughters were invited to partake of it. On retiring for the night, a hot cake was ordered for breakfast the following morning; nor was it until preparing to quit the house next day, that he discovered he had been entertained in a private family.

This story, like the plot of his comedy, has been thought improbable; and were it told of a person in mature life, or mixing much in the world, there might be, under common circumstances, ground for disbelief. But when we consider the age of Goldsmith at the time, his openness to deception at all times, that the time was night, while positive information described the house as an inn, and that the submission of the servants and the humour of the master confirmed the original idea; moreover, when we consider that the house, however good, bore no particular mark of distinction, and that Irish landlords then, like those of America now, were inquisitive and familiar in their manners, and believed that their guests were under more obligations to them than they to their guests, it is easy to conceive how a schoolboy should be led into the error. Mrs. Hodson heard the story early in life, which could scarcely have been told without some foundation; and the late Sir Thomas Featherstone,* whose grandfather was the supposed landlord, remembered, when questioned, something of the anecdote.

In connection with his play, the story illustrates another peculiarity which belongs to Goldsmith more than to any other writer of his day; this was to draw upon his own personal and family history for many of the facts and characters found in his writings. These, when minutely traced, show how largely he has written from himself, from his recollections, experience, and feelings; and to this is owing much of that truth, vigour, and freshness, of which we all feel the presence and the power. Thus, to his poems, novel, plays, Citizen of the World, and detached essays, actual life furnished most of the scenes and persons; not only his own character and adventutes, but those of nearly all his relatives, were taxed for the amusement of the reader; so that when invention failed, he had only to draw upon his memory. The recollection of this fact may serve to corroborate the truth of the preceding story having really formed the groundwork of the play.

An event now occurred, which, though under other circumstances gratifying, threatened in its consequences to interfere with the design of sending him to college by still further narrowing his father's resources. This was the private marriage of his elder sister, Catherine, with Mr. Daniel Hodson, the son of a gentleman of good property, residing at St. John's, near Athlone. To her the union promised to be advantageous; while to her husband, in consequence of her want of fortune, it was thought the reverse. He was besides young, though not a boy; and being at the moment, or shortly before, a pupil of her brother Henry for the completion of his studies, the match looked so much like a breach of confidence and honour on the part of the family, although unknown to its members, as to give rise to extreme indignation on the part of her father. The tradition is, that in the first transports of anger he uttered a wish that, as she had acted like an undutiful child in causing suspicion to be cast on his integrity of character, she might never have one of her own to make a similar return to parental care; in short, that she might die childless. So harsh and hasty a sentence, foreign to his general character for good nature, was soon recalled; neither was the purport of the prayer strictly fulfilled, as she bore three children; but, in the superstitious feeling of the country, it was supposed to be not without a certain effect, as they all, though her son left a numerous offspring, died before her.

To remove all suspicion of being privy to the act of his daughter, Mr. Goldsmith, influenced by the highest sense of honour, made a sacrifice detrimental to the interests of the other members of his family. He entered into a legal engagement (Sept. 7, 1744), "to pay to Daniel Hodson, Esq., of St. John's, Roscommon, £400, as the marriage portion of his daughter Catherine, then the wife of the said Daniel Hodson." To raise this sum, with such limited means as he possessed, was impossible; but in lieu of it, the lands rented from Mr. Newstead, then worth about £40 per annum, in addition to £12 per annum of tithes, were assigned, until the money should be paid. These sums, which seem now apparently small, were in that period and country considerable; much more than the rector of Kilkenny West could afford. His living, though at present worth about £350 per annum, did not then amount to £200. The sacrifice consequently was great; it evinced all the sincerity of an honest, but not the consideration of a prudent man; and though satisfactory to his pride, crippled the means of providing for the remainder of his children.

The immediate effect of this reduction of income fell more heavily on Oliver, who, instead of entering college like his brother, a pensioner, was obliged to contemplate the more humble condition of sizer. From this, as a tacit confession of limited means, if not of poverty, his pride, it is traditionally said, revolted; in his own opinion, it occasioned many subsequent mortifications, deprived him of that consideration among his companions to which youth attaches so much value, and by the privations in consequence endured, depressed his spirit at the time, and even influenced the tenour of his future life, by rendering poverty so familiar that she was never afterwards viewed with terror. In vain it is said his father endeavoured to conquer what he considered merely juvenile pride; but a more persuasive adviser appeared in his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, who had married a sister of Mr. Goldsmith. At his house the youth had been a frequent visiter during school vacations; he had likewise contributed to the expense of his education; and having continued through life an active and steadfast friend, his kindness deserves some further notice here.

He derived his origin from a member of the noble family of the Contarini of Venice, who, having entered into one of the monastic orders, was imprudent enough to form an attachment to a lady similarly situated, a noble nun; and both wanting resolution to subdue their passion, an elopement and marriage took place. Unable to remain in Italy from this double violation of the laws of the church, they fled to France, where his wife died of small-pox. Here he found himself pursued by ecclesiastical hostility, and for better security proceeded to England. In London his faith probably formed no introduction to favour, and Ireland was sought as a more congenial asylum. At Chester, on his way thither, he met with a young lady named Chaloner, related to Doctor Chaloner some time provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who possessing a fluent knowledge of his native language, they found pleasure in the society of each other, until the intercourse terminated in marriage. Attachment to his original faith had probably become loosened by the persecution he had experienced. Conforming, therefore, to the protestant church, he obtained, by the interest of his wife's connections, ecclesiastical preferment in the diocess of Elphin; and of this couple Mr. Contarine was the grandchild.

He was born in Cheshire, sent to school at Wrexham, in the adjoining county of Denbigh; but removed to Ireland at the age of seventeen, entered Trinity College the following year (1702), where he became distinguished for talents and diligence, as well as for the possession of those moral qualities that confer on talents their highest value. A proof of the esteem in which he was held, and of which any one might be proud, was an intimate friendship with the celebrated Bishop Berkley, then his senior in the university about a year, and by whom he is said to have been selected to attend him in the dangerous experiment of ascertaining the degree of pain suffered during strangulation, on which occasion he saved the life of the philosopher. Taking orders, he procured the living of Killmore, near Carrick-on-Shannon, and afterwards that of Oran, near Roscommon, where he built and resided in a pretty house called Emblemore, changed by its subsequent possessor, Mr. Edward Mills, a relative of Goldsmith, for the more classical appellation of Tempe. He lies buried in his church, about a mile and a half distant from the house.

Here he was frequently visited by Mr. Charles O'Connor, also residing in the county of Roscommon, distinguished for his knowledge of Irish antiquities, who found reason to be pleased with his taste and intelligence. The grandson of this gentleman, the late Dr. O'Connor, librarian at Stowe, in Memoirs of his Relative, printed but not published, thus speaks of Mr. Contarine:—

"Mr. O'Connor was not yet known as an author, but he began to be noticed as an ingenious man. The first acquaintance with whom he opened a literary correspondence was Dr. Fergus; the next was the Rev. Thomas Contarine, a clergyman of the established church, and the well-known companion of Bishop Berkley. He was son to an Italian of the Contarini family at Venice. His parts and the goodness of his heart procured him the friendship of one of the greatest geniuses

* From the Rev. John Graham.

of the age, and it is to him Goldsmith alludes in his Deserted Village." Here follow the lines, beginning—

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled," &c.

By the following passage from the same work, it would appear as if the poet had seen under the roof of his uncle another of the characters sketched in the poem,—that of the Veteran,—in an officer of some rank. This may be correct; but the terms in which the invitation to the supposed visiter are couched, "kindly bade to stay," imply more of a dependent than the rank assigned him by Mr. O'Connor would warrant, unless we believe the condescension is assumed for the sake of poetic effect:

"It is not generally known that Major M'Dermott, of Emlagh, in the county of Roscommon, was the old soldier to whom Goldsmith alluded in the following lines—

'The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by the fire and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, and tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.'

"I had this anecdote (adds Dr. O'Connor) from Mr. O'Connor, who often saw the major at Contarine's house, and enjoyed his society so much that he repeatedly spoke of him, even in his last years, as a person whom he never could forget on account of the vivacity of his temper, and the affecting emotions with which he would tell the history of his own adventures."

With his uncle Oliver spent most of the time he was absent from school, and is believed by the family to have derived advantage from his superintendence, not only in study but in the cultivation of those generous feelings by which he was afterwards distinguished. This kind and considerate man saw in him a warmth of heart requiring some skill to direct, and a latent genius that wanted time to mature; and these impressions none of his subsequent follies and irregularities wholly obliterated. His purse and affection, therefore, as well as his house, were ever open to him: the nephew knew the value of his regard; and, however pleasure or thoughtlessness led him to neglect the admonitions of so benevolent and judicious a friend, his gratitude and attachment, whenever he had occasion to write or speak of him, were not the less ardent and sincere.

More attention was probably shown him by this gentleman on account of having no son of his own, the only child by his marriage with Miss Goldsmith being a daughter, afterwards Mrs. Jane Lawder, a few years older than the poet, and to whom he wrote some letters, still in existence, when in London. The death of Mrs. Contarine, in June, 1744, produced no diminution of regard in his uncle. He is said to have taken the trouble to point out to the youth, in affectionate terms, the advantages of entering college in the only manner his father's circumstances now permitted; that no degradation was implied by it, for he had himself entered in a similar manner; that he had thus acquired the friendship of the eminent and the good; and that it would be highly to his credit, and probably benefit his future prospects, to enter the university in a class into which admission, of itself, implied some advancement in his studies.

A story told him by this gentleman, of two of his relatives by the female side, illustrates the prevailing propensity of the poet to introduce his family history into his writings. In an essay printed in 1760, and now first included in his works, called "A True History for the Ladies,"* appears a story contrasting romantic with reasonable love. It is told of Thomas and James Chaloner, maternal relatives of his uncle. The names are given at length, and the circumstances, with slight embellishment, were true.

The former of these gentlemen, Thomas, married above his own rank, clandestinely and for love, a lady of beauty and fortune; the latter took a homely partner in his own sphere of life, and without the least touch of romance in their courtship or union. Both brothers were soon after called by a question of property to Ireland; but a storm arising, threatened the vessel with destruction on the rocks lining the Irish coast. Thomas, in this emergency, determined to remain and die with his bride: James, who was something more of a philosopher, found there was a chance of escape by swimming; and, telling his wife he would save her if he could, plunged into the sea and reached the shore. Contrary to all expectation the vessel was saved. The more romantic pair felt pride in the superior ardour of their attachment, and fondly believed that the same feeling of devotion could never cease. The sacrifice, however, meditated on this alarming occasion came to be expected afterward on all the minor matters of life by one, while proportionate gratitude for such compliances was sought or exacted from the other. Both were disappointed; each expected too much from the other, and could not conceal their dissatisfaction when undeceived. Constraint was mutually felt; for love, to be lasting, must be free. Slight negligences arose, followed by jealousies and complaints; and these produced recriminations, coolness, and sullen silence. Returning affection caused the first disagreements to be made up; but the original error of demanding more from human nature than its imperfections permit, constantly renewed them. Gradually they became more serious, causing first indifference, and then alienation; so that aversion, and at length separation, was the result. On the other hand, James and his wife, the more sober couple, of cooler temperaments and expectations, went through life with equanimity,—their content greater if their raptures fewer; lived very comfortably, entertained their friends hospitably, and reared a numerous family, for which they contrived to provide.

* See Works, vol. i.

The moral he inculcates in this story is, that "Love between the sexes should be regarded as an inlet to friendship; nor should the most beautiful of either hope to continue the passion a month beyond the wedding day. Marriage strips love of all its finery; and if friendship does not appear to supply its place, there is then an end of matrimonial felicity."

The time having arrived for entering the university, Oliver was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin, June 11, 1745. An error in the year of admission has prevailed in all accounts hitherto given of him, which arises from the university year commencing on the 9th July, so that the six previous months appear, to an inadvertent examiner, to be of earlier date than they really are.

The following is the entry extracted from the official register, in which however there are two errors; one, stating him to be born in Westmeath, which arose from the abode of his father being in that county; and the other in representing him to be only fifteen years old when he was really more than sixteen, if the date of his birth, November, 1728, be, as we must believe, correct:—

1744 (Really 1745) 11° Junii.	Oliver Goldsmith, Siz.	Filius Caroli Clerici.	Annum Agens 15.	Natus in Comitatu Westmeath.	Educatus sub ferula Ma Hughes.	Tutor Ma. Wilder.

In a list of eight sizers entered on the same day, his name is the last enrolled. His answering, therefore, in the previous examination, it is presumed, was less satisfactory than that of others, there being on such occasions a contest for superiority among such as apply for the benefits of the foundation. But, considering that he was the junior candidate of the party, and no doubt triumphed over many other competitors, the fact of admission at all is evidence of considerable proficiency in classical knowledge.

There are five classes of students in Trinity College; noblemen, noblemen's sons, fellow-commoners, pensioners, and sizers or servitors, or, as they have been sometimes called in familiar language, in Ireland, poor scholars: one of those judicious and considerate arrangements of the founders of such institutions, that gives to the less opulent the opportunity of cultivating learning at a trifling expense. The sizer has his commons and tuition free, and pays for his chamber a sum little more than nominal; while, by officiating as chanter at chapel, what is called regulator at commons, or other minor offices, he has the opportunity, if industriously disposed, of gaining sums that may, with economy, render him nearly independent of assistance from his friends.

To obtain these advantages, he is expected to come more advanced in classical learning than others; he is commonly of a riper age; is expected to display application in his studies; and in time to acquire, or struggle for, university honours, such as a scholarship or premiums. He wears a black gown of coarse stuff without sleeves; a plain black cloth cap without a tassel; and dines at the fellows' table after they have retired. At the period in question they wore red caps, and were compelled to perform derogatory offices, such as sweeping part of the courts in the morning, carrying up the dishes from the kitchen to the fellows' dinner-table, and waiting in the hall until that body had dined.

From the more menial compliances they have long been relieved; and from the last, that of carrying up dinner, about fifty years ago, by a sizer flinging one of the dishes with its contents at the head of a citizen, who, on Trinity Sunday, when many assembled to witness the scene, made impertinent remarks on the duty he was obliged to perform. When brought before the then provost (Murray), who had himself been a sizer, for this irregularity, the latter had the manliness to tell the student that it was but a paltry species of pride to be above the performance of what college regulations required; that he (the provost) had performed them with humility and thankfulness in return for the advantages received, and which raised him from nothing to the situation he then held. With a sharp rebuke to the offender, porters were thenceforward appointed to relieve the sizers from this mark of servitude.

In the routine of these duties, Goldsmith no doubt took his share; and the indignant feeling they occasioned in a sensitive mind breaks out in the Essay on Polite Literature in Europe, when speaking of universities:—"Sure pride itself has dictated to the fellows of our colleges the absurd passion of being attended at meals and on other public occasions, by those poor men who, willing to become scholars, come in upon some charitable foundation. It implies a contradiction, for men to be at once learning the liberal arts and at the same time treated as slaves; at once studying freedom and practising servitude."

Something of the same kind appears again in a letter to his brother written soon after this time, in which, however, the unquestionable benefits derived to indigence from the institution are admitted:—

"The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son a scholar are judicious and convincing. I should however be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure), he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him except your own."

At present, students of this description have no just cause for complaint in Dublin. It is obviously for the advantage of the class of persons whom it is meant to benefit, that some difference, though neither derogatory nor unreasonable, should exist between them and other students. Were all distinction abrogated, the sons of those whose circumstances do not require the indulgence would not hesitate to become sizers; and in time the really indigent, who are too often likewise the friendless, would either be excluded, or the number of candidates so much increased,—and there are always many more than can be admitted,—as to diminish materially the chance of being received.

One of those preceding him on the list on the day of entry, was his friend and school-fellow from Edgeworthstown, afterwards the Rev. John Beatty, his senior in years and superior in attainments; an advantage which, as appears from the records, he retained during the whole of their stay in college. They were placed under the same tutor, and became, as is believed by the relatives of the latter, for a time, what is familiarly called among the students *chums*, that is, occupied the same apartments; these were the top rooms adjoining the library of the building now numbered 35, and where the name of the poet, scratched on a window pane with a diamond, in one of his idle moods, is still to be seen. Another who is said to have stood in the same familiar relation to him at a subsequent period, was the Rev. Josiah Marshall, afterwards rector of Garvagh, in the county of Londonderry. Others have been named who died at a more remote period; and a few cotemporaries who remembered him survived in various parts of Ireland at the commencement of this century.

Among such as are known to have been his intimate associates, were Mr. Edward Mills, a relative, Robert Bryanton, Charles and Edward Purdon, James Willington (with whom he afterwards became associated in

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London), and Doctors Thomas Wilson and Michael Kearney, afterwards fellows of the college. The Rev. Mr. Wolfen and Mr. Lauchlan Macleane knew him well; and he appears to have been slightly remembered by Burke and Flood; Richard Malone, afterwards Lord Sunderlin; Bishops Bernard, Marlay, and Stopford; the two former afterwards well known in the literary circles of London.

The first notice of his college career was derived from Dr. Thomas Wilson. Early in 1776, Mr. Edmond Malone, to whose critical labours our poetical literature is so much indebted, having collected the works of the poet for publication in Dublin, in two volumes 12mo (1777)—afterwards republished in 1780 by Evans, a bookseller in London,—applied to that gentleman for such memorials as official records supplied, and in return received the following letter, transcribed from the original now in possession of the writer. It was never before printed. A few memoranda were added of his entry into college, and the time of obtaining his degree, which, being erroneous in part, need not appear here: the former is already and the latter will be hereafter given correctly; with a notice of a youthful indiscretion in which the poet became involved.

"I send you," writes Dr. Wilson, Feb. 24, 1776, "all the intelligence I can derive from the college registry relating to Dr. Goldsmith. 'T will clear up one point, which will prove a satisfaction to his surviving friends, as it will show that he was never expelled, and that the offence for which he was censured was only a juvenile indiscretion, and did not in the least affect his moral character.

"While he resided in the college, he exhibited no specimens of that genius which in his maturer years raised his character so high. Squalid poverty and its concomitants, idleness and despondence, probably checked every aspiring hope, and repressed the exertion of his talents; and the savage brutality that shone so conspicuous in the truly amiable gentleman (Mr. Wilder) who was to rule his studies under the notion of a tutor, was better calculated to frighten than to allure.

"I well remember, for he was in the class below me, that his tutor examining him in the Sen. Soph. class, commenced his judgments with a *Male*, and concluded them with a *Valde Bene*. 'T was a mistake that the good doctor (the tutor) often fell into, to think he was witty when he was simply malicious. Possibly the world is obliged for his (Goldsmith's) works to his idleness and miscarriages in the college, which deprived him of all hope of rising in the church to a curacy, on which he might have comfortably starved to a good old age."

The character of the unhappy person to whom the direction of his studies was entrusted, "under the notion of a tutor," as Dr. Wilson expresses it, appears to have been wholly unfit, either in temper or general conduct, for the superintendence of youth. Many unfavourable stories are still told of him in the university; and the mortifications endured by his pupil from mingled caprice and harshness, were supposed to have not only obstructed his progress in learning, but, by producing despondency and irregularities, tinged with a darker hue parts of his future life. This person was fixed upon from being the younger son of a gentleman living within a few miles of the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, and Oliver had been especially recommended to his care. He possessed considerable scientific attainments, clouded by a disposition represented as almost savage, and passions so irregular as to require for himself that indulgence he rarely extended to others. In Dublin he was noted for strength, agility, and ferocity; an instance of which was exhibited in the streets by springing, at a bound, from the pavement on a hackney coach proceeding at a fast pace, and felling to the ground the driver, who had accidentally touched his face with the whip. Of his strange caprice or injustice in the performance of his public duties, the Rev. Dr. Marsh mentioned an instance. When filling the senior lecturer's chair, the first three places were admitted to be the right of Marsh, Mead, and Hans, the best answerers in the order of their names, which he thought fit to transpose into the order of Hans, Mead, and Marsh, assigning as the reason the superior euphony of the latter arrangement.

To such students as incurred his dislike, he proved a bitter persecutor at the public examinations; and an illustration of this disposition appears in the vindictive conduct adopted towards another. When a student himself, he found constant means of evading college discipline, and gaining egress from its walls at night by the connivance of a companion, whose window in the front square being secured by an iron palisading, a movable bar had been skilfully introduced unknown to the authorities, which admitted of removal at pleasure. Soon afterwards (1744) he was elected to a fellowship: the office of subdean, who has charge of the general conduct of the students, came to him in rotation; and now, from being an offender against discipline, he became its most strict and often severe preserver. The first exertion of authority was a visit to the apartment of which he had formerly so often made use, but unexpectedly he found the outlet secured. On sternly enquiring of its then possessor, a friend of the previous occupier, whether there had not been a screw bar before the window, the reply was in the affirmative, and that *he* very well knew it. To further questions uttered in an insulting manner, by whom the alteration was made, the student (afterwards the Rev. Mr. G——, an amiable man) was tempted to reply, "By me, sir; for I *knew you*." The remark was never forgiven; he assailed him unremittingly ever afterwards at the public examinations, and when his proficiency admitted of little censure, found a handle for ill-nature and sarcasm in the personal peculiarities of the youth. These in return produced retorts not quite in keeping with subordination, or the decorum of the place and occasion, until at length an opportunity offered of turning him down to the bottom of his class.

With passions so uncontrolled and unamiable, he could be considerate and charitable. On the death of Dr. Maguire, about 1768, he succeeded to the mathematical chair: at his own expense, he published, for the benefit of the widow and family, an edition of Newton's arithmetic, prepared for the press by the deceased, with copious notes by himself. He intimated likewise a design of completing and publishing, from the same kind motives, three other unfinished treatises of his predecessor, on arithmetic, equations, and ratios. And it may be remarked that at the moment (1770) he first appeared in the press, his quondam pupil, after long struggling with obscurity and poverty, had attained the summit of literary reputation. The end of this gentleman proved as melancholy as his habits had been exceptionable. Early in 1770, he quitted the university for one of its livings, that of Rathmelton, in the county of Donegal. Here, it is said, a female of equivocal character exercised such influence in his house as to deny him admission when he chose to stop out late at night, and on attempting at such times to enter by the window, usually met with strong resistance, until certain terms of capitulation with the party within had been proposed and accepted. It is therefore scarcely matter of surprise that he was found dead one morning on the floor of his room, with traces of severe contusion, the cause of which, as no investigation took place, remained unknown.*

Few things could be more unfortunate for the pupil than the selection—innocently, indeed, for his peculiarities were not then developed—of such a preceptor. His age and thoughtlessness required forbearance; his temper and habits some indulgence; his indolence, if it at this time existed, rather persuasion than harsh reproofs and disgraces; and it further appeared that his tastes and favourite pursuits were classical, while those of his tutor were devoted to science. This did not tend to allay latent prejudices formed by the latter; for the first eighteen months indeed no particular instance of hostility on the one side, or dislike on the other, is recorded, though we had evidence of strong distaste to the usual science course in the university having been early imbibed by him, and a remembrance of the mortifications it occasioned, retained by him through life. Poetry and the more abstract studies have little in common; matters of fact and of imagination rarely retain an equal degree of regard to the same minds; and we can readily conceive a young man of lively fancy fonder of exercising its qualities, such as they are, than of treasuring up for future use the scientific speculations and acquisitions of philosophers.

As from the first, he did not hesitate to avow dislike to all the graver studies of the place, he at a future time appeared to seek an excuse for it; and many years afterwards, when writing the life of Parnell, seemed willing hypothetically to infer, what he made no attempt to prove, that a similar feeling was entertained by that poet. "His progress," he says, "through the college course of study, was probably marked with but little splendour; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgersdicius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglesius."* By the accounts of his friend Beatty, who reasoned with him on his neglect, and the offence likely to be taken by his tutor on this account, he expressed repeatedly his contempt for mathematics, and greater dislike, if possible, towards ethics and logic. In the same spirit he tells us, in the Essay on Polite Literature in Europe—"Mathematics are, perhaps, too much studied at our universities. This seems a science to which the meanest intellects are equal. I forget who it is that says, 'All men might understand mathematics if they would.'"†

Displeasure, arising from the recollection of reproofs incurred by neglect of this study, may be traced in several passages of the same work. In the following, in addition to an implied condemnation of science, we have an indirect apology for another of his characteristics soon afterwards developed—a love of gaiety and social enjoyments,—much more easy to censure than at his age to resist:

"Upon this principle (that of giving, as he says, too much encouragement to seminaries of learning) all our magnificent endowments of colleges are erroneous, and, at best, more frequently entich the prudent than reward the ingenious. A lad whose passions are not strong enough in youth to mislead him from that path of science which his tutors and not his inclination have chalked out, by four or five years' perseverance will probably obtain every advantage and honour his college can bestow. I forget whether the simile has been used before, but I would compare the man whose youth has been thus passed in the tranquillity of dispassionate prudence to liquors that never ferment, and, consequently, continue always muddy. Passions may raise a commotion in the youthful breast, but they disturb only to refine it. However this be, mean talents in colleges are often rewarded with an easy subsistence. The candidates for preferment of this kind often regard their admission as a patent for future laziness: so that a life begun in studious labour is often continued in luxurious affluence."

There is, in these remarks, with perhaps something of truth, more of a querulous spirit, arising from his own position while in college, the little consideration he enjoyed in it, or the mortifications it was his lot to experience. It is obviously easy, but fallacious, to censure general systems of education, because many of the details may be inapplicable to particular individuals. Were it distinctly foreseen, that the youth of to-day is to be the distinguished poet, statesman, or mathematician of a future period, his education might be varied, possibly with advantage, though this by no means follows; for exclusive devotion to one pursuit is as objectionable in education as in other things. But the bent of a boy's mind cannot always be ascertained with precision; even his wishes cannot safely be trusted; and he must, therefore, as the sure method of disciplining and enlarging

* Communicated by a grand niece of the poet, who became, by marriage, singularly enough, connected with the unfortunate tutor, to the Rev. John Graham.

* See Works, vol. iii.

† See Works, vol. i. The dislike of Gray to mathematics and metaphysics seems to have been quite as great as that of Goldsmith.

his faculties, follow "that path which his tutors, and not his inclinations, have chalked out."

That colleges enrich the prudent, is sometimes true; but who are to be rewarded—the attentive or the negligent? That the ingenious are neglected, is so far from being the fact, that young men who exhibit proofs of talent, at college, are noticed, praised, and even remembered, long after the occasion, in a greater degree than their share of merit probably deserved—as the future lives of many have furnished little evidence of superiority. Ingenuity, therefore, in whatever form displayed, rarely passes without its reward. But, if the implied compact entered into with such institutions—that of conforming to the system by which they are conducted—be disregarded, no just cause for complaint can fairly exist, if their benefits be withheld. Poets, indeed, may think otherwise; and several of our distinguished names in that class looked back with little satisfaction to the period of their lives spent at a university; willing, perhaps, to forget their own errors or negligences, in the occasional defects or mistakes observed in their instructers; but it is idle for the inexperienced to find fault with modes of study, or the restraints of discipline. When a student complains of his college, the probability is, that the college has much more reason to complain of him.

The truth of the simile, employed as illustrative of the force of juvenile passions, although repeated in three other passages of his writings, is very questionable; for many of our greatest men require no such apology for their youth. The allusion, however, is to himself. A certain thoughtlessness, supposed to belong to the poetical temperament, became early developed, and a facility of temper that rarely resisted importunity of any kind gave him the character of good nature. His disposition, naturally social and generous, found encouragement in kindred associations with youth. Passions at such seasons, he informs us, lead to pleasure; and his, from all the accounts that can now be gleaned, appear not to have been inactive, although no specific breaches of propriety, or of college discipline, were at that period laid to his charge. The general effect is supposed to have fostered that disinclination to the proper studies of the place, which on other occasions he felt disposed to attribute wholly to taste. The expenses incurred in amusements but ill suited the nature of his supplies, at all times of a scanty description. A story has been told of his having at this period formed an imprudent female attachment; which, but for interposition of some of his friends, was likely to have terminated in marriage.

One of the qualifications which ensured popularity among fellow-students, but often dangerous to the possessor, from the temptations to which it leads, was the talent of singing a good song. His voice, naturally tolerable, acquired more power by cultivation, and, by a little taste and skilful management, became very agreeable. In London, at a late period of life, he amused his friends with Irish songs, exhibiting much of the peculiar humour of his country. A taste for music formed an additional recommendation, though perhaps with no considerable knowledge of it as a science. He played tolerably well on the German flute. It is recorded, that even at this time, whenever vexed by temporary annoyances, he had recourse to this instrument, and blew it with a kind of mechanical vehemence, until his equanimity of temper returned.

Early in 1747, his father, whose character he took pleasure in sketching, in several of his productions, died; the induction of his successor, the Rev. Mr. Wynne, taking place in the March of that year. The wealth of the family, never, as we have seen, great, or as he himself hints, well husbanded, necessarily suffered a serious diminution. The means of the widow were little more than sufficient to provide the necessaries of life for the other branches of her family; remittances to Oliver therefore ceased, and his prospects became darker than ever. In this situation it would have been necessary to have withdrawn from college, but for the occasional contribution of friends, among whom his uncle Contarine formed the principal: these were from their nature limited, and perhaps irregular. His difficulties were consequently considerable, during the whole of his subsequent stay in the university, and no doubt often occasioned that state of "squalid poverty," of which Dr. Wilson speaks. In this situation, a constitutional buoyancy, or, as he phrases it in another place, "a knack at hoping," kept him from despair; but, when combined with the reproaches of his tutor, rendered frequent despondency and depression unavoidable. Under such circumstances, he was more than once driven to the necessity of pawning his books, until the stated supply arrived, or some friendly hand interposed to release them; when, on such emergencies, Beatty would lend him others for the purposes of study. The disposal of the books coming to the knowledge of the tutor, he, in addition to bitter taunts and reprehension, said he was like the silly fellow in Horace—*Mutat quadrata rotundis*.

There is, we are assured, no stimulus to ingenuity like distress. Goldsmith was now taught, for the first time, to draw upon his resources in a mode which, however beneath the dignity, was not inappropriate to the calling of the future poet. This was the composition of street ballads, to which Beatty knew him frequently to resort, when in want of small sums for present exigencies. The price of these was five shillings each—and all that he wrote found a ready sale at a shop known as the sign of the Rein-deer, in Mountrath-street. None of the names of these verses were recollected at the time Mr. Beatty related the fact to his friends, but popular occurrences commonly supplied the subjects.* Poor as they may be supposed to have been in character, from the remuneration received, and the class for whom intended, he is said to have exhibited for his offspring all the partiality of a parent, by strolling the streets at night to hear them sung, and marking the degree of applause which each received from the auditors.

CHAPTER III.

Riot of the students—Sentence upon Goldsmith and others—Absents himself from the university—Anecdotes—Takes the degree of B. A.—His father.

In May, 1747, a riot of the students of Trinity College, in which he took part, had nearly involved him in more serious difficulties than any yet experienced, although his tutor (for such was the character of this gentleman) was said to have encouraged, privately, what he was afterwards called upon to punish in his corporate capacity. A few of the particulars are given by Dr. Wilson, in the postscript to the letter to Malone, already quoted:

"Several scholars were expelled for raising a sedition and riot in the city of Dublin. It was occasioned by a report that a scholar had been arrested in Fleet street. To revenge this supposed insult, a numerous body of scholars rushed into town, under the command of *Gallows* Walsh—who in those days was controller-general of riots—explored the dens of the bailiffs, conducted the prisoners in triumph to the college, and pumped them soundly in the old cistern. In those days of primitive simplicity, the pumping of constables was a very fashionable amusement. The commander then proposed breaking open Newgate, and making a general jail delivery. The enterprise was attempted, but failed for want of cannon. Roe, who was the constable of the castle, and was well supplied with artillery, repulsed the assailants; and some townsmen, whose curiosity induced them to become spectators of this futile attempt, were killed in the action.

"Goldsmith, though not a principal, was present at the transaction, and was publicly admonished for aiding and abetting the riot—in the words of the sentence, *quod seditioni favisset et tumultuantibus opem tulisset.*"

So flagrant a breach of university discipline as this riot proved, and the loss of life by which it was attended, called for the most serious enquiry and punishment. In consequence, four of the ringleaders, (not five, as stated in the preceding account,) were expelled, and four others, something less guilty, though prominent in the fray, among whom was Goldsmith, publicly admonished. Such a punishment, though not slight at that time, would now preclude the offender from a degree. The following is the sentence passed on this occasion, after noticing the expulsion of the others:

"*Et cum constat insuper Oliverum Goldsmith* (three other names are likewise mentioned,) *huic seditioni favisse et tumultuantibus opem tulisse virum et praeposito et sociis senioribus praedictos Oliverum Goldsmith* (cum aliis) *publice admonere et hanc admonitionem in album Collegii referri.*"

To efface as much as possible the unfavourable impression made by this occurrence, as well as to add to his means of support, he appears to have exerted himself with some effect. In the month following the reprimand, June 15, 1747, he seems to have tried for a scholarship; but, failing in this great object of ambition, was elected an exhibitioner, on the foundation of Erasmus Smyth—a person who, dying in 1669, left a large fortune to charitable uses, under the management of the principal official personages of Ireland, and, among other bequests, sums for two fellowships and thirty-five exhibitions in the university—twenty being of the larger, and fifteen of the smaller description. Goldsmith's was one of the latter. Out of nineteen elected on this occasion, his name stands seventeenth on the list. The emolument was trifling, being no more than about thirty shillings; but the credit something, for it was the first distinction he had obtained in his college career. It seems, however, to have been but a short time enjoyed. In the September, December, and following March quarters, a cross appears against his name in the books, signifying either suspension or absence in the country, though the former is said to have been the reason; and in June, 1784, it is omitted altogether in the list of exhibitioners. The cause is considered to have been an act of venial imprudence, mentioned by his sister, and probably produced by joy for the recent honour he had received; so that its celebration would seem to have proved the occasion of its loss.

He had invited a party of young friends of both sexes from the city, to supper and a dance, in his chambers, when his tutor, hearing of the irregularity, proceeded thither, addressed him in gross terms of abuse before his guests, and being probably irritated by the replies of the pupil, at length proceeded to the unwarrantable extremity of personal chastisement. The effect of this violence upon a sensitive mind like that of Goldsmith, may be conceived. He thought himself irretrievably disgraced; and with that "exquisite sensibility of contempt," of which he speaks on another occasion, determined to forsake, not only the scene of his mortification, but his country—and, unknown even to his friends, seek his fortune in a kinder region.

With this view, he disposed of his books and clothes, and quitted the university, but loitered in Dublin until, with no more than a shilling left, he set out for Cork. His intention was to embark there for some other country, he knew not whither. On this shilling he supported himself, as he affirmed, for three days; and then parting by degrees with his clothes, was at length reduced to such extremity of famine that, after fasting twenty-four hours, he thought a handful of gray pease, given him by a girl at a wake, the most comfortable repast he had ever made. Fatigue and privation produced what, perhaps, persuasion might not have effected—conviction of his folly and imprudence. The project of going to America (for this seemed his destination) was therefore for the present abandoned. His steps turned gradually homeward; and when near enough to communicate with his brother, he sent forward a messenger to announce his situation—and Henry, who immediately went to the assistance of the wanderer, clothed, and carried him back to college, where something of a reconciliation was attempted with the tutor.

It is not to be supposed this was very cordial or permanent. He who descends to personal outrage on a youth nearly of man's estate, will scarcely forgive the object of his violence; nor will the latter look for a friend or instructer in one whom he must consider as a tyrant. These feelings, no doubt, operated in the minds of both. The pupil became despondent, and, if not sulky, indifferent, probably, to applause or censure—while the tutor, irritated by what he deemed neglect or dislike, persecuted him, as we learn from Dr. Wilson and others, at the quarterly examinations, by sarcastic taunts or ironical praises, galling in the extreme to a youth of sensibility. One of the scenes to which this mutual aversion gave rise, was related by his friend, Mr. Beatty, a witness on the occasion; and it is characteristic of others which occurred in the public intercourse of the tutor, not with one only, but several of his pupils.

While lecturing his class, in the spring of 1748, he desired Goldsmith to explain the centre of gravity, which,

* Mr. Crofton Croker is now making an extensive collection of the ballads of Ireland; and it is just possible that, by peculiar allusion or phraseology, something of Goldsmith may be detected.

however, he was unable to do. The former then went through a formal explanation, and when he had finished, sternly called out, "Now, blockhead, where is *your* centre of gravity?" Annoyed by the terms of the reproof, and probably desirous of indulging his humour at the expense of the lecturer's dignity, Oliver, in his usual slow, hollow tone of enunciation, after the preface of "Why, doctor, by your definition, I think it must be some where——" added a term too coarse for repetition. This totally discomposed the gravity of all the auditors, and excited, not unreasonably, the anger of their instructer, who, after a severe rebuke for ignorance and impertinence, turned him down to the bottom of the class. This anecdote, which was often told in conversation to Bishop Percy, is confirmed by a memorandum recently discovered by the writer, in the senior lecturer's book, under the date of May 9th, 1748—where it is briefly recorded, "Goldsmith turned down."

The other memoranda relating to him in the university books, are few. Twice he is "cautioned" for neglecting Greek lecture, and thrice commended for diligence in attending it, or, in the phrase used on such occasions, "receives the thanks of the house." In the buttery books, the fines against him are numerous, though not more so than are affixed to the names of many others, and all very trifling in amount; his general conduct therefore does not seem to have been marked, in the opinion of the high college authority, who obligingly rendered his aid in the search for these particulars, by any unusual irregularity. He was said, by Dr. Michael Kearney, a cotemporary during the last year of his residence, and afterwards fellow of the college, to have gained a premium at a Christmas examination; which, being more strict than others, is considered the most honourable of any given during the year. But, after a diligent examination, no trace of this honour is to be found. The fact, nevertheless, may have been as stated; for the doctor was considered good authority, and some of the records of that period are mislaid. The probable year was 1748—for, in the preceding Christmas quarter, his exhibition, as we have seen, was suspended, and in that of 1746 he had been cautioned on the subject of Greek lecture.

The records which supply these notices, slight, though not uninteresting in their details, furnish evidence of the diligence and success which attended his friend Beatty; who, in mentioning the misadventures of the poet, seldom adverted to his own merits or distinctions, obtained when a fellow student. These appear to have been numerous: his name is constantly to be found among those commended for diligence; he receives a premium, when poor Goldsmith is "turned down;" and certificates, considered as substitutes for other premiums, were awarded on other occasions. Yet, how capricious are the ultimate distributions of fame! Beatty, thus commended and successful, entered into the church, encountered no material difficulties in life, found his sphere, perhaps, circumscribed by the useful, though unostentatious duties of a parish priest—and though always known as a clever man, found no inducement to come before the world as a candidate for further distinction. While Goldsmith, sometimes idle, sometimes neglected, or noticed only to be censured, pursuing, it may be said, no certain calling, a wanderer for no inconsiderable portion of his life, friendless and long obscure, living in difficulties, and dying in them, has left a reputation which promises to be unfading. Contrasts of this kind have given rise to the common, though inconsiderate, censure applied to colleges, for not better discriminating the characters of youth; as if discrimination were at such time practicable to any sagacity. Besides, circumstances so continually modify, or even create talent, that all the practical conclusion we can draw is, not hastily to attempt to gage the exact dimensions of youthful intellect.

When free from the influence of indolence or despondency, and no longer seen "lounging about the college gate," in the words of a cotemporary, (Dr. Wolfen,) he seems not to have neglected a talent for poetry. Instances of this appear to have been remembered by that gentleman and others—being partly original compositions of a light description, or translations from the classics. These, like other college exercises, when not preserved by the party themselves, interested no one else, and were forgotten with the occasion. In allusion to this poetical talent, and when the fact would have been readily known by enquiry, he many years afterwards told Mr. Malone, in London, when conversing about the university, that, "though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study much in repute there, he could turn an ode of Horace into English better than any of them." To this date is assigned the translation from Macrobius, which appeared in the first edition (1759) of the Enquiry into Polite Learning in Europe. It is likewise believed, that at this time was sketched the tale of the "Double Transformation," which appears in his works, commencing,—

"Secluded from domestic strife,
Jack Bookworm led a college life:
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive.
He drank his glass and cracked his joke,
And freshmen wondered as he spoke."

For in the original draught the following allusion, afterwards omitted, occurs to the adventure for which he received the public admonition—

"And told the tales oft told before,
Of bailiffs pump'd and proctors bit,
At college how he showed his wit."

At the period of quitting college and selling his books, in consequence of the tutor's assault upon him, his Greek Lexicon, no doubt as being of some value, was among the number. This volume, Scapula's folio, the writer has every reason to believe is now in his possession; the gift of a lady whose scholarship is among the least of her merits—whose piety is as unfeigned as her philanthropy is extensive, and in whom the unostentatious charities of Dublin find one of their most persevering and zealous supporters.* By the account of this lady, it appears that, when in search of a lexicon several years ago, she met with it on the stall of an illiterate bookseller, who, however, placed some additional value on the volume, from the autographs of the poet, of which there are more than a dozen scattered in the margins, and bearing every mark of being his handwriting. Some are simply his name; others, in imitation of the then style of franking, are marked "Free, Oliver Goldsmith;" one or two, containing certain promises, more familiar to him than that of the assumed parliamentary privilege, namely, "*I promise to pay*, &c. &c., Oliver Goldsmith." All indicative of what we may conceive to have been his employment in an idle or amusing mood. Few details of the history of this volume could be given at the time of the purchase, and even these are forgotten, excepting that it had passed through one or two other hands—the title page is wanting, and it bears traces of very venerable age. From the expensive nature of the work, it had probably been the gift of his uncle Goldsmith, and used by him when in the same retreat of learning.

The poor are commonly said to be improvident. And Goldsmith, by all accounts, failed to manage his scanty finances with the care that his necessities required; an imprudent benevolence, as it would seem, to distressed objects, proving the cause of serious inconvenience to himself. Illustrative of this point of character, Mr. Edward Mills, of Mount Prospect, in Roscommon, his relative, and who entered college about two years after him, told a ludicrous story, which, though obviously exaggerated, may have had some foundation in truth. He was a professed wit and punster, and therefore the anecdote probably lost nothing in the narration: it may likewise owe something to the whim of the poet, whose humour was sometimes sufficiently broad and practical.

Mills, whose family, in Roscommon, was opulent, possessing a handsome allowance at the university, occasionally furnished his relative with small supplies, and frequently invited him to breakfast. On being summoned, on one occasion, to this repast, he declared from within, to the messenger, his inability to rise, and that, to enable him to do so, they must come to his assistance, by forcing open the door. This was accordingly done by Mills; who found his cousin, not *on* his bed, but literally *in* it, having ripped part of the ticking and immersed himself in the feathers—from which situation, as alleged, he found difficulty in extricating himself. By his own account, in explanation of this strange scene, after the merriment which it occasioned had subsided, it it appeared that, while strolling in the suburbs, the preceding evening, he met a poor woman with five children, who told a pitiful story of her husband being in the hospital, and herself and offspring destitute of food, and of a place of shelter for the night; and that, being from the country, they knew no person to whom, under such circumstances, they could apply with hope of relief. The appeal, to one of his sensitive disposition, was irresistible; but, unfortunately, he had no money. In this situation, he brought her to the college gate, sent out his blankets to cover the wretched group, and part of his clothes, in order to sell for their present subsistence—and, finding himself cold during the night, from want of the usual covering, had hit upon the expedient just related, for supplying the place of his blankets.

The substance of this story will scarcely be thought improbable, when we know that, on several occasions in future life, he reduced himself, from similar motives, to equal inconvenience; though he saw, and felt, and had resolution, to stigmatise his imprudence, at the very moment he was guilty of it. His justice, through life, seems to have maintained a constant, though ineffectual, contest with his generosity; none could read more impressive lessons on prudence, or prastise them less, even against his conviction. "Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind," he writes to his brother, in 1759, "are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach, then, my dear sir, to your son, thrift and economy: let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes." Much more, in the same strain, will be found in a subsequent letter.

"Misers," he says, in an essay written in the same year, when, it will be seen, that he had suffered from the neglect of his own maxims, "are generally characterised as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and perhaps there is not one in whom all these circumstances are united. Instead of this, we find the sober and industrious branded, by the vain and the idle, with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock."

Full of the subject, he returns to it in another paper of the Bee; and the exhortations are so earnest as to impress the belief of the most consummate prudence in him who could state its advantages so eloquently:

"The ancient Romans, more rational than we in this particular (their estimation of frugality), were very far from misplacing their admiration or praise. Instead of regarding the practice of parsimony as low or vicious, they made it synonymous even with probity. They esteemed those virtues so inseparable that the known expression of *Vir Frugi*, signified, at one and the same time, a sober and managing man, an honest man, and a man of substance." Not yet satisfied with admonitions, meant to impress his convictions in the strongest manner, he recurs a fourth time to the same theme, which seems at this period to have possessed his mind, in the spirit of determined economy; but it is not necessary to quote his sentiments at length here. Were not principle and practice contantly seen at variance in the conduct of the wisest men, it would be difficult to conceive how such a man could be improvident.

On the 27th of February, 1749, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Mr. Malone first ascertained the date, from the communication of Dr. Wilson; but, on subsequent search being made, the official document could not be found: doubts were consequently entertained of the accuracy of the statement, and belief generally expressed, that he had never taken a degree at all—though, it now appears, without cause.

His name was first found, by the present writer, in the list of such as had right of access to the college library, to which, by the rules, graduates only are admissible, and who, previous to admission, write their names in a volume kept for that purpose. Pursuing the enquiry, by permission of the college authorities, he was shown by the Rev. Dr. Phibbs, the registrar, the original

* Miss K——, whose name the writer would have pleasure in giving at length, were he not apprehensive of offending that female reserve which frequently renders us unable to bestow, by name, due praise on the greatest benefactors of our species.

record—where, in this his final connection with the university, his name appears last upon the list of those who acquired a similar degree on the same day, as it is last in the list of sizers on the day of entering it.

Misled by hasty examination of the records, Dr. Wilson, in the communication to Malone, already mentioned, concluded that the degree had been obtained two years after the regular time; but this is likewise a mistake. On reference to dates, it will be found that his period of residence was no more than four years; and on further enquiry of the heads of the university, they agreed that he had been admitted in due course.

The attainment of this distinction, all that he now expected or sought from his college, caused a speedy return to the country—not indisposed to quit a scene of which the mortifications, in his estimate, counterbalanced some of the advantages. His career while there was considered, at home, a failure. His father had lived to witness only a partial frustration of his hopes; and although Mr. Constantine, as his daughter, Mrs. Lawder, very well remembered, still formed a good opinion of his talents, it was otherwise with many of his nearest connections—who, from the straitened circumstances of his mother, left nearly destitute herself, found their generosity occasionally taxed for his support. To this feeling there is obvious allusion, as Mrs. Hodson acknowledged, in one of the papers in the "Citizen of the World," where, under the character of the Man in Black, he adverts, with characteristic love of family history, to this period of his life, and to his distaste for mathematics:

"The first opportunity he (his father) had of finding his expectations disappointed, was in the middling figure I made at the university. He had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings, at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This however did not please my tutors, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull; but at the same time allowed that I seemed to be very *good-natured*, and had no harm in me."

To this very amiable father, the son, by his power in the delineation of character, has given celebrity in three of his sketches; one in the paper just quoted; a second in Dr. Primrose, in the "Vicar of Wakefield;" and a third, as the family always stated, in reference to his spiritual character, in the Preacher in the "Deserted Village." Each has peculiarities that distinguish it from the other, yet touched so skilfully that, with some variation, they cannot be said to offer a contradiction. By traditional notices gleaned from his descendants and in the neighbourhood, before all who had known him personally had passed away, he appears to have been one of that numerous class in Ireland who, with very warm hearts, want counterbalancing discretion to keep within the rules of necessary prudence; who are benevolent as much from impulse as principle; hospitable, sometimes at the expense of their families; and prone, from this national propensity or weakness, to prize the reputation of generosity above more thriving virtues. He was learned, sincere, of simple manners, but possessed of little knowledge of the world beyond the sphere of his calling and the rural affairs of the vicinity; and to a deception practised upon him at the fair of Athlone, in some unthrifty bargain, is ascribed the origin of the story of Moses and the green spectacles.

Inattention to worldly matters, a certain eccentricity of character, and inability to get forward in life, seem to have characterised the Goldsmith race; for in conversing with three of its branches, in as many different quarters of Ireland, the remark of each ran in nearly the same words:—"The Goldsmiths were always a strange family; they rarely acted like other people; their hearts were always in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing any thing but what they ought." A competent authority, resident in the neighbourhood, made a similar observation, when communicating some traditional notices of the poet twenty-five years ago; and the remark is said to hold good to the present time:—"Several of the family and name," writes this gentleman, "live near Elphin, who, as well as the poet, were and are remarkable for their worth, but of no cleverness in the affairs of the world."*

In the sketch of his father, in the history of the "Man in Black," it will be observed how tenderly the son touches upon the parental or family failing of improvidence, which is made almost to "lean to virtue's side;" and in writing it, he probably meant to apologise for that disregard of the maxims of prudence in himself, arising from an overflow of benevolence, which we may thus be induced to believe had its origin in paternal example:—

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself: for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army, influenced my father at the head of his table; he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it: he had no intention of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning, for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself, and took as much care to form our morals as to prove our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society: we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the *human face divine* with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress. In a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

However disposed to quit the university, Oliver found little to allure him to the country; the pecuniary circumstances of his nearest connections enabling them to do little more than afford him a temporary home. Mr. and Mrs. Hodson lived in the house at Lissoy, after the death of his father. His mother remained there also for a time; but removing soon afterwards to Ballymahon, occupied a small house, (still an object of interest to visiters, forming one corner of the road to Edgeworthstown,) and survived about twenty years, as would appear, in very confined circumstances. Henry, the clergyman, who served the curacy of his late father's parish, and whose school was at this period limited, lived at the original family residence of Pallas; as appears by the copy of a deed in the registry of Dublin, stating that "the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, clerk, of Pallismore, in the county of Longford, as eldest son and heir-at-law of the late Charles Goldsmith, confirms to Daniel Hodson the lands assigned to him by his late father, in lieu of the marriage portion with his daughter Catherine." It bears date December 13th and 14th, 1750.

For about two years, according to the verbal account given by Mrs. Hodson to the Rev. Mr. Handcock, in 1790, the future poet "having no fixed object in view, continued visiting about among his friends," which may have tended to render habits naturally careless still more unsettled and irregular. Occasionally he is said to have assisted his brother in his school, the only return in his power to make for unintermitted protection and friendship; but to one of his temperament, an effort of no ordinary resolution. To this first initiation into the drudgery of teaching, was probably owing that disgust to the exercise of a profession honourable in itself, which he ever afterwards felt and hesitated not to avow, although compelled to resort to it as the means of subsistence when thrown upon his own resources. At Lissoy he likewise spent a considerable portion of time, entering into the rural sports and occupations of his brother-in-law with the usual ardour of a young and unoccupied mind. Through life he preserved the fondest attachment to this spot; often revisiting it, as he said, in imagination, although restrained, by circumstances he could not control, from realising in person what memory delighted to retrace; and indeed a man of warm affections looks back upon few things with more satisfaction than the scenes and the friends of his youth. One of his subsequent letters enters strongly into these feelings; he remembers his acquaintance and country, he says, with the strongest affection,—yet stops to ask why this is,—when from the one he experienced no more than common civility, and from the other brought nothing away but his brogue and his blunders! On the same occasion he alludes, in a strain of fond recollection, to the scenery around Lissoy, presenting, he warmly says, "the most pleasing horizon in nature."

Under the influence of similar feelings, and nearly in the same language as in these letters, he commences one of his essays; the locality, though not expressly named, will be immediately obvious to the reader:—

"When I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit; and questions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's last Good Night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen."

In conversation, he has been known to refer to this spot with something of pride as his family residence: and in his writings, on more than one occasion, felt pleasure in recalling a scene where his father had fed the hungry, and sometimes lodged the houseless. The "Deserted Village" points to the exertion of this benevolence in several points of view; while the "Vicar of Wakefield," in describing his abode, and the inmates to whom it formed an occasional home, is made to advert to it in others; the resort of idle and poor relatives, or of those who claim to be such, to families raised a little above them in condition, will be familiar to all acquainted with Ireland, in the following sketch:—

"As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity without the help of the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy faces.

"However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value; and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors."

* The Rev. Dr. Strean; in an "Essay on Light Reading," by the Rev. Ed. Mangin. This intelligent clergyman furnished several suggestions, likewise, to the writer, for which he is obliged. The name of Goldsmith is now, as is said by some of its branches, extinct in that neighbourhood, Elphin, but several relatives by the female branches remain.

CHAPTER IV.

Declines to take orders—Ballymahon—Accepts a tutorship—Travels to Cork—Reputed poetical attempts—Adopts the profession of physic—Edinburgh—Mr. Lachlan Macleane.

Goldsmith's family, desirous of securing a respectable profession, as well as provision for one without either, wished him to take orders, under the belief that they could advance him in the church; but to this he felt a settled repugnance. "For the clerical profession," said Mrs. Hodson, "he had no liking; having always a strong inclination for visiting foreign countries."

The real motives, judging from sentiments expressed in future life, and which he probably did not now think proper to disclose, appear to have been conscientious conviction of being unfitted by temperament for the sacred office, and a consequent dislike to undertake the performance of duties which he knew he wanted the requisite inclination to fulfil. All men, even such as are estimable in many respects, are not necessarily fitted for clergymen; they should be naturally disposed toward the calling, and not the calling made matter of convenience to their families or to themselves. So high an opinion had he formed of the purity of conduct necessary to such as attempted to admonish or to instruct their fellows from the sacred volume, that at a late period of life, as will be hereafter seen, when even requested to read prayers in a private family, he declined with the remark, "that he did not deem himself good enough."

At length, induced by the persuasions of Mr. Contarine, whom it would have been ingratitude to disobey, he presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin, Dr. Synge, for ordination, and, by the account of his sister, was rejected on the plea of being too young. The tradition in the diocese is, that he had neglected the proper professional studies, and that an exaggerated statement had reached the bishop of his irregularities at college; while Dr. Strean alludes to a rumour, not at all improbable from his thoughtlessness and reputed love of gay dress, of some prejudice being formed against him from appearing before the bishop in scarlet breeches. Whatever was the cause of rejection, he does not seem to have made a second attempt: the first he probably supposed enough to satisfy his friends; and the result did not displease himself, in escaping from what he considered the restraints of a clerical life. One of these restraints, frivolous no doubt and boyish as he afterwards considered it, was dislike to the usual dress of the profession; and in the paper already mentioned in the "Citizen of the World," it is thus alluded to:—

"After I had resided at college seven years, my father died and left me——his blessing. Thus shoved from shore, without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But, in order to settle in life, my friends *advised* (for they always advise, when they begin to despise us,) they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

"To be obliged to wear a long wig when I liked a short one, or a black coat when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature with a bonze in China. * * I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration than that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and yet they thought it a pity, for one that had not the least harm in him, and was so very *good-natured*."

The vicinity of Ballymahon to his usual places of residence, carried him frequently thither, to enjoy such society as a small town in a rude district of country afforded. The province of Connaught and its borders have been always considered, even in Ireland, backward and unpromising; the land in many places for miles together, sterile; cultivation where it exists imperfect; the houses of the gentry fewer in number, and more widely scattered than in the other provinces; and the people less advanced in the arts, comforts, and knowledge of civilised life. There were, at the period in question, still more traces of Celtic manners and peculiarities among them than at present; much simplicity, hospitality, and pride, mingled with habits of a ruder kind, little intercourse with strangers, defective education, and little appreciation of the advantages of literature. He adverts to the state of society as he found it, in one of his letters; enquiring why "he should be fond of a spot where the country is not fine, and the company not good; where vivacity is supported by some humble cousin who has just folly enough to earn his dinner; and where more money has been spent in the encouragement of the Padareen mare* (a celebrated racer of that day) in one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the times of Usher."

In society thus characterised, although mingling with it, despised, he is said to have indulged in the usual propensities of a young man of lively imagination, but destitute of the consideration necessary to guide him in the business of life. Conscious of the possession of superior talents, of which it is said occasional proofs were given, and ambitious of being at the head of his company, his companions very willingly tendered their admiration in return for his efforts to please. "George Conway's Inn," mentioned in one of his letters, which stood and still stands, though shorn of its honours by rival establishments, opposite the residence of his mother, had more of his time than his brother thought becoming or prudent. Without being seriously open to the charge of dissipation, the attractions of a convivial evening were strong enough to draw him from more sober pursuits. This inn formed the scene of some of his triumphs over more unlettered opponents: here he delighted to argue, to exhibit his classical attainments and general learning, to quote verses, and occasionally to write them; and when they ceased to be attractive, he found equal pleasure in amusing his party by telling a story, or singing a song. He seems to have been naturally, as he says of one of his characters, "an admirer of happy human faces," and with his gay and joyous spirit, so long as he saw the effect, did not much study the means by which it was produced. All this, though it did not corrupt his heart, tended to deteriorate his manners. It imparted that tinge of what afterwards, in the societies of London, some rather harshly termed uncouthness, but which might have been more appropriately named rusticity. It possibly fostered that passion for applause also laid to his charge in future life, yet inseparable from a man of talents; and no doubt tended to impair habits of order, regularity, and steady application. From some of the scenes in which he mingled in Ballymahon and its vicinity, and the peculiar circumstances of his life for some years afterwards, often cast into society which he felt to be far beneath him, it is believed he drew the first idea of Tony Lumpkin; leaving much necessarily to be filled up by comic exaggeration and invention. Yet such scenes could not be without their use to so good a painter of humour and character; to profit by them is the province of genius; and in one of his prefaces we are expressly told, that "in pursuing humour it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean."

There is reason to believe that at this time he followed no systematic plan of study. Traditionary accounts represent his favourite and almost constant reading to have been of the miscellaneous and amusing kind; chiefly biography, travels, poetry, novels, and plays; Eastern adventures and fictions took strong hold on his imagination, and were supposed by his family to have occasioned in part the desire long entertained, but never gratified, of visiting those countries in person. But our own fictitious and romantic narratives became one of his chief sources of interest, first impressing, as he confessed afterwards with strong regret, as if more than ordinarily pernicious, erroneous ideas of life; a common occurrence in youthful minds of every description, and with such as are most ingenious the most. It is perhaps but a natural result, that none should be more alive to such impressions than those who possess and are fated to exercise the power of producing them in others.

"Above all things," he writes to his brother, some years afterwards, regarding the education of his son, "let him never touch a romance or novel; those paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss!"

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* In ridiculing national characteristics, in supposed extracts from a newspaper (Citizen of the World, Letter V.), he again alludes to the same topic. "Dublin.—We hear that there is a benevolent subscription on foot among the nobility and gentry of this kingdom, who are great patrons of merit, in order to assist Black and all Black in his contest with the Padareen mare."

The respectable families in Ballymahon were not numerous. One of these, in which he spent many agreeable hours, and by whom he was remembered with affectionate interest, was that of Mr. Robert Bryanton, his companion in school and in college, now an associate in his pleasures, and to whom he afterwards addressed several letters when absent from Ireland, disclosing his situation and prospects with even less reserve than to his own family. Two only of these remain in possession of the descendants of that gentleman; they breathe the warmest regard for him and his relatives; and in the postscript to one he even adds, after expressing attachment to its members—"If there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to him."

In company with this gentleman, besides their convivial scenes to which slight allusion is made in the same letter, he made frequent excursions on foot through the country; sometimes for the purpose of shooting, sometimes to fish in the course of the river Inny, which flows through the town, and with a few green islets and the ruins of a mill, then in full activity, presents a pretty picturesque scene. Ballymulvey, an agreeable house and grounds in the vicinity, and afterwards the residence for some years of his friend Bryanton, was a frequent resort. Here, by the river side, he is said to have amused himself with his flute; and here, likewise, and in the neighbouring pieces of water communicating with the Shannon, as well as in the course of that river, sometimes joined or led an otter hunt; for (speaking of that animal) he says in Animated Nature, "With us, its young are never found till the latter end of summer; and I have frequently, when a boy, discovered their retreats, and hunted them at that season." In this vicinity also at the house of a gentleman named Gannon, he gained his only actual acquaintance with the seal tribe as mentioned in the same work—"How long this animal lives is unknown; a gentleman whom I knew in Ireland kept two of them, which he had taken very young, in his house for ten years; and they appeared to have the marks of age at the time I saw them, for they were grown gray about the muzzle." One of the rustic exercises pursued by him as a source of amusement, was throwing the sledge, a common feat of strength and activity in Ireland; and a blacksmith who boasted to the Rev. Mr. Handcock of having taught him the art, still survived about the year 1787.

His uncle Contarine, to whom he paid frequent visits in Roscommon, at length procured him the situation of tutor in the family of a gentleman in that county, whose name, as communicated by Mrs. Hodson to Mr. Handcock, though not to Bishop Percy, was Flinn. In what light he considered himself here, whether in the character of tutor or flatterer, is doubtful; for either to this period, or to a visit paid, as tradition reports, to his relative, Dr. Goldsmith, Dean of Cloyne, he is supposed to allude in the following passage from the story of the Man in Black. If the visit to the dean ever really took place, it was, we are certain, unsatisfactory to him; but that some circumstance of this kind had made a strong impression on his mind, appears from a similar notice in the story of George Primrose, and again in allusion to the situation of Thornhill after his disgrace, in the same tale:—

"Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable; there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself; and from that very moment flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right than at receiving his absurdities with submission. To flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience. His lordship soon perceived me to be very unfit for service; I was therefore discharged; my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerably good natured, and had not the least harm in me."

In the family of Mr. Flinn he remained about a year, and becoming tired of the confinement consequent on the situation, quitted it with the determination to go

abroad. Such was Mrs. Hodson's account to Bishop Percy. Her verbal statement to the Rev. Mr. Handcock, in 1790, attributes his immediate removal to an altercation with one of the family, in consequence of sitting down to cards on the receipt of his salary, and by a train of ill luck, or, as he did not hesitate to say, by unfair play, losing the sum that had been paid him. Securing, however, according to her account, though it does not appear from what quarter, about thirty pounds and a good horse, he quitted the country, none of his family knew whither.

At the end of six weeks he unexpectedly returned, destitute of money or the horse on which he set out, but provided with an inferior animal facetiously denominated by him Fiddleback. In reply to the anxious enquiries of his friends, he gave the following account of his adventures; first verbally, and then in a letter to his mother, who had expressed some doubts of its truth, and to whom he said with characteristic simplicity on observing her coolness, "And now, my dear mother, after having struggled so hard to come home to you, I wonder you are not more rejoiced to see me."

The original of this letter is not to be found; but a copy seems to have been in the possession of Mrs. Hodson, who communicated the material facts in the memoranda furnished of the early portion of her brother's life. It is now in the possession of the gentleman who holds the original manuscript memoir, and was probably sent by her at a subsequent period.

"*My dear mother,*—If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that when the wind served I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never enquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing every thing curious, and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

"Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback and bade adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This to be sure was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above an hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

"I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork.* This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with particular emphasis.—'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.'

"However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half crown, for what she got would be of little use to her?—However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me and would have torn me to pieces, but for the assistance of a woman whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

"Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night-cap, night-gown and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on the earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to perfect his recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half crown in my pocket, but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands, as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and as that increased I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

"It now approached six o'clock in the evening; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room, with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese, all over crawling with mites. My friend apologised, that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful—and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark.* My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

"The lenten entertainment I had received, made me resolve to depart as soon as possible. Accordingly, next morning when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. 'To be sure,' said he, 'the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.' Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking 'How he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?' I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid, with thanks. 'And you know, sir,' said I, 'it is no more than I have often done for you. To which he firmly answered, 'Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you: sell your horse, and I will furnish you a much better one to ride on.' I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag—on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. 'Here he is,' said he, 'take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.' I was in doubt when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it—and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor at law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

"After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him, at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my old hospitable friend; but, at the solicitation of both, I at last consented, determined, as I was, by two motives: one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor—and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there indeed I found every thing that I could wish: abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him—upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

"And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsicord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"*To Mrs. Anne Goldsmith, Ballymahon.*"

This story, which, however, bears not a few traces of the manner and characteristic simplicity of the writer, appeared so strange to Malone as to induce him to consider it mere invention of Oliver in order to answer some whim of the moment, or divert curiosity from further enquiry into the real cause of his absence. His opinion is thus communicated to Dr. Percy, June 5th, 1802, soon after the publication of the memoir prefixed to the works.

"In the beginning of this letter I quite forgot to thank you for the entertainment which Goldsmith's Life afforded me. I only lamented that there was not more of it. Surely I once read two or three more letters than we have in print. Have you any faith in the story that his sister tells of his giving a *dance* in college, when he had not a shilling in the world; and of his excursion to the county of Cork, where we have a long story furnished by this lady without a single *name* or *date?* For my part, I do not believe a word of either. They were mere inventions of the poet, to satisfy the whim of the moment. Why did he not name the Cork humorist, who offered him the wooden horse? Give me but time, place, and names, and the genuineness or falsehood of any story may be easily ascertained."*

From a very cautious enquirer like Malone, such suspicion was to be expected; yet it exhibits, perhaps, more of caution than consideration of all the circumstances, as in the allusion, for instance, to the dance; for though Goldsmith no doubt was usually poor, the arrival of a supply would probably, to one of his disposition, prove the cause and the apology for an act of extravagance. The story, if a fiction, could answer no obvious purpose; it does not attempt to extenuate the fault of quitting his friends in so abrupt a manner, to explain his motives for going abroad, or give satisfactory reasons for relinquishing his design; on the contrary, the whole is but an admission of continued thoughtlessness and imprudence. If considered merely in the light of an improbable tale, the critic did not remember how much Goldsmith's career exhibits scenes still more strange and eventful, and peculiarities of character quite as strongly marked; some already known, and others now for the first time, perhaps, to be disclosed. That he proceeded to Cork and returned penniless, there seems no reason to doubt; nor could this be deemed strange in one who, being then provided with a horse and money, should afterwards set out and travel over the continent of Europe on foot destitute of either. It is possible that the inhospitality of his acquaintance may be exaggerated. The incident of the staff, whether literally true or not, is introduced on another occasion:—"You are, my boy," said the Vicar of Wakefield to his son, "going to London on foot in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, traveled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was

* Almost the exact distance of Cloyne; but had this been the reported visit to the dean, we should probably have had a more distinct clue to the fact.

* From MS. correspondence in the possession of W. R. Mason, Esq. of the Temple.

given him by the good Bishop Jewel, *this staff*, and take this book too (the bible); it will be your comfort on the way."

The question of names and dates is thus fairly disposed of by Bishop Percy in reply, July 13th, 1802. Had Ireland chanced to be the scene of Malone's critical researches, his progress would have been impeded every moment, by the want, even in important things, of what he here seems to think essential in a comparatively trifling matter:—

"Upon reconsidering your last obliging letter of June 5th, I cannot concur in thinking that Mrs. Hodson's long story of Goldsmith's juvenile rambles is improbable, because it is devoid of names and dates. It was at least forty years after the events that she wrote the account from memory; and it would have been very incredible that she should have given dates concerning which she probably did not enquire at the time, or names of persons whom it is likely she never knew."

It being at length necessary to choose a profession, the law was determined upon; and with this view Mr. Contarine supplied Goldsmith with fifty pounds, according to the account of Mrs. Hodson, and sent him off to the Irish metropolis on his way to London, in order to keep the usual terms common to Irish students. In Dublin, however, the same authority informs us, his evil genius again prevailed; for being tempted into a gaming-house, according to traditionary accounts, by a Roscommon acquaintance, no inconsiderable adept in the art, he was stripped of all his money, and again left to become a burthen and a subject of reproach to his friends.

The shame and mortification occasioned by his imprudence were very sincere; for, however prone to fall into error, few felt more acutely, or lamented more strongly, when too late, its usual results. He continued some time in Dublin without having courage to communicate his loss. This, however, being at length made known, he was again invited to the country and forgiven by his uncle, but less readily by his mother; who experienced no ordinary vexation, and evinced some resentment, at such repeated imprudences and miscarriages. He lived for a few months afterwards with his brother Henry; until a quarrel arising from some trifling cause, proceeded to undue extremities, and for a time terminated all regard and intercourse between the brothers. We know it was not permanent; none were more aware of their own faults than Oliver, or more grateful for the kindness and exertions of his relatives for his interests, although continually subject to that weakness which, however conscious of doing wrong, seems unable to perform what is right. This momentary anger, though carried farther on the part of both than propriety warranted, gradually subsided, and we have seen with what respect and tenderness he addresses him in the dedication to and introductory lines of the "Traveller." Another profession was chosen, not only with the concurrence of his immediate relatives, but the advice, as was asserted by the poet himself, of Dean Goldsmith of Cloyne; the design now being to proceed to Edinburgh and commence the study of physic.

During the two years he passed in the country, not unfavourable even in the want of fixed occupation for the exercise of a talent for poetry, he is said to have amused Miss Contarine and her father with occasional specimens of his verses, chiefly songs and light pieces; and to have drawn up, in compliance with the wish of his uncle, for some purpose not now remembered, remarks on the more popular poets, their comparative merits and defects. None of these were preserved by that lady; but when questioned many years afterwards, as Mrs. Lawder,* by Mr. Daly, she said she understood they had been subsequently published in London, and when shown the Lady's Magazine, believed she recollected a few. Age and illness, however, rendered this evidence less precise and satisfactory than might be wished, though not wholly without value. Two of the songs, if inferior in poetical merit, resemble those among his acknowledged pieces which express simply a sentiment, and, without vouching for their authenticity, are transcribed for the information of the reader. The prose piece alluded to is still more doubtful; in an enlarged and altered state, it is supposed to be the same printed in the Literary Magazine after Dr. Johnson had ceased to write in that journal, and of which some notice will hereafter be taken.

THE STORY OF PROMETHEUS APPLIED.

UPON STEALING A KISS FROM A LADY ASLEEP.

This! This is life! All else a dream!
This is the true Promethean flame:
From heaven by daring theft conveyed,
Though by the prize the risk 's o'erpaid.
But if to steal those heavenly fires
An equal punishment requires,
While recent from the theft I glow,
Oh! fix me on that breast of snow.
Well pleased to languish life away,
Love shall upon my vitals prey;
Nor will I wish, whilst there I'm laid,
Alcides near to give me aid.

SONG.

I.

Life 's a garden rich in treasure,
Buried like the seeds in earth;
There lies joy, contentment, pleasure,
But 't is love must give them birth.

II.

For that sun its aid denying,
We no happiness can taste;
But in cold obstruction lying,
Life is all one barren waste.

Another.

I.

How happy is the humbe cell,
How blest the deep retreat,
Where careful billows never swell,
Nor passion's tempests beat.

II.

But safely through the seas of life,
Calm reason wafts us o'er;
Free from ambition, care, and strife,
To death's all silent shore.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON VALENTINE'S DAY,

WITH THE DRAWING OF A HEART.

With submission at your shrine,
Comes a heart your Valentine;
From the side where once it grew,
See it panting flies to you.
Take it, fair one, to your breast,
Soothe the fluttering thing to rest:
Let the gentle, spotless toy
Be your sweetest, greatest joy;
Every night, when wrapped in sleep,
Next your heart the conquest keep;
Or if dreams your fancy move,
Hear it whisper me and love;
Then, in pity to the swain,
Who must heartless else remain,
Soft as gentle dewy showers,
Slow descend on April flowers;
Soft as gentle riv'lets glide,
Steal unnoticed to my side;
If the gem you have to spare,
Take your own and place it there.

By the united contributions of his uncle, brother, and sister, (Mrs. Hodson,) and their promise of continued support, as she stated to Mr. Handcock, he reached Edinburgh in the autumn of 1752, toward the commencement of the medical season. The change no doubt possessed much interest for one who, by the fruits of his observations, seems to have examined mankind with higher views than merely idle curiosity, and who contemplated the study on which he was about to enter with the more favour, as it promised increased opportunities of gratifying this favourite propensity by enabling him to turn knowledge to use in whatever region he thought proper.

The professions of divinity and law exclusively confine the individual who follows either to one people and one country; that of medicine has a more extended sphere of action, and belongs alike to all countries. The physician is, or may be, literally a citizen of the world; for there is no creed, or code, or locality, to which he is of necessity confined; his calling is of universal application, and seems equally in request in all communities of men, whether civilised or savage. But, with this advantage, it is not the fitting pursuit of an ambitious or worldly man; for though by its exercise subsistence may be procured in almost any place, yet in none, with a few exceptions, is it the road to wealth, and never, with us at least, to the highest honours; it founds no great families, ensures no great estates, and receives no peerages. The trader, the manufacturer, the lawyer, and the divine, however humble their pretensions to merit, may by favour or by circumstances acquire the highest rank their country can bestow; but from the possessor of a degree of skill which may benefit the whole human race, and to which society is hourly and largely indebted, often for the unpaid and always for the unostentatious alleviation of an infinite portion of human misery, such honours are in England, at least in practice, withheld.

An instance of the habitual thoughtlessness belonging to Goldsmith's character, occurred at the moment of first setting foot in the northern metropolis. Having procured a lodging and deposited his luggage, he eagerly sallied forth to gratify curiosity by viewing the city, in which, having occupied the whole of the day, the approach of night reminded him that he had neither enquired the name of his landlady, nor the street in which she lived. In this dilemma, having wandered about in a search which might have been useless, an accidental meeting with the cawdy, or porter, whom he had employed in the morning, in removing to his new abode, obviated a difficulty that might have occasioned inconvenience.

In this house, which, from the state of his finances, may be presumed not to have been of the first description, he also agreed to board; and the economy of the table afterwards afforded a subject of ludicrous merriment, when disposed to unbend in the more social circles of London, by relating anecdotes of his early life. A leg of mutton, as he told the story, dished up in various ways, by the ingenuity of his hostess, served for the better part of dinner during a week, a dish of broth being made on the seventh day, from the bones—to which there seems an allusion in one of his works. "We seem to be pretty much in the situation of travellers at a Scotish inn: vile entertainment is served up, complained of, and set down; up comes worse, and that also is changed; and every change makes our wretched cheer more unsavoury." But having no relish for this system of management, he soon joined several fellow students, his acquaintance and countrymen, who were better accommodated in another quarter of the town.

His studies were commenced under the usual professors, among whom the elder Munro was more than once mentioned by him with respect, who then filled the chair devoted to medical science, with a degree of reputation that drew many students to Edinburgh. Goldsmith probably felt the want of previous initiation into the elementary and practical parts of the art; for medicine, unlike the pure sciences, is not to be wholly learnt from professors, or in colleges. It has been said that he attended a course of anatomy in Dublin; but, as his family made no allusion to this, it is probably incorrect. Willing, however, to commence with spirit, and avail himself of every source of professional information or discussion, he became, not long after his arrival, a member of the Medical Society in that city—a voluntary association of the students, which still continues to flourish with increased reputation. On reference to the books, his admission into it bears date January 13th, 1753, and, it would seem, without having fulfilled the usual present

* The husband of this lady, long after the death of the poet, was barbarously murdered; she herself narrowly escaping the same fate, died in Dublin, about 1790.

He had bought an iron chest for the greater security of his papers and money, which occasioned the belief among his servants and labourers of its containing great treasures; they conspired in consequence to murder the family, rob the house, and burn it, in order to conceal all traces of their atrocities. Mr. Lawder was shot with his own blunderbuss, and his wife it was likewise supposed had been despatched; they carried off the plate, besides about three hundred pounds in money, but failed in setting fire to the house. No less than six of the wretches concerned in this crime were detected and executed.

condition required from a new member, that of reading a paper on a medical subject, which, it may be very well conceived he could not, from his recent initiation into the profession, draw up himself.

The record of students in the university at this period being, as represented by the authorities, not now in existence, his name or course of studies cannot be more accurately traced. Chemistry is known to have been one of his favourite pursuits; and it is believed, from the mention of his name on more than one occasion, by the late celebrated Dr. Joseph Black, who graduated in Edinburgh, in 1754, and became known as the discoverer of latent heat and other enlargements of chemical science, that he was at this period one of his acquaintance.

From anecdotes remembered by fellow students, who afterwards settled in London, and who told them when their subject had risen into celebrity, he appears to have been known more for his convivial qualities then the ardour of his studies. He sang Irish songs, and told stories with considerable humour. It appears, likewise, that his facility of temper in obliging others, and a large portion of that exuberance of animal spirits common to youth, drew him into occasional pecuniary difficulties, ill suited to scanty supplies: these were rendered less regular, as his sister stated, by his own negligence in not writing with the requisite exactness promised on his departure, or giving such statements as were expected, of his occupations and progress. He seemed to take a lead in convivial meetings of the students; and for the purpose, as he imagined, of preserving the fancied honour of this position, felt, or assumed a careless air on money matters, of which he himself related an instance to a party of friends, at the Grecian Coffee-house, when a similar frolic or bravado, on the part of a young templar, became the subject of conversation. A new piece being announced for performance, in the Edinburgh theatre, the intention of witnessing it was mentioned by some students with whom he passed the evening, when a proposal came in an off-hand manner, from Goldsmith, as if the amount was of little moment to his purse, to draw lots with any one of the number, which of the two should treat the whole party to the play. "To my great though secret joy," he said, "they all declined the challenge. Had it been accepted, and had I proved to be the loser, part of my wardrobe must have been pledged, in order to raise the money."

While here, he was known to display poetical powers, but in what way exerted, excepting in songs for the amusement of his companions, no distinct account is preserved. Few have an interest in remembering such things beyond the moment, and a general impression of the fact is all that can be communicated to the biographer, after the lapse of a few years. Whatever their nature, they no doubt found their way into the periodical works with which he was subsequently connected in London. An epigram, not the best of its kind, inserted in his works, bears the date of Edinburgh, 1753; and of letters, the numbers written thence were inconsiderable. One of the few dated from this city, after being resident in it about a year, was addressed to his friend Bryanton, and seems in the nature of a general acquittance of his debt of correspondence. It exhibits, contrary to an opinion expressed by some persons at the time of his death, of his original style of writing being stiff, all his characteristic ease, humour, and vivacity. A copy, purchased in a sale of miscellaneous effects, at Ballymahon, found its way into the Anthologia Hibernica, in 1793, from which imperfect transcripts have been made into more than one publication. The original, written on a folio sheet, has been submitted to the present writer, by the Rev. Dr. Handcock, of Dublin, son-in-law of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, and in whose possession it remains.

All of which it may be supposed he knew of Scotland at this time, he tells. The design is obviously, as indeed he in some measure intimates, to amuse his friend, and therefore we allow for a little comic exaggeration in his descriptions; but the admitted weaknesses of our northern countrymen, their extreme nationality, and rather too ardent admiration of themselves, could not escape so keen an observer of character. It is amusing to consider how this letter, while it touches on this foible, furnishes in its fate an exemplification of the fact; for, notwithstanding its excellence, and the scarcity of the poet's epistolary communications, which are fewer in number than those of any other of our eminent writers, it has been omitted in the usual biographical notices prefixed to most of the Scotish editions of his works, for no other reason, as it appears, than containing a few harmless jests upon Scotland.

"To Robert Bryanton, at Balymahon, Ireland.

"Edinburgh, September, 26th, 1753.

"*My dear Bob*,—How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence. I might tell how I wrote a long letter on my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer; I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen. But I suppress those, and twenty more as plausible, and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth. An hereditary indolence (I have it from my mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turn-spit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address.

"Yet what shall I say now I am entered? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country; where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys, scarcely able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size, in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove,* nor brook, lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty. Yet, with all these disadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotsman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them. If mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration; and that they can plentifully bestow upon themselves.

"From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys; namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than among us. No such character here as our fox-hunters; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them, that some men in Ireland, of one thousand pounds a year, spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl with child that will let them. Truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scotish gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman does King George on horseback.

"The men here have generally high cheek bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Now that I have mentioned dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up by the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves—in the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be—but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies indeed may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh; but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches upon a lady and gentleman to walk a minuet; which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gantlet, all stand up to country dance—each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much, say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotish gentleman, that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons, in honour of Ceres; and the Scotish gentleman told me, (and, faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.

"Now I am come to the ladies. And to show that I love Scotland, and every thing that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it—and will give him leave to break my head that denies it—that the Scotish ladies are ten thousand times finer and handsomer than the Irish. To be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality—but tell them, flatly, I don't value them—or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or ——, a potatoe: for I say, and will maintain it—and as a convincing proof (I am in a great passion) of what I assert—the Scotish ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious; where will you find a language so prettily become a pretty mouth, as the broad Scotish? And the women here speak it in its highest purity: for instance, teach one of your young ladies at home to pronounce the "Whoar wull I gong!" with a becoming widening of mouth, and I'll lay my life they 'll wound every hearer.

"We have no such character here as a coquet, but alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover),* when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot;† her battered husband, or more properly the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight, envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies, who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form. 'For my part,' says the first, 'I think what I always thought, that the duchess has too much of the red in her complexion.' 'Madam, I am of your opinion,' says the second; 'I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order.' 'And, let me tell you,' added the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, 'that the duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth.' At this every lady drew up her mouth, as if going to pronounce the letter P.

"But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarcely any correspondence! There are, 't is certain, handsome women here; and 't is certain they have handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and poor man is society only for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair. Nor do I envy, my dear Bob, such blessings, while I may sit down

* Goldsmith has here anticipated his friend Johnson, in the well-known censure of Scotland, for want of trees.

* William Maclellan, who claimed the title, and whose son succeded in establishing the claim, in 1773. The father is said to have voted at the election of the sixteen peers for Scotland; and to have sold gloves in the lobby at this and other public assemblages.

† Her grace was one of the beautiful and celebrated Miss Gunnings. Her marriage with James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, which took place about eighteen months before, excited much attention in the fashionable world, and is thus amusingly, though perhaps not very correctly, told in one of the letters of Horace Walpole, February, 1752: "The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago, Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at faro at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each. He soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her while her mother and sister were at Bedford house, he found himself so impatient that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring: the duke swore he would send for the archbishop,—at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair chapel. The Scotish are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and, what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other."

and laugh at the world and at myself—the most ridiculous object in it. But you see I am grown downright splenetic, and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you cannot send me much news from Ballymahon, but, such as it is, send it all; every thing you send will be agreeable to me.

"Has George Conway put up a sign yet; or John Binley left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave you to your own choice what to write. While I live, know you have a true friend in yours, &c. &c. &c.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P. S. Give my sincere respects (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family, and give my service to my mother, if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still. Direct to me, ——, student in physic, in Edinburgh."

Since the preceding pages were printed off, two additional letters of the poet, written to his uncle Contarine, from Scotland, which had been long, though vainly sought, in various quarters, have at length come to hand. The first, which is anterior in date to the preceding, describes the professors under whom he studied; states the pleasure he takes in the sciences; and adverts to a month's tour accomplished, or rather, as it it would seem, in progress, in the Highlands, reserving the description of it, he says, for a succeeding letter. No trace of this communication, which we may believe, from his humour and skill in narration, to have been of an amusing character, has been found.

"*To the Rev. Thos. Contarine.*

"May 8, 1753.

"*My dear uncle,*—In your letter (the only one I received from Kilmore,) you call me the philosopher who carries all his goods about him. Yet how can such a character fit me, who have left behind in Ireland every thing worth possessing—friends that I loved, and a society that pleased, while it instructed? Who, but must regret the loss of such enjoyments? Who, but must regret his absence from Kilmore, that ever knew it as I did? Here, as recluse as the Turkish spy at Paris, I am almost unknown to every body, except some few who attend the professors of physic, as I do.

"Apropos, I shall give you the professors' names, and, as far as occurs to me, their characters. And first, as most deserving, Mr. Munro, Professor of Anatomy: this man has brought the science he teaches to as much perfection as it is capable of; and, not content with barely teaching anatomy, he launches out into all the different branches of physic, when all his remarks are new and useful. It is he, I may venture to say, that draws hither such a number of students from all parts of the world, even from Russia. He is not only a skilful physician, but an able orator, and delivers things, in their nature obscure, in so easy a manner, that the most unlearned may understand him. Plume, Professor of Chemistry, understands his business well, but delivers himself so ill that he is but little regarded. Alston, Professor of Materia Medica, speaks much, but little to the purpose. The Professors of Theory and Practice (of physic) say nothing but what we may find in books laid before us, and speak that in so drowsy and heavy a manner that their hearers are not many degrees in a better state than their patients.

"You see, then, dear, that Munro is the only great man among them; so that I intend to hear him another winter, and go then to hear Albinus, the great professor at Leyden. I read (with satisfaction) a science the most pleasing in nature; so that my labours are but a relaxation, and, I may truly say, the only thing here that gives me pleasure. How I enjoy the pleasing hope of returning with skill, and to find my friends stand in no need of my assistance! How many happy years do I wish you! and nothing but want of health can take from your happiness, since you so well pursue the paths that conduct to virtue."

"I am, my dear uncle, your most obliged,

"Most affectionate nephew,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P. S. I draw this time for six pounds, and will draw next October but for four pounds, as I was obliged to buy every thing since I came to Scotland, shirts not even excepted. I am a little more early the first year than I shall be for the future, for I absolutely will not trouble you before the time hereafter.

"My best love attend Mr. and Mrs. Lawder, and Heaven preserve them! I am again your dutiful nephew, O. G.

"I have been a month in the Highlands. I set out the first day on foot, but an ill-natured corn I have got on my toe, has for the future prevented that cheap method of traveling; so the second day I hired a horse, about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master. In three days we reached the Highlands. This letter would be too long, if it contained the description I intend giving of that country, so shall make it the subject of my next."

Having now resided about eighteen months in Edinburgh, and the sanction of his uncle obtained, to fulfil the long meditated design of visiting the continent, on the plea of professional improvement, he prepared for his departure. Montpellier, which had then some reputation for physic, as well as Paris, is said to have been his original destination. But, shortly before setting out, an interruption, one of the effects of good nature, unable to resist importunity, or what he considered the claims of friendship, retarded the design.

A fellow student, named Kennedy, under the plea of great distress, and a pledge of the speedy arrival of his own remittances, persuaded him to become answerable for a portion of his debts; which, however, failed to be discharged at the specified time promised by the debtor. Goldsmith was in consequence called upon for payment, but, unable to raise the amount, was in turn obliged to have recourse to the assistance of two fellow students to escape a dilemma that threatened his personal liberty. These were men of considerable attainments, and not undistinguished in their respective spheres in life. One was Dr. Joseph Fenn Sleigh, an amiable and intelligent quaker, the schoolfellow of Burke, at Ballitore, the first friend of Barry, the painter, and who died prematurely, in 1771, an eminent physician in Cork. The other was Mr. Lauchlan Macleane, a former associate in Trinity College, whose career seems to have embraced many changes of scene, and who afterwards, by the public situations he held, the pamphlets he wrote, a challenge sent to Wilkes and not accepted, and the party with which he was connected, drew considerable notice in the political circles of London, between the years 1765 and 1776.

The son of a gentleman of small fortune, in the north of Ireland, and born about the year 1728, he was transferred, at the age of eighteen, from a school near Belfast, to Trinity College, Dublin. Here he became known to Burke and Goldsmith, and proceeding to Edinburgh, to study physic, his name appears in the list of the Medical Society, January 4th, 1754, a year after that of Goldsmith, by whom he was introduced. He afterwards visited America—whether at first as a private practitioner, or medical officer in the army, does not appear—prebably, as was then not unusual, officiating in both capacities. While in this country, he acquired great medical reputation, followed by its common attendant, envy from the less fortunate of his brethren: and an anecdote is told of him, at this time, which Almon quotes in one of his publications, as an instance of what he terms "true magnanimity." A rival practitioner, extremely jealous of his success, and who had adopted every means, not excepting the most unfair, of injuring his credit, was at length afflicted by the dangerous illness of an only son; and, as possessing the first character for professional skill, Mr. Macleane was solicited to attend. His zeal proved unremitting. He sat up with the patient many nights; and, chiefly by his sagicity and indefatigable efforts, succeeded beyond expectation in restoring the young man to health—refusing all consideration for his labours, and saying to his friends, "Now am I amply revenged."

In 1761, while surgeon of Otway's regiment, quartered in Philadelphia, a quarrel took place with the governor, against whom Macleane, who was a man of superior talents, wrote a paper distinguished for ability and severity, which drew general attention. Colonel Barré,* subsequently so well known in political life, then serving there with his regiment, and who was probably involved in the quarrel, is said to have formed a regard for him in consequence of the part he took; but it is more likely that a previous acquaintance existed, as the colonel had been likewise a member of Trinity College. Under the patronage of this officer he came to England, renewed his acquaintance with Burke, and procured an office under government. While traveling on the continent, in 1766, he proved useful to Barré, then on his way to Italy, who became known to him through the introduction of his first patrons, Burke and Dr. Sleigh. Soon afterwards, he became successively private secretary to Lord Shelburne, and under secretary of state for the southern department, retiring from office with his patron on the dissolution of the ministry drawn together by the Duke of Grafton. In May, 1771, Lord North gave him the situation of superintendent of lazarettoes, with, as the newspapers of the day state, "a salary of £1000 a year, and two pounds per diem traveling expenses." In January following, he received the collectorship of Philadelphia: this was soon exchanged for an appointment in India, where he afterwards became a kind of agent to Mr. Hastings. In that capacity he brought home the governor general's conditional resignation of office; yet the latter, with that singularity which often influenced his proceedings in the government of India, took a speedy opportunity of disavowing both his agent and his act, although communicated to the court of directors in his own handwriting. In proceeding again to India, intending, it is said, to take strong measures for an explanation of behaviour that seemed to throw censure upon his honesty or honour, the ship in which he embarked foundered, and all on board perished, with papers seriously criminatory, according to report, of the administration of Mr. Hastings.

Mr. Macleane enjoyed the credit of being quick, clear-headed, and well informed; and by some was considered as possessing "wonderful powers;" an impediment in speech precluded him from being useful in parliament, or shining in conversation. He is one of the many persons supposed to have written the letters of Junius; but this conjecture is untenable from the fact that his patron, Lord Shelburne, had been virulently attacked by that writer under another signature, in 1767, when Macleane was his under secretary. And, having published a pamphlet or two on the affairs of Falkland's Islands, in defence of the ministry which had dismissed him from office, was himself ridiculed by Junius, writing under the signature of Vindex, in March, 1771. From these and other circumstances, the question of the authorship of these letters cannot therefore be decided by any claims put forward for Mr. Macleane. His private character for benevolence, and several good qualities, stood high in the opinion of the Burkes, and is expressed without reserve in correspondence with Barré.

Another fellow student with whom Goldsmith preserved an intimacy in future life, was Mr. (afterwards Dr.) William Farr, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who having entered into the medical service of the navy about 1760, for a long term of years filled the office of physician to the great naval hospitals of Haslar and Plymouth. He had been educated under the eminent Dr. Doddridge, of Northampton, had spent two years at Aberdeen previous to coming to Edinburgh, possessed literary tastes, and by his manners and attainments found ready admission into many of the literary circles of London, to which Goldsmith sometimes formed the channel of introduction. From him part of the little which is known of the latter while in the Scotish metropolis is derived; and more would have been gleaned of their subsequent intercourse in London, but for the habit of writing his daily remarks in a short hand which could not be deciphered. A few autograph memorials of the poet remain in his family, one of which is the original copy of the dialogue-epilogue meant to be spoken by Mrs. Bulkley and Miss Catley, presented by himself to Dr. Farr, and since printed in his works.*

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* No memoir of this gentleman, who afterwards occupied so large a share of public attention during the American war by his speeches in parliament, by the high offices he occasionally held under government, and as being the personal friend of Lord Shelburne, is said to exist. The following entry from the register of Dublin university may assist the future enquirer:—"1740, *Novembris* 19°.—*Isaac Barre Pens.—Filius Petri mercator—Annum agens* 14—*Natus Dublinii—Educatus sub Dno. Loyd—Tutor Dr. Pelissier.*"

* From the information of Mr. William Farr Rose,

The second recently discovered letter, without date, though written in January, 1754, or the end of the previous December, states his intention to go to Paris in the spring, and to Leyden the following winter. By this also it would seem a new incident in his life is disclosed, that of having been an inmate of the Duke of Hamilton; on what occasion, in what capacity, or by whose introduction, does not appear; but it is evident he did not like his position in the family. In the letter to Bryanton from Edinburgh, it will be remembered, he alludes to the duchess, with whom, it is possible, some acquaintance may have been afterwards formed through her Irish connections.

" To the Rev. Thomas Contarine.

" My dear uncle—After having spent two winters in Edinburgh, I now prepare to go to France the 10th of next February. I have seen all that this country can exhibit in the medical way, and therefore intend to visit Paris, where the great Mr. Farhein, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French,* and consequently I shall have much the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so.

" Since I am upon so pleasing a topic as self-applause, give me leave to say, that the circle of science which I have run through, before I undertook the study of physic, is not only useful, but absolutely necessary, to the making a skilful physician. Such sciences enlarge our understanding, and sharpen our sagacity; and what is a practitioner without both but an empiric, for never yet was a disorder found entirely the same in two patients. A quack, unable to distinguish the particularities in each disease, prescribes at a venture; if he finds such a disorder may be called by the general name of fever, for instance, he has a set of remedies which he applies to cure it, nor does he desist till his medicines are run out, or his patient has lost his life. But the skilful physician distinguishes the symptoms, manures the sterility of nature, or prunes her luxuriance; nor does he depend so much on the efficacy of medicines as on their proper application. I shall spend this spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and it will be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university.

" As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; 'tis £20. And now, dear sir, let me here acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own. When you——but I stop here, to enquire how your health goes on? How does my cousin Jenny, and has she recovered her late complaint? How does my poor Jack Goldsmith? I fear his disorder is of such a nature as he won't easily recover. I wish, my dear sir, you would make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear from you. I shall carry just £33 to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, &c. &c., and that with economy will serve.

" I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's, but it seems they like me more as a *jester* than as a companion; so I disdained so servile an employment; 'twas unworthy my calling as a physician.*

" I have nothing new to add from this country; and I beg, dear sir, you will excuse this letter, so filled with egotism. I wish you may be revenged on me, by sending an answer filled with nothing but an account of yourself. I am, dear uncle, your most devoted

" OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

" Give my—how shall I express it? Give my earnest love to Mr. and Mrs. Lawder."

CHAPTER V.

Quits Edinburgh—Letter from Leyden—Anecdotes—Journey on the continent.

To have gained the regard of men of sense and character, who had abundant opportunities, in the familiar intercourse of students, of judging justly of his heart and understanding, is proof that his general conduct was free from reproach. Neither is there any doubt that they had formed a high estimate of his learning and talents. By their assistance he was saved from arrest; and, quitting Edinburgh, though probably not with all the wealth (£33) he had calculated upon, is said to have passed a short time in the north of England for the gratification of his curiosity; where we shall see that the first object of interest in his eyes was the beauty of the " farmers' daughters."

At Sunderland, he was said, by his Edinburgh acquaintance, to have been arrested by one Barclay, a tailor; and at Newcastle, according to others, the same misfortune occurred to him again.† Strange as it may seem, these stories originated with the poet himself, in order to conceal the fact of imprisonment upon another, though unfounded charge, the mere name of which he believed might cause his degree to be withheld. This charge, and the story at length, is told in the following letter to his uncle, written from Leyden, which he desired to visit as a favourite school of physic, though accident carried him thither sooner than originally intended. The escape from perishing by shipwreck which it describes, is another of those singular occurrences that throw an air of romance over parts of his history, that nevertheless there are not the slightest reasons to disbelieve.

" To the Rev. Thomas Contarine.

" Leyden, (the date wanting, but no doubt April or May, 1754.)

" Dear sir,—I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude, and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing. But believe me, sir, when I say, that till now I had not the opportunity of sitting down with that ease of mind which writing required. You may see by the top of the letter that I am at Leyden; but of my journey hither you must be informed.

" Some time before the receipt of your last, I embarked for Bourdeaux, on board a Scotish ship called the St. Andrews, Captain John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance; and, as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea, when a storm drove us into a city of England, called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went on shore to refresh us after the fatigues of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore; and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open; enters a sergeant, and twelve grenadiers with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the king's arrest. It seems my company were Scotsmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest for a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this a secret, or at least say it was for debt; for if it were once known at the university, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interfered in my favour: the ship was gone on to Bourdeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland: I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God, I arrived safe at Rotterdam; whence I traveled by land to Leyden; and whence I now write.

" You may expect some account of this country; and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet I shall endeavour to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more than the books every day published descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man, who takes it into his head to publish his travels, visits the countries he intends to describe; passes through them with as much inattention as his valet de chambre; and consequently not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country, not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before.

" The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times; he in every thing imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature: upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat, laced with black riband: no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pair of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or to make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries she puts on two petticoats.

" A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause.

" A Dutch woman and a Scotish will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy; the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty; but must say, that of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull, though very various. You may smoke, you may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy,—as good an amusement as either of the former. This entertainment always brings in harlequin, who is generally a magician; and, in consequence of his diabolical art, performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons of the drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humour, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was masked. They must have seen something vastly queer in the

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of the navy pay-office, his grandson, and son of Mr. Rose, the friend of Cowper. One of the incidents in their meetings in Edinburgh, in which Goldsmith bore a part, though not a conspicuous one, was thus told by Dr. Farr. The question was started in an evening association of students, whether it was probable the spirits of deceased friends were permitted to revisit their former haunts, and some ingenuity it was thought was exhibited in the arguments for and against it, brought forward during the discussion. One of the disputants sailed, with the knowledge of all the party, for London the following morning; but on the ensuing day, unknown to them, the vessel was obliged to put back. Meeting with a companion of the previous night on re-entering the city, he was requested to keep out of sight till the evening, when the argument was to be resumed; accordingly, on reassembling, one of the most sturdy opponents of the question, who professed utter incredulity as to apparitions, second sight, and other popular superstitions of Scotland, was asked whether his unbelief would give way to demonstration; and after some preliminary manœuvres calculated to excite awe and anxiety, the friend who was supposed to be on his way to London suddenly appeared. The effect upon the object of this boyish experiment was said to have been fainting at first, and afterwards deprivation of reason.

* He means no doubt in contradistinction to other continental medical schools, where they may have lectured in Latin.

* Notice has been taken in a preceding page of his allusions to the situation of dependent to a great man, as if something of that kind lingered in his recollection.

† By an obliging communication from the Rev. Dr. Bliss, of Oxford, the writer is informed that the venerable president of Magdalen College, in relation to this subject, states, that his tutor at Queen's, a Mr. M——, a north countryman, who had known Goldsmith, told a story of his getting into debt to a tailor in Newcastle, and of either being arrested or going off without payment. All these accounts, no doubt, originated with the poet himself, for the reason assigned to his uncle.

wooden sword, that neither I, nor you, sir, were you there, could see.*

"In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken, and all people are on the ice; sleds drawn by horses, and skating, are at that time the reigning amusements. They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds. When they spread all their sails they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid that the eye can scarcely accompany them. Their ordinary manner of traveling is very cheap and very convenient: they sail in covered boats drawn by horses; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste. For my part, I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eyes, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas, presented themselves; but when you enter their towns, you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is usefully employed.

"Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There, hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here, 'tis all a continued plain. There, you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here, a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scots may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house, but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox.

"Physic is by no means taught so well here as in Edinburgh; and in all Leyden there are but four British students, owing to all necessaries being so extremely dear, and the professors so very lazy (the chemical professor excepted,) that we don't much care to come hither. I am not certain how long my stay here may be; however I expect to have the happiness of seeing you at Kilmore, if I can, next March.

"Direct to me, if I am honoured with a letter from you, to Madam Diallion's, at Leyden.

"Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those you love! "OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Nothing imparts a better idea of the philosophical indifference of the poet to evils merely temporary or physical, than the little concern expressed about an event that would have been, to other men, a theme of loud and angry complaint—the being imprisoned a fortnight on an unfounded suspicion. His only anxiety seems to have been respecting his degree; and however conscious of innocence, he probably believed, from the equivocal situation in which he was found, and the general attachment of the Stuarts then prevailing in Scotland, that difficulties might occur in proving it to the satisfaction of the college authorities. It is believed that testimonials of conduct and character from his acquaintance in Edinburgh were found necessary previous to his final enlargement.

In Ireland a story is told, that, being plunged into further difficulties by the departure of the ship with a portion of his baggage on board, he was recommended to follow her on his release from prison rather than proceed to Holland, but exclaimed with characteristic simplicity, "What is the use of that! Sure it will be sent after me any where!" Another jest against him, taken like several more from his own writings, has likewise found currency; that, in a moment of absence, he committed the blunder imputed to the philosophic wanderer in his novel, of proceeding to Holland to teach the natives English, when he himself knew nothing of Dutch. And, considering the diversity of route between that which he intended to take, and that actually pursued, Bourdeaux and Rotterdam, without stating more explicitly the reasons for deviating so widely from his first route, it may be difficult to disprove any story, however absurd, excepting we believe what is probably true, that, committing his destiny to chance, he cared not on what part of the continent he was flung.

His first impressions of Holland, and the objects natural and artificial presented to view, were those of admiration and surprise. "A youth just landed at the Brille," he observes,* "resembles a clown at a puppet-show; carries his amazement from one miracle to another; from this cabinet of curiosities to that collection of pictures; but wondering is not the way to grow wise." Extending his view over the country, he tells us in another place, in a sketch at once poetical and accurate, that the ocean—

"Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign."

The character of the people, as may be supposed from one of his temperament, is less favourably estimated than by more sober enquirers; not that any importance is to be attached to first opinions, when, with the common error of a young man and a young traveller, he attempts to judge the habits and manners of foreigners by the standard of his own country, and stamps their deviations as defects. But he has gone further, and affixed in his poem a general stigma on the Dutch nation, ungenerous and undeserved:—

"Even liberty itself is barter'd here:
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
A land of tyrants and a den of slaves."

Viewed with the eye of a poet, the people of Holland may appear more strongly intent on the pursuit of wealth than of fame or unprofitable honours; but the statesman can never consider them otherwise than with interest and favour, for services rendered on many trying occasions to the commonwealth of Europe. They may not be eminent for oratory or poetry, for wit or ingenuity, for literary acquirements or for winning manners; but they are far from being unlearned, and are otherwise deserving of sincere esteem; they are moral, industrious, and free; they struggled long and bravely for liberty, and obtained it; they had sufficient good sense and reflection to seek, in common with the most enlightened nations of Europe, reformation of the abuses of religion; and if undue love of money be a vice, it is at least more useful to their country, and more innocent in itself, than that devotion to pleasure and laxity of morals characteristic of some of their neighbours.

On another occasion he could be more just. "The best and most useful laws I have ever seen are generally practised in Holland. When two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peace-makers*. If the parties come attended by an advocate or solicitor, they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing."†

The Dutch he likewise preferred to the Flemings:—the distinction drawn between two of their chief towns exhibits something of the superiority of national character which exists even more strongly in the present day. "In Rotterdam you may go through eight or ten streets without finding a public house. In Antwerp almost every second house seems an alehouse. In the one city, all wears the appearance of happiness and warm affluence; in the other, the young fellows walk about the streets in shabby finery; their fathers sit at the door darning or knitting stockings, while their ports are filled with dung-hills."

At Leyden he is said to have been less attentive to the acquisition of professional than miscellaneous knowledge, particularly a more familiar acquaintance with the language and literature of France, preparatory to an intended tour through that country. Physic, he remarks, was not so well taught there as in Edinburgh, and he charges the professors, excepting one, with inactivity. Yet the celebrated Albinus was then professor of anatomy; a laborious author and editor, whose anatomical plates were not merely the most accurate, but the most splendid things of that description seen in Europe. The chemical professor, possessed of at least equal reputation, was Gaubius, and him he exempts from the general imputation: with this eminent person, as an admirer of the science which he taught, he was probably more intimate; and of whom, when stating that among the universities abroad he had ever observed their stupidity in reciprocal proportion to their opulence, he relates the following remarks:—

"Happening once, in conversation with Gaubius of Leyden, to mention the College of Edinburgh, he began by complaining that all the English students who formerly came to his university, now went entirely there; and the fact surprised him more, as Leyden was now as well as ever furnished with masters excellent in their respective professions. He concluded by asking if the professors at Edinburgh were rich. I replied that the salary of a professor there seldom amounted to more than thirty pounds a year. 'Poor men!' says he, 'I heartily wish they were better provided for; until they become rich, we can have no expectation of English students at Leyden.'"*

Of the few young men of that description then resident there, one was his countryman, Dr. Ellis, who, having graduated in Dublin, had visited Leyden to extend his knowledge. He continued there for two or three years, commencing on his return a course of philosophical lectures in the Irish metropolis, and subsequently, it is believed, settled as physician in Monaghan, whence he removed to Dublin on being appointed clerk to the Irish house of commons. He died in 1791. From accounts given by this gentleman in conversation in various societies in Dublin, it appears that the poet was often in his usual pecuniary distress; sometimes reduced to great straits, obliged to borrow small sums from such as could afford to lend until his own remittances arrived, or other mode of repayment offered: occasionally he taught his native language; and sometimes resorted to play, frequently the forlorn hope of the necessitous as well as the amusement of the idle or the dissipated, in the hope by some lucky effort of extricating himself from difficulties. Such habits we may lament more than condemn, for the needy are almost necessarily among the irregular in conduct; and it requires some self-denial and strength of mind to prevent poverty from relaxing even rigid morality. But it had little influence on his good humour; he was usually gay and cheerful; and when taxed with imprudence for risking such small sums as he possessed, admitted the fact and promised amendment for the future. In all his peculiarities it was remarked there was about him an elevation of mind, a philosophical tone and manner, which, added to the language and information of a scholar, made him an object of interest to such as could estimate character.

Having had a successful run at play, according to Dr. Ellis, Goldsmith called upon that gentleman the following morning, and counted out a considerable sum, which he was advised not again to trust to chance, but hoard as a provision for future necessities. This recommendation he promised to follow, and probably meant to fulfil; but he was again seduced to the scene of his former success, and, with the usual lot of the dupes to this passion, lost the whole of what he had previously gained.

At Leyden, from the information to be obtained at present, he took no degree; but having resided there about a year, formed the resolution to travel, in defiance of want of the necessary pecuniary means. Privation and hardship being habitual to one so frequently suffering from straitened finances, presented a less forbidding aspect to him than to most other men. He possessed an ardent curiosity, a buoyant spirit, and a constitutional inclination to look rather to the bright than dark side of the prospect; a disposition in some degree national, for it is a well known and avowed peculiarity of the lower orders of his countrymen, to put as large a share of their faith in chance as in conduct, in much of the business of life. Reliance was, no doubt, placed upon his own ingenuity, his learning, and medical knowledge: he was young; his frame, though short in stature, vigorous and accustomed to fatiguing exercises; he had learned from others of his countrymen, occasional visiters at Leyden from the continental universities, that traveling presented fewer difficulties than might be supposed; and he expected in the chief towns to find friends or occasional remittances from home. Something of the romantic interest attending such an enterprise, undertaken in such a manner, is lost from its having of late been accomplished by several naval and military officers, who by skilful and rigid economy have traversed Flanders, France, Switzerland, and parts of Germany on foot, at

* This description of the Dutch drama would seem, (by the remarks of Mr. D'Israeli, Curiosities of Literature, vol. ii. p. 165,) not to be overcharged.

* Enquiry into Polite Learning, Works, vol. i.

† Bee, No. v. Upon political frugality. Works, vol. i.

* Enquiry into Polite Learning, Works vol. i.

trifling expense, which, as they state, had circumstances required it, might have been reduced to a still smaller sum.

A more immediate encouragement to meet the difficulties of the enterprise, was probably the knowledge that it had been before accomplished by a literary adventurer worse provided than himself, the Baron Louis de Holberg, who had then (1754) recently died. The outline of his story, as given by Goldsmith, shows that this example was in his eye, and in fact became the model of his conduct:—

"The history of polite learning in Denmark may be comprised in the life of one single man; it rose and fell with the late famous Baron Holberg. This was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary personages that has done honour to the present century. His being the son of a private sentinel did not abate the ardour of his ambition, for he learned to read without a master. Upon the death of his father, being left entirely destitute, he was involved in all that distress which is common among the poor, and of which the great have scarce any idea. However, though only a boy of nine years old, he still persisted in pursuing his studies, traveled about from school to school, and begged his learning and his bread.

"When at the age of seventeen, instead of applying himself to any of the lower occupations, which seem best adapted to such circumstances, he was resolved to travel, for improvement, from Norway, the place of his birth, to Copenhagen, the capital city of Denmark. He lived here by teaching French, at the same time avoiding no opportunity of improvement that his scanty funds would permit. But his ambition was not to be restrained, or his thirst of knowledge satisfied until he had seen the world. *Without money, recommendations, or friends, he undertook to set out upon his travels, and make the tour of Europe on foot. A good voice and a trifling skill in music were the only finances he had to support an undertaking so extensive; so he traveled by day, and at night sang at the doors of peasants' houses, to get himself a lodging.* In this manner young Holberg passed through France, Germany, and Holland, and, coming over to England, took up his residence in the University of Oxford. Here he subsisted by teaching French and music, and wrote his Universal History, his earliest but worst performance. Furnished with all the learning of Europe, he at last thought proper to return to Copenhagen, where his ingenious productions quickly gained him that favour he deserved. He composed not less than eighteen comedies; those in his own language are said to excel, and those which are wrote in French have peculiar merit. He was honoured with nobility, and enriched by the bounty of the king; so that a life, begun in contempt and penury, ended in opulence and esteem."*

When about to quit Leyden, his purse being at a low ebb, application was made to Dr. Ellis for assistance, but an effort of affectionate gratitude of the borrower towards his uncle, rendered the supply received from that gentleman of little use. For having wandered into the garden of a florist whose productions he had admired during the summer, and some of which were at one time raised into an extravagantly fictitious value in Holland, the recollection of Mr. Contarine's taste for the cultivation of those beautiful productions, induced him to purchase a supply of the roots for transmission to Ireland. This imprudence, as it may be considered in a situation so impoverished, left him, by the statement of the lender, with scarcely any money, and but one clean shirt, to set forward. Probably there is in this some error: he may have been poor enough, but reports of extreme destitution, like that of great wealth, are sometimes exaggerated for the sake of effect.

Few particulars of this tour are accurately known, while recent and diligent enquiries have thrown only small additional light on the subject. He kept no journal, wrote only occasionally to his friends, though as we know he gave the Rev. Mr. Percy verbally an outline of his route, which might have been rendered sufficiently complete and probably very amusing, had the requisite questions, which he alone could answer, been put at the moment. No more than one or two of his letters, written from the continent, although several were remembered by Mrs. Hodson, are believed to be now in existence. These were first traced to Roscommon, next to Dublin, back again to a different part of the same county, thence to Greenock in Scotland, from this again to Ireland, next to Brighton, afterwards to Passy near Paris, and finally to England, besides letters on the same errand to Nice and Nova Scotia; and though the clue is not wholly lost, the writer has failed to obtain their perusal. In conversation he is known to have occasionally detailed incidents in his adventures, the particulars of which are now forgotten; others, and from his destitute condition perhaps the most curious, he probably never did or would, from very excusable reserve, disclose to any one. But his condition is pretty plainly intimated in the expressive lines commencing the Traveller and marking nearly the extreme points of his journey—

"*Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,*
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po,"—

and the descriptive account in the same poem of the French peasantry.

The only detailed account probably committed by him to paper, was a letter to Doctor Radcliff, Fellow of Trinity College, who, having occasionally lectured Wilder's pupils and being an amiable man, was applied to by Goldsmith on his return from the continent for a favour hereafter to be mentioned, and in return wrote him an account of his travels. The letter was long, and, in the opinion of that gentleman, one of the most able and interesting of all his productions. Nothing except its general purport is remembered, the original being consumed by a fire which destroyed the house of the doctor, and the greater part of the street (Great Cuffe street, Dublin) in which he resided. It had been deposited with others of his letters for greater security in the plate chest, which a servant, on the alarm of fire being given, rushed up stairs to save, but by mistake seized another of similar appearance filled with books of divinity; and there was no time to return and rectify the error. The plate and letters were therefore destroyed.

Incidents connected with his own adventures occur no doubt in the story of what he terms a "philosophic vagabond" in the Vicar of Wakefield; not literally true perhaps in detail, but with such variations as suited a work of imagination, leaving himself at liberty by this arrangement of denying or admitting the accuracy of such parts as he thought proper. In familiar moments, he confessed his poverty, his musical efforts to amuse the peasantry, and his disputations at seats of learning; other hints may be gleaned from the Traveller and Enquiry into Polite Learning; and other circumstances again, it is obvious, were wholly imaginary, or represented differently from what really occurred. Thus, he makes his hero embark for Holland to teach the natives English without knowing Dutch; lands him at Amsterdam instead of Rotterdam; takes him to Louvain to teach the professors Greek; says nothing of Leyden, or of Switzerland, and no more of Italy than that his pupil embarked for England at Leghorn; while this person, described as inheriting the property of an uncle in the West Indies, was said to have really been heir to a well known pawnbroker in Holborn, of great wealth, named Smyth, or Smyly.

He set out about February, 1755; a proof, perhaps, of being better furnished with resources than is supposed by choosing such a season. One of his chief resting places in Flanders is said to have been Louvain, not to instruct the professors in the manner humourously mentioned in the novel, but to gain some knowledge of its learning and system of discipline: for the remark put into the mouth of his hero, speaking of literary topics, held true with regard to himself, "I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects." Here he was said, in a short memoir published after his death, written by a person named Glover, known as an occasional acquaintance, to have taken a degree of M. B. It is doubtful, however, whether such intermediate step to the doctorate is common in the universities on the continent, though certainly granted in some; the records of Louvain, however, for that period, are lost; the statement, therefore, cannot be disproved, but from a comparison of circumstances it is improbable. At Antwerp he spent a short time, and likewise at Brussels: in the former he saw and spoke of a criminal, whose gaiety, though maimed, deformed, and suffering the punishment of chains and slavery for life, is made the subject of one of his essays; and at Maestricht examined an extensive and well known cavern, or stone quarry, an object of interest then to travellers.

In France, judging from admissions in works both of fact and fiction, his adventures seem to have been as unusual as his situation, and they are turned to his usual benevolent purpose of showing the poorer classes in an amiable light. "I had some knowledge of music," he says in the Vicar of Wakefield, "with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle."

No ordinary love of learning, of novelty, of acquaintance with men and manners, or of persevering determination to examine them all as far as circumstances permitted, could induce any one to subject himself to such a precarious existence; yet we know, by what has been stated and by specific avowal of the fact in his poem, that such was occasionally his condition. One of the spots where, and the mode in which, this musical skill was exerted, and even the degree of that skill so exactly correspondent with fact, for his performance was not first rate, is thus minutely and poetically painted:—

"How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour."

His mode of traveling is again expressly intimated in a work of fact:—"Countries wear very different appearances to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*"

At Paris he attended the lectures of Rouelle, an eminent professor of chemistry, who first ascertained the composition of the diamond by submitting it to combustion. In allusion to the scientific tastes of the fair sex of that day in that metropolis, he says, in the work just quoted, "I have seen as bright a circle of beauty at the chemical lectures of Rouelle as gracing the court of Versailles."

While here, he wrote to Ireland for pecuniary assistance, intimating his wants in a simple yet humorous strain.* Here likewise he met several persons he knew; a Mr. Macdonnell of Dublin, a gentleman from Roscommon, whose name is forgotten, and a few college acquaintance from Dublin and Edinburgh.

It would appear he had the honour of an introduction to Voltaire in Paris, which probably produced the admiration of the genius of that extraordinary person, found in some of his subsequent writings. Two allusions are made to this honour; one in a letter in the Public Ledger, another in an account of his life hereafter to be noticed:—

"I remember to have heard Mr. Voltaire observe in a large company at his house at Monrion, that at the battle of Dettingen the English exhibited prodigies of valour; but they soon lessened their well-bought conquest by lessening the merit of those they had conquered."

In the memoir, he enters more into detail of his usual manner in conversation:—

"In the year 1720, Mr. Voltaire came over to England. A previous acquaintance with Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, and the Lord Bolingbroke, was sufficient to introduce him among the polite, and his fame as a poet got him the acquaintance of the learned, in a coun-

* Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning. See Works, vol. i.

* A copy of this letter was once in the possession of Mr. Carleton, nephew of the late nobleman of that name, who gave it to a Miss Metcalf, now dead; among whose papers it has not been found. Other copies are known to be in London, but from some unaccountable illiberality, are withheld.

try where foreigners generally find but a cool reception. He only wanted introduction; his own merit was enough to procure the rest. As a companion no man ever exceeded him when he pleased to lead the conversation; which, however, was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and had got over a hesitating manner which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty, every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness.

"The person who writes this memoir, who had the honour and the pleasure of being his acquaintance, remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris, when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, who was of the party, and who, being unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both. Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation turned upon one of his favourite topics.

"Fontenelle continued his triumph till about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his revery. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost elegance, mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess that, whether from national partiality or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so much charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute."

One of the few allusions to his abode in Paris at this time, is the following from the "Animated Nature," vol. v. p. 207:—

"I never walked out about the environs of Paris, that I did not consider the immense quantity of game that was running almost tame on every side of me as a badge of the slavery of the people; and what they wished me to observe as an object of triumph I always regarded with a kind of secret compassion: yet this people have no game laws for the remoter parts of the kingdom."

By the recommendation of some of the friends found in this capital, he accompanied an English gentleman to Switzerland, taking the route of Strasburgh; and crossing the Rhine, remained a short time in Germany. At this time, therefore, for he is not known to have visited it subsequently, such knowledge as he possessed of that country seems to have been acquired; not, we may believe, of a very minute description, as no sketch of country or people is attempted in the "Traveller." The "Enquiry into Polite Learning" censures with some justice its innumerable critics and commentators as destructive of true taste and genius; but the following scene from the learned institutions of that country, although drawn eighty years ago, was even then probably overcharged:—

"But let the Germans have their due; if they are often a little dull, no nation alive assumes a more laudable solemnity, or better understands all the little decorums of stupidity. Let the discourse of a professor run on never so heavily, it cannot be irksome to his dozing pupils, who frequently lend him their sympathetic nods of approbation. I have sometimes attended their disputes at gradation. On this occasion they often dispense with learned gravity, and seem really all alive. The disputes are managed between the followers of Cartesius, whose exploded system they call the new philosophy, and those of Aristotle. Though both parties are wrong, they argue with an obstinacy worthy the cause of truth; Nego, Probo, and Distinguo grow loud. The disputants grow warm, the moderator cannot be heard, the audience take part in the debate, till at last the whole hall buzzes with erroneous philosophy."

Entering Switzerland, he visited the falls of Schaffhausen, either at an early period of the year, or when the season was more than usually late; for, in speaking of rivers, and such cataracts as neither time nor art are likely to remove, he says, "Of this kind are the cataracts of the Rhine, one of which I have seen exhibit a very strange appearance; it was that at Schaffhausen, which was frozen quite across, and the water stood in columns where the cataract had formerly fallen."*

In this country he remained for some time, visiting Basle, Berne, and other places of note or interest, but fixing more permanently at Geneva. Every part presented something romantic and gratifying to the eye or the imagination; and contemplation of such scenery as he had never witnessed, and scarcely conceived, acting upon a susceptible and reflective mind with all the force of novelty and grandeur, seems to have first produced the disposition to clothe his thoughts and observations in the garb of poetry. To a poetical mind the excitement was irresistible. From Switzerland, he expressly tells us, the first sketch of the "Traveller" was sent to his brother.

Hilly countries, which poetical theorists are prone to consider favourable to the production of poets, may perhaps more truly be said rather to draw out their faculty than to create it. Persons are seldom excited by what is familiar to them; and a native of mountainous regions cannot be supposed to view with enthusiasm what is daily under his eye. Mountains are not in fact in any country prolific in men of high mental powers; genius is rarely developed there; the people are more rude; wealth and comfort, which, with a few exceptions, seem essential to the cultivation of intellect, less frequent; and the resort of strangers thither, which has its share in contributing to knowledge, only occasional and temporary. Switzerland has not produced her proportion of eminent men; and if any part of our own country be scant of celebrated names, it is Wales and the Highlands of Scotland.

But to him familiar only with the plains, who has not seen nature in her grander aspects and varieties, such countries burst upon the view with all the freshness and interest of a new world, and rarely fail powerfully to impress minds the most ignorant and unimpassioned. To the poet and the philosopher they become a study; create a new train of ideas and associations; and while the former is tempted to dwell upon the variety, the novelty, and the magnificence of nature, the latter will be not less inquisitive respecting their moral attributes, and their influences on the condition and character of the people. Uniting both characters within himself, Goldsmith sat down to meditate upon and describe what he saw, and under such circumstances the first draught of the "Traveller" was made; with what truth of description and vigour of sentiment need not be said, for he has left little for succeeding poets touching upon the same countries to add. All traces of this sketch, transmitted, as he informs us, to his brother Henry, in Ireland, and consisting of about seventy or eighty lines according to current report among his relatives, are now lost; being considered probably of no further value when the poem had been published.

From Geneva he made excursions on foot to the Alpine ranges in the vicinity, with which he afterwards professed to be very conversant in the knowledge of their localities. The time occupied in this way was the early part of the summer of 1755, as may be inferred from that passage in the "Traveller," where, in describing the country, we are told, either in allusion to the severity of the season when he was there, or the lateness of spring generally, that

"No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May."

A more precise statement of the time appears in the "History of Animated Nature." Speaking of woodcocks being found in the Alps all the summer, he says, "I myself have flushed them, on the top of Mount Jura, in June and July." A few other notices of his familiarity with this region occur in parts of the same work. Adverting to an erroneous though prevalent idea, of the sense of taste being impaired by the state of the air on the tops of mountains, he denies it: "All substances have their tastes as well on the tops of mountains as in the bottom of the valley; and I have been one of many who ate a very savoury dinner on the Alps." Speaking of sheep on another occasion, he says there is but one proof of their attachment to persons. "What I allude to is their following the sound of the shepherd's pipe. Before I had seen them trained in this manner, I had no conception of those descriptions of the old pastoral poets, of the shepherd leading his flock from one country to another. As I had been used only to see these harmless creatures driven before their keepers, I supposed that all the rest was but invention; but in many parts of the Alps, and even some provinces of France, the shepherd and his pipe still continued with true antique simplicity."

At this city he is said to have had consigned to him the care of a young gentleman traveling to the south of France, and to Italy; but the connection, according to the same accounts, was dissolved upon the borders of the latter country, the pupil to embark at Marseilles for England, and the tutor to pursue his tour in penury on foot. The degree of credibility due to this story, repeated by all the early memoir writers, is not precisely ascertained. Bishop Percy, without denying its truth, felt disposed to attribute its origin to the story told by the Vicar of Wakefield's son. It is certain it was not among the memoranda dictated to that prelate at Northumberland house; while it is equally true, that many more important particulars of his life, from the hurried, perhaps unpremeditated nature of the communication, were omitted on the same occasion. Such an event, if it ever occurred, might not have been thought worthy of notice by himself in a statement not meant to be detailed or minute; or the recollection might have been unpleasant from some circumstances of the quarrel; or he may have been influenced at this period, as we know him to have been on other points, by the reserve, common to most men, of withholding from general knowledge during life the difficulties and struggles which marked its commencement.

That some such connection was formed appears probable, from consideration of all the circumstances:—the habit of the poet to tell something of himself, however tinged with fiction; the very probable occurrence of a tutorship, which would enable him to travel to advantage; the contrasted characters of tutor and pupil, of which the former so much resembled his own; the seeming truth of the detail, as given in the novel, and the name of the uncle of the youth being known: and finally, the cause of the premature separation, which, from the allusions dropped, and the very different estimates formed of the value of money by the governor and the governed, we may readily believe to have been pecuniary matters. Between the improvident and the parsimonious, there can be no permanent bond of union: if positive antipathy be not engendered between persons of such opposite qualities, their acquaintance never ripens into friendship, for they cannot pardon the peculiarities of each other. The improvidence of the poor always astonishes the wealthy. The avarice of the rich, on the other hand, is ever incomprehensible to the poor; it is the first peculiarity of character they notice, and probably the last which they forget or forgive; and, in sketching the following character, it is difficult to believe that Goldsmith, whose disposition was so opposite to that of his presumed companion, did not copy from the life:—

"I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus, avarice was his prevailing passion; all his questions on the road were, how money might be saved,—which was the least expensive course of travel,—whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London? Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told that they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive traveling was; and all this though not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he enquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle compared to his returning by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so, paying me the small

* Animated Nature, vol. i. p. 221. Ed. 1774.

part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London."

Italy was now before him: and who, at some period of life, has not yearned to visit a region consecrated in imagination by the remembrance of its ancient reputation, by its poetry, heroism, and power; its literature, oratory, and art?

Descending into Piedmont, we find an allusion to the fact of his acquaintance with that country, in noticing a part of its rural economy, the management of bees, where, in the case of flowers being scarce, or exhausted in the place, the insects are made to change their neighbourhood for fresh supplies, by a simple and efficacious plan of their owners:—"For a knowledge of this, in some parts of France and Piedmont, they have contrived, as I have often seen, a kind of floating bee-house. They have on board one barge threescore or a hundred beehives, well defended from the inclemency of an accidental storm; and with these, the owners suffer themselves to float gently down the river. As the bees are continually choosing their flowery pasture along the banks of the stream, they are furnished with sweets before unrified; and thus a single floating bee-house yields the proprietor a considerable income. Why a method similar to this has never been adopted in England, where we have more gentle rivers and more flowery banks than in any other part of the world, I know not; certainly, it might be turned to advantage, and yield the possessor a secure, though perhaps a moderate income."

In his progress he visited Florence, Verona, Mantua, Milan, and, crossing the base of the peninsula to the eastern shore, frequently meeting what he terms "the wandering Po," found an object of much interest in Venice; personally, from its connection with the origin of his uncle Contarine's family; poetically, by associations arising from the popular productions of English genius; though even her accredited history resembles a portion of romance. Carinthia was likewise visited; and being once questioned by Mr. Hickey on the justice of the censure passed upon a people whom other travellers praised for being as good if not better than their neighbours—

"Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,"—

gave as a reason, his being once, after a fatiguing day's walk, obliged to quit a house he had entered for shelter, and pass part of the whole of the night in seeking another. His progress, there is no reason to doubt, was attended by much privation, but supported with a spirit that penury and loneliness could not daunt.

At Padua, attracted by its medical and literary reputation, he remained a few months, acquiring more intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of the people of this portion of Italy. Among the learned, that university then stood high, and the coincidence may be worthy of remark, in men afterwards so celebrated for their talents and intimacy, that Dr. Johnson, when at college, had an ambition to visit the same seat of learning, but only contemplated in prospect what Goldsmith, with more energy, and under the most disadvantageous circumstances, accomplished in person. "Well," said the former, in a loud soliloquy in his room, which happened to be overheard by Dr. Panting, then master of Pembroke College, "I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning. I'll go and visit the universities abroad. *I'll go to France and Italy. I'll go to Padua.* And I'll mind my business."*

Here he is supposed to have taken his medical degree, although no satisfactory proof of the matter can be gleaned after minute enquiries. But it is suggested by competent authority in such matters, that it may have been obtained in some other university after one of the disputations in their halls, in which, by his own admission, he engaged. The record of the names of students in this university is also said to be defective, or lost.

While pursuing professional and general learning, he appears to have examined the character and manners of the nation with some degree of minuteness. The result was not favourable to its literary or moral state. In the "Traveller," the "Enquiry into Polite Learning," and in that exquisite specimen of the frivolity of some of their literary, or supposed literary, associations, their "filosifi and virtuosi," first printed in "The Bee," giving an account of the academies of Italy, we see his opinions at length. He found a people more proud of their past than striving to attain present reputation; *etat nominis umbra;* ardent indeed and impassioned in character, but this ardour thrown away rather upon the amusements of life than upon its paramount duties and its business; the arts valued extremely high; but men, in their social condition, character, and qualities, which must ever form the great test of high civilisation, neglected. He found despotic governments, without external strength or internal respectability; a religion, imposing in its forms, but unsuccessful in securing morality of conduct from the people, and, as he says in another place, "with the property of contracting the sphere of the understanding;" and learning, as he believed, on the decline. When afterwards induced to give utterance to similar opinions in the societies of London, Baretti, Martinelli, and other Italians, took him sharply to task for presuming to characterise a people and country of whom he knew little. Both were occasionally rude to him on this account. But he seems not to have erred materially, or Italy must consider herself peculiarly unfortunate in appearing in a similar light to most other English travellers.*

It appears he did not visit Rome and Naples, finding either his resources exhausted, or dreading that the then impending contest between England and France would interfere with the homeward journey through the latter country. Toward the end of 1755, he set out on his return to England. On this occasion his difficulties are believed to have been greater than at any former period; he had now, however, another resource, which, when opportunities offered, was rendered available for procuring temporary supplies, while it exhibited his ingenuity, practised his memory, and drew forth his stores of learning. It is told in the work of fiction already alluded to, as a resource of the "philosophic vagabond," and was universally understood, and indeed avowed, to apply to himself:—

"My skill in music could avail me nothing in a country (Italy) where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents, there are upon certain days philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant: for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, then, I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

Convents in most parts of the continent were at that time pretty numerously tenanted by natives of Ireland; and wherever such were found, he profited by the accidental advantage of birth-place, as well as of his learning, to claim assistance at their hands. That he met acquaintance who may have occasionally supplied his wants, there is no doubt; one instance may be inferred from the following incident, or the allusion may apply to a domestic of his pupil:—"*A friend of mine,*" he says, speaking of the bite of the tarantula in Italy, and the erroneous stories told of its effects and of their reputed mode of cure by dancing, "*had a servant who suffered himself to be bit;* the wound, which was little larger than the puncture of a pin, was uneasy for a few hours, and then became well without any further assistance. Some of the country people, however, still make a tolerable livelihood of the credulity of strangers, as the musician finds his account in it not less than the dancer."†

After entering France, his music became again in requisition; more perhaps on the homeward than even on the outward journey, as his necessities were greater. Assistance derived from this source could do little more than supply the exigencies of the moment; his wants at other periods must have been pressing; his obligations to individual charity necessarily great and frequent. Writing to his brother-in-law at a future time, we have the admission, in allusion to pecuniary difficulties in their family,—"These things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them: but at present there is hardly a kingdom in Europe in which I am not a debtor." With something like bitterness of spirit from the recollection of what he had endured, or censure of himself for undertaking such a scheme so ill provided, the supposed adventures in the novel, shadowed out so much resembling his own, are termed those of a "philosophic vagabond, pursuing novelty and losing content."

The kindness of the French peasantry impressed him in favour of the nation at large; increased probably by that similarity, obvious to a nice observer, which exists between their general character and that of his own countrymen. He saw and felt perhaps how soon on the soil of France the French and Irish assimilate; so much sooner and closer than the English and French. He could not overlook the same sociability of disposition; the same hospitality and good nature towards strangers; the same lightness of heart and volatility of temper; the same enjoyment of the present and disregard of the future; the same desire "to please and be pleased" with all around them; and even that vanity, or "beggar pride," as he terms it, to appear to others something greater or better than they really are. Nor did the peculiarity probably escape him, that both nations, so joyous and generous in their quiet state, should exhibit, when excited, the extremes of fierceness and cruelty.

While marking the social peculiarities of the people, their political condition was not forgotten; he appears to have clearly observed the slow and almost silent operation of a new and formidable principle at that time taking root in the public mind of France. The prophecy as to the probable results is singular, and proved much nearer its accomplishment than he believed:—"As the Swedes are making concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider that these parliaments, the members of which are all created by the court (the presidents of which can only act by immediate direction), presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who till of late received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free."*

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival in England—Early struggles in London—Becomes usher in the school of Dr. Milner, at Peckham—Engages in the Monthly Review.

Early in the year 1756 he reached England, having spent about two years on the continent; and London, as the general resort of talent and necessity, became his first object. Here his prospects were of the most discouraging nature. Whatever advances he had made in learning, or in the knowledge of mankind in the abstract, he had made none in what is more commonly considered the practical business of life. It was doubtful what course to pursue for a livelihood; he was in, to him, a strange land; he possessed neither friends nor money; and laboured under the disadvantage of being an Irishman, which at that period, as he says in one of his letters, formed of itself an obstacle to gaining employment.

Some obscurity exists as to the exact incidents of his life on revisiting England, of the order in which they preceded each other, or whether his first attempt to obtain a livelihood was in the medical or scholastic profession. Much of his early career, of what was known to many acquaintance during his life, is now forgotten,

* Croker's Boswell, vol. i. p. 42.

* Lord Orrery, a traveller and a clever man, and with the best opportunities for observation, in a letter from Florence, shortly before, (Dec. 1754,) seems to have formed no more favourable opinion of the people than Goldsmith:—"The truth is, few parts of Italy abound with men of learning. The clergy rather cultivate the political than the classical sciences, and the nobility cultivate no sciences at all."

† Animated Nature, vol. ii. p. 171. Lond. 1774.

* It is remarkable that Burke was impressed with the same idea; first in 1768, in his pamphlet in reply to one of Mr. George Grenville; and again in 1771, on his return from a visit to that country. If the coincidence of opinion be accidental, it is curious; but as Goldsmith was prior in time, Burke may have been led to consider the subject by hearing his observations.

although in this and other details he may not have thought it necessary to be explicit to such as were likely to record them; unwilling to disclose struggles which were unsuccessful, or involving details distressing to his pride. Yet we know that hints and allusions fell from him in conversation, casting partial light on parts of his history, which it would have been indelicate nevertheless to pursue by direct questions further than he thought proper to go. After his death, an anonymous contributor to the newspapers stated, that the poet, having been bred to pharmacy, had attempted to practise as an apothecary in a country town, but, failing of success, proceeded to London, and accepted the situation of usher to Dr. Milner. A contradiction to the former part of this account soon appeared, which brought forth the following rejoinder: it must be remembered that the authority is anonymous, although there seems no inducement for wilful misstatement, or that the writer had not sufficient authority for what he says:—"A writer in a daily paper pretends to contradict some part of our account of the late Dr. Goldsmith. He says, the doctor was not bred to pharmacy, and that he did not set up as an apothecary in a country town *in Ireland*. We never said that he set up *in Ireland*. The country town alluded to is an English town, the name of which is forgotten. But the writer of this and the former paragraph assures the public, that he had the anecdote from the doctor's own mouth. As to what the writer mentions of the doctor having been a student in Edinburgh after he left Ireland, and then traveling into Germany and other parts of Europe, it is very true, and to that circumstance the public is probably indebted for his pretty poem of the 'Traveller.'"*

A rumour (mentioned by Mr. English, who conducted the Annual Register for twenty years after Burke relinquished it) prevailed about the year 1766, of his having once attempted the stage in the line of low comedy, in a country town, when pressed for the means of subsistence. Whether this story was circulated in jest or earnest, may be doubted. Want makes us familiar with strange pursuits, as with strange acquaintance; and as the scheme may have seemed to him to require little preliminary knowledge, and no introduction, it is just possible some such resource was tried, in making his way from the coast to London, destitute, as he avowedly was, of money. The greater probability indeed is, that, like some other stories told of him, it had no foundation, or was conjectured, from the seeming knowledge of such a life, shown in the "Adventures of a Strolling Player," printed in the British Magazine, where the scene is placed in Kent; or from the conclusion of the story of George Primrose. It is however true, that he was afterwards known to express desire to play, as a piece of admirable low comedy, the character of Scrub, in "The Beaux Stratagem."

As far as can be ascertained, after reaching London, his first determination seems to have been, to turn his classical knowledge to account, as usher in a school. With this view, he made application to one of those establishments, under a feigned name—ashamed, as it appears, of an occupation from which he soon hoped to escape, and which, by this device, might never be known. A reference as to character, was however required; and knowing none in England, to whom to apply, he gave the name of the gentleman already mentioned, Dr. Radcliff, of Dublin; but at the same time wrote to that gentleman himself, requesting him to give *no* answer to the enquiry of the schoolmaster. The reason of this we may readily conceive: having given a wrong name at first, expecting to be received without reference, he could not, without hazard of total rejection, afterwards acknowledge the deception; he sought, besides, merely temporary shelter, which was probably afforded, until the answer from Dublin should arrive, trusting, in the mean time, that his attainments and moral conduct would establish their own character—while, as it was obvious that Doctor Radcliff could not recommend a fictitious person, no answer from him was better than direct denial of all knowledge of the applicant.

This story was told soon after the death of the poet, by a writer of credit, from a then living authority. In the statements mingled with it, however, several errors crept in, in consequence of a few authentic particulars of the poet's life being then (1776) known. Thus, the real place of his birth is thought to be Roscommon; and he is believed to have lived in England, previous to visiting the continent: while the interval between the two applications to Dr. Radcliff, instead of being passed in traveling, as this writer thinks, was really spent in London—that is, between 1756, when seeking the usher-ship, and 1758, when he wrote again to that gentleman, soliciting aid in procuring subscriptions for one of his forthcoming works. That his adventures, as related by him to that gentleman, were, as is here said, amusing, we may readily believe: situated as he was, while on the continent, they must, from any pen, have possessed no ordinary interest—and from his own, ever abundant in humour and ease, no doubt, a peculiar charm. Nor from a correspondent, to whom he stood partly in the relation of pupil, and who had known his previous struggles in Dublin, would he probably conceal much which it might not be necessary to disclose to others.

"This county," (Roscommon,) writes the Rev. Dr. Thomas Campbell, whose connection with Bishop Percy, in drawing up a memoir of the poet, has been mentioned, "boasts of a still greater honour, the birth of the much-lamented Oliver Goldsmith. I have learned a very curious anecdote of this extraordinary man, from the widow of a Dr. Radcliff, who had been his tutor, in Trinity College, Dublin. She mentioned to me a very long letter from him, which she had often heard her husband read to his friends, upon the commencement of Goldsmith's celebrity. But this, with other things of more value, was unfortunately lost by an accidental fire, since her husband's death. It appears that the beginning of his career was one continued struggle against adversity. Upon his first going to England, he was in such distress that he would have gladly become an usher to a country school; but so destitute was he of friends to recommend him that he could not without difficulty obtain even this low department. The master of the school scrupled to employ him, without some testimonial of his past life. Goldsmith referred him to his tutor at college for a character; but all this while he went under a feigned name. From this resource, therefore, one would think that little in his favour could be ever hoped for. But he only wanted to serve a present exigency—an ushership was not his object.

"In this strait, he wrote a letter to Dr. Radcliff, imploring him, as he tendered the welfare of an old pupil, not to answer a letter which he would probably receive the same post with his own, from the schoolmaster. He added, that he had good reasons for concealing, both from him and the rest of the world, his name, and the real state of his case; every circumstance of which he promised to communicate upon some future occasion. His tutor, embarrassed enough to know what answer he should give, resolved at last to give none. And thus was poor Goldsmith snatched from between the horns of his present dilemma, and suffered to drag on a miserable life for a few probationary months. It was not till after his return from his rambles over great part of the world, and after having got some footing on this slippery globe, that he at length wrote to Dr. Radcliff, to thank him for not answering the schoolmaster's letter, and to fulfil his promise of giving him a history of the whole transaction. It contained a comical narrative of his adventures, from leaving Ireland to that time. His musical talents had procured him a welcome reception wherever he went. My authority says, that her husband admired this letter more than any part of his works. But she would not venture to trust her memory in detailing particulars, which, after all, could not be so interesting but from his own manner of stating them."*

The situation of the school where he obtained temporary relief from absolute want, is not remembered. By some it was said to be Yorkshire, probably from his familiar acquaintance with parts of that county, evinced in conversation; from other circumstances, there is more reason to believe it Kent, and in the neighbourhood of Tenterden or Ashford, the journey to which, from London, would be also more within the reach of his finances. How long he continued, is likewise unknown. The silence of Dr. Radcliff, no doubt augured ill in the eyes of his employer; and very simple, perhaps rather homely manners, a distressed condition, and rugged appearance, were little calculated to remove any unfavourable impression. The consideration shown him in the school, under such circumstances, was not likely to be great. His pride, seconded by disgust at the occupation, probably took the alarm; and he was soon therefore again in London, equally friendless and distressed as before, but with a recollection of the miseries of his employment, that breaks out in various parts of his writings, and the application of which to his personal peculiarities, is immediately obvious in the supposed treatment of an usher:

"The truth is, in spite of all their labours to please, they are generally the laughing stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; *the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule;* the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, seems to live in a state of warfare with all the family."*—"After all the fatigues of the day," he was in the habit of saying on other occasions, "the poor usher of an academy is obliged to sleep in the same bed with a Frenchman, a teacher of that language to the boys; who disturbs him every night, an hour, perhaps, in papering and filleting his hair, and stinks worse than a carrion, with his rancid pomatums, when he lays his head beside him on the bolster."

"Upon my arrival in town, sir," we are again told in the novel, "my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. 'Ay,' cried he, 'this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be under-turnkey in Newgate. *I was up early and late: I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within*, and never permitted to stir out, to receive civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?' 'No.' 'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?' 'Yes.' 'Then you will by no means do for a school.'"

His dependence now for a livelihood rested on such professional acquirements as circumstances had best enabled him to make. Application was therefore made to several apothecaries, for the situation of assistant, but the same obstacles that operated against him at the academy, prevented his reception here. Ultimately, a chemist, said to have been named Jacob, and residing at the corner of Monument or Bell Yard, on Fish-street hill, taking compassion on his destitute condition, and pleased with the degree of chemical science he displayed, admitted him into his establishment.† Here he remained only a few months. Hearing that Dr. Sleigh was in London, he called, to renew his acquaintance, and was received with every demonstration of regard—or, in the words put into his mouth by a gentleman who knew him for several years, he is said to have described their interview in the following manner: "But, notwithstanding it was Sunday, and, it is to be supposed, in my best clothes, Sleigh scarcely knew me—such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me, during his continuance in London."

At this time it appears he had not acquainted his friends in Ireland with his situation, a previous application to that quarter for pecuniary aid having failed; rather, from want of the means, as it would seem, than diminution of their regard. His distress before being engaged by the chemist was therefore no doubt extreme, and such as, with all his buoyancy of spirit, to have produced the most gloomy reflections. In a subsequent letter to Mr. Hodson, it will be seen, he states his diffi-

* St. James's Chronicle, April 12—14, 1774.

* "Historical Survey of the South of Ireland." 8vo. Lond. 1777, pp. 286—289

* Works, vol. i. Bee, No. VI. Essay on Education.

† The late Richard Sharp, Esq. remembered to have had the house pointed out to him, as he informed the writer, with an anecdote or two of the poet, which he had since forgotten.

culties in being "left without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence," and claims some merit for not having had recourse to the "friar's cord, or the suicide's halter." If he was ever reduced, in England, to mingle with the lowest description of society, it was probably at this time; for a late writer* asserts, on the authority, as he says, of the late Mr. George Langton, that Goldsmith, to the surprise of a circle of good company, once began a story in these words: "When I lived among the beggars of Axe Lane." In this there may be some mistake or exaggeration; the unguarded nature of the man may have let fall expressions implying acquaintance with the habits of such persons, but not probably in the exact terms here put into his mouth.

By the friendship of Dr. Sleigh and a few other acquaintance, found in London, he was enabled to establish himself as physician, in an humble way, in Bankside, Southwark. Humility of appearance is not very favourable to success in physic. His poorer neighbours indeed found him useful; but the rich, who could alone contribute to his support, usually expect some external display of wealth, as one of the evidences of successful practice, in the candidate for their confidence, because they rarely know any thing of his qualifications. His address likewise wanted that polish, while his honesty and candour despised that intrigue, which some of his brethren find convenient substitutes for talents. He had leisure, however, to turn his attention to literature, which formed, there is reason to believe, a more favourite pursuit; and it possessed this advantage over his profession, that the exertion of industry and talent were sure of procuring at least some return, while in the former they could *command* none. The assistance received from Sleigh, who, though kind, had little to spare, could not be considerable, and when he left London it necessarily ceased. Goldsmith was therefore thrown upon such resources as his ingenuity could supply.

It was about this period he became acquainted with Richardson, the celebrated novelist. How, it does not clearly appear; but Dr. Kippis, who knew him early, in London, mentioned having a vague impression on his mind, that Goldsmith, while in practice, had been professionally attentive to one of the men employed in Richardson's printing-office, who lived in his vicinity, and that this accidental occurrence led to further intercourse. Such an acquaintance, at once an admired author and an eminent printer, promised to be advantageous to a young writer, making his first start into literature, and the opportunity, we may believe, was not neglected. That he was ever received into the family of the lattter, on a footing of particular intimacy, is doubtful: the physician was then unknown and poor; the printer at the summit of reputation, and competently rich. And as there seems no reason to doubt that, in the intervals of professional employment, the former acted occasionally, in his establishment, as corrector of the press—a fact known also to Boswell, though he does not state to whom—we may believe that he shared the hospitality and society of his employer. It was likewise through this channel, and about this time, that he became known to Dr. Young, author of the "Night Thoughts;" an honour of which he was afterwards accustomed, and justly, to boast.

His connection with Richardson, which has been questioned, seems nevertheless to be confirmed, by an interview, nearly at the same time, with his Edinburgh friend, Dr. Farr, who related their meeting, in the following terms:

"From the time of Goldsmith's leaving Edinburgh, in the year 1754, I never saw him until the year 1756, when I was in London attending the hospitals and lectures. Early in January, he called upon me, one morning before I was up—and, on my entering the room, I recognised my old acquaintance, dressed in a rusty full-trimmed black suit, with his pockets full of papers, which instantly reminded me of the poet in Garrick's farce, of 'Lethe.' After we had finished our breakfast, he drew from his pocket a part of a tragedy, which he said he had brought for my correction. In vain I pleaded inability, when he began to read—and every part on which I expressed a doubt as to the propriety was immediately blotted out. I then more earnestly entreated him not to trust to my judgment, but to the opinion of persons better qualified to decide on dramatic compositions; on which he told me he had submitted his productions, so far as he had written, to Mr. Richardson, the author of 'Clarissa;' on which I peremptorily declined offering another criticism upon the performance.

"The name and subject of the tragedy have unfortunately escaped my memory; neither do I recollect with exactness how much he had written, though I am inclined to believe that he had not completed the third act. I never heard whether he afterwards finished it. In this visit, I remember his relating a strange Quixotic scheme he had in contemplation, of going to decipher the inscriptions on the *written mountains*, though he was altogether ignorant of Arabic, or the language in which they might be supposed to be written. The salary of three hundred pounds per annum, which had been left for the purpose, was the temptation."

No trace of this production remains, or seems to have been known to his literary friends. The probability therefore is, that being unsatisfactory to himself, or to such as he thought proper to consult, it was destroyed: but the anecdote is characteristic of the same docility to criticism he ever displayed. An author is almost necessarily self-willed. What costs him some labour to execute, he is naturally willing to preserve; and the art to blot, though a necessary, is often a painful operation. Neither can he be sure, unless the literary authority be high, that the judgment which simply corrects, is superior to that which conceives and constructs; and when a man of undoubted genius submits to it, we have proofs at least of praiseworthy modesty.

The anecdote is likewise worthy of notice, as furnishing another instance of the frequent practice of young poets, to start in the race for public applause with a tragedy; adventuring thus in their literary nonage, upon an effort which experience and the most cultivated powers only can hope to render worthy of general approbation. An opinion indeed has gone forth, and obtained extensive, almost universal assent, that it is easier for a young author to write a good tragedy than a good comedy. Yet, judging from previous examples, what is the fact? The most popular comedies on the English stage, those of Congreve, Farquhar, and Sheridan, were written when their authors were comparatively young men—while, on the other hand, there is scarcely an instance, perhaps, indeed, not one, of a tragedy written by an inexperienced writer, keeping possession of the stage, or even exciting any high degree of admiration, in the closet.

An acquaintance, from Ireland, already familiar to the reader, also recognised the poet in the metropolis, in the same year. "My father," writes the Rev. Thomas Beatty, Rector of Moira, in Ireland, in a communication on this subject, "met Goldsmith in London, during a visit to that capital, about the year 1756. He was dressed according to the fashion of the day, in a suit of green and gold, but old and tarnished; and his shirt and neckcloth appeared to have been worn at least a fortnight. He said he was practising physic, and doing very well."

A ludicrous story, told of him at this period, afterwards reached the ears of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who repeated it to one of their mutual friends, a lady, who, to the delight of one of her acquaintance, can still detail the anecdote, and through whom it is, with much more information, communicated to the reader. In conformity to the prevailing garb of the day for physicians, Goldsmith, unable probably to obtain a new, had procured a second-hand velvet coat; but, either from being deceived in the bargain, or by the subsequent accident, a considerable breach in the left breast was obliged to be repaired by the introduction of a new piece. This had not been so neatly done as not to be apparent to the close observation of his acquaintance, and such persons as he visited in the capacity of medical attendant: willing, therefore, to conceal what is considered too obvious a symptom of poverty, he was accustomed to place his hat over the patch, and retain it there carefully during the visit; but this constant position becoming noticed, and the cause being soon known, occasioned no little merriment at his expense.

While struggling for an existence, which we may well believe precarious, he found amusement in the society of such former fellow students in Edinburgh as accident threw in his way—some of whom, like himself, were seeking an establishment in London. Among others, was the son of Dr. John Milner, a dissenting minister, who kept a classical school of eminence, at Peckham, in Surrey. Satisfied of his fitness for the situation, and desirous of advancing the interests of his family, as well as of relieving, what he soon perceived to be, the destitute condition of his friend, this gentleman proposed to Goldsmith to officiate for a time in charge of the establishment of his father, then suffering under severe illness. The proposition was accepted. It ensured, until something better should offer, at least security from starvation; "for all his ambition," as he says on another occasion, "was now to live,"—while the circumstances under which it was offered, promised a considerate attention to his comforts and feelings, of which, on a previous occasion, he had found the want.

His removal thither, supposed by Bishop Percy to have taken place in 1758, really occurred toward the end of 1756, or the beginning of the following year. Miss Milner, daughter of his employer, asserted, so lately as the beginning of the present century, that he continued about three years in their house. This we know, from the evidence of his own letters, to be in part erroneous, excepting, we believe, what is not unlikely to have occurred, from the illness of Milner being of a fluctuated and protracted nature, that his residence was rather occasional than constant. She likewise said he came to them from Richardson, with whom he had some, she knew not what, connection, and of whom he spoke in terms of regard. By the verbal account of Mrs. Hodson to Mr. Handcock, the first letter of her brother to her relatives, after quitting the continent, was written from this school.

All that is distinctly remembered of him here may be comprised within a short detail. He was considered to be, according to Miss Milner, what he scoffingly alludes to in his writings as one of his own negative qualifications, *very good-natured;* played tricks somewhat familiar, and occasionally a little coarse, upon the servants and boys; told very entertaining stories; and found frequent amusement in his flute. With the scholars he was a favourite, being ever ready to indulge them in certain, not very expensive, indeed, schoolboy dainties, whenever his pecuniary means permitted; and he was not over strict in that discipline which, however necessary to observe, a man of amiable disposition occasionally feels reluctant to enforce. His benevolent feelings appeared always active; mendicants rarely quitted him without relief; and a tale of distress roused all his sympathies. His small supplies were thus exhausted, frequently before the stated salary became due, when Mrs. Milner would say to him, with a smile, upon application for an advance,—"You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me take care of your money, as I do for some of the young gentlemen." To which he would reply, in the same spirit of good humour, "In truth, madam, there is equal need."

One of the pupils, particularly noticed by him for possessing promising talents, and who ever after felt a strong regard for his tutor, was the late Samuel Bishop, Esq. of London, in whose family a few traditional notices of his peculiarities are still remembered. Always sociable, and ready to join in whatever was going forward, his good nature led him to mingle in the sports of the boys, and submit to their wit, or even to their reproof, for occasional want of dexterity. In such a rude community, however, familiarity has its disadvantages, by the opening it affords to youthful insubordination or impertinence—an instance of which is recorded. When amusing his younger companions during play hours with the flute, and expatiating on the pleasures derived from music, in addition to its advantages in society as a gentlemanlike acquirement, a pert boy, looking at his situation and personal disadvantages with something of contempt, rudely replied to the effect that *he* surely could not consider himself a gentleman; an offence which, though followed by instant chastisement, disconcerted and pained him extremely.

Of that simplicity or absence of mind so well known as one of his characteristics, Mr. Bishop mentioned an amusing instance when they met several years afterwards in the streets of London; for which and the preceding anecdote the writer is indebted to his son, the Rev. H. Bishop, chaplain to the Archbishop of Dublin.

"After an interval of some years, my father, while walking in London with my mother, to whom he was just married, met Goldsmith, and addressing him, an immediate recognition took place. The tutor was delighted to see his former pupil, and expressed great pleasure at the introduction to his wife. Still the associations in his mind of their former school connection

* Best's Personal Recollections, p. 76.

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were too strong to be overcome. 'Come, my boy,' said he, addressing my father by his Christian name, 'I am delighted to see you; I must treat you to something; what shall it be? will you have some apples?' and immediately turned to the display of fruit furnished by a basket woman who stood near.

"In the course of conversation, he mentioned his picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which had been recently engraved; and immediately added, 'Have you seen it, Sam? Have you got an engraving?' My father, not to appear negligent of the rising fame of his old preceptor, replied, that he had not yet procured it; he was just furnishing his house, but had fixed upon the spot the print was to occupy as soon as he was ready to receive it. 'Sam,' he said, with some emotion, 'if your picture had been published, I should not have suffered an hour to elapse without procuring it.' After some further conversation, the sense of this seeming neglect was appeased by apologies. He promised to visit the young couple as soon as they should be settled; but this promise, I believe, was never fulfilled."

At the table of Dr. Milner, he became acquainted with Mr. (afterwards Doctor) Griffiths, then a bookseller in Paternoster row, and projector and proprietor of the Monthly Review. Literary topics were, as may be supposed from Mr. Milner also being an occasional writer, frequently discussed, in which Goldsmith took part, and proved himself so well qualified to decide upon subjects of general literature, his previous tastes and pursuits being also known, that after a few specimens of criticism furnished from Peckham, he was engaged as a regular writer in the Review. The terms were, his board and lodging in the house of the bookseller, with an adequate salary; the engagement, which appears to have commenced in April, 1757, to continue for a year.

A shorter period sufficed for the inclinations of both; at the end of five months, it was dissolved by mutual consent; Goldsmith being tired of his employer or employment, and Griffiths of an inmate less industrious or submissive than probably he had been induced to expect. The drudgery of the occupation, not less irksome than that of the school, required in fact, with almost as much restraint upon his time, more unremitting labour of body and mind. Writing, though one of the most delightful of amusements, is the most laborious of trades. To sit down daily to furnish the stated number of pages for a periodical journal,—to work, whether disposed or not, whether suffering under a diseased body or jaded mind,—to rack invention and memory in order to furnish the expected amount of information to the reader, the customary supplies of wisdom and wit, of research, judgment, and taste—can be no easy or enviable employment. Between a methodical man like the bookseller, and a man without method like the critic, there was not likely to be much community of feeling. They therefore parted; but, however dissatisfied with each other, as was afterwards sufficiently obvious, not as it would seem in open hostility at the moment.

Goldsmith declared that he wrote daily from nine o'clock till two, and often, as he sometimes added, during the whole of the day; that he experienced little personal consideration at the hands of his employer, and few comforts from the arrangements of his wife; and that the latter, as well as the former, interfered with the articles written for the Review, in a manner that made the labour greater, or less agreeable; that desirous to impart more elegance to such as he wrote, their tastes or necessities required at his hands quantity more than quality; and that his employer wished to assume the patron or master more than he thought becoming, or would permit from one in all respects his inferior.

In the course of the enquiries necessary for this work, it became known to the writer that the least probable of these statements was nevertheless correct, namely, that the publisher and *his wife* both interfered in altering the articles written for the Review; the fact, it appears by the following extract of a letter, was previously known to others, avowed guardians of his fame.

"Having mentioned Griffiths," writes Dr. Campbell to Bishop Percy (June 30th, 1790), "I will confess to you that the circumstance of him and his wife (I mean their altering and interpolating Goldsmith's criticisms on books for the Review), puzzles me. It is one of the most valuable anecdotes before me, and my conscience bids me report it; but my fears whisper to me that all the Reviews will abuse me for so doing. But who's afraid?" The courage assumed in the last sentence was not exhibited; for neither he nor the bishop alluded to so curious an incident. Griffiths was then and long afterwards alive; and it furnishes a curious example of moral pusillanimity on the one hand, or the extent of literary tyranny on the other, that an important fact in the biography of a distinguished writer, tending to his vindication on a particular point, should be suppressed by a writer of his memoirs from the dread of offending Reviews.*

Griffiths, who by the account of one of his connections to the writer "was a man of strong, shrewd, good sense, but not of much refinement or cultivation," may have been unable to understand the sensitive feelings of his dependent, or have found some cause of complaint either in his want of diligence or of regular habits, neither of which necessarily impeached the rectitude of his general conduct. Where the exact portion of labour cannot be defined, there will frequently be misunderstanding between the employer and the employed; and the habits of men may border on irregularity without being morally wrong. Thus, Dr. Johnson, as we know, permitted peculiarities to grow upon him which occasioned inconvenience to those with whom he became an inmate; and Goldsmith may have given way to similar infirmities, scarcely conscious they formed cause of serious offence. Studious men, even of the highest order, occasionally make late hours the favourite period of relaxation; but in that class among whom he was now thrown, consisting chiefly of the secondary sort,—condemned too often to a life of shifts and expedients, and who diverge more widely from the rules of strict prudence the more uncertain their means of subsistence become,—he found little else. The temptation to join them w s therefore sometimes unavoidable. "You cannot," he says to his brother-in-law soon afterwards, "expect regularity in one who is regular in nothing. Nay, were I to love you by rule, I dare venture to say I could never do it sincerely. Take me then with all my faults."

His connection with the Review being known to various friends, an opinion prevailed among them, on hearing him complain of the unfavourable spirit evinced towards his writings at a subsequent time in that work, that he had been formerly its editor or chief conductor. This was also stated after his death, but denied in that journal. The contradiction appears in noticing a short memoir of him published on that occasion, while his general services as a coadjutor in criticism are admitted:—"Whether the doctor's biographer and warm panegyrist, who professes to write from personal knowledge, is right or wrong in his account of our poet's adventures in his travels abroad, we know not; but we are authorised to say that he is much mistaken in his assertion, that Dr. Goldsmith was once employed to *superintend* the Monthly Review. The doctor had his merit as a man of letters; but, alas! those that knew him must smile at the idea of such a superintendent of a concern which most obviously required some degree of prudence, as well as a competent acquaintance with the world. It is, however true, that he had for a while a seat at our board; and that, so far as his knowledge of books extended, he was not an unuseful assistant."*

The articles which came from his pen in that work, and the precise period when they were furnished, have been hitherto unknown; neither he nor Griffiths being very communicative on the subject in conversation. But the latter has left this information on record behind him: his own copy of the work, now in the possession of a gentleman with the largest and rarest private collection in the kingdom, contains the necessary references; and by the intervention of a friend,† to whom literature and antiquities are under various obligations, the writer is indebted for the opportunity of making known what is a fair object of literary curiosity.

To each article in the Review its proprietor, in the copy kept for private use, affixed the initial letter of the name of the contributor; and where two began with the same, one or more other letters, so as to guide those acquainted with the literary history of the day to a pretty accurate conclusion. The list of his coadjutors, in 1757, is not deficient in weight or talent. Thus, R—— was Dr. Rose, of Chiswick (connected with Griffiths by their marrying sisters), who chiefly took the theological department; R——d, Owen Ruffhead, that on law and constitutional history; Ra——, Ralph, the well known political writer; Sh——, Dr. Gregory Sharpe; La——, probably Langhorne, the poet; K——s, K—pp—s, and perhaps K. (for Griffiths is not regular in the letters used,) Dr. Kippis; Cl——d, probably Cleaveland, Ok——, Okey; G——r, Grainger, the poet; beside others with the letters L.; W.; B.; B——t; G.; D.; less certainly ascertained. Kenrick immediately succeeded to Goldsmith's place in the Review. His articles, noted K—n—k, are very numerous.

There are three writers whose names begin with the letter G. Where standing singly, it is believed to designate the contributions of Griffiths himself, consisting chiefly of extracts from books of general knowledge, with little attempt at original remarks, to which even if not young in the business of reviewing, his business necessarily precluded much attention. These articles are long, the subjects easy; and at a time when the Review was not very profitable, we may believe he was not disposed to pay another for doing what filled up so much space with so little labour to himself, or, as we are told, to his wife.‡ The contributions of Grainger are marked G——r, or Gr——r. Those of Goldsmith vary more in the letters employed, from being written at different times, as the hurry or whim of the moment dictated, without uniformly referring to the previous marks affixed to each. Thus we have Gold——, Golds——h, G——s——th, G——sm——, G——ds——, G——th, Go——th, Go——h; and the correctness of these notations are sufficiently verified by internal evidence.

The first article to which his name is annexed appears in April, 1757, among the short notices of small and temporary publications of the Monthly Catalogue, in characterising a political squib, "The Rival Politicians; or the Fox Triumphant: a fable betwixt a Lion, a Wolf, and a Fox." The criticism, if not very elegant or witty, is at least short, and may be quoted as an instance of homely beginning in this department of literature: the letters appended to it by Griffiths are "Gold——." "Were this piece strung up against a dead wall, it might catch the passing 'prentice hugely; but then we would advise a title somewhat better adapted to its merits, as well as its situation; as thus,—'The Triumphant Fox's Garland; plainly declaring how the wolf was most falsely flayed alive before his own face,'" &c. &c.

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* In the skirmishing that occurred between the rival Reviews for some years after the establishment of the Critical Review, allusions occur to this fact:—"The Critical Review is not written by a parcel of obscure hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles occasionally." "The principal writers in the Critical Review are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other." Griffiths is repeatedly called "an illiterate bookseller." (Crit. Rev. Feb. 1759.) In the following month, in the article on Rowe's Fluxions, there is another reference, either meant for Griffiths or his wife, to "a certain antiquated female critic of the Monthly Review."

* Monthly Review, August, 1774.—Notice of the Life of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.

† Thomas Amyot, Esq., Treasurer of the Antiquarian Society, F. R. S. The possessor of the work was the late Mr. Heber, whose liberality in opening all his literary stores to such as were in want of them, must be remembered with honour.

‡ As a specimen, see the notice of "Smith's History of the county of Kerry," December, 1757.

A more important paper of his in the same month is an analysis of "Remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes," by Professor Mallet, of Copenhagen; a subject in which Goldsmith took considerable interest from what he had heard or remembered of Celtic stories and superstitions in Ireland, and on which he is believed to have written essays at a subsequent time in other periodical publications. It formed the third of a series lately commenced in the Review, "The Foreign Article;" and is plainly designated by the word Golds——h. A preliminary printed note, however, introduces it thus: —"The following paper was sent us by the gentleman who signs D., and who we hope will excuse our striking out a few paragraphs for the sake of brevity." On referring to the previous foreign articles signed as here stated, they are marked G——r, meaning Grainger. A discrepancy, therefore, exists between the private mark of the proprietor and the printed memorandum, in which the former no doubt is correct; the latter an error of the person who superintended the press, and who was unacquainted with the new contributor.

In May we have his reviews of "Douglas, a Tragedy," which is characterised in the same terms always used, as "not rising above mediocrity," and "The Connoisseur," which is praised; also two in the foreign article, —"Specimens of such plants as are most curious in Piedmont;" and "Literary News," dated from Padua; so that his time in Italy, judging from these specimens of remark and information, was not unemployed. These are succeeded by ne less than twenty-three notices of minor works in the Monthly Catalogue, all bearing his name; and this busy month concludes with a review of Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,—a clever analysis, occupying eight pages, and showing the critic to be a dexterous and ready workman. Whether he knew the author personally at this time is doubtful; that he may have been informed of his name, and remembered him as a college cotemporary, is probable. The remarks are couched in a spirit of courtesy, and probably of real admiration, though not of indiscriminate assent to his positions; while the conclusion offers something like an apology for differing in opinion with so tasteful and pleasing a writer. This amicable meeting as reviewer and reviewed, may have been the precursor of their personal friendship. Burke, as was said afterwards, repaid the obligation in kind.

The June number supplies notices of "Smith's History of New York,"—"The Military Operations in North America,"—"Saxe's Memoirs on the Art of War," —"Smollett's History of England," in which he regrets the want of "manly and sensible observations, which the writer was so well able to give," but praises his style as "clear, nervous, and flowing,"—and the "Foreign Article." Nine of his notices appear in the monthly catalogue; others which have no letters affixed may own the same origin. The account of "Keysler's Travels," in the appendix to the half yearly volume, comes likewise from his pen.

In July appear "Layard on the Contagion among the Cattle,—"Translation of Cardinal de Polignac's Anti-Lucretius,"—"Hanway's Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames." Most readers of literary history remember how sharply Dr. Johnson animadverted on this work, especially on the traveller's injudicious and singular hostility to the use of tea; the sneering tone of which criticism in the second part was never forgiven by that otherwise amiable man, though even then he was known to be wrong and Johnson right. Similar belief—and the coincidence may be noticed—is expressed by Goldsmith, in the harmless effects of that temperate beverage; and as he did not then know Johnson, he is not to be considered as influenced by his decision. The criticism concludes with the following just and sensible remarks:—"Yet after all, why so violent an outcry against this devoted article of modern luxury? Every nation that is rich hath had, and will have, its favourite luxuries. Abridge the people in one, they generally run into another; and the reader may judge which will be most conducive to either mental or bodily health,—the watery beverage of a modern fine lady; or the strong beer, and stronger waters, of her great-grandmother." In the monthly catalogue four of his notices are marked; "Memoirs of Madame Maintenon,"—"The Mother-in-law, or Innocent Sufferer,"—"The Fair Citizen,"—"Buchanan's New English Dictionary."

In August, his contributions were, on "Rabener's Satirical Letters,"—"Letters from an Armenian in Ireland to his Friends at Trebisond,"—Letter (his own), of eleven pages, to the authors of the Monthly Review on "Voltaire's Universal History,"—"The Contest in America between Great Britain and France."

September contains only two papers—on the "Epigoniad" of Wilkie, and "Odes of Gray." In the former, only two introductory pages of criticism are noted as his; the remainder, consisting chiefly of quotations, remarks on defective verses, repetitions of the same rhyme, and other faults of the poem, has simply the letter G. affixed, implying, as there seems no doubt, that they were the work of Griffiths himself.

Here, for the present, his labours in the service of that journal ceased. He could not, however, desert literature, although, as we shall see, displeased with criticism; and we find him, by a letter written to Mr. Hodson about two months afterwards, conjoining his two professions for a livelihood. "By a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live." Poet was then frequently used as the generic name for author; and his pieces were probably of that miscellaneous nature which, produced on an emergency for periodical works, seldom survive the occasion: it is certain he did not himself think fit to bring into renewed existence what at this period came from his pen. Still, as he wrote much, we are anxious to trace on what topics he was occupied; and would rather be permitted to judge of their merits for ourselves whether we can afford to lose any thing of such a writer. Dr. Kippis, who wrote in the Review and knew him, was impressed by some faint recollection of his having made translations from the French; among others, of a tale of Voltaire; but the name and date were forgotten. He was, however, gradually making his way, laying the foundation of his fame, and acquiring the rapidity necessary to an author by profession, in aid of that elegance, that "grace beyond the reach of art," bestowed only by nature upon her favourites, and in itself no indifferent evidence of genius.

There are reasons for believing that one of the original pieces from his pen at this time was an enlargement of the paper on the merits of the English poets, said to have been first drawn up in Ireland at the desire of Mr. Contarine. It is called a "Poetical Scale;" and is an estimate, arranged in columns, with a variety of remarks subjoined, on the relative ranks held by the greater English poets in the requisites of genius, judgment, learning, and versification. The point of perfection in each is supposed to be twenty degrees, of which nineteen only have been attained by any of our writers. Thus Shakspeare is estimated to be, as in genius 19, judgment 14, learning 14, versification 19; Milton, in genius 18, judgment 16, learning 17, versification 18; Dryden, in genius 18, judgment 16, learning 17, versification 18; Pope, in genius 18, judgment 18, learning 15, versification 18: an arrangement of their respective powers obviously fanciful and imperfect, but conveying sufficiently the opinions of the writer. The idea is of older date.

This paper appeared in January, 1758, in the Literary Magazine; a publication commenced by Mr. John Newbery, in May, 1756, and which Dr. Johnson superintended or contributed to for fifteen months, discontinuing his assistance about September, 1757, nearly at the same moment that Goldsmith quitted the Review. The spirit of the article, and the severity of the remarks made upon Milton in comparing him with Shakspeare,* led a writer some years afterwards, who knew of his participation in that work, to attribute them to Dr. Johnson. "Mr. Nichols," says Mr. Murphy, whose attachment to his illustrious friend was unwearied, "showed him, in 1780, a book called 'Remarks on Johnson's Life of Milton,' in which the affair of Lawder was renewed with virulence; and a poetical scale in the Literary Magazine, 1758, (when Johnson had ceased to write in that collection) was urged as an additional proof of deliberate malice. He read the libellous passage with attention, and instantly wrote on the margin—'In the business of Lawder I was deceived; partly by thinking the man too frantic to be fraudulent. Of the *poetical scale* quoted from the Magazine I am not the author. I fancy it was put in after I had quitted that work; for I not only did not write it, but I do not remember it.'"*

As a matter of literary curiosity it may not be uninteresting to state the reasons why this paper is attributed to Goldsmith, although no certain evidence of the matter is known to exist or is likely now to be obtained.

These are, the use of a scale in reference to the merits of authors on another occasion, as in the preface to the Citizen of the World; similarity of opinion on the merits of our poets with those expressed in his avowed writings; the high standard of poetry assumed in both; the same opinion, incidentally introduced, of the merits of the disputants in the contest between Bentley and Boyle; the same account here as in his edition of Parnell of the origin of two of that poet's pieces; similar political opinions with Dr. Johnson, thence influencing his supposed opinion of Milton; the same preference here of Farquhar over Congreve, Vanbrugh, and others, as always maintained by him in conversation and in writing. To these may be added the common evidence of style; the use as in all his essays, of the first person; the fact of his being then unacquainted with Johnson, who as having had connection with the Magazine, though not then engaged in it, might have known the writer, through the proprietor; the probability of its being his first introduction to Newbery, by whom he was afterwards so much employed; the general recollection of Mrs. Lawder that he had early drawn up some such essay; and the belief that he contributed more than one paper to this Magazine. Thus in February, 1758, commences a paper, with traces of his manner, though not decisive in their nature, on the English language, which are continued till May; from the latter is taken the article on the "Augustan Age in England," printed in the Bee; and in the same month is another paper of his, also printed in the Bee, "On the Pride and Luxury of the Middling Class of People." The poetical scale and the sequel were afterwards republished in the Ladies' Magazine, when he was connected with it.

His residence being at this time in the vicinity of Salisbury square, Fleet street, the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, near Temple Bar, became a place of frequent resort. Like Johnson, he was fond of a coffee-house and a club; for, to men without domestic ties, these are substitutes for society. But this house likewise formed a kind of professional place of call, the custom not having then passed away of physicians resorting to particular coffee-houses, where, at certain hours of the day, they were to be sought and found, rather than at their own residences, when required to visit patients. Here the news of the day, of the profession, and of literature, but more particularly the business of the theatre, which then occupied in public opinion the place now given to the house of commons, were freely discussed; the behaviour of the manager, the ability of actors, and the merits of new pieces, decided upon with something like an authority from which there was no appeal; for physicians and lawyers (the unemployed part, no doubt), with the idlers of every description to be found in a great metropolis, formed at this time the most authoritative body of critics. Here, likewise, when unwilling to make known very humble lodgings, he, in common with others, wrote letters and received them,—one of the common resources of genteel poverty; here he relaxed from the drudgery of writing into social intercourse, found others as willing to enjoy the passing moment as himself, and formed or renewed intimacies with his literary brethren.

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* "The faults of Shakspeare were those of genius, those of Milton of the man of genius. The former arises from imagination getting the better of judgment; the latter from habit getting the better of imagination. Shakspeare's faults were those of a great poet; those of Milton of a little pedant. When Shakspeare is execrable, he is so exquisitely so that he is as inimitable in his blemishes as in his beauties. The puns of Milton betray a narrowness of education and a degeneracy of habit. His theological quibbles and perplexed speculations are daily equaled and excelled by the most abject enthusiasts; and if we consider him as a prose writer, he has neither the learning of a scholar nor the manners of a gentleman. There is no force in his reasoning, no elegance in his style, and no taste in his composition. We are therefore to consider him in one fixed point of light,—that of a great poet, with a laudable envy of rivaling and excelling all who attempted sublimity of sentiment and description."—*Literary Mag.* Jan. 1758.

* "Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson," p. 50; prefixed to his works, 12 vols. 12mo. Lond. 1806.

CHAPTER VII.

Visit of his brother to London—Letter to Mr. Hodson—Memoirs of a protestant—Grand magazine—Letters to Mr. Mills, to Mr. Bryanton, and to Mrs. Jane Lawder—Appointment to India—Letter to Mr. Hodson—Attempts to pass Surgeons' Hall.

Having inadvertently mentioned in a letter to Mrs. Lawder, in Ireland, his acquaintance with several names eminent in literature, he was surprised shortly after by the arrival thence of his brother Charles. No previous intimation of the design preceded this visit,—the object of which was, with the characteristic simplicity of a country youth, to be provided for by some of his brother's influential friends; for although at the age of twenty-one, he possessed neither provision nor profession to enable him to obtain it.

The error as to his brother's power of serving him was soon apparent. However eminent might be his friends, the honour of their acquaintance by no means implied the freedom of drawing upon their persons or their patronage, had they such to bestow; while Oliver, pressed by the difficulty of providing for his own wants, found no little embarrassment in the demands of another. When Charles expressed disappointment, as he told Mr. Bindley many years afterwards at not finding his brother in better circumstances, the latter gaily replied, "All in good time, my dear boy; I shall be richer by and by. Besides, you see I am not in positive want. Addison, let me tell you, wrote his poem of the Campaign in a garret in the Haymarket, three stories high; and you see I am not come to that yet, for I have only got to the *second* story."

The stay in London of Charles was not therefore protracted; and as he came without previous communication with his brother, he quitted it in nearly a similar manner. Tinctured with an equal spirit of adventure, dispirited by ill success, loth to return to Ireland no better than he quitted it, and determined to try his fortune in some way, he is said to have embarked in a humble capacity for Jamaica. Here, and in others of the islands, he continued, by his own account, for above thirty years without communicating with his family, who consequently believed him dead. Thus Oliver writes to his brother Maurice, in January, 1770:—"You talked of being my only brother; I don't understand you—where is Charles?" There is reason, however, to believe that he visited Ireland previous to the voyage, otherwise it would seem incredible how the poet could be so long unacquainted with his destination, or supposed death. He did not revisit England till 1791, some of the particulars of which bear an air of romance; they belong, however, to a future page.

The presence of Charles in London and the nature of his own pursuits there are alluded to in the following letter of Oliver to his brother-in-law, which breathes great affection for his friends, a strong attachment to the scenes of his youth, and, with some sharp strictures on his country, no inconsiderable regard for it. It was written soon after quitting the Review. In the opening passage there is some obscurity. He talks of four years having elapsed since his last letters went to Ireland; this can apply only to such as were addressed to Mr. Hodson, which was correct; but he had written from the continent to his brother Henry, to Mr. Contarine, to Mrs. Lawder, and, it is believed, to Mr. Mills, of Roscommon.

"To Daniel Hodson, Esq., at Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.

"Dear sir,—It may be four years since my last letters went to Ireland,—to you in particular. I received no answer; probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at in soliciting a subscription to assist me, not only among my friends and relatives, but acquaintance in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance at being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can suffer no diminution. How much am I obliged to you, to them, for such generosity, or (why should not your virtues have a proper name?) for such charity to me at that juncture. Sure I am born to ill fortune, to be so much a debtor and unable to repay. But to say no more of this: too many professions of gratitude are often considered as indirect petitions for future favours. Let me only add, that my not receiving that supply was the cause of my present establishment at London. You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence; and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many, in such circumstances, would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other.

"I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the muses than poverty; but it were well if they only left us at the door. The mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company to the entertainment; and want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies.

"Thus, upon learning I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends. But whether I eat or starve, live in a first floor or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du pais*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place who never, when in it, received above common civility; who never brought any thing out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotsman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary.

"But now to be serious,—let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one, perhaps? No. There are good company in Ireland? No. The conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toast or a bawdy song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly enough to earn his dinner. Then perhaps there's more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh, lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen mare there, one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the time of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all.* Why the plague, then, so fond of Ireland? Then all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few more who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's 'Last Good Night,' from Peggy Golden. If I climb Hampstead-hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in—to me—the most pleasing horizon in nature.

"Before Charles came hither, my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severer studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you and she, (Mrs. Hodson,) and Lishoy and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex; though, upon second thoughts, this might be attended with a few inconveniences. Therefore, as the mountain will not come to Mahomed, why, Mahomed shall go to the mountain; or, to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland. But first, believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure nor levy contributions,—neither to excite envy nor solicit favour; in fact, my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance.

"You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself; but attribute my vanity to my affection: as every man is fond of himself, and I consider you as a second self, I imagine you will consequently be pleased with these instances of egotism. * * * My dear sir, these things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them. But at present there is hardly a kingdom in Europe in which I am not a debtor. I have already discharged my most threatening and pressing demands, for we must be just before we can be grateful. For the rest, I need not say (you know I am)

"Your affectionate kinsman,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Temple Exchange Coffee-house,
near Temple Bar
(where you may direct an answer,)
December 27, 1757."

At this period he was occupied on a translation of some length from the French, bearing the following very ample and descriptive title-page; it came out toward the end of February, 1758:—

"The Memoirs of a Protestant, condemned to the Galleys of France for his Religion. Written by himself. Comprehending an account of the various distresses he suffered in slavery, and his constancy in supporting almost every cruelty that bigoted zeal could inflict, or human nature sustain; also a description of the galleys, and the service in which they are employed. The whole interspersed with anecdotes relative to the general history of the times for a period of thirteen years, during which the author continued in slavery, till he was at last set free at the intercession of the court of Great Britain. In two volumes. Translated from the original, just published at the Hague, by James Willington."

Griffiths, who had a proprietary interest in the work, and whose name appears in the title-page as one of the publishers, acknowledged it to be by Goldsmith; the copyright, however, as Isaac Reed ascertained, was sold by him to C. Dilly, the bookseller in the Poultry, for twenty guineas. Boswell, who was afterwards much connected with the Dillys, alludes probably to this among other pieces of the poet which he had through that channel the opportunity of tracing, in a letter to Bishop Percy, of March 12, 1790, when the project alluded to seemed advancing to completion. "Pray, how does your edition of Goldsmith go on? I am in the way of getting at many additional works of his, which I shall communicate to your lordship."

The original in French, forming an octavo volume of nearly six hundred pages, now rendered into English in two duodecimos, was noticed in the Monthly Review of the preceding year; the version is executed with vigour, owing much no doubt to the taste and skill of the translator, who, whatever be his correctness of interpretation, exhibits his usual ease and perspicuity of style. Griffiths, in an article in the Review, bearing his own signature, whence we may infer there was then no serious disagreement, speaks of him as "the ingenious translator,

* We must not be displeased with Goldsmith for a sketch so remarkably corroborated by that of another of our able and intelligent countrymen, Lord Orrery. The coincidence is curious, being written not long before, though not published till long afterwards, and could only arise from the representation being correct. It is useless to complain of this, irritable and sensitive as the national temperament is to reproof; the knowledge of our faults is a necessary step towards their correction; and it should never be forgotten, that, where letters are not cultivated with something like warmth by the gentry, the lower orders must be proportionally low in the scale of intelligence, to which no doubt many of their excesses and irregularities in Ireland are owing. Lord Orrery writes, May, 1747, from his seat at Caledon:—

"I have lately passed a fortnight in Dublin. All my leisure time was employed in the booksellers' shops, and particularly in search of such books as you have mentioned to me. Many of them are not to be found on our Hibernian coast. When St. Patrick banished poisonous animals, the saint in his fury probably cursed books into the bargain. He certainly wished ignorance might succeed him; and I am sorry to tell you that scarce a gentleman in Ireland (although he be a better protestant than ever St. Patrick dreaded) goes further in literature than *Urban's* English Magazine, or Faulkner's Irish Journal."

who really deserves this name on account of the spirit of the performance, though we have little to say in praise of his accuracy;" terms nearly similar to those used in the same journal in characterising his translations after his death. Why the name of Willington was affixed to the book rather than his own, does not appear; but it must be remembered that many of our writers at that time were much more shy of committing their names to the public, however well known in private, than at present; and always impressed, as he appears to have been, with the belief of taking a high station in letters, he was probably unwilling that his name should appear attached to an inferior work, until he had shown ability to do something better. A name, however, being deemed necessary, that of a college acquaintance, who is supposed to have been then in London pursuing the same precarious profession of letters, was used with his consent.

The tale which it narrates is sufficiently distressful; all the tyranny that barbarous bigotry could inflict seems to have been used by the agents of Louis XIV. on the revocation of the edict of Nantes; and from what we know from other quarters, there is no reason to believe the details given here exaggerated. Fortunately, Christianity itself is not necessarily answerable for the atrocities of its professors. Catholicism, in her scorching zeal for exclusive tenets, has incurred debts to humanity which she never can repay; but one of the modes by which these are in part requited, is the condemnation passed upon her misdeeds by even the more enlightened of her own creed, and the terror inspired by the least prospect of her recovery of power in all who profess another.

The preface to this work, like so many of his fugitive pieces, has been hitherto inedited; it is written with care, has all his manner, is rarely to be met with, and therefore will find place in the present edition of his works.

"Perhaps," he says, in allusion to the prevailing passion for novel reading, and the truth of the narrative, "what he thinks its excellences may be considered as defects,—what he hopes may give it popularity will contribute to assign it to neglect. Thus, for instance, it cannot be recommended as a grateful entertainment to the numerous readers of reigning romance, as it is strictly true. No events are here to astonish; no unexpected incidents to surprise; no such high-finished pictures as captivate the imagination, and have made fiction fashionable. Our reader must be content with the simple exhibition of truth, and, consequently, of nature; he must be satisfied to see vice triumphant, and virtue in distress; to see men punished or rewarded, not as his wishes but as Providence has thought proper to direct; for all here wears the face of sincerity."

Diligent search in the periodical works of this year for such occasional pieces as may have come from his pen, has not been attended with material success. That he was not idle we are assured, although not possessed of sufficient paternal partiality to own or reclaim his offspring; and seems rather, as will be seen in one of his letters, to be amused at the perplexity to which this omission may give rise among future biographers. But there is one journal which, from being established at this period, published by Griffiths, and aided by the papers of three of his acquaintance, may likewise have been assisted by his contributions,

This was "The Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence and Monthly Chronicle of our Own Times," projected toward the end of 1757, by a few printers and booksellers, and commenced the first month of the following year. Who the editor was, does not appear. Griffith signs the dedication, which, like various similar publications of this period, is to the popular idol, Mr. Pitt. Owen Ruffhead, although writing at the same period largely in the Review, took a considerable share in the prose department;* Grainger and Percy, as will appear by the subjoined passages from the correspondence of the former,† furnished pieces of poetry, and possibly of prose. No positive testimony has been traced of Goldsmith being engaged in this work; although the coincidences noticed, and the tenour and style of some of the papers, render it probable. Nothing in consequence is derived from this source for his works. The papers which bear the strongest resemblance to his manner, and some of his sentiments, and not being *political*, did not probably come from Ruffhead, are the Preface to the first volume,—On the Character of the Present Age,—On Happiness,—The Necessity of a Learned Education for Men of Fortune,—On the Complexion of the Times,—On the Abuse of Words,—On Asylums and Reformatories,—On the Unequal Temper of the English,—On the Station of Kings,—Distinctions between Pride and Vanity. It may favour the idea of his being connected with this Magazine, that two long extracts from "Memoirs of a Protestant," evidently with the view of attracting more than usual public attention to the translation, are given in the March and April numbers.

It may have been about the period of this publication coming out, or immediately previous, that, finding more certain and permanent provision for the wants of life necessary, he was induced to resume the superintendence of Dr. Milner's school, on the promise of that gentleman to use his interest in procuring him a medical appointment in India. The precise time of his return to Peckham, if indeed we are to believe Miss Milner's account of his protracted or occasional residence there correct, is uncertain; nor was his stay there long. About the middle of the summer, we find him again dependent on his literary labours in London. He had yet acquired no name, and felt that a work of some research or permanent interest, if literature should continue to constitute his chief pursuit, was necessary to secure the station at which he aimed, and to render even his fugitive pieces more productive in the literary market. In such intervals as were not devoted to the supply of immediate demands, he at this time projected and partly executed a work for which his journey on the continent and acquaintance with its authors, acquired in part during his career as reviewer, furnished a portion of materials,—"An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." He worked upon it with diligence; brought to the subject all the information he possessed; and, with the view of disappointing the cupidity of the Dublin booksellers, who, by reprinting works of merit published in London, deprived authors of the fair reward of their labours accruing from the sale in Ireland, he wrote to his friends there, soliciting their aid in procuring subscriptions, for which the requisite number of volumes should be transmitted thither.

One of his letters on this occasion, addressed to his relative and former college companion, Mr. Mills, of Roscommon, affords a finished specimen of mingled delicacy of solicitation, and skill in composition. Trifling as was the favour asked, it appears by a subsequent letter neither to have been granted, nor his application even answered; this may explain why little, if indeed any, communication took place with that gentleman afterward; who, however, could admire and venerate when raised to fame, him whom unknown and in poverty he had declined to aid.

"To Edward Mills, Esq., near Roscommon, Ireland.

"Dear Sir,—You have quitted, I find, that plan of life which you once intended to pursue,* and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. Were I to consult your satisfaction alone in this change, I have the utmost reason to congratulate your choice; but when I consider my own, I cannot avoid feeling some regret that one of my few friends has declined a pursuit in which he had every reason to expect success. The truth is, like the rest of the world, I am self-interested in my concern; and do not so much consider the happiness you have acquired as the honour I have probably lost in the change. I have often let my fancy loose when you were the subject, and have imagined you gracing the bench, or thundering at the bar; while I have taken no small pride to myself, and whispered all that I could come near that this was my cousin. Instead of this, it seems you are merely contented to be a happy man,—to be esteemed only by your acquaintance,—to cultivate your paternal acres, to take unmolested a nap under one of your own hawthorns, or in Mrs. Mills's bedchamber, which, even a poet must confess, is rather the more comfortable place of the two.

"But however your resolutions may be altered with respect to your situation in life, I persuade myself they are unalterable with regard to your friends in it. I cannot think the world has taken such entire possession of that heart (once so susceptible of friendship,) as not to have left a corner there for a friend or two; but I flatter myself that even I have my place among the number. This I have a claim to from the similitude of our dispositions; or, setting that aside, I can demand it as a right by the most equitable law in nature—I mean that of retaliation; for, indeed, you have more than your share in mine.

"I am a man of few professions; and yet this very instant I cannot avoid the painful apprehension that my present professions (which speak not half my feelings) should be considered only as a pretext to cover a request, as I have a request to make. No, my dear Ned, I know you are too generous to think so; and you know me (to be) too proud to stoop to unnecessary insincerity. I have a request, it is true, to make; but as I know to whom I am a petitioner, I make it without diffidence or confusion. It is in short this: I am going to publish a book in London, entitled 'An Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe.' Every work published here the printers in Ireland republish there, without giving the author the least consideration for his copy. I would in this respect disappoint their avarice, and have all the additional advantages that may result from the sale of my performance there to myself.

"The book is now printing in London; and I have requested Dr. Radcliff, Mr. Lawder, Mr. Bryanton, my brother, Mr. Henry Goldsmith, and brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson, to circulate my proposals among their acquaintance. The same request I now make to you, and have accordingly given directions to Mr. Bradley, bookseller, in Dame street, Dublin, to send you a hundred propo-

* In the fly-leaf of Isaac Reed's copy of this Magazine is the following memorandum:—"The dissertation on the Constitution of England, and most of the political original essays in these Magazines, were the production of Owen Ruffhead, Esq., as his friend Mr. Fountain informed me this 25th March, 1775.—J. Reed."

† To the Reverend Mr. Percy, Grainger writes, toward the end of 1757,—"Mr. Strahan (a particular friend of mine), and some others, are at present upon an extensive plan of a monthly chronicle; and as they have often heard me praise your poetic talents, they desire me to engage you to furnish them with poetry. They are determined to publish nothing in that way but what is good; and therefore they are very urgent with me for your Scotish song. Shall I let them have it? It can do you no harm; or rather it will do you honour, when its author is named. I shall now and then send them a little supply; and if you will also, at your leisure, let them have some fresh wholesome country fare, they will not be niggardly to us in their acknowledgments." Again, he communicates to the same friend in February, 1768, "The Latin poem you sent me

'Is all with Venus' cestus bound.'

Pray who is the author of it? Am I to congratulate you on this happy effort of genius? It goes into the Grand (Magazine) this month, where you will again find your friend (Grainger himself) making fine speeches to a water nymph, and hymning the praises of cheerfulness. The proprietors are determined to admit nothing but what is new and seems to be beautiful. Do let us have something of yours for next month. You and I, methinks, may supply them with poetry for one half year at least." In April of the same year he says, "Have you seen the March Magazine? The two sonnets are there inserted, as the 'Hint to Poets' will be in the next month. The Elegy and Dialogue are mine."

From this correspondence, it appears that Grainger contributed to the Magazine three elegies in the January number; Hymn to Cheerfulness; To the Nymph of P * * * (Pitkelly) Waters, in February; Elegy and Dialogue in that of March; and Ode to Contentment in that of June. About the same period he translated Leander to Hero, and Hero to Leander, for Mr. Percy's version of Ovid's Epistles. Percy's contributions positively known are, the Latin Poem in the February Magazine, beginning

"Effluxit quondam blandum meditata laborem,"

and two sonnets signed G. in that of April. The Scotish song alluded to was probably the celebrated one, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" It did not, however, appear in the Magazine.

* He had been intended for the bar.

sals. Whatever subscriptions pursuant to those proposals you may receive, when collected, may be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the money, and be accountable for the books. I shall not, by a paltry apology, excuse myself for putting you to this trouble. Were I not convinced that you found more pleasure in doing good-natured things than uneasiness in being employed in them, I should not have singled you out on this occasion. It is probable you would comply with such a request, if it tended to the encouragement of any man of learning whatsoever; what, then, may not he expect who has claims of family and friendship to enforce his?

"I am, dear sir,
"Your sincere friend, and humble servant,
"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

"London, Temple Exchange Coffee-house,
August 7, 1758."

We have another letter in a very different strain, written the succeeding week, to his friend Bryanton, whom he had formerly addressed from Edinburgh. It is an effort of gaiety, to throw off a weight that presses too heavily on his situation and prospects, to be easily displaced. We are amused by his humour, yet cannot but feel for a man of genius in the condition to which he shortly, indeed, but forcibly confesses himself reduced,—"in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score." His spirits, however, seem never to have been long depressed. A constitutional, perhaps national, buoyancy of spirits or humour raised him above the gloom that at times threatened to prove overwhelming; and a consciousness, never wholly extinguished, of the possession of powers that would one day enable him to emerge from obscurity, inspired hope, in the most unpromising situations.

Of this nature are a few of the following playful anticipations of future fame, jocularly thrown out, indeed, but not less certainly entertained. Nor is the sally relative to the difficulties of future biographers and commentators, in tracing his earlier writings, less amusing than it was prophetic: the fact, sometimes vexatiously enough, as must be confessed, has been literally verified.

To the Rev. Dr. Handcock, of Dublin, the writer and the public are indebted for this interesting letter, transcribed from the original, in his possession, addressed to his father-in-law. It is necessary to state, that portions of the paper being worn away by time, a few sentences now imperfect, are attempted to be supplied from the context, and, it is hoped, with a near approach to accuracy. The passages thus introduced are inclosed within brackets.

"*To Robert Bryanton, Esq., at Ballymahon, Ireland.*

"Dear sir,—I have heard it remark'd,* I believe by yourself, that they who are drunk, or out of their wits, fancy every body else in the same condition. Mine is a friendship that neither distance nor time can efface, which is probably the reason that, for the soul of me, I can't avoid thinking yours of the same complexion; and yet I have many reasons for being of a contrary opinion, else why, in so long an absence, was I never made a partner in your concerns? To hear of your successes would have given me the utmost pleasure; and a communication of your very disappointments would divide the uneasiness I too frequently feel for my own. Indeed, my dear Bob, you don't conceive how unkindly you have treated one whose circumstances afford him few prospects of pleasure, except those reflected from the happiness of his friends. However, since you have not let me hear from you, I have in some measure disappointed your neglect, by frequently thinking of you. Every day do I remember the calm anecdotes of your life, from the fire-side to the easy chair; recall the various adventures that first cemented our friendship—the school, the college, or the tavern; preside in fancy over your cards; am displeased at your bad play, when the rubber goes against you, though not with all that agony of soul as when I once was your partner.

"Is it not strange, that two of such like affections should be so much separated and so differently employed as we are? You seem placed at the centre of fortune's wheel, and, let it revolve never so fast, seem insensible of the motion. I seem to have been tied to the circumference, and [turned] disagreeably round like an wh—— in a whirligig. [I sate] down with an intention to chide, and yet methinks [I have forgot] my resentment already. The truth is, I am a [simpleton with] regard to you; I may attempt to bluster, [but, like] Anacreon, my heart is respondent only to softer affections. And yet now I think on 't again, I will be angry. God's curse, sir! who am I? Eh! what am I? Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heel-pieced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gubblegurchius, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me? Think of that!—God's curse, sir! who am I? I must own my ill-natured cotemporaries have not hitherto paid me those honours I have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paints, on any sign-posts in the suburbs. The handkerchief weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or physiognomy—and the very snuff-box makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them all, from me, they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to lie neglected. If ever my works find their way to Tartary or China, I know the consequence. Suppose one of your Chinese Owanowitzers instructing one of your Tartarian Chianobacchi—you see I use Chinese names to show my own erudition, as I shall soon make our Chinese talk like an Englishman, to show his. This may be the subject of the lecture:

"'Oliver Goldsmith flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He lived to be a hundred and three years old, [and in that] age may justly be styled the sun of [literature,] and the Confucius of Europe. [Many of his earlier writings, to the regret of the] learned world, were anonymous, and have probably been lost, because united with those of others. The first avowed piece the world has of his, is entitled an 'Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe,' a work well worth its weight in diamonds. In this, he profoundly explains what learning is, and what learning is not. In this, he proves that blockheads are not men of wit, and yet that men of wit are actually blockheads.'

"But as I choose neither to tire my Chinese philosopher, nor you, nor myself, I must discontinue the oration, in order to give you a pause for admiration: and I find myself most violently disposed to admire too. Let me, then, stop my fancy, to take a view of my future self; and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback.* Well, now I am down, where the d——l *is I?* Oh, gods! gods! here in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score! However, dear Bob, whether in penury or affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"London, Temple Exchange Coffee-house,
Temple Bar, Aug. 14, 1758."

"Give my—no, not compliments neither, but something—[the] most warm and sincere wish that you can conceive, to your mother, Mrs. Bryanton, to Miss Bryanton, to yourself; and if there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to it."

The progress of his book, and the desire of procuring subscriptions for it, induced at this time unusual (for him) diligence in writing private letters. To this, is owing another, dated on the day following the preceding. It is addressed to his cousin, Mrs. Lawder, formerly Miss Contarine, and is admirable in its kind, mingling vivacity and humour with serious, if not melancholy, retrospections: and, while professing a sturdy independence lest his professions of regard should be misconstrued—avowing past poverty in a sentence that cannot but give pain to every mind of ordinary sensibility—he would "forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him." By this also we find what, from his affection and assistance to Oliver, in all his imprudences and distresses, we must regret, that the mind of Mr. Contarine was now reduced to a state of imbecility. This letter, as appears from MS. correspondence of Malone with Bishop Percy,* was copied by the former, at the house of his friend, Mr. Metcalf, at Brighton, in 1809, from one in the possession of Mr. Carlton, nephew to the nobleman of that name, given to him by Mr. Mills, who received it from the family of the lady to whom it was written.

"*To Mrs. Jane Lawder.*

"If you should ask why, in an interval of so many years, you never heard from me, permit me, madam, to ask the same question. I have the best excuse, in recrimination. I wrote to Kilmore, from Leyden, in Holland, from Louvain, in Flanders, and Rouen, in France, but received no answer. To what could I attribute this silence, but to displeasure and forgetfulness? Whether I was right in my conjecture, I do not pretend to determine: but this I must ingenuously own, that I have a thousand times in my turn endeavoured to forget them, whom I could not but look upon as forgetting me. I have attempted to blot their names from my memory, and, I confess it, spent whole days in efforts to tear their image from my heart. Could I have succeeded, you had not now been troubled with this renewal of a discontinued correspondence; but, as every effort the restless make to procure sleep serves but to keep them waking, all my attempts contributed to impress what I would forget deeper on my imagination. But this subject I would willingly turn from, and yet, 'for the soul of me,' I can't, till I have said all.

"I was, madam, when I discontinued writing to Kilmore, in such circumstances, that all my endeavours to continue your regards might be attributed to wrong motives. My letters might be looked upon as the petitions of a beggar, and not the offerings of a friend—while all my professions, instead of being considered as the result of disinterested esteem, might be ascribed to venal insincerity. I believe, indeed, you had too much generosity to place them in such a light, but I could not bear even the shadow of such a suspicion. The most delicate friendships are always most sensible of the slightest invasion, and the strongest jealousy is ever attendant on the warmest regard. I could not—I own I could not—continue a correspondence; for every acknowledgment for past favours might be considered as an indirect request for future ones, and where it might be thought I gave my heart from a motive of gratitude alone, when I was conscious of having bestowed it on much more disinterested principles.

"It is true, this conduct might have been simple enough, but yourself must confess it was in character. Those who know me at all, know that I have always been actuated by different principles from the rest of mankind; and while none regarded the interest of his friend more, no man on earth regarded his own less. I have often affected bluntness, to avoid the imputation of flattery—have frequently seemed to overlook those merits too obvious to escape notice, and pretended disregard to those instances of good nature and good sense, which I could not fail tacitly to applaud; and all this lest I should be ranked among the grinning tribe, who say 'very true' to all that is said, who fill a vacant chair at a tea-table, whose narrow souls never moved in a wider circle than the circumference of a guinea, and who had rather be reckoning the money in your pocket than the virtue in your breast. All this, I say, I have done, and a thousand other very silly, though very disinterested, things, in my time, and for all which no soul cares a farthing about me. God's curse, madam! is it to be wondered, that he should once in his life forget you, who has been all his life forgetting himself?

"However, it is probable you may one of these days see me turned into a perfect hunks, and as dark and intricate as a mouse-hole. I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my

* A few of the contractions of the original are retained. Several of his earlier printed pieces, and most of his letters, exhibit similar contractions.

* A common phrase among schoolboys in Ireland now, in ridiculing an unskilful appearance of their companions on horseback.

* In Mr. Mason's Collection.

finances. I disclaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and check my grate with brick-bats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be a bit too expensive; for I shall draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the pairings of my black waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen—of which, the following will serve as a specimen: 'Look sharp;' 'Mind the main chance;' 'Money is money now;' 'If you have a thousand pounds, you can put your hands by your sides, and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year;' 'Take a farthing from a hundred, and it will be a hundred no longer.' Thus, which way soever I turn my eyes, they are sure to meet one of those friendly monitors; and, as we are told of an actor who hung his room round with looking-glasses to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner, to correct the errors of my mind.

"Faith! madam, I heartily wish to be rich, if it were only for this reason—to say, without a blush, how much I esteem you. But, alas! I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fire-side, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him.

"And now I mention those great names—My uncle! he is no more that soul of fire, as when once I knew him. Newton and Swift grew dim with age, as well as he. But what shall I say?—his mind was too active an inhabitant not to disorder the feeble mansion of its abode; for the richest jewels soonest wear their settings. Yet who but the fool would lament his condition! He now forgets the calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent heaven has given him a foretaste of that tranquillity here which he so well deserves hereafter.

"But I must come to business—for business, as one of my maxims tell me, must be minded or lost. I am going to publish, in London, a book, entitled 'The Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe.' The booksellers in Ireland republish every performance there, without making the author any consideration. I would, in this respect, disappoint their avarice, and have all the profits of my labour to myself. I must therefore request Mr. Lawder to circulate, among his friends and acquaintances, a hundred of my proposals, which I have given the bookseller, Mr. Bradley, in Dame street, directions to send to him. If, in pursuance of such circulation, he should receive any subscriptions, I entreat, when collected, they may be sent to Mr. Bradley, as aforesaid, who will give a receipt, and be accountable for the work, or a return of the subscription. If this request (which, if it be complied with, will in some measure be an encouragement to a man of learning,) should be disagreeable or troublesome, I would not press it—for I would be the last man on earth to have my labours go a begging—but if I know Mr. Lawder (and sure I ought to know him,) he will accept the employment with pleasure. All I can say—if he writes a book, I will get him two hundred subscribers, and those of the best wits in Europe.

"Whether this request is complied with or not, I shall not be uneasy; but there is one petition I must make to him and to you, which I solicit with the warmest ardour, and in which I cannot bear a refusal. I mean, dear madam, that I may be allowed to subscribe myself,

"Your ever affectionate and obliged kinsman,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Now see how I blot and blunder, when I am asking a favour.

"Temple Exchange Coffee-house, Temple Bar,
August 15, 1758."

It was not probably until after these letters were written, as there is no allusion to the fact in either, that the professional appointment, promised by Dr. Milner, was obtained, through the influence of Mr. Jones, an East India director. No record of the place to which he was destined, or of the precise time when the nomination took place, can be found, after a careful search in the India House.* The former, indeed, he states generally as being on the coast of Coromandel; the latter was, no doubt, September or October, 1758.

His views were now directed to prepare for the voyage, which required a considerable sum for one in his circumstances, destitute alike of money and of friends who could advance it. By the success alone of the book, noticed as being in progress, could he hope to raise the necessary means; and even partial failure in that point threatened to mar the whole scheme. With this contingency, perhaps, in prospect, he wrote the following letter to his brother-in-law. A few passages would induce the belief, that, however desirous of visiting certain portions of the East, and securing a certain income, the destination now contemplated was not quite to his satisfaction. He is, indeed, laudably desirous of escaping from uncertainty and penury, to a station more commensurate with his deserts, to forsake scenes and associates alien to his choice, and in the true spirit of Horace, *Odi profanum vulgus*, to "separate himself from the vulgar as much in his circumstances as he was in his sentiments." Yet there is likewise something of disinclination to quit a scene where, as he says, "his fortune is growing kinder," as well as the "refined conversation of which he is permitted to partake." This state of irresolution, shown even in detailing the promised advantages of the expedition, exhibits the honest desire of independence on the one hand, counterbalanced on the other by hope, however vague and distant, of literary fame. The letter is without date, but written about November, 1758.

"*To Daniel Hodson, Esq., at Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.*

"Dear sir,—You cannot expect regularity in one who is regular in nothing. Nay, were I forced to love you by rule, I dare venture to say, I could never do it sincerely. Take me then with all my faults. Let me write when I please; for you see I say what I please, and am only thinking aloud when writing to you. I suppose you have heard of my intention of going to the East Indies. The place of my destination is one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel, and I go in quality of physician and surgeon; for which the company has signed my warrant, which has already cost me ten pounds. I must also pay fifty pounds for my passage, and ten for my sea stores; and the other incidental expenses of my equipment will amount to sixty or seventy pounds more. The salary is but trifling, namely, one hundred pounds per annum; but the other advantages, if a person be prudent, are considerable. The practice of the place, if I am rightly informed, generally amounts to not less than one thousand pounds per annum, for which the appointed physician has an exclusive privilege. This, with the advantages resulting from trade, with the high interest which money bears, namely, twenty per cent., are the inducements which persuade me to undergo the fatigues of the sea, the dangers of war, and the still greater dangers of the climate—which induce me to leave a place where I am every day gaining friends and esteem, and where I might enjoy all the conveniences of life.

"I am certainly wrong not to be contented with what I already possess, trifling as it is; for should I ask myself one serious question—What is it I want?—what can I answer? My desires are as capricious as the big-bellied woman's, who longed for a piece of her husband's nose. I have no certainty, it is true; but why cannot I do as some men of more merit, who have lived on more precarious terms? Scarron used jestingly to call himself the Marquis of Quenault, which was the name of the bookseller who employed him; and why may not I assert my privilege and quality on the same pretensions?

"Yet, upon deliberation, whatever airs I give myself on this side of the water, my dignity, I fancy, would be evaporated before I reached the other. I know you have in Ireland a very different idea of a man who writes for bread, though Swift and Steele did so in the earliest part of their lives. You imagine, I suppose, that every author by profession lives in a garret, wears shabby clothes, and converses with the meanest company. Yet I do not believe there is one single writer who has abilities to translate a French novel, that does not keep better company, wear finer clothes, and live more genteelly, than many who pride themselves for nothing else, in Ireland. I confess it again, my dear Dan, that nothing but the wildest ambition could prevail on me to leave the enjoyment of the refined conversation which I am sometimes admitted to partake in, for uncertain fortune and paltry show. You cannot conceive how I am sometimes divided: to leave all that is dear to me gives me pain—but when I consider I may possibly acquire a genteel independence for life; when I think of that dignity which philosophy claims, to raise itself above contempt and ridicule; when I think thus, I eagerly long to embrace every opportunity of separating myself from the vulgar, as much in my circumstances as I am already in my sentiments.

"I am going to publish a book, for an account of which I refer you to a letter which I wrote to my brother Goldsmith. Circulate for me, among your acquaintance, a hundred proposals, which I have given orders may be sent to you; and if, in pursuance of such circulation, you should receive any subscriptions, let them, when collected, be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the same.

* * * * * *

"I know not how my desire of seeing Ireland, which had so long slept, has again revived with so much ardour. So weak is my temper, and so unsteady, that I am frequently tempted, particularly when low spirited, to return home, and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look kinder. But it shall not be. In five or six years I expect to indulge these transports. I find I want constitution, and a strong, steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them."

The allusion to the profits supposed to be derived from translating foreign works of fiction, may lead us to this period as the probable date of one of his undertakings for the booksellers. French novels were then much in vogue; nor were we unwilling to receive from that source an article with which the fertility of our writers now supplies all the rest of Europe. Translations of such works necessarily formed a part of the business of those who pursued literature as a profession; and in this department also, as will be observed by the following receipt transcribed from the original, in his own handwriting, Goldsmith took a share. It is, like so many others of his letters and memoranda, without date. No account of the work to which it relates can be found in any of the journals of the time; and therefore, as the original title mentioned here seems vague and unsatisfactory, another more precise or popular may have been adopted previous to publication.

"Received from Mr. Ralph Griffiths the sum of ten pounds ten shillings, for the translation of a book entitled Memoirs of my Lady B., as witness my hand.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."*

Difficulty in providing necessary supplies for the voyage, or the unsteadiness of mind confessed by him as one of his faults, produced soon afterward, as might almost be conjectured from the preceding letter, its necessary results; for his views on India were for a time suspended. Looking seriously to the length of absence necessary to acquire the promised independence, the pain felt in quitting his native country, and the improbability, when once away, of returning to it, probably occasioned distaste to the expedition altogether. The navy or army promised all he now wanted,—present provision and less permanent removal from England. To one of these departments his medical services were now tendered, induced by the example of several acquaintance, and the remembrance of Grainger and Smollett, who, in the spirit of adventure, or for a more extensive observation of mankind, pursued a similar course in early life.

Either of the services could be joined with a less expensive outfit than that required for an India voyage, and might be quitted with greater facility if uncongenial to his feelings. Prompted by such considerations, he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination as

* A gentleman of the secretary's office has examined the minutes of the court of directors, from 1755 to 1764—and another, the minutes of the committee of shipping, from the beginning of 1757 to the end of 1760, without finding the name. The appointment not having been matured, is no doubt the cause of the omission.

* From the MS. collection of the late Mr. Heber.

an hospital mate, in December, 1758; and to the utter discomfiture of all his projects, and with feelings nearly akin to despair, was rejected as unqualified.

Whether this mortifying result arose from want of knowledge of minute anatomy, which, having been long from the schools, might be easily forgotten, or of operative surgery, to which, contemplating physic as his peculiar province, he might not have paid sufficient attention; whether his memory or presence of mind were overpowered by the apprehension felt by every surgical tyro on such occasions; or he was disconcerted by the banter of some such examiner as Roderick Random encountered, it is vain to enquire. The circumstance is curious in itself, and is now for the first time disclosed. No communication on the subject appears to have been made to his relatives, nor was it even surmised by any of his acquaintance or biographers, although at the moment no doubt known to a few more intimate associates, who were sufficiently reserved to keep the secret. The unexplained relinquishment of the India appointment first excited suspicion of the fact in the mind of the writer, which was confirmed by a rumour, vague indeed and unsatisfactory, of the same nature, communicated by an eminent physician.* The cause of such abandonment then became obvious, rejection for one branch of service necessarily disqualifying him for all; and by the regulations of medical bodies, no re-examination of an unsuccessful applicant could be had under a period of three or six months, for the advantage of further study. Accident, therefore, or something akin to accident, did for him what it has done for others of our eminent men who had determined to proceed abroad in the pursuit of wealth,—it kept him at home, to acquire fame; and, as in the instance of Burke and Burns, to elevate the literature of our country.

The following extract is from the books of the college of surgeons; it appears he was the only unsuccessful candidate on that day:—

"At a court of examiners held at the theatre, 21st December, 1758. Present (*blank.*)

(Here several names precede and follow that of the poet, as having passed for the medical service of the army and navy; but it is only necessary to quote the one preceding him, from its connection with the situation for which he was examined.)

"James Bernard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto."

CHAPTER VIII.

Quarrel with Mr. Griffiths, and letter to him—Kenrick—Letter to Rev. Henry Goldsmith—Voltaire's life—Edward Purdon—Enquiry into Polite Learning—Connection with the Critical Review.

The results attending this failure were more serious to the distressed candidate than merely momentary vexation. Unable, from not obtaining the expected appointment, to repay certain pecuniary obligations incurred upon the occasion to his former employer in the Monthly Review, he found not only his literary and moral character attacked in that journal in consequence of this default, but a story repeated in conversation in the same ungenerous strain by its proprietor, as, indeed, it continued to be by him to a late period of life in the literary circles of London. The fact says little for the generosity or forbearance of Griffiths, who, from the letters of Grainger to Percy,† appears to have been considered by the former a sharp tradesman; and, if we may judge from his conduct to Goldsmith, not the mildest of creditors.

The best apology for this seeming harshness is, that when mentioning the anecdote even within the present century to more than one surviving auditor, he did not fully know, or at least never told, the real situation of the unhappy debtor—the attempt at Surgeons' Hall—his rejection, and consequent inability to meet any pecuniary obligations. All this, indeed, the poet, deeming it a species of disgrace, and a reflection upon his professional talents, kept secret, or, if known, it was confined to the knowledge of a few. Something of the severity shown him by Griffiths may have been owing to this reserve, which he was unwilling to throw off, and his story of apology may have appeared therefore to the bookseller a fiction. The imputations cast upon his character are still to be seen in the pages of the Review; the contradiction which a sense of the injustice done him eventually called forth, occurs only after an interval of two years. On this account, as well as to explain a letter to which it gave rise, the disagreement requires to be noticed at length.

When about to appear before the examining surgeons, his apparel being defective, application was made to Griffiths for the use of such as was deemed of a more suitable description. The precise use to be made of it appears not to have been stated, dreading perhaps publicity in case of the failure that actually occurred; but an intimation was given that he had obtained, or expected to obtain, a situation in the army, which without an appropriate dress to appear in might be withheld. The request was acceded to: the bookseller became security to a tailor; the conditions of this favour being immediate return of the clothes to the former when the purpose had been served, or speedy discharge of the debt; while the distressed author, in order to evince his sense of gratitude, immediately furnished four articles for the Review, which stand first in the number for December, 1758, and in the copy before noticed are there acknowledged as his by the proprietor.* The failure to pass, as may be supposed, precluded fulfilment of the promise to pay. Driven to despair by ill success, forgetful of the imputations to which breach of agreement by withholding the clothes might give rise, or urged by necessities pressing and irresistible, increased by additional expense incurred by preliminary arrangements for the examination, the articles supplied were, instead of being returned, consigned for the supply of immediate wants, to the pawnbroker.

Here they were discovered by Griffiths, who becoming alarmed for the safety of some books lent to the poet, probably to review, wrote him an abusive letter. The reply seems to have been couched in a tone of apology, conscious of not having done strictly right, or, as he emphatically expresses it, of the occasional "meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it." This seems not to have satisfied the creditor: he rejoined in a letter filled with reproaches of the most injurious nature, and finally threatened him with the utmost severity, as it would seem, of the law.

A second and very affecting letter from the accused has been preserved by the accuser, who never exhibited, and probably wished not to be known, what contains so strong a reflection on his moderation or humanity, and which is now for the first time made public. From this, the past and present necessities of poor Goldsmith appear to have been extreme, reaching nearly to the point of desperation; his mental anxieties no doubt aggravated by the recent disappointment. The original, now before the writer, is without date or place of residence, but endorsed by Griffiths, "Received in January, 1759."

"Sir,—I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt that indigence brings with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is, to me, true society. I tell you again and again, I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make; thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper, since, unable to pay my debts one way, I would willingly give some security another. No, sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances.

"I am guilty, I own, of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it: my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain; that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation, may inwardly burn with grateful resentment. It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published, and then perhaps you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice.

"You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honour; but I have friendships only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am,

"Sir, your humble servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

"P. S. I shall expect, impatiently, the result of your resolutions."

The expressions, "I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing," seem to imply either resentment at the terms applied to him, or that the demand was disputed; while the promise, to "be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make," shows at least anxiety to meet the difficulty in the most honourable manner. The dispute appears to have been settled for a time by a short compilation written by the poet, and advertised for publication, as will appear, by Griffiths, in the following month (February); but either this did not produce peace between the parties, or some new cause of quarrel arose. On the appearance of the Enquiry into Polite Learning, a few months afterwards, the writer who succeeded to Goldsmith's place in the Monthly Review, in addition to sharp literary strictures, breaks out into the following extreme personalities and imputations on private character:—

"It requires a great deal of art and temper for a man to write consistently against the dictates of his own heart. Thus, notwithstanding our author talks so familiarly of *us*, the great, and affects to be thought to stand in the rank of patrons, we cannot help thinking that in more places than one he has betrayed in himself the man he so severely condemns for drawing his quill to take a purse. We are even so firmly convinced of this, that we dare put the question home to his conscience, whether he never experienced the unhappy situation he so feelingly describes, in that of a literary understrapper? His remarking him as coming down from his garret to rummage the bookseller's shop for materials to work upon, and the knowledge he displays of his minutest labours, give great reason to suspect he may himself have had recourse to the bad trade of bookmaking. *Fronti nulla fides.* We have heard of many a writer who, 'patronised only by his bookseller,' has, nevertheless, affected the gentleman in print, and talked full as cavalierly as our author himself. We have even known one hardy enough publicly to stigmatise men of the first rank in literature for their immoralities,† while conscious himself of labouring under the infamy of having, by the vilest and meanest actions, forfeited all pretensions to honour and honesty.

"If such men as these, boasting a liberal education and pretending to genius, practise at the same time those arts which bring the sharper to the cart's tail or the

* The late Dr. Maton, physician to the king; through my friend Mr. Copland Hutchinson. Dr. M. believed he had been rejected at *Apothecaries'* Hall, but on enquiry this proved to be an error. Surgeons' Hall was then searched, and the fact discovered.

† In the possession of Mr. W. R. Mason. One of the cautions given to Percy is not to trust to any verbal agreement with the bookseller.

* These are, "Enquiries concerning the first Inhabitants, &c. of Europe;"—"Introduction to Languages;"—"Καταλογεα: sive Tragediarum Delectus;"—"Translation of Tully's Tusculan Disputations."

* From the MS. collection of the late Mr. Heber.

† A note is subjoined evidently aimed at Goldsmith: "Even our author seems to have wandered from his subject into calumny, when, speaking of the Marquis D'Argens, he tells us 'he attempts to add the character of a philosopher to the vices of a debauchee.'"

pillory, need our author wonder that 'learning partakes the contempt of its professors.'"

Several other inuendoes, nearly as offensive and hypothetically conveyed, seem so far to exceed the latitude of public criticism, or the private provocation given, as to occasion feelings of indignation in the reader. Tried by the standard of strict morality, it may be true that an offence, if so harsh a name be applicable to such an act in his situation, was committed; but looking to the attendant circumstances, which must ever influence our judgment in passing sentence upon all human creatures, it will appear to be of a venial character. Besides, the remembrance of former services, his connection with the journal now made the vehicle of slander, the confession of its proprietor, on other occasions, that he was an ingenious, and the conviction which he must have felt of his being a distressed, man, ought to have withheld language which could be applied only to the worst characters in society.

One apology may be adduced for Griffiths, that the animadversions were not his own. They came, as he states, in a document already referred to of the writers in that work, from a person in his employ, afterwards known as a general libeller, whose characteristic virulence probably went beyond the instructions received. And so conscious was the former, whose general character exempts him from the charge of malignity, of the unwarrantable nature of the accusations, that shortly afterwards, in noticing another work, known to be by Goldsmith, The Bee, his traducer was desired to treat it in the most favourable manner in the Review. This, as may be supposed, did not satisfy the poet: he retained a strong sense of the injury attempted to be inflicted on his moral character; and several of his friends representing the gross nature of the attack, the following denial, or retraction, of the meaning intended to be conveyed, appears in the month of June, 1762, in reviewing the Citizen of the World:—

"Although the Chinese philosopher has nothing Asiatic about him, and is as arrant a European as the philosopher of Malmesbury, yet he has some elegant remarks on men, and manners, and things, as the phrase goes.

"But the public have been already made sufficiently acquainted with the merit of these entertaining letters, which were first printed in the Ledger, and are supposed to have contributed not a little towards the success of that paper. They are said to be the work of the lively and ingenious writer of an Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe,—a writer whom it seems we undesignedly offended by some strictures on the conduct of many of our modern scribblers. As the observation was entirely general in its intention, we were surprised to hear that this gentleman had imagined himself in any degree pointed at, as we conceive nothing can be more illiberal in a writer, or more foreign to the character of a literary journal, than to descend to the meanness of personal reflection. It is hoped that a charge of this sort can never be justly brought against the Monthly Review."

No good feeling was re-established between the parties, notwithstanding this attempt to explain away the offensive insinuations, nor is it believed they ever afterwards had intercourse; Goldsmith never forgot the outrage, and Griffiths probably did not forgive him whom he had injured. As evidence of the hostility that continued to exist, it was remarked that, in the Review, his productions, excepting his poems which all the world admired, usually experienced an unfavourable reception; and a few months after the poet's death, a charge of this kind was even advanced by more than one correspondent of that journal against its conductors. A reply to one of these accusers appeared in September, 1774;—"As to what this correspondent surmises of a prejudice against an old friend and associate, Dr. G., he may rest assured that there is no foundation for it. But it is ever our custom to be sparing of our compliments to each other."

The writer of the libel in the Review was Kenrick, one of those unhappy persons who, with considerable talents, acquire notice chiefly by offences against good taste and moral propriety. A native of Hertfordshire, and brought up to a mechanical art, said to be that of a rule or scale maker, he deserted it with the view of pursuing literature as a profession. How he received his education is unknown; the degree of LL. D. is believed to have come from a Scotish university. A love of notoriety, a jealous and perverse temper, increased often to violence by habits of intemperance, led him to assail all who enjoyed reputation, or whose success excited his envy, often avowedly as if courting a contest by reply, and never long affecting concealment. He was thus at war with nearly all his cotemporaries: "his hand was against every man;" and if theirs was withheld from him, it arose from that impunity accorded to such as from want of principle and character become a species of privileged libellers. He was therefore rarely answered; but indeed this was scarcely necessary, for he frequently answered himself: the fact is well known with regard to some of his more serious productions; and in the search for materials for this work he has been frequently tracked in the periodical publications of the time, vituperating on one day the person whom he had lauded the preceding.

A graver charge than envy or jealousy—that of desperate malignity—applies to his conduct in 1772, when, after having long flattered Garrick in order to secure the reception of his pieces on the stage, he turned upon him in consequence of a trifling disagreement with an infamous and unfounded charge connected with the retirement of Isaac Bickerstaffe from the country; and when proceedings were commenced against him in the court of king's bench, made at once the most abject submission and retraction. When afterwards asked by Evans the bookseller, how he could bring so infamous a charge against Mr. Garrick? he replied, "he did not believe him guilty, but did it to plague the fellow." The honest bookseller observed, on telling the story when collecting the works of Goldsmith, "I desire to add, I never more conversed with such a man."

The order of time has been in some degree anticipated by the consequences arising from the unlucky repulse of the poet at Surgeons' Hall, which, it has been remarked, he studiously concealed from the knowledge of his friends. In the following letter to his brother, written at the period of the preceding dispute, the voyage is still mentioned as of probable accomplishment, though with an indifference that shows it occupied few of his thoughts; literary projects, indeed, not professional pursuits or anticipations of Indian scenes or adventures, form its subject. The description of his own person and manners indicates little of the personal vanity of which he has been accused: the former is an accurate portrait; the latter by no means so true, being so far from the reserved and suspicious character he paints himself, that there were few whose mind and emotions were more on the surface of their general behaviour, excepting when at times depressed, or when soured by disappointments. He possessed no power of concealment, and suffered in the opinion of many by the want of that reserve in which he thought himself superabundant. This letter, though without date, was written early in February, 1759:—

"To the Reverend Henry Goldsmith, at Lowfield, near Ballymore, in Westmeath, Ireland.

"Dear sir,—Your punctuality in answering a man whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect; and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behaviour of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, their answering neither you nor me is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I had expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall, in the beginning of next month, send over two hundred and fifty books,* which are all that I fancy can be well sold among you, and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have subscribed. The money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr. Bradley as soon as possible. I am not certain but I shall quickly have occasion for it.

"I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage, nor are my resolutions altered; though at the same time, I must confess, it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study, have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say, that if a stranger saw us both he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child.

"Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside,—for every occupation but our own?—this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am, at intervals, for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

"The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son a scholar, are judicious and convincing; I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure), he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned, that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him but your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking; and these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will.

"Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel: these paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept—take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous,—may distress, but cannot relieve him.* Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach, then, my dear sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the approaches of insidious cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. When I am in the remotest part of the world, tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

"My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not; for, to behold her

* The Enquiry into Polite Literature. His previous remarks apply to the subscription.

* "Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd."—*Johnson.*

in distress, without a capacity of relieving her from it, would add too much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper. It requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and entreat him from me not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny.* Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

"I know not whether I should tell you—yet why should I conceal these trifles, or indeed any thing from you? There is a book of mine will be published in a few days—the Life of a very extraordinary man; no less than the great Voltaire. You know already by the title that it is no more than a catch-penny. However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published, I shall take some method of conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find an equivalent of amusement.

"Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short; you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroi-comical poem which I sent you. You remember, I intended to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry alehouse. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat in this way:—

'The window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray
That feebly show'd the state in which he lay:
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The game of goose was there expos'd to view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The Seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's monarch showed his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire;
An unpaid reckoning on the frieze was scored,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board.'

"And now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning:—

'Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay:
With sulky eye he smoked the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began,' &c.

"All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaign's, that the wisest men have often friends with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of my regard. Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose; and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you, what you very well know already, I mean that

"I am your most affectionate friend and brother,
"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

We may be permitted to regret, from the specimen furnished of the intended poem, that a design so fitted for the display of his humour went no further. The subject appears to be, as he thinks, original, and unhappy experience in all probability had enabled him to give the details, as he says, "from nature;" for there is an air of verisimilitude about the scene that renders it difficult to believe it was not one he had known by experience. With a few additions, the lines are introduced in the account of a club of authors in the Citizen of the World; and but for having thus been used in a previous work, would, no doubt, have been applied in detail to the description of the alehouse in the Deserted Village, a hint or two only being now retained in that poem.

The other production mentioned with a degree of coyness in this letter,—the Life of Voltaire,—completed within a period of four weeks, as he informs us, and acknowledged as a sacrifice to necessity, would appear to be that already alluded to, with which he intended to repay Griffiths for the apparel, the subject of dispute, by the following announcement in the Public Advertiser, 7th February, 1759:—Speedily will be published, Memoirs of the Life of Monsieur de Voltaire; with Critical Observations on the Writings of that celebrated poet, and a new Translation of the Henriade. Printed for R. Griffiths, in Paternoster Row."

This seems a solitary advertisement, no other having been found. And, notwithstanding every diligence on the part of those most accustomed to such enquiries, it has not been discovered as a separate work; but after a long search, the writer found it printed in detached portions of the Lady's Magazine for 1761.

Of the general character of this piece little need be said. What he so lightly estimated himself cannot be highly valued by others in consequence of its deficiency in facts; but the reflections and style possess his accustomed qualities of elegance and vivacity. Considered as an exercise, though a slight one, of his pen, it will interest the literary enquirer; and, as it is not likely to be published at length, and indeed is not to be found, such passages as admit of being detached from the narrative, will find admission in another place. The first paragraph, varied slightly in expression, is in thought similar to that which introduces the memoir of Parnell. "That life which has been wholly employed in the study, is properly seen only in the author's writings; there is no variety to entertain, nor adventure to interest us in the calm anecdotes of such an existence. Cold criticism is all the reader must expect, instead of instructive history."

The version of the Henriade, to which it was meant to form an introduction, was again announced singly, in April; but, like the Life, this form of publication seems to have been abandoned by the publisher. It is to be found, however, where he probably thought it more immediately useful, in his Magazine (the Grand) for September, 1759, a book of the poem being published in each succeeding number, and is there stated to be for the first time rendered into English. Goldsmith is believed to have had little more to do with it than the revision and correction, which a correct taste for poetry and friendship towards the translator, an unhappy follower of letters, might supply.

This person is said to have been Edward Purdon, an old college friend, and, like himself, the son of a clergyman. Being of a thoughtless turn and dissipated habits, he enlisted as a private soldier after quitting the university; but, becoming tired of this mode of life, he procured his discharge, commenced professional writer in London, and renewed his acquaintance with Goldsmith, of whose bounty he frequently partook, and is believed to have been the cause of some of the difficulties and imprudences of his good-natured friend. Not destitute of talents, a necessitous life and ill-regulated passions interfered with their reputable exertion. Poverty long continued, particularly in those who have known a contrary lot, too often begets disregard of intellectual as well as of moral pre-eminence; and he who, under favourable circumstances, might acquire fame when pursued by want, cannot always become even respectable. He produced nothing, therefore, worth remembering. Compelled to have recourse to such fleeting topics as promised immediate subsistence, he seems, except in the instance of this translation, never to have ascended above petty pamphlets, contributions to periodical works, and newspapers, and that never-failing topic for all writers, good and bad—the theatre. For an abusive pamphlet against the performers of Drury Lane, particularly Mossop, he was obliged to make an abject apology, to which was subjoined another from his publisher, Pottinger, who pleaded ignorance of its contents, which appeared in the London Chronicle, Oct. 13—15, 1759.

A life such as this, where the labour is great, the reward little, and the reputation more than questionable, seems the consummation of human misery; yet how often is it embraced in the first glow of youthful hope or ambition by such as have or have not qualifications for the pursuit, in the forlorn hope of acquiring distinction! Relieved frequently by Goldsmith, when denial would have been no more than prudence to himself, Purdon was long known as one of his pensioners; he saw much of his benefactor, was not ungrateful for the assistance rendered, and related many anecdotes of him, of which a few only have traveled down to us, preserved by casual auditors. He died as he had lived,—in penury; and it was, perhaps, with reference to him and others whom he avows to have known in the same unfortunate situation, and it is to be feared with the remembrance of some sufferings of his own, that we find the following passage on the effects of hunger in "Animated Nature:"—"The lower race of animals, when satisfied for the instant moment, are perfectly happy; but it is otherwise with man: his mind anticipates distress, and feels the pangs of want even before it arrests him. Thus the mind being continually harassed by the situation, it at length influences the constitution, and unfits it for all its functions. Some cruel disorder, but no way like hunger, seizes the unhappy sufferer; so that almost all those men who have thus long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered as a happy escape from famine, are known at last to die in reality of a disorder caused by hunger, but which, in common language, is often called a broken heart. *Some of these I have known myself when very little able to relieve them.*"

To the unhappy existence of this poor man more direct allusion is made in the well-known epitaph on him, in his poetical works, partly taken from the French, in which, notwithstanding the smile created by its point, there is something of tenderness for an old acquaintance.

Toward the end of March, 1759, was published, for the Dodsleys, the piece from which a portion of fame and money were expected to accrue, "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." No reasonable means were neglected to make it known through the usual channels. The first announcement appears in the London Chronicle newspaper, April 3—5, and repeated in the Public Advertiser, April 26—28. An extract occupying six columns was given in the former. A long letter from a correspondent, directing attention to the work, found place in the Gentleman's Magazine, followed by a favourable, though not indiscriminately laudatory, notice in the Critical Review for April; while in the Annual Register, commenced and conducted by Burke for the first seven years, it is likewise mentioned with approbation.

Thus introduced, and showing proofs of coming from a man of genius, and considerable observation and learning, it was favourably received. The style has all his characteristic perspicuity; more terse, perhaps, and epigrammatic than his other writings,—qualities which, while they give pungency to a sentence, impart something of the appearance of labour. It is, however, free from stiffness. But the promise of the title-page appeared obviously of a nature too extensive for any one man, however high his attainments, or numerous his opportunities for observation, to treat in a satisfactory manner. The means and the leisure of Goldsmith were certainly inadequate to the purpose. He had enjoyed the advantage, indeed, of seeing France, Germany, and Italy, in his tour; but under circumstances not favourable to research, or for adequate acquaintance with their men of letters, and for a period too short for any diligence to acquire the requisite information by personal enquiry.

Polite literature, unlike science, has not the same fixed principles in every country. The progress or limits of mathematics or of astronomy, of chemistry, or of the branches of natural philosophy in one kingdom, may be investigated by the native of another competently informed, with the certainty of arriving at pretty accurate conclusions. But the state of polite letters is more variable, and to be very differently estimated, for scarcely any two nations possess precisely similar standards of taste. Thus, France and England differ widely in their estimate of poetry and the drama, and quite as much so, perhaps, in the arts of design. We cannot procure Shakspeare and Milton to be received with all the consideration due so their extraordinary powers, in France; and in return, we scarcely allow that country to possess any poetry, except dramatic, of a high order. It requires, therefore, not merely an intimate acquaintance with the language and history, but with the genius, manners, opinions, prejudices, and local peculiarities of a people, for a foreigner to enter upon the consideration of their polite literature, in order to appreciate it thoroughly, or

* His sister, Mrs. Johnston; her marriage, like that of Mrs. Hodson, was private, but in pecuniary matters much less fortunate.

to decide upon it justly. To attempt to do, therefore, for all Europe what is so difficult to perform for one of its states, nay, what few writers can successfully accomplish for their own country, presented obstacles which no individual could expect to overcome. The title adopted on the occasion, implying a range which could not be taken in a duodecimo, was perhaps not judiciously chosen. But the spirit of the remarks, the information, although more limited than we desire, and the ingenuity of his views, render the work as coming from his pen worthy of perusal.

Its weaker points were a somewhat affected, for it could scarcely be real, depreciation of science; some contradictions; a few paradoxes and novelties, advanced probably with the design of provoking discussion, or drawing attention to the book, although such motives are expressly disclaimed.

"Dissenting from received opinions may frequently render this essay liable to correction; yet the reader may be assured that a passion for singularity never gives rise to the error. Novelty is not permitted to usurp the place of reason." Remembering, however, the humorous account given by George Primrose, of the supposed publication of his paradoxes, and of the disappointment experienced by their being unnoticed, it is difficult to believe that Goldsmith did not shadow out himself in the hero of the tale, when the latter is made to describe himself as full of importance, and expecting the "whole learned world to rise and oppose them, but then he was ready to oppose the whole learned world; but the learned said nothing about him or his paradoxes, and he "suffered the cruelest mortification, neglect."*

One of the positions strenuously maintained in this work, says little for the merit of the employment of which he had now sufficient experience, that of a professional reviewer. He estimates criticism and the increase of critics and commentators as indicative of the decay of polite letters. "Learning may be distinguished into three periods. Its commencement, or the age of poets; its maturity, or the age of philosophers; and its decline, or the age of critics." "When polite learning was no more, then it was those literary lawgivers made the most formidable appearance. *Corruptissima republica plurimæ leges.*"—"Wherever the poet was permitted to improve his native language, polite learning flourished; where the critic undertook the same task, it never rose to any degree of perfection."

"Other depravations," he continues, "in the republic of letters, such as affectation in some popular writers leading others into vicious imitation; political struggles in the state; a depravity of morals among the people; ill-directed encouragement, or no encouragement from the great: these have been often found to co-operate in the decline of literature; but an increase of criticism has always portended a decay."† It may be remarked that Dr. Johnson, though so eminent in the art, when he condescended to exercise it, which was not often, speaks in a strain scarcely more favourable of "the disquisitions of criticism, which, in my opinion, is only to be ranked among the subordinate and instrumental arts."

This opinion is no doubt true; for, though good criticism requires talent, it is talent of a secondary order. Great critics, indeed, such as Johnson himself, like great writers, are rare; but for every purpose of instruction or amusement, for the original ideas thrown out, or development of the subject in hand, the best periodical critic is inferior to an original writer, even of a middling order; for the latter must give much time and consideration to matters on which the former commonly can bestow little. No reader of taste will take up a commentary, who can refer to the original. Whether the opinion of Goldsmith be correct, that the increase of critics, fearful beyond all precedent in our own day, indicates the decline of letters, may be doubted: they are but the shadows of authors, and as naturally follow the substance from which they emanate, and of whose existence they furnish evidence. But, from the numbers daily starting into existence, in every shape and place, inexperienced in life, in letters, and often in judgment, it would seem as if the calling required a very moderate portion of ingenuity, and were pursued rather by the journeymen of Genius than by Genius herself. Writers of very original powers cannot long pursue such an occupation solely. Like him, indeed, whose opinions are here adduced, they may be compelled to the task for a time, by necessity, or when entering upon a literary career, in order to learn the mere mechanical parts of the art; but it soon becomes irksome, and we gladly fly from examination of the ideas of other men, to the more grateful exercise of our own.

One of the inconveniences of poverty, besides its positive privations, is not only the bar thrown in our way to pursue the path we wish, but the frequent necessity of adopting that which we dislike. Thus, the wayward fate of Goldsmith seemed constantly to thwart the bent of his inclinations, as well in life as in letters. It caused him to enter the university in a situation he disliked, if not despised; it made him a traveller on foot through Europe, when his ambition was to seem of consequence; and usher at a school, when detesting the employment; and the frequent companion of persons whom he avowedly despised, and from whose society he wished to escape. At a future period, it compelled him in great measure to desist from the cultivation of poetry, in which he delighted; to become the writer of histories, which, however popular and excellent of their class, he never thought conducive to his fame; of other compilations he did not think proper to own; and at this moment, while condemning criticism as the bane of polite letters, forced him, in order to earn a scanty subsistence, to pursue the very occupation he stigmatised, that of a professional critic.

Among the persons connected with literature, to whom he became known, some time in the year 1758, was Mr. Archibald Hamilton, printer of the Critical Review, who saw so much in him to esteem as a man, and to admire as a writer, that he became one of his firmest friends. He invited him to his house in the vicinity of Chelsea, where the daughter of this gentleman remembered to have seen him frequently—relieved him subsequently from occasional pecuniary difficulties, and, willing to gain all the talent he could for the journal with which he was connected, is said to have been the first to introduce him to Dr. Smollett, then its principal editor. There was likewise some policy in the measure; he was known as an ally of Griffiths, and a violent hostility existing between the rival reviews, it was a means of weakening the enemy.

The precise period at which he commenced contributor to this work, is uncertain—not later certainly than January, 1759; for in that month appear two of the articles traced to him—reviews of Marriott's Female Conduct, a poem, and Barrett's translation of Ovid's Epistles. These, with several others, and a variety of his unacknowledged essays, were collected by Mr. Thomas Wright, printer, to whom allusion has been made, then pursuing his business with Hamilton, and published under the superintendence of Isaac Reed. The other articles contained in this work are on Butler's Remains, by R. Thyer, of Manchester; Marriott's twentieth Epistle of Horace, modernised; Massinger's Works—in July; on Goddard's Translation of Guicciardini's History of Italy; Works of Mr. W. Hawkins; Jemima and Louisa, a novel—in August; continuation of the paper on Butler's Remains—in September; on Dunkin's Epistle to the Earl of Chesterfield; and a rejoinder to the answer of Mr. Hawkins on the previous notice of his works—in March, 1760.

In this selection, which from internal evidence is correct as far as it goes, it will be observed there is a blank between the months of January and July, yet as his necessities were urgent, and no other literary employment can be traced to him at this time, we may be assured he was not idle. Close examination of the Review will enable us to supply the chasm. Criticism indeed cannot always be certainly traced to the actual writer; but when he is known to have contributed to a work, without fixed purpose of concealment, and where, in conjunction with style generally, we find his favourite phrases, allusions, and even sentiments, as seen not in one but several of his writings, there will be little difficulty in fixing the authorship with a great degree of precision. Taking these for our guide, among other papers which are doubtful, and therefore not noticed here, the following appear certainly to be his: on Church's edition of Spenser, in the February number; Langhorne's translation of the Death of Adonis, and the foreign article, in March; Ward's Oratory, in April; the Orphan of China, in May; Dr. Young's Conjectures on Original Composition, Formey's Philosophical Miscellanies, Van Egmont's and Heyman's Travels through Parts of Europe and Asia Minor, Montesquieu's Miscellaneous Pieces—in June.

It would be tedious to enumerate the minute species of evidence serving to identify each. An editor, in the close and laborious examination incumbent upon him to make of the writing of his principal, will discover much that must escape the notice of the casual reader; but as a specimen of the identity of thought and language employed, the following passage is given from the review of Van Egmont's and Heyman's Travels. It relates to a favourite project of the critic himself—that of penetrating into parts of Asia, and bringing back the knowledge of such useful arts as are familiar to its natives, though unknown in Europe. This design, as we well know, occupied his mind for several years, looking forward to some favourable period for its accomplishment, which never occurred, or offered only when it was inexpedient to be pursued. Toward the end of 1761, or commencement of the following year, as will be noticed, he drew up a memorial on the subject, to government; a paper, likewise, containing the substance and even the words of the following passage, was printed by him about the same time, in the Public Ledger. He afterwards shaped it into the 108th letter of the Citizen of the World; and still retaining the same favourite idea, again republished it in the volume of Essays (No. xviii.) in 1765.

"One who sits down to read the accounts of modern travellers into Asia, will be apt to fancy that they all traveled in the same track. Their curiosity seems repressed either by fear or indolence, and all are contented if they venture as far as others went before them. Thus, the same cities, towns, ruins, and rivers, are again described to a disgusting repetition. Thus, a man shall go a hundred miles to admire a mountain, only because it was spoken of in Scripture; yet, what information can be received from hearing that Agidius Van Egmont went up such a hill only to come down again? Could we see a man set out upon this journey, not with an intent to consider rocks and rivers, but the manners and mechanic inventions, and the imperfect learning of the inhabitants, resolved to penetrate into countries as yet little known, and eager to pry into all their secrets, with a heart not terrified at trifling dangers; if there could be found a man who could unite thus true courage with sound learning, from such a character we might expect much information. Even though what he should bring home, was only the manner of dyeing red in the Turkish manner, his labours would be more beneficial to society than if he had collected all the mutilated inscriptions and idle shells on the coasts of the Levant."

Another of his supposed contributions to the Review is not so well ascertained. From a memorandum of Isaac Reed, prefixed to a manuscript of Goldsmith, in the possession of the writer, and hereafter to be mentioned, it appears that the latter took part with Smollet, in the warfare between him and Grainger, relative to the translation of Tibullus, and wrote a defence of him on that occasion. The following is the note:

"This MS. is one of the productions of, and in the handwriting of Dr. Goldsmith. It was given to me by Mr. Steevens, who received it from Hamilton, the printer. He had also another MS. by the doctor, a defence of Dr. Smollett, against Dr. Grainger's attack on him, relative to the criticism on Tibullus in the Critical Review. This last, I think, Mr. Steevens gave to Mr. Beauclerk."

This piece, though probably still in existence, has not been discovered. It was no doubt written for the Review, but whether published, cannot be certainly known, until found and compared with the article in that journal for February, 1759, which forms Smollett's defence, and where Grainger's intemperate and extremely personal reply to the supposed criticism of Smollet on his translation, in the previous December, is answered in a manner scarcely less vituperative.

Sixteen pages of the Review are occupied by this paper, which, from its tone and language, is not likely to be wholly, if at all, from the pen of Goldsmith, or if so, it is unlike any thing else from the same source. Smollett, in return to a personal attack, would no doubt trust only to himself for a vindication. But, as Goldsmith also appears, from the preceding memorandum, to have written something in defence of his coadjutor, to whom he was probably under obligations, the former may have embodied in the reply such parts of this paper as related to the merely literary demerits of the work under con-

* Vicar of Wakefield, chap. xx.

† Enquiry into Polite Learning, Works, vol. i.

sideration—errors of fact, mistranslation, omissions, and defective or inharmonious lines; for, in these respects, his judgment was fully appreciated, his department in both Reviews being classical literature, poetry, the drama, and polite literature generally. There were few of his cotemporaries who brought to such subjects more correct taste, or discriminating judgment.

CHAPTER IX.

Residence in Green-Arbour court—The Bee—Busy Body—Lady's Magazine—Newbery, the bookseller—Notes of Dr. Johnson—Smollett—British Magazine.

His residence, at this period, was on the first floor of the house, No. 12, Green-Arbour court, between the Old Bailey and what was lately Fleet Market. Here he took up his abode, toward the end of 1758: the spot was central, in the immediate vicinity of the booksellers, now his chief or only employers, and here he became well known to his literary brethren, was visited by them, and his lodgings well remembered.

This house, a few years ago, formed the abode, as it appears to have done in his own time, of laborious indigence. The adjoining houses likewise presented every appearance of squalid poverty—every floor being occupied by the poorest class. Two of the number fell down from age and dilapidation; and the remainder, on the same side of the court, including that in which the poet resided, standing in the right-hand corner, on entering from Farringdon street, by what is called, from their steepness and number, Breakneck-steps, were taken down some time afterwards, to avoid a similar catastrophe. They were four stories in height; the attics had casement windows, and at one time they were probably inhabited by a superior class of tenants. The site is now occupied by a large building, enclosed by a wall running through the court or square, intended for the stabling and lofts of a wagon-office.

Several intimate associates at this time, remembered, and repeated after his death, that, while here, he had formed the strictest resolutions of future economy. His letters to Ireland, and occasional essays, written at this time and in these apartments, impress, as we have seen in a preceding page, in the strongest manner the virtues of prudence; and the same friends stated, that, for a time, he permitted these lessons to influence his conduct. It may be true, he had not much to spend; but imprudence may be as marked in the disbursements of a small income as a great; penury and carelessness, in the majority of minds, act and re-act in producing each other. And, as this seems to have been his own case, he was willing to try what could be done in shaking off two such inconvenient companions. No keen observer in human life, such as he was, could doubt the truth of his prudential maxims, though many persons, and he himself among the number, not only proud, but very sensitive to the contempt which penury brings with it, fail to adopt the obvious remedy for their misfortune, by becoming economical; and, it is said, that Goldsmith, however bent on improving his condition, could not long withstand solicitations for such small sums as he possessed, by men still poorer and more distressed than himself.

In the beginning of March, 1759, he was seen here, in one of his excursions to London, by the Rev. Mr. Percy, who frequently repeated the anecdote of the visit, in conversation, though disinclined to let his name appear as the relater, in print. His situation seems to have been far from enviable; but, as that gentleman justly observed, the circumstances in which he was found, so far from being discreditable in itself, furnished the best evidence of the possession of powers, the unassisted exercise of which elevated him from so unpromising a condition, to the enjoyment of all the elegances of life, and admission to the first societies in London.

"The doctor," observed that prelate, "was employed in writing his Enquiry into Polite Learning," (or rather, perhaps, in correcting the proof-sheets, for the work, as already noticed, appeared on the 3d of April following,) in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair—and when, from civility, this was offered to his visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl, of very decent behaviour, entered, who, dropping a courtesy, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you, to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals."

To the few notices gleaned of him while in these lodgings, accident has enabled the writer to make some additions, from a quarter seemingly authentic. In the year 1820, long before any thought of this biography was entertained, entering a small shop of miscellaneous articles, in the Clapham-road, in order to purchase the first edition (1765) of his Essays, lying in the window, the owner, a fresh-looking woman between sixty and seventy, in opening the volume, made a variety of affectionate encomiums on his kindness and charity to others, when labouring under difficulties himself—intimating, at the same time, her personal knowledge of the persons befriended. Curiosity, thus excited, occasioned enquiry; and this person, whose features and shop, though not her name, are well remembered, communicated all she professed to recollect.

By her account, she was a near relative of the woman who kept the house in Green-Arbour court, and, at the age of seven or eight years, went frequently thither—one of the inducements to which was the cakes and sweetmeats given to her and other children of the family by the gentleman who lodged there. These they duly valued at the moment; but, when afterwards considered as the gifts of one so eminent, the recollection became a source of pride and boast. Another of his amusements consisted in assembling these children in his room, and inducing them to dance to the music of his flute. Of this instrument, as a favourite relaxation from study, he was fond. He was usually, as she subsequently heard when older and induced to enquire more about him, shut up in the room during the day, went out in the evening, and preserved regular hours. His habits otherwise were sociable, and he had several visiters. One of the companions, whose society gave him particular pleasure, was a respectable watchmaker, residing in the same court, celebrated for the possession of much wit and humour—qualities which, as they distinguish his own writings, he professes to have sought and cultivated wherever they were to be found. His benevolence, as usual, flowed freely, according to my informant, whenever he had any thing to bestow; and even when he had not, the stream could not always be checked in its current—an instance of which tells highly to his honour. The landlord of the house, having fallen into difficulties, was at length arrested; and Goldsmith, who owed a small sum for rent, being applied to by his wife to assist in the release of her husband, found that, although without money, he did not want resources: a new suit of clothes was consigned to the pawnbroker, and the amount raised, proving much more than sufficient to discharge his own debt, was handed over for the release of the prisoner. It would be a singular, though not an improbable coincidence, if this story, repeated to the writer by the descendant of a person who afterwards became his tailor, and who knew not that it had been previously told, should apply to that identical suit of apparel, for which he incurred so much odium and abuse from Griffiths—and that an effort of active benevolence to relieve a debtor from jail, should have given rise to a charge against him resembling dishonesty. The quarrel appears to have occurred about the period in question.

Another anecdote partakes more of the ludicrous. A gentleman enquiring whether he was within, was shown up to his room without further ceremony—when, soon after having entered it, a noise of voices, as if in altercation, was heard by the people below, the key of the door at the same moment being turned within the room. Doubtful of the nature of the interview, the attention of the landlady for a moment turned toward the apartment of her lodger, but both voices being distinguished at intervals, her suspicions of personal violence were lulled, and no further notice taken. Late in the evening, the door was unlocked, a good supper ordered by the visiter, from a neighbouring tavern, and the gentlemen who met so ungraciously at first, spent the remainder of the evening in great good humour. The explanation given of this scene was, that the poet being behindhand with certain writings for the press, and the stated period of publication nearly arrived, the intruder, who was a printer or publisher, possibly Hamilton or Wilkie, for both of whom he wrote at the time, finding them in a backward state, would not quit the room until they were finished; and for this species of durance inflicted upon the author, the supper formed the apology.

In these apartments, little indebted, as we may believe, to the labours of the housemaid, he is said to have observed the habits and predatory life of the spider, and drawn up that paper on the subject, which appears in the fourth number of the Bee, is reprinted in the Essays, and given in substance in the History of Animated Nature. In his musing moods, the confined nature of his abode offered few external objects to contemplate. The necessity for almost constant labour to supply the press, made him in some measure a prisoner—and persons so placed have often found interest or amusement in contemplating the lower order of created beings. There is a vacuum in the mind in such situations, which something must supply; and when greater objects are wanting, we seize upon the less. The creature, while it instructed him in the habits of its species, offered some novelty to the readers of his paper (the Bee); and an insignificant circumstance was thus dexterously converted into an amusing communication, on a point of natural history.

At this period, probably, his pen had not attained that rapidity it subsequently acquired; and having early possessed the laudable ambition of writing well, rather than quickly, the aim of excellence in the eyes of those who wanted quantity, found no great favour—and to this we may in part attribute the visit of the printer to his lodgings, the disconnection with Griffiths, and disagreements possibly with others of his magazine patrons. There will be always room for complaint against him who contracts to furnish a given quantity of mental labour within a given time; circumstances, in spite of even dogged determination to the contrary, continually make him in arrear, and however he may promise punctuality, and conscientiously mean to fulfil the engagement, he can rarely insure it. The work of the hand alone is mechanical, and therefore certain; that of the mind can scarcely be otherwise than variable. Tracing some of the epochs and circumstances of his life in his writings, his situation now seems exactly and minutely described in a passage put into the mouth of the Vicar of Wakefield's son. The allusions to having made one attempt for fame, meaning the Enquiry into Polite Learning—to his being obliged afterwards to write for bread—to his passion for applause—to his efforts at acquiring an elegant style—all are so applicable, as to admit of no mistake. And the concluding complaint of the fate of his pieces, is in nearly the precise words used in the preface to the Essays, on their subsequent republication, when embodied into a volume.

"Having a mind too proud," (George Primrose is made to say) "to stoop to such indignities, (that of obtaining subscriptions for books not meant to be published,) and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession, where mere industry alone was to insure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause, but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence, which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among essays upon liberty, Eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog—while Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster, than I."

From the previous notice of his labours in criticism, it would seem that his contributions to the Critical Review ceased for a time, about September, 1759. This is to be understood only of the moment: little doubt exists, that he was an occasional contributor to that journal for some years afterward. The cause appears to have been, engagements in three periodical works nearly at the same moment—The Bee, The Busy Body, and the Lady's Magazine—glad, perhaps, to escape from reviewing, to original composition, as a source, if not of greater emolument, at least of probable fame and more agreeable employment.

The Bee, a collection of essays, published weekly, by Wilkie, price three-pence, and to which he furnished all

the papers of value, appeared on the 6th of October, 1759, with the motto from Lucretius—

> "Floriferis ut apes saltibus omnia libant
> Omnia nos itidem."

It proceeded as far as the eigth number, (24th November,) and then, from the want of that encouragement hinted by the author or publisher in the newspapers, and which in the fourth number is, perhaps injudiciously for the success of the work, however humorously proclaimed, ceased. The papers exhibited no want of variety or of excellence—but there is a fortune in small things, as in great.

He is said to have had associates in this undertaking, which, however, applies with more probability to the Lady's Magazine, issuing at the same moment, from the same publisher, and likewise indebted to his pen. If he really received aid, it seems to have been confined to a few selections, such as those already mentioned, from the Literary Magazine, (if these indeed be not reclamations of his own offspring,) and three or four short pieces from Voltaire and others. All the leading papers, such as were expected to give character and popularity to the work, bear sufficient testimony to the hand of Goldsmith. They evince all his playful genius, vivacity, and observation on life, are drawn up with some care, and furnish evidence of his having thought attentively on several of the subjects. The paper on education, anticipated many of the sentiments of Rousseau; and that on eloquence, supplies useful hints to English divines, on the oratory of the pulpit, which, he justly remarks, has not received that attention in our country that it deserves. There are fewer subjects of mere humour than in his subsequent essays.

The discontent jocularly expressed at the cool reception experienced by the Bee, from the public, was not unreasonable. The pieces rose afterwards in estimation, as their author became known by more important works; were copied into numerous cotemporary publications; were admired as ingenious and amusing; and had become ere this a source, sometimes of reputation, sometimes of profit, to all but their author—adding another instance to the many, that the world seldom agrees to applaud small things, however well done, except when executed by such as have shown themselves capable of doing greater. To give the work the chance of escape from oblivion, and a less perishable form, the numbers were collected and republished by the Dodsleys, in the middle of December, 1759; and several of the best appeared in the volume of Essays, printed in 1765.

Anxious as he may be supposed for the success of the paper, it argues no inconsiderable fertility to find him contributing to others. On the 9th of October, three days only after the appearance of the first number of the Bee, came out "The Busy Body;" a periodical paper, something on the plan, though larger in form, of the older essayists, published by Pottinger, price twopence, and to appear every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. To this Goldsmith contributed (Oct. 13th) the third paper, "On the Clubs of London," afterwards republished by himself in his Essays. Part of the fifth number is likewise his, namely, that poem inserted in his works and said to be written "in the manner of Swift," called "The Logicians Refuted." In order as is supposed to draw attention to the publication as rescuing from obscurity a piece by the Dean of St. Patrick's, it was announced as really his, in the newspapers of the day, by the publisher, in the following terms, and is inserted by Sir Walter Scott, upon the authority of the Dublin edition, in his collection of Swift's works. His attention was not drawn to it, as there appears no note or remark on its being considered the property of Goldsmith.

"The following poem," (says the advertisement) "written by Dean Swift, is communicated to the public by The Busy Body, to whom it was presented by a nobleman of distinguished learning and taste."

The sixth number, giving an account of the supposed rambles of the Busy Body through London during one of the nights of illumination for our successes in America, is beyond doubt by Goldsmith; it contains not only his sentiments, as seen in other pieces written about the same time, but his manner, his humour, and even his unusual phrases—such as "May this be poison," which is used in the Adventures of a Strolling Player, in the Citizen of the World, and in the Haunch of Venison; and the same exclamation is made to proceed from a drunken shoemaker, that he afterwards put into the mouth of the soldier, in the Citizen of the World, when a French invasion was talked of, "What would become of our holy religion!" Even his residence at the moment may be traced; for he begins his ramble, as an inhabitant of Green-Arbour court would probably do, in Ludgate Hill. The paper forms an example of his readiness and skill to seize and appropriate even a trivial topic for an essay: it was not republished by himself, probably because the subject was of a temporary nature.

In the seventh number, among other contributions, are the stanzas which appear in his poetical works, on the taking of Quebec. On the 3d of November the Busy Body, whose existence, like that of the Bee, was brief and not brilliant, having only reached the twelfth number, ceased as a distinct work, being then merged in another by a different publisher. Whatever other papers he may have furnished are unknown, nor does internal evidence supply a clew to the discovery.

The motive for engaging in this work, his participation in which has been hitherto unnoticed, was probably to assist Purdon, believed to have been either editor, or one of the contributors: so that, when unable to furnish money to him or to others who made appeals to his friendship, he gave what to literary men formed an equivalent.

The Lady's Magazine, brought out by the publisher of the Bee, and nearly at the same moment, (1st October, 1759,) formed the third publication to which he contributed. It was said to be the first miscellany expressly appropriated to the fair sex; and on that account probably came introduced as under the management of a female editor, who assumed the name of the Hon. Mrs. Caroline A. Stanhope. The disguise of sex, however, is so thinly preserved as to be penetrated in every page; but it admitted of a flourishing advertisement, which, though perhaps too careless to be drawn up by Goldsmith, has something of that antithetical smartness which he sometimes really adopted, and sometimes, as in one of his essays (Specimens of a Magazine in Miniature), made the subject of ridicule.

His share in this work at its commencement is not certainly known, and was probably inconsiderable, although about a year afterwards he appears from concurrent testimonies to have become its editor. Dr. Percy, who during his visits to the poet, when in town, had abundant opportunities of knowing the fact, merely states that he conducted the magazine for Wilkie, without referring to the precise time when so employed. Allusion was likewise made to this occupation on occasion of the affray with Evans the bookseller, in 1773, and the remark made, however unfounded in fact, that one who as editor of a magazine had made free with the literary reputation of others, had little right to complain of similar liberties being taken with his own. Mr. Thomas English, well known among the literary men of the time, whose name has been mentioned in connection with the Annual Register, said that Goldsmith, whom he personally knew, furnished the magazine at first with a few poetical pieces only, but that as editor his prose contributions were considerable.

The period at which this connection took place will be hereafter noticed; but of his early influence in the management there would appear to be traces in the first two numbers, which, in a few lines devoted to Irish news, contain notices of petty events near Athlone of no interest, and not likely to be selected from the mass of general intelligence respecting that country excepting by such as were attached to the spot by local ties or recollections. In the first number is an account of a decoy for birds in Lincolnshire, afterwards transcribed into his Animated Nature; and the second commences with his story of Alcander and Septimius. The original papers on female life, manners, duties, and character, present something of his vivacity and humour, but, when closely examined, want the turn of thought and the finish which belong to his general style.

Of the poetical pieces attributed to him by Mr. English we have no certain knowledge. Two songs already given from the recollection of Mrs. Lawder, are in the second number; and likewise another production, a rebus, which, though then a staple article of ingenuity in the chief magazines of the day, would scarcely be suspected to claim him as its author. It is in praise of Newbery, the bookseller; to whom, as will be seen, his obligations were numerous.

> "What we say of a thing which is just come in fashion,
> And that which we do with the dead,
> Is the name of the honestest man in the nation:
> What more of a man can be said?"

The premature termination of the Bee, and Busy Body, and disconnection with the magazine just mentioned, left him at liberty to look round for other literary employment, and very little time was lost in the search. His facility and ingenuity as a writer appeared to be well understood by what is called *the trade;* for two of its most active members immediately engaged him.

One of these was Smollett, who, by his numerous speculations and compilations on various subjects, had become so identified with booksellers as to be intent only, according to his opponents, on the commercial, not the literary, value of books. He had been the subject of jocular remark even to Goldsmith for this propensity, in a paper of the Bee, in which, while Johnson, Hume, and others, are supposed to be seeking seats in a vehicle appropriated to Fame, he is represented as more desirous to enter the stage-coach of riches.

The other was the bookseller just mentioned, Mr. John Newbery, of St. Paul's Churchyard, known for probity, good sense, and a benevolent disposition, but more popularly for the juvenile volumes supplied in their youth to that generation which has just passed away. He had been brought up to trade at Reading in Berkshire, but changing his occupation and residence, and being an intelligent man with a taste for reading, commenced the business of bookseller in London. Observing the want of a class of books fit to engage and instruct the eager curiosity of children and youth, he set about remedying the defect, partly by entering on the business of author himself, but chiefly by employing with this view men of considerable talents, though little known to fame; and to these were added for occasional purposes of a higher description, Goldsmith, Christopher Smart, who had married his daughter-in-law, Guthrie, Hugh Kelly, and a few more.

His ingenuity and amiable qualities rendered him soon generally respected. Writers of the first character sought his acquaintance, and in his friendship not unfrequently found occasional alleviation of their most pressing wants. Among these were Dr. Johnson,—a few of whose applications to him for assistance are now, for the first time, made public in the subjoined communications;* and similar loans, of which the evidences

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* "*To Mr. Newbery.*

"Dear sir,—I have just now a demand upon me for more money than I have by me: if you could conveniently help me with two pounds, it will be a favour to,

"Sir, your most humble servant,

"*April* 18, 1751." SAM. JOHNSON.

On the back of this is endorsed the following receipt:

"20*th April*—Received of Mr. Newbery the sum of two guineas, for the use of Mr. Johnson, p^r me,

"THOS. LUCY."

"*To Mr. Newbery.*

"Sir,—I beg the favour of you to send me by the bearer, a guinea, for which I will account to you on some future production.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"*July* 29, 1751." "SAM. JOHNSON.

Endorsed on the back by Thos. Lucy, as in the preceding.

"*August* 24, 1751.

"Dear sir,—I beg the favour of you to lend me another guinea, for which I shall be glad of any opportunity to account with you, as soon as any proper thing can be thought on, or which I will repay you in a few weeks.

"I am, sir, your most humble servant,

Endorsed as before. "SAM. JOHNSON."

"*May* 19, 1759.

"I promise to pay to Mr. Newbery the sum of forty-two pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence on demand; value received. SAM. JOHNSON.

"£42...19...10."

"*March* 20, 1760.

"I promise to pay to Mr. Newbery the sum of thirty pounds upon demand. SAM. JOHNSON.

"£30...0...0."

remain, were rendered to Bonnel Thornton, Guthrie, Mrs. Lennox, David Erskine Baker, Bickerstaffe, and others, whose acknowledgments for temporary supplies are still in existence; and he became the confidential friend of the celebrated Dr. James, whose medicines he sold, and the property of which continues in his family. It is Goldsmith however who, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," has given him a certain immortality. He is introduced and described in that work (chap. xviii.) in connection with an act of benevolence towards the chief personage of the tale, who thus sketches his face and manner in a few words:—"This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red-pimpled face."

By Smollett and this gentleman several works had been carried through the press in conjunction; and each had at this moment new, though not rival, speculations in hand. The former announced, as editor, the "British Magazine," in which there is reason to believe Newbery had a share; while the latter, as chief proprietor, started the "Public Ledger," a daily newspaper still in existence, and the original popularity of which was said to be owing to the contributions of Goldsmith. Both undertakings were to commence with the new year, 1760.

This seemed the era of magazines; for, in addition to the British, there were announced nearly at the same moment, "The Imperial," "The Public," "The Weekly," and "The Royal Female," magazines. "The Lady's Magazine," as we have seen, and "The Royal Magazine" had started into being only a few months previously; while "The Gentleman's," "The Universal," "The London," "The Grand," and, to outdo all in promise and in name, "The Grand Magazine of Magazines," were enjoying all the honours and advantages of confirmed existence. Amid such a host of active competitors for public favour, Smollett probably believed that his undertaking might pass unnoticed unless introduced with all the ceremony due to an author of his established pretensions. The subjoined announcement therefore was made, with a degree of parade which, emanating from any other quarter, would have formed a fruitful subject for ridicule to his sarcastic wit:* but as the record of a publication to which he and Goldsmith gave the aid of their talents, it is worthy of being preserved.

The name of the latter as a contributor was not mentioned, no doubt by his own desire; not possibly from being above appearing in the same page even in a periodical work with that of Smollett; but being unknown as having produced any thing of popular interest, he was unwilling to make his first appearance in small things when conscious of powers capable of accomplishing almost the greatest. The knowledge of his aid as an auxiliary was confined to his friends only, or those immediately connected with the work. The first number appeared on the 1st of January, 1760. Of his share in it as distinguished from Smollett, an imperfect knowledge only can now be obtained: internal evidence and subsequent reclamation supply something, but not all. The dedication, in a strain of extreme eulogy to Mr. Pitt, who was then the idol of the nation, and considered by his public services almost a personal benefactor of the individuals composing it, is obviously not by Goldsmith. If Smollett were the writer, he changed his politics on the accession of Lord Bute to power the following year, by giving the aid of his pen to the support of that nobleman. But at this moment he possessed surer means of giving currency to the magazine than the favour or flattery of any minister whatever,—he had a new novel in hand. In the first number appeared the "Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves;" and a chapter being given each succeeding month till the conclusion, in December, 1761, a portion of interest was thus kept up for two years; before which the undertaking became fully established in public favour.

Goldsmith, less interested in the adventure, or less systematically prepared, came to the task with a stock of the then usual magazine wares—essays, stories, and oriental tales, a few only of which he republished in the volume of essays already mentioned. Others which were shorter, less finished, or considered of less interest, though all bearing traces of his spirit and humour, were left in obscurity to be dug up by the research of future admirers; and Wright the printer, in the volumes mentioned as edited by Isaac Reed, has rescued many. Among these were several classical criticisms, the style of which admits of no mistake, and were further known to be his by Bishop Percy and Malone; but there are still a few others to be gleaned by diligent examination: and of such a writer, even in his more careless effusions, who would willingly lose any thing?

Smollett, with genius fitted for almost any department of literature, seems never to have aimed at adding the character of essayist to that of historian, novelist, and critic; nor was the bent of his mind perhaps quite fitted for it by nature. His touch was bold, and frequently coarse; his personages drawn with something of caricature; his humour broad; his wit, descriptions, and incidents, sometimes licentious and even indecent; his satire shrewd, sarcastic, and often bitter, exhibiting more of the spirit of Juvenal than of Horace, therefore less likely to be received with favour by the mass of mankind as corrector of their faults and foibles.

Goldsmith, a more indulgent observer of human nature, had also more amenity of mind and manners, and notwithstanding the greater license of language of that day, is rarely betrayed into indelicacy of thought or expression. He appears to draw characters and tell stories more accurately true to life; never exaggerates for the sake of producing effect; his humour, unlike Smollett's, is chastened, his mirth never boisterous, his raillery playful, and free from that tendency to misanthropic severity not unfrequent in the writings of his coadjutor. He paints the peculiarities of mankind minutely, yet with ease and freedom of hand, as if the task of observing and detailing cost him no effort. With all the tenderness of a fellow-mortal conscious of the operation of human passions and frailties within himself, he was willing to be gentle, yet corrective, in dealing with those of others; and this perhaps forms one of his claims to what Johnson has called him in the epitaph, "lenis dominator."

In their styles of writing, as in their spirit, some differences likewise appear. Smollett, commonly content with being clear and forcible, aims at no other merit; Goldsmith, in addition to perspicuity, is almost always elegant yet natural; he seems incapable of throwing off a slovenly sentence; and this not so much from study or correction, for it is never rounded for the sake of effect, as from that natural taste which costs no labour, and is to the great majority of writers unattainable by art. "It may be observed," says Bishop Percy, (and the writer can confirm this testimony from what yet remains,) "that his elegant and enchanting style in prose flowed from him with so much facility that in whole quires of his histories, 'Animated Nature,' &c., he had seldom occasion to correct or alter a single word." Smollett is rarely to be tracked through the mazes of periodical literature in the same manner as Goldsmith. He is wanting in the mannerism that belongs frequently to men of genius, and which gives to anonymous writings nearly as much certainty as if their names were affixed to the papers. However great and varied his powers as a writer, this specific character is wanting: he wrote too carelessly and multifariously to preserve strong individuality; we cannot trace his train of thought, his favourite phrases, the turn of his periods, or known sentiments. By these Johnson was often detected when perhaps he had little desire to be known. By these Goldsmith also is occasionally to be traced by such as are intimately conversant with his writings, particularly when, from his own admission, or the information of others, we know the channels through which they first found their way to the public.

Two other contributors to the magazine, either at its commencement, or immediately afterwards, are said to have been Mr. Griffith Jones, and Mr. Huddleston Wynne; the former an assistant to Newbery in the arrangement of his little books: the latter known at the time from a variety of works in prose and verse, though not of permanent interest. To these probably belong the inferior essays; to Goldsmith or Smollet those of a more finished description. Still, among a variety of short pieces, some necessarily inferior to others, doubts as to their origin will prevail; and all that can be done is, to point out to the attention of the reader such as are probable where certain knowledge cannot now be obtained. But involved as Smollett seems at all times to have been in a multiplicity of literary projects, it may not be wide of the truth to infer that his name, his novel, and some general superintendence, were as much as he could give to a work of this description.

The papers which Goldsmith thought proper to own by reprinting them in one of his volumes, were one in the February number of the magazine, one in March, one in April, one in June; where likewise appear the lines from the Bee, "On a Beautiful Child struck Blind by Lightning," which are here represented to be on one who had been deprived of sight by the small-pox; and one in October. These are such as he considered most finished, and not unworthy of the author of the "Traveller," which poem this volume in its period of publication immediately succeeded, and with which he probably thought it would be contrasted.

Others of undoubted authenticity, though deemed by him of less interest for the purpose then in view, were early known to be his; one if not two in January, one in February, one in April, one in an extra number of the magazine to which no month is prefixed, but seemingly published between April and May; one if not two in May; one in June, four in July, one in August, and one in September; all of which will find place in his works. The doubtful papers are about seven or eight in number; one of these in January, "On the Bravery of the English Common Soldiers," appears in the works of Dr. Johnson; and although perhaps properly placed there, its history may deserve enquiry from some incorrect statements which have appeared.

Boswell informs us that it was added to the "Idler" by Dr. Johnson when first collected into volumes; but in this he errs; for it was neither added by him, nor is it to be found in the early editions of that work; and for all that appears may have been included afterwards without sufficient enquiry. So great was the reputation of that eminent writer, that any original paper from him would have been announced with every degree of publicity and triumph, as were those simply *reprinted* from other sources. Thus, in the same number of the magazine, the 89th paper of the "Idler," then in course of publication, is republished with the following introductory remark:—"The reader, we imagine, will not be displeased to learn, that we propose to enrich every number of the British Magazine with one paper from the 'Idler,' by permission of the author, whose great genius and extensive learning may be justly numbered among the most shining ornaments of the present age." Other reasons for questioning its origin in consequence of this ambiguity appear in the allusions, several of which may be found in other parts of the writings of Goldsmith: he further pursued the subject in the Magazine for June —the "Distresses of a Common Soldier," reprinted in the Citizen of the World, and again in the volume of essays in 1765; a paper which has been much praised by French critics as breathing the spirit of an humble optimist. It would appear that Boswell was unacquainted with the previous publication of the essay in this magazine; and likewise that Smollett, or whoever officiated as editor, knew not or considered it not to be written

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Another memorandum of Newbery's simply states,—"Lent Mr. Johnson, July 30, £1...1."

* "By the king's authority.

"Dr. Smollett having represented to his majesty that he has been at great labour and expense in writing original pieces himself, and engaging other gentlemen to write original pieces, to be published in the 'British Magazine, or Monthly Repository for Gentlemen and Ladies,' his majesty was pleased to signify his approbation of the said work by granting his royal license to the said Dr. Smollett:

"And this day is published, price 6*d*,
"Embellished with three curious copper-plates,

"Number II. of
"THE BRITISH MAGAZINE;
OR,
"MONTHLY REPOSITORY FOR GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.
"By T. Smollett, M. D., and others.
"Printed for H. Payne, at Dryden's Head, in Paternoster Row; and sold by all booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland;
"Of whom may be had No. I."

by Johnson, or they would have proclaimed the honour for the credit of their work.

Among the supposed contributions of Goldsmith, but less certain from being less finished, is a tale where we find something like the first rude germ of the Vicar of Wakefield. The catastrophe is indeed unnatural and abrupt, obviously hurried to a conclusion, and written probably when the press required an immediate supply of matter. But looking to the scene which is laid in the north of England; the hero, a clergyman; his hospitality; his character and peculiarities, "sitting by the way side to welcome the passing stranger," and replying to their news by some parallel instance from antiquity, or anecdote of his youth; circumstances so much in the spirit and manner of the novel, and of the Deserted Village; his love for his daughter; her seduction; the character and description of the seducer for whom he finds the Irish name of Dawson; the grief of the agonised father, first shown in threats, and then the recollection that his sacred calling precluded him from having recourse to violence to resent the injury; added to minute circumstances, which strike the attentive reader; all render it probable that this formed the first draught of a tale which we have hitherto known only in its perfect state. It is called the "History of Miss Stanton."

"For several months he ceased to render further assistance in consequence of becoming, by his own account afterwards, editor of the Lady's Magazine. But this connection being either of short continuance, or having time on his hands for the purpose, and deeming the British Magazine a more suitable medium for pursuing such a subject, he commenced in that work, in July, 1761, a series of papers on the Belles Lettres, embracing a considerable portion of classical criticism. These were continued, with the exception of the months of November, 1761, and July, August, October, and December, 1762, (when it will be seen he was otherwise employed,) until January, 1763. They then terminated abruptly, it would seem, for the last communication bears the usual intimation, *To be continued.* Fourteen papers altogether were given, each forming about three pages of the Magazine, printed in double columns; and attention was either drawn to them, or the proprietors were willing to do so, by a passage in the preface to the volume for 1762, where it is stated, as if much consideration were due to the subject of the writer, that besides four articles continued uninterruptedly through the work, they have "added a fifth on the subject of the Belles Lettres, which we flatter ourself will meet with peculiar approbation." The last essay of a miscellaneous nature communicated by him, was "Proposals for Augmenting the Forces of Great Britain," strongly marked with his characteristic humour, which appeared in January, 1762.

The contributions alluded to by the proprietors in the above passage, as creditable to their miscellany and an additional claim on the patronage of the public, were in biography, natural history, and the histories of France and Canada. With the greater part, or probably the whole of these, Goldsmith had no concern; the historical articles, indeed, commencing with the first number, by a coincidence no doubt accidental, ceased about the same time, (March, 1763,) as his communications, and with equal abruptness; for they are noted, "To be continued." The narration is not without merit, but wants the terseness, vigour, and spirit of philosophical reflection common to his other histories; qualities which tended so largely to enhance their popularity. Neither are they likely to have been by Smollett, who still, if we are to believe the advertisement, retained his connection with the Magazine. One or both may indeed have been rough-drawn under his direction by an inferior workman: a conjecture which receives countenance from the fact of being discontinued shortly before the state of his health rendered it necessary to quit England for the continent, in June, 1763.

Connected with the history of this Magazine, ere it became generally known, a paper which appeared in the Public Ledger must not be forgotten. Publications, like men, require the most active friends in the earlier stages of their being; for it is then, when in a state of obscurity, that introduction becomes kind and publicity useful; when known, this kind of assistance becomes no longer necessary. What in the latter case would appear unbecoming praise, is in the former but a recommendation to the good opinion of the world. To introduce the work in the best manner to public favour, Goldsmith, whose skill seems to have been perfectly appreciated by such as knew him, was applied to. He could do for Smollett's undertaking what the latter, without a violation of modesty, could not do for himself—praise his talents with all the warmth of an admirer. A very skilful notice was therefore introduced in the form of an amusing letter, bearing date February 16th, 1760, which, for its humour, will be perused with pleasure. It is entitled, "A Description of a Wow Wow in the Country." Here it may be remarked, as a peculiarity in all his communications, that he scarcely ever uses a distinguishing signature; for, however they may be couched in the epistolary form, there is, with one or two exceptions only, no name affixed even when a name might be supposed to add to the humour of the subject.

CHAPTER X.

Public Ledger—Chinese letters—Lady's Magazine—Removes to Wine-Office court—Dr. Johnson—Garrick—Introduction to History of the War—Project for visiting Asia.

His engagement with Newbery in the newspaper, as already remarked, was nearly simultaneous with that in the Magazine, the difference of time being no more than a few days; but as the latter, by coming out on the 1st of January, had the priority, his connection with it has been first noticed. To the former, however, he contributed more largely; and the papers so furnished have proved one of the sources of his fame.

The first number of the Public Ledger appeared on the 12th of January, 1760, introduced by a long and laboured prospectus, which formed the leading article for many days. In addition to original news, it was to concentrate facts from cotemporary journals; to be a medium of communication on all matters of commerce or business; to give original papers on literature; "supply information to the industrious, and amusement to the idle;" in a word, to combine, in the usual flourishing strain of applicants for public favour, matters incompatible, and put forth promises rarely fulfilled, and which none has more happily ridiculed than Goldsmith, who had some experience in similar propitiatory addresses, in one of his essays. On this occasion, judging from internal evidence, he seems not to have been employed. Newbery, however anxious for the success of the undertaking, probably thought it more the affair of a man of business than of genius; he therefore either wrote it himself, or entrusted it to his editor, who is said to have been Mr. Griffith Jones, already mentioned as connected afterwards with the British Magazine. It is well drawn up, but wants the more marked characteristics of the author of the "Citizen of the World."

The agreement was to furnish papers of an amusing character twice a week, for which, according to cotemporary statements, he was to receive a salary of £100 per annum; and this being at the rate of something less than a guinea each, is probably true. It is a curious coincidence, that Dr. Johnson should have been employed by the same publisher to contribute papers of a similar description to the "Universal Chronicle," a weekly newspaper, commenced by him in April, 1758, in which the "Idler,"* still at that moment in the course of publication, first appeared; and no stronger testimony can be given of the opinion formed of the talents of Goldsmith at this period, however little known to the world, than his being chosen the prop of one newspaper as the greatest writer of the age had been of another.

He appears either not to have had, or not to have matured, a systematic form for his contributions on their commencement. Two miscellaneous papers precede the first of the Chinese letters; one on the 17th of January, five days after the first publication of the newspaper; the other on the 19th; both possessing all his characteristic manner, and much of his humour; and which, like so many of his fugitive pieces, have been hitherto unnoticed. In the one he animadverts on a supposed peculiarity of our countrymen, that of unmeasured abuse of the public enemy during war; a failing which his natural benevolence of disposition, and some of that regard for the better qualities of the French character exhibited in the "Traveller," led him now, and in other passages of his writings, in the sixth number of the "Busy Body," for instance, to censure as unbecoming in generous opponents. Having thus lectured the men, the other paper contains a humorous attack upon the supposed foibles of the fair sex, in a letter from the "Goddess of Silence to the Ladies of London and Westminster, greeting." Both papers will be found in the Works.

Miscellaneous papers, however, give no distinct character to the writer, because general readers seldom know them to proceed from the same pen. A distinguishing title or subject preserves identity, and fixes a stronger hold upon the imagination of those who would win or influence: we seem then in the nature of acquaintance; we meet, and part with the hope, if agreeable, of meeting again; and a series of papers so noted will be read with more interest than without such clew to guide us to the author. The "Spectator," published among other essays without appropriating a specific name, would not have been so attractive as with it.

A plan being matured, he assumed the character of a Chinese philosopher, who, in traveling to Europe from the laudable motive of examining mankind at large, and acquiring wisdom by experience, had fixed his residence for a time in England, and aimed at describing the manners of its people. The idea was not new; the Turkish Spy, and the Persian and Peruvian Letters, and similar productions, had sought and secured much public attention in France. Swift had formed some such design, though not wholly the same, from the greater rudeness of the people, who were to be introduced as giving the fruits of their observation, in making the Indian chiefs who were in London during the reign of Queen Anne tell the story of their travels; a project which, by communicating to Steele, the latter marred by a paper or two in the "Tatler" and "Spectator."*

Works of this kind, executed with tolerable spirit and skill, insure considerable popularity in almost all countries. Human nature is pleased to see images of itself multiplied; and nations no less than individuals like to be portrayed, when the portrait is drawn with a certain portion of good nature. Vanity may have something to do with this feeling, yet it is not without utility. We are desirous to know what others think, and even what fictitious characters may be supposed to think, of our conduct and habits; a species of mental mirror is thus held up to general view, reflecting back faults and follies that, from their familiarity, pass unnoticed, or pass with less of reproof than they deserve, but which, by being paraded before us, are in time corrected. Even peculiarities which are objectionable, yet possess no portion of positive evil, often become, by being pointed out, divested of their more disagreeable features; and when this kind of *weeding* is diligently exercised, foreigners are left without excuse for overlooking, in accidental variations of manners, the virtues of a rival nation.

It may gratify curiosity to know that his first design, according to accounts of his friends, was to make his hero a native of Morocco or Fez; but, reflecting on the rude nature of the people of Barbary, this idea was dropped. A Chinese was then chosen as offering more novelty of character than a Turk or Persian; and being equally advanced in the scale of civilisation, could pass an opinion on all he saw better than the native of a more barbarous country. From a passage in one of his letters to Bryanton in a foregoing page, it seems certain

* For writing the "Idler," Johnson is said to have received a share of the profits of the paper. When first collected into volumes, two thirds of the profits were given to him, as appears by the following account, copied from the original, rendered by Newbery, which will interest the literary reader:—

"Dr.	L.	s.	d.
Paid for advertising	20	0	6
Printing 2 vols. 1500	41	13	0
Paper	52	3	0
	113	16	6
Profit on the edition	126	3	6
	L240	0	0

Cr.	L.	s.	d.
1500 sets at 16l. per 100	240	0	0
Dr. Johnson 2-3ds	84	2	4
Mr. Newbery 1-3d	42	1	2
	L126	3	6"

* He writes to Stella, April 28, 1711—"The 'Spectator' is written by Steele, with Addison's help; 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it: I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too." This paper, however, is marked as Addison's, to whom Steele no doubt communicated it.

that Goldsmith viewed that people with considerable interest. China, by its distance, its reputed antiquity, its disinclination to receive or to visit strangers, its arts, its science and general knowledge, however imperfect, and the long submission of its people to an exclusive and jealous policy of the governing power, has always been an object of curiosity to the nations of Europe. Du Halde's history had rather increased than diminished this feeling: the novelty of that work had not yet passed away among the learned, though from its voluminous nature the contents continued in a great degree unknown to the body of general readers. An opportunity therefore offered, while commenting upon English habits and opinions, to introduce allusions to those of a people who, claiming for themselves the highest degree of civilisation, by stigmatising all Europeans as barbarians, yet exhibit many traces of imperfect advancement of mind.

The first number of the letters, including the short introductory one, appeared on the 24th January, 1760; the second on the 29th; the third on the 31st. In the month of February there were ten letters, in March ten, in April eight, in May ten, in June eleven, in July eight, in August nine, in September ten, in October ten, in November six, and in December three; making together ninety-eight letters within the year, although marked in the newspaper ninety-seven; an error arising from the number twenty-five being twice used in continuing the same subject. These, with the three papers already quoted, give nearly his stated proportion, from the 12th of January, of two each week. But there is little doubt that he furnished others, though possibly less finished, and therefore more difficult to trace; such as on the encouragement of opera singers and operas, (Sept. 16th,) and on the institution of amateur concerts for the benefit of the poor, November 3d. Several of his papers from the British Magazine were likewise transferred to the columns of the Ledger, in return for many of the Chinese Letters being embodied in the pages of the former.

The success of his labours imparted the first assurance of that literary reputation we have seen him adverting to in jest, and ardently hoping in earnest; an enlarged circulation, according to all cotemporary testimony, was thus insured to the journal in which they appeared, and the foundation laid for its permanency; for among innumerable candidates for public favour it still continues to be one. The lucubrations of the Chinese Philosopher were generally read, admired, and reprinted: they regularly formed, after the third or fourth number, the first article in the newspaper, one of the evidences of popularity and merit; they became also what was perhaps very flattering, though not very profitable to the writer, a mine which the periodical publications of the day thought themselves at liberty freely to work and appreciate.

Viewed as a production of genius, it is not necessary to characterise what has long taken its stand among the list of English classics. Our manners, peculiarities, and character, are sketched by a discriminating but not unfriendly hand; we find in all its essential features English life; not of the higher, nor always even of the middling class, but furnishing a familiar view of that mass emphatically termed the people. If his delineations be occasionally homely, there is in them, at least, truth and distinctness, nature, vigour, and observation. Writing not as a moral essayist, and less as a reasoner than describer, his topics, even when not new, present an air of novelty; for a very unnecessary apprehension seems always to have influenced him, which appears in many of his remarks, of his papers being thought too grave, or what he considered nearly synonymous with seriousness, dull. He aims therefore to be, on whatever topic he touches, almost always sprightly, always ready with an anecdote to tell, or a character to describe, illustrative of his remarks or argument; his humour flows without effort; his wit without a tinge of ill-nature; and even folly is treated with a forbearance and good humour which her errors do not always receive at the hands of wisdom. The character of Beau Tibbs is remembered by every reader of the work: frivolous and self-important, impudent yet good humoured, a pretender to fashion, although utterly obscure, meeting the exposures to which this pretension subjects him with complacency or ready excuse, and assuming the airs of wealth, when possessing scarcely the common comforts of life,—he forms an amusing specimen of a class sometimes found in a great metropolis. The original is said to have been a person named Thornton, one of his acquaintance, and once in the army: the humour is so happy, and the sketch so well given, that we are willing perhaps to believe it from the life, heightened in some degree, but essentially true in its leading features. It will remind the reader of the familiar acquaintance described in the Haunch of Venison.

The objections urged against the letters were such as criticism is fond of displaying, yet conscious they are scarcely just: the sentiments and observations were not considered appropriate to the assumed writer; the mask was supposed to fall off too often, and we discovered not a foreigner but a native. Books of this kind, however, are understood to be works not of fact but of fiction; not travels to instruct, but essays to amuse: every reader who takes them up knows that they were not written, and could not well be written, by a Chinese, and that, were such even possible, the descriptions would be neither so correct nor amusing as they are. As in the case of theatrical representation, we are not deceived by what is passing before us, or the deception exists but for an instant. All that we really require at the hands of either, is the pleasure derived from good imitation, and when this is sufficiently natural, amusing, and vigorous, the purpose is answered. That the poet thought the objection frivolous, may be inferred from what seems to be meant for a sneering reply to correspondents of this class: it is prefixed to the thirty-second letter in the newspaper (May 2d): "The editor, on this and every other occasion, has endeavoured to translate the letter writer in such a manner as he himself, had he understood English, would have written. The reader is requested also to impute all the nonsense and dulness he may happen to find in this and every other letter, to *errors of the press*."

Toward the end of the year they ceased to appear so frequently, partly from the design being nearly completed, partly, perhaps, from the author resuming his connection, either as editor or contributor, with the Lady's Magazine. Several pieces in the latter work at this time bear traces of his manner; and selections from such as he had published through other channels were freely reprinted. In the number for November, 1760, we find, exclusive of what may be considered original contributions, one of the Chinese letters; in December another, besides a paper on popular preaching, afterwards republished in his essays; in January a Chinese letter; and in February, to spare himself perhaps the trouble of original composition, he commenced giving the Life of Voltaire, already mentioned, which thence continued the first article in every month till its conclusion in November, 1761. The number for April is almost all from his writings: we have for the first article a portion of Voltaire's memoir, a paper from the Bee, on the dress of the English ladies; a Chinese letter; Zemin and Galhinda, an Eastern tale, the authorship of which is pretty certain; besides thoughts on the English poets, from the Literary Magazine, and others less certain, though probable.

How long he continued to superintend the work, if really conducted by him, is uncertain, but probably till the conclusion of the sketch of Voltaire. His own labours, which may pretty well be traced to about that period, consist of letters and essays on female education, manners, and general conduct: they exhibit humour and playfulness, closeness of observation, and knowledge of human nature; the admonitions are in good taste, inculcated less by formal precept than through the medium of anecdote or story; with a just estimate of the feelings, understanding, and accomplishments of those whom he addressed, he shows becoming tenderness towards their foibles. The Magazine seems to have had great success: an advertisement in August, 1762, stating that in three years above 120,000 numbers, or more than three thousand three hundred per month had been sold.

During the years 1760—61, his writings were forcing their way into notice when his name continued nearly unknown. We trace the general sense entertained of their merit in the fact, that, in turning over the pages of the periodical works of the day, scarcely one is to be found without several of his papers reprinted from other sources; so that, without minute and careful enquiry, it is difficult to trace the precise channel through which several of his papers were first introduced to public notice. Even when there were but few in a series, as in the Busy Body, these literary freebooters had the sagacity to perceive, and the assurance to select for their own advantage, what they discovered to contribute most powerfully to the public amusement. Commonly the obligation was not only not acknowledged, but besides being for the moment deprived of the honours of originality, the popularity of his past labours was occasionally made to counterbalance the weight of those that occupied him at the moment. The Imperial Magazine, for instance, which started in January, 1760, at the same time and in rivalry with the British, in which he was engaged, contained in its first number two of his papers from the Bee as original articles; he had thus to contend in the race for public favour, not only with the genius of others, but with his own. As in the case of certain outlaws in society, his progeny were seized upon wherever found; not indeed to be punished for their demerits, but to be exhibited for our applause.

It was the knowledge of the degree of esteem awarded to his merit that drew from Dr. Johnson, who seems to have known more of his labours than most others of his cotemporaries, frequent encomiums on one of the modes of composition in which he excelled. "I was dining," said Dr. Farr, who frequently told the anecdote, "at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, August 7th, 1773, where, amongst other company, were the Archbishop of Tuam and Mr. (now Lord) Eliot, when the latter, making use of some sarcastic reflections on Goldsmith, Johnson broke out warmly in his defence, and in the course of a spirited eulogium said, 'Is there a man, sir, now, who can pen an essay with such ease and elegance as Goldsmith?'"

The possession of a more liberal income arising from the connection with the Public Ledger, produced corresponding improvement in his situation. About the middle of the year 1760, he left Green-Arbour court, or square, as it was once termed, for respectable lodgings in Wine-Office court, Fleet street, where, for about two years, he remained with an acquaintance or relative of the friendly bookseller, Newbery. Here he was often visited by Dr. Percy during his excursions to London, who occasionally told anecdotes of him at this time in conversation which he omitted to introduce into the memoir. One of these related to a foreign artist, a sculptor, whom the poet had known slightly abroad, and paid as much attention to in London as his time and means permitted. Goldsmith thought he had been fortunate in the execution of two or three busts, and very elegantly and happily told him, "Sir, you live by the dead, and the dead live by you."

Here, likewise, if traditional notices by other old associates are to be trusted, he acquired a pretty numerous acquaintance of the literary class: some no doubt men of genius; others of that laborious, yet unsuccessful order, who, after spending their lives in the drudgery of literature, quit the world without leaving behind them a trace of their occupation that is either read or remembered;—a species of borderers upon Parnassus who beat diligently around its base, but want vigour and ingenuity to reach its summit.

Among the former were Christopher Smart, Guthrie, the Rev. Mr. Franklin, a coadjutor in the Critical Review and translator of Sophocles, Murphy, Bickerstaffe, and others. Of inferior powers, were Woty, a poet now forgotten; the Rev. William Ryder, under-master in St. Paul's school, and author of a variety of works, a History of England, a Family Bible, Translations of Voltaire, and afterwards editor of a Lady's Magazine; Collyer, known by some compilations, and a few translations from the German; Griffiths and Giles Jones; Huddleston Wynne, who, besides other things now forgotten, among which were some poems, was author of a History of Ireland, said to have been undertaken at the recommendation of Goldsmith. In a class still lower, yet not deficient in talents or scholarship, had their conduct been directed by morals and industry, were Hiffernan, Purdon, Pilkington, and others, of whom scarce even the names are remembered. Most of these were without money, and some without principle; and as Goldsmith was social in his habits, easy of access, and known to be generous when he had any thing to give, he became sometimes the convenience of one class, and the prey of another. Of his unwillingness to refuse any request, however unreasonable, the following anecdote, told by himself some years afterwards with considerable humour, is a characteristic instance.

Pilkington, son of the Rev. Matthew and Mrs. Letitia Pilkington, of Dublin, unhappily known by their quarrels and writings, being thrown upon the world by the disunion of his parents, found refuge in the house of an uncle, a physician at Cork. Inheriting the eccentricities of his relatives, for the uncle was not free from them, he was discarded thence for misconduct; and having been brought up partly to music, joined Pockrich, another extraordinary character of Ireland, who, having wholly dissipated, according to report, a fortune of four thousand pounds per annum, earned a livelihood afterwards by precarious means, particularly some skill in playing on the musical glasses. He died not less strangely than he lived, having lost his life in a fire in Cornhill on the night of one of his principal performances. Pilkington, after the loss of his employer or coadjutor, subsisted by any device that promised to raise money. He was at this time employed in writing his life, which was soon afterwards published in two volumes: their contents, and the equivocal fame of his mother as exhibited in her own memoirs, and who had died a few years before, gave them some notice and circulation. In Dublin, probably at college, for there was a Pilkington there in 1748, he is said to have first known Goldsmith; or as a fellow countryman engaged like himself in the service of literature, he found ready admittance to him in London. He had already, under various pretences, levied small contributions on the purse of his acquaintance, but on another occasion, when no common plea promised to be successful, a new and ingenious one was adopted.

Calling upon the unsuspicious poet in 1760, he gave vent to many regrets that the immediate want of a small sum prevented the prospect of a rich return. Upon enquiry of the circumstances, he said that a lady of the first rank (the name of the Duchess of Manchester or of Portland was mentioned), being well known for her attachment to curious animals, and the large prices given for the indulgence of this taste, a friend in India, desirous to serve him, had sent home two white mice, then on board a ship in the river, which were to be offered to her grace. He had apprised her of their arrival, and she expressed impatience to see the animals, but unfortunately he had neither an appropriate cage for their reception, nor clothes fit to appear in before a lady of rank: two guineas would accomplish both objects, but where, alas! were two guineas to be procured? Goldsmith with great sincerity replied, that he possessed only half a guinea, and that sum necessarily could be of no use; the opening however was too favourable, and the applicant too dexterous, to permit his attempt to be thus parried. He begged to suggest with much diffidence and deference,—the emergency was pressing and might form some apology for the liberty,—that the money might be raised from a neighbouring pawnbroker by the deposit of his friend's watch,—the inconvenience could not be great, and at most of only a few hours' continuance; it would rescue a sincere friend from enthralment, and confer an eternal obligation. The mode of appeal proved irresistible: the money was raised in the manner pointed out, but neither watch nor white mice were afterwards heard of, nor even Mr. Pilkington himself until a lapse of seven months, when a paragraph in the Ledger informed the world that he, giving his name nearly at full length, was endeavouring to raise money in a more equivocal manner.

It is the province of ingenuity to turn even misfortunes to advantage. The whim, or supposed whim, of the lady whose name was used on this occasion furnished the sufferer with what he was frequently on the watch for, a hint for an essay; and it soon appeared in the whimsical story of Prince Bonbennin and the White Mouse, forming numbers forty-eight and forty-nine of Chinese Letters. The loss of a watch thus gave origin to a tale, the moral of which, as if peculiarly worthy of notice, he emphatically marks in italics at its conclusion: "That they who place their affections on trifles at first for amusement, will find those trifles at last become their most serious concern."

To glean hints from every quarter where the character, manners, and amusements of a people are displayed, is a necessary part of the business of him who describes them. Scenes of humbler life were therefore not neglected, for there, in fact, national peculiarities are best seen. An anecdote connected with a scene of familiar and popular recreation, which he is known often to have visited, was told by Kenrick, by whom it was supposed to have been communicated with some variation of circumstances to the Ledger, where it was certain to meet the eye of Goldsmith. The authority is indeed apocryphal; we may therefore rather believe it true from the alleged ludicrous embarrassment in which he was found being characteristic of his ready though inconsiderate generosity.

When strolling in the gardens of White Conduit house, he met with three females of the family of a respectable tradesman, whom, for some favour received in the way of his occupation, he invited without hesitation to take tea. The repast passed off with great hilarity, but when the time of payment arrived, he found to his infinite mortification he had not sufficient money for the purpose. To add to his annoyance occasioned by this discovery, some acquaintances in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well, came up, discovered his perplexity by a remark of the waiter, and willing to enjoy it, professed at first their inability to relieve him; nor was it till after much amusement had been enjoyed at his expense that the debt was discharged.

Another story of the same period, and coming from the same quarter, is to be received with similar caution. Having joined a few brother authors and others in a white-bait dinner, as favourite an entertainment then as at present, at Blackwall, the conversation after a time became literary, when Goldsmith took the opportunity of inveighing severely, as he had done in the Chinese Letters, against what he termed the class of pert and obscene novels, instancing the success of Tristram Shandy as derogatory to public taste. The cause of Sterne was taken up by others; several of the company joined in the argument, which at length among these volunteer allies became warm; from warmth they proceeded under the influence of wine to personalities, and at length to violence, until the feast terminated in a general fight, when a mob being drawn around the house, the occurrence, though not the names of the combatants, found its way into the newspapers. Goldsmith, the innocent cause of the affray, and whose disposition does not appear to have been pugnacious, is believed not to have been a sufferer on this occasion; the reputation of it however formed sufficient foundation for a sarcasm. And to this Johnson probably alluded when, in the scuffle of the former some years afterwards with Evans the publisher, Boswell observed that it was a new adventure for Goldsmith to be engaged in,—"Why, sir, I believe it is the first time he has *beat;* he may have been *beaten* before. This, sir, is a new pleasure to him."

Of all his acquaintance, this extraordinary man—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—was the one most sedulously cultivated, and the most prized, as he deserved to be, for powers of a varied and gigantic order; who in return saw in Goldsmith much goodness as a man, and great talents, to which he had borne ample testimony, as a writer. They took to each other, to use Johnson's phrase, with mutual good will; and nothing of more moment than casual ebullitions of temper in the heat of occasional argument occurred to interrupt it. Goldsmith, with a keen insight into character, could not but feel that respect which all who associated with Johnson were obliged to pay either from their admiration or their fears. He saw in the great moralist, to use his own words in the dedication of his play, "the greatest wit joined with the greatest piety;" from such a person, who was nearly twenty years his senior, he could take a sharp rebuke or biting sarcasm (and who of all his friends escaped them?) without those feelings of resentment occasionally exhibited by inferior men. General opinion had long and justly stamped him the first literary character of the age; it was natural therefore for one who pursued literature as a profession to deem his acquaintance an advantage as well as an honour. From his experience and critical taste, it was scarcely possible not to profit; and, by the respect which great talents combined with good morals ever command in society, he felt that the friendship of one who stood pre-eminent in both formed of itself a passport to some degree of reputation.

There was another motive perhaps in seeking his intimacy; superior minds feel a noble spirit of emulation in the society of each other. Greatness indeed does not always produce greatness in the character of its associates; yet the near contemplation of excellence is not without its effect even on ordinary minds: we are prone to imitate what is placed before us, and by observation may gain similar advantages from the association with high moral or intellectual qualities, that manners derive from mingling in what is called good society. Eminent men, too, it has been said, usually live in clusters, in particular ages, and commonly in communion or friendly intercourse: passion or prejudice, or rivalry springing from the various contingencies of life, may disunite individuals, in such a body, but the majority, as they understand the value of each other, are not often influenced by such antipathies. Few things could be more gratifying than to witness, in social intercourse, that assemblage of talent of which Johnson and Goldsmith were among the prominent members.

Until about the period at which we are now arrived, it appears they were personally unacquainted. The fame of Johnson had been long established and found an echo in every society; the merits of Goldsmith were only whispered through the medium of mutual friends, yet so warmly as to produce the wished for acquaintance. He had shown himself not unworthy of the favour, by the terms in which the great moralist was mentioned in the Reverie in the fifth number of the Bee, and again in Chinese Letters, where speaking in his assumed Eastern character we are told "their Johnsons and Smolletts are truly poets; though for aught I know they never made a single verse in their whole lives."

Their first meeting, according to the remembrance of Bishop Percy, took place on the 31st of May, 1761, when Goldsmith gave a supper to a large company, chiefly literary men, at his lodgings in Wine-Office court. Johnson among others was invited, and Percy as their mutual friend requested to accompany him. As they proceeded thither the latter had his attention drawn to the studied neatness of the critic's dress, far exceeding what he usually displayed. "He had on," said the bishop in telling the story, "a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and every thing so dissimilar from his usual habits, that I could not resist the impulse of enquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance. 'Why, sir,' said he with characteristic shrewdness, and willing to play the instructer as well by example as by precept, 'I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example.'"

From this time their intimacy increased until severed by that which terminates all human connections. The lesson meant to be enforced by the improved garb of his new friend was not lost upon Goldsmith, if he were really open to the charge of personal negligence. Soon after this it appears from the bills of his landlady, and the account books from 1762 till 1774, of his tailor, "honest John (he should have said William) Filby," as he called him, whose name transpires in the amusing anecdote told by Boswell respecting the peach-coloured coat, that there was no want of clean linen, or of wearing apparel; and that in the latter he became ultimately expensive if not extravagant.

With Garrick his first meeting, it can scarcely be called acquaintance, appears to have been of a less friendly character; and took place, if we are to believe Davies, the biographer of the actor, and well acquainted with both, in the previous year, 1760, by an effort to secure some permanent means of support. A vacancy having occurred in the secretaryship of the Society of Arts, which Goldsmith wished to obtain, he applied to the manager for his influence, which was represented to be considerable among the members. The latter urged in answer, that Dr. Goldsmith having thought proper in one of his books to attack his management of the theatre, there could exist no fair claim to his good offices were there even no other candidate in the way. Instead of offering an apology, the poet very bluntly observed that he had indulged in no personal reflections, and still thought he had only spoken the truth; they parted, however, in civility; and the election was carried by a large majority in favour of Dr. Chamberlayne.

This story may be correct in substance, though not in detail. Davies, from his theatrical connections and a variety of transactions with the poet as a bookseller, possessed abundant opportunities of gaining the necessary information, but forgot or misapprehended what he had heard. It was not Dr. Chamberlayne who was elected in 1760, but Dr. Templeman; and in 1769 Mr. Moore succeeded to the same appointment; on neither of which occasions does Goldsmith's name appear as candidate, although others are mentioned, and the

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number of votes which each received. Neither does it appear that in his remarks on the conduct of the theatre, in the work in question, any manager is mentioned by name, or so pointedly by inference, as to give cause of personal offence; his remarks are general, though very little in the way of censure was sufficient to alarm the sensitive character of Garrick. The result of the interview showing him probably how little chance existed of success, the design was at once relinquished without proceeding to the vote; and this accounts for his name not appearing in the minutes on this occasion. He took much interest however in the society, attended its proceedings very regularly for some years, and contrived as it appears on more than one occasion to pay his subscription by drawing upon his bookseller in advance. Among Newbery's papers are three memorandums of this kind; two in pencil, one dated April 30th, 1765, the others without dates:—"Lent Dr. Goldsmith, at the Society of Arts, and to pay arrears, £3 3s."

The success of our arms in the war then carrying on against France, formed a topic too exciting with the nation to be neglected by the booksellers; and several histories of the contest, of various shades of merit, appeared. To one of these he wrote a preface and also an introductory view of several of the chief states of Europe, mentioned in a preceding page with the memorandum prefixed to it of Isaac Reed; whether he took part in the compilation himself, or whether even it was actually published, a diligent search has failed to discover. It was written in 1761, and as appears by the context, previous to the rupture with Spain, the declaration of war against that country appearing in January, 1762. A work of this nature had issued in February, 1761, from a publisher (Owen) for whom he had written one or more other prefaces; his skill in this class of composition being early discovered and frequently called into requisition. It appears likewise by a receipt from an agent of Guthrie, who was probably the compiler of the body of the work, dated February 2d, 1762, that three guineas on account were paid him by Newbery for a "History of the War:" the book was a partnership affair, and therefore may have been the same.

The manuscript, in his own handwriting and now before the writer, occupies nearly forty foolscap pages, closely written; eight being devoted to the preface, and the remainder to succinct notices of the political history, relations, and views of England, France, Prussia, Germany, and Holland: they contain many just and ingenious observations, and exemplify not merely the ease and flow of style, but the clearness of mind which he brought to the subject. Errors and inadvertencies, omission of names or dates, circumstances misstated by conflicting testimonies or introduced in the wrong place, are almost unavoidable in sitting down to the task of historical composition. We may expect to find in the first rude draught of such a work innumerable alterations; a blurred, blotted, and perhaps scarcely readable page; but it was not so with Goldsmith. Compelled often to write quickly and yet write well, and the means being wanting to enable him to employ an amanuensis, early enforced the necessity of methodising his ideas so as to save the trouble of transcription; the erasures and alterations are therefore few and merely verbal. The same fact was noticed by Bishop Percy in the manuscript of his histories; a happiness which few even of the most ready and practised writers attain.

His orthography, as has been remarked of other eminent men of the time, is sometimes inaccurate, sometimes antiquated, exhibiting strong indications of haste and carelessness. Thus we have the words "comerce," "allarms," "oppulence," "inrich," "inforce," "efects," "ecchoes," "atractions," "comodities," "unactive," "undoe," and others. It may be likewise remarked, as such circumstances are often matters of curiosity, that he covers the page so thoroughly as to leave no room for note or addition on either margin, had it been necessary for such to be introduced; on another occasion, indeed, he declares distaste to notes, as being commonly the marks of an unskilful writer.

The preface, too long to be transcribed here, but which will be found in the works, is introduced by some general remarks on war as a source of occasional advantage and even of virtue to states, which are in a great degree new and ingenious, and explain some political phenomena operating not only in our own country in the present day, but in many of the states in Europe; that restlessness in nations, and that resistance to lawful authorities which a state of peace too often engenders. On the Dutch nation the remarks, whether correct or not, are such as he has versified in the Traveller.

The project of visiting the East, which had occupied his mind for a few previous and subsequent years, acquired new strength about this period by the accession of Lord Bute to office; some channel probably appearing through which to address that minister with a prospect of success. A memorial, enlarging the views formerly taken of this subject, was therefore drawn up, pointing out the advantages of a traveller proceeding thither for purposes of utility alone; and an impression prevailed among some of his acquaintance that the Princess-dowager of Wales had been prevailed upon to read and to approve of it. No favourable result ensued; the project being deemed visionary, or the name and influence of the proposer wanting sufficient weight among the public authorities to recommend him to such a mission. The Bishop of Dromore and Mr. Malone sought for this paper several years afterwards without success; and it is now probably irrecoverable.

Mr. Langton was accustomed to mention, in allusion to this scheme, that Goldsmith had long a visionary project that some time or other when his circumstances should be easier, he would go to Aleppo in order to acquire a knowledge, as far as might be, of any arts peculiar to the East, and introduce them into Britain. When this was talked of in Dr. Johnson's company, he said, "Of all men Goldsmith is the most unfit to go out upon such an enquiry; for he is utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possess, and consequently could not know what would be accessions to our present stock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he would bring home a grinding barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think that he had furnished a wonderful improvement."

In this sally there was more of sarcasm than of truth. The ambition of Goldsmith to profit by what he could find new in the East, could scarcely be deemed very absurd, when a contemplated scheme by Johnson to see the same country with more limited purposes was viewed with complacency by himself, and applause by his friends. "At the time when his pension was granted to him," observes Mr. Langton, "he said, with noble literary ambition,—'Had this happened twenty years ago, I should have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabic as Pocock did.'" Yet, as the plan of Goldsmith necessarily included within its probable utility the study of the language and people, without which he could not investigate their arts, it seems more like jealousy than justice in Johnson to ridicule, in another, what at an earlier period of life confessedly formed a favourite wish of his own. The fact seems to have been, either that Goldsmith had not thought it necessary to explain himself fully in the loose statements of conversation, or that he was imperfectly understood by his hearers. Of merely mechanical arts his knowledge probably was not great, neither perhaps so contemptibly small as represented, for the term embraces a wide range of objects. Having long revolved the project, he was not likely to be wholly unprepared for what he knew and stated to be a laborious task, and diligent attendance upon the London Society devoted to such pursuits implied at least a taste for, if not acquaintance with, some of the objects contemplated in the journey. It is more than probable that his design had reference chiefly to certain processes in the arts connected in some degree with chemistry, a science with which he possessed considerable acquaintance. Thus, in the paper quoted on the occasion of his memorial to Lord Bute, he expressly mentions the extraction of spirit from milk, an improved mode of dyeing scarlet, and the refining of lead into a purer and more valuable metal, as matters for enquiry; an explanation which removes from his project that air of absurdity cast upon it by Johnson. The reputation of a man should not be at the mercy of a sarcasm; yet in the pages of Boswell as well as in the reports of others, it is obvious he did not receive credit for the information he really possessed, or the facility with which such as was necessary for his purpose was acquired.

The strongest objection to the expedition was not urged against it, namely, that however ingenious in idea the harvest gleaned would probably have been small. Mechanical arts publicly practised in one country soon find their way to others without an express mission to import them; while such as affect secrecy and are in the hands of a few, will be guarded still more carefully from the knowledge of one sent expressly to discover in what the secret or superiority consists. By the view taken in the extract previously quoted, of the other requisites for such a traveller,—a philosophical turn, a mind tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, manners ameliorated by much intercourse with men, a body inured to fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger,—he obviously points to himself; nor, if these be the chief qualifications required, was he deficient in any of them.

By the account of Dr. Farr, in conversation with the poet, when they met in London, in 1756, his idea then was a journey to the Written Mountains. It is rather a curious coincidence, that, at this moment, another gentleman, distinguished by his eccentricities, Edward Wortley Montagu, entertained, and accomplished the same design. He set off from Italy toward the end of 1762, and was absent about three years, traveling through the Holy Land, Egypt, and Armenia, with the Old and New Testament in hand, finding them, as he says, unerring guides. An account of this journey was read before the Royal Society, in March, 1766, and afterwards published in their Transactions.

CHAPTER XI.

Various literary engagements—Pamphlet on the Cock Lane Ghost—History of Mecklenburg—Art of poetry—Plutarch—Citizen of the World—Additions to a History of England—Life of Beau Nash—Lines supposed to be written at Orpington—Christian's Magazine—Robin Hood Society—Peter Annet—Lloyd—Roubiliac.

Early in 1762, Newbery found him variety of occupation in history, biography, the critical revision of several works, and even on a subject which, although made of importance by popular excitement and credulity, by the personal enquiries of Johnson, and by the satire of Churchill, was beneath the serious notice of either: this was the well known imposture of the Cock Lane Ghost. His receipt for the very moderate amount of copy money, in his own handwriting, now before the writer, is as follows:

"Received from Mr. Newbery three guineas, for a pamphlet respecting the Cock Lane Ghost.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"March 5, 1762."

None of the newspaper announcements of the day state any thing on this absorbing topic, as issuing from the shop of the apparent purchaser, and the precise title of the piece has not been therefore ascertained. It may perhaps have been a partnership affair; and as Newbery had occasional connection with Bristow, a neighbouring publisher, in other works, he may on this occasion likewise have been made the channel of publication—an impression countenanced by the advertisement* of a

* "To-morrow will be published, price one shilling, The Mystery Revealed; containing a Series of Transactions and Authentic Memorials respecting the supposed Cock Lane Ghost, which have hitherto been concealed from the Public.

'Since now the living dare implead,
Arraign him! in the person of the dead.'
DRYDEN.

"Printed for W. Bristow in St. Paul's Churchyard."—*Public Advertiser, Feb. 22, 1762.*

pamphlet on the subject, which appeared from that source shortly before. Things of this kind commonly disappear with the thirst for wonders to which they owe their origin; but if found, internal evidence will readily decide whether the conjecture, of this being Goldsmith's performance, be well founded.

One of the labours for his patron, if we may believe the accounts of several personal acquaintances, for no certain evidence of the fact is at hand, and the work has been sought in vain, was a volume, to which the popularity of the young queen (Charlotte) gave origin. In February (26th), 1762, appeared, dedicated to her majesty, "The History of Mecklenburgh, from the first Settlement of the Vandals in that Country to the present Time; including a Period of about Three Thousand Years." It was diligently advertised, though without marked success, having failed to reach a second edition, which can be said of no other of his (if this really be his) compilations. Probably he revised, rather than wrote it, or received so little for the volume as to be indifferent to its fate; for, in the British Magazine, where a better character might have been secured had he cared about the matter, it is simply noticed as "carefully compiled, but dry and uninteresting."

A few days afterwards (March 9th), came out, in two volumes, "The Art of Poetry on a new Plan; illustrated with a great Variety of Examples from the best English Poets." This was a compilation by Newbery himself, revised, altered, and enlarged, by the critical and poetical taste of Goldsmith, as he acknowledged to Dr. Percy. The dedication, however, to the Earl of Holdernesse, in return for an act of beneficence, shown in his capacity of secretary of state, to a distressed foreigner, on the application of the good-natured bookseller, is not only signed by the latter, but obviously written by him, in the fulness of gratitude. Neither has the advertisement traces of Goldsmith's usual point and spirit; however desirous, therefore, of his aid, in the prefatory matter, to books by other writers, as a means of success, Newbery, with something of the vanity of an author, felt no such diffidence about the merits of his own.

As a guide to youth in the cultivation of poetry, whether as a study or an amusement, these volumes, as giving the opinions of competent critics upon the merits of good authors, are by no means contemptible. The preceptive part tells all that it is necessary to tell, regarding an art which cannot be taught, and in which, more than in most others, precept is nearly useless. The illustrations are numerous, of great variety, and drawn commonly from the best sources. It is no reproach, that much of the information is borrowed; but if the alleged compiler found time, from his numerous avocations in trade, to collect and arrange the observations scattered through the work, on the merits of the various species of poetry, he deserves credit for no ordinary diligence. But the remarks by which the specimens are introduced, are often so original and just, in such good taste, and conveyed in so perspicuous a style, that it is probable a better critic and an abler writer than Newbery, however fair his talents, must have not merely revised, but in part added to, or rewritten them.

Almost at the same moment (March 12), a new work for a similar (the juvenile) class of readers, was announced, from the same prolific source.

"Mr. Newbery begs leave to offer to the young gentlemen and ladies of these kingdoms, a Compendium of Biography; or a History of the Lives of those Great Personages, both ancient and modern, who are most worthy of their Esteem and Imitation, and most likely to inspire their Minds with a Love of Virtue." The plan, after something more in the same strain, was to commence with Plutarch; to be comprised in seven volumes, 18mo, one to appear every month, at the moderate sum of eighteen pence, and with the further promise of being "abridged from the original Greek, with notes and reflections."

The compiler of this humble contribution to knowledge, was Goldsmith. Biography was with him, as with Johnson, a favourite subject, had he enjoyed the requisite leisure for enquiring into those details without which its value is much diminished. From the present attempt, he could derive nothing but the marketable value of the article, and this, from the acknowledgment for two volumes, appears to have been small; but by the manner in which they were got up, in paper and embellishments, the publisher gave his project scarcely a chance of success, had the intrinsic merit been greater. The first volume appeared on the 1st of May, the last in November, when the series ceased as it begun, with the Greek biographer—the intention of carrying on the original design being probably damped by the success of a competitor, the British Plutarch, then in course of publication by Dilly. After the first four volumes had been completed, he procured, in consequence of illness, the assistance of Mr. Joseph Collyer, whose name appears in a preceding page, and who found employment in some compilations of the time, and in translations from the German, one of which, the Noah of Bodmer, was given after the manner of the Death of Abel. The receipt from the poet, for the sum awarded to his labours, was in advance of the publication—and seems, from several others of similar date, and given on the same sheet of paper, to have been a kind of general settling day between author and bookseller.

"Received from Mr. Newbery eleven guineas and a half, for an abridgment of Plutarch's Lives.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"March 5, 1762."

During the progress of the work through the press, the following note, without date, seems to have been written to prevent any delay in publication, in consequence of his indisposition:

"*To Mr. Newbery, St. Paul's Churchyard.*

"Dear sir,—As I have been out of order for some time past, and am still not quite recovered, the fifth volume of Plutarch's Lives remains unfinished. I fear I shall not be able to do it, unless there be an actual necessity, and that none else can be found. If therefore you would send it to Mr. Collyer, I should esteem it a kindness, and pay for whatever it may come to. N. B. I received twelve guineas for the two volumes.

"I am, sir, your obliged, humble servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Pray let me have an answer."

From an impression, probably, that the work would not be so well done by any one else, this proposal seems not to have been acceded to at the moment, although Collyer was ultimately employed; and under the feeling of being urged to do what his strength scarcely permitted, he despatched a second and less cordial note.

"*To Mr. Newbery.*

"Sir,—One volume is done, namely, the fourth. When I said I should be glad if Mr. Collyer would do the fifth for me, I only demanded it as a favour—but if he cannot conveniently do it, though I have kept my chamber these three weeks, and am not quite recovered, yet I will do it. I send it per bearer; and if the affair puts you to the least inconvenience, return it, and it shall be done immediately.

"I am, &c.

"O. G.

"The printer has the copy of the rest."

His connection with this little work, although disclosed after his death, by Newbery's successors in trade, has been since unnoticed, and even unknown. The knowledge of it reached the writer, among other traditional notices; and on reference to the preliminary advertisement, the pen of the poet became immediately obvious to him long previous to the preceding documents, which may be more satisfactory to others, coming into his hands. But there are persons, and Goldsmith himself seems to have been of the number, who think it injudicious to make known whatever an author himself desires to conceal or does not avow; that his anonymous, hasty, or casual performances should pass without challenge from any quarter; that, in short, the world has a right to know and notice only such of his productions as are written for reputation and not for bread.

Yet this can scarcely be a sound opinion. Were it strictly to be followed, literary history would no longer possess its strongest interest. We should lose the advantages derived from tracing, step by step, the progress of mind in its advances to perfection; of knowing its labours and struggles on the path to eminence; what small objects were accomplished before great ones were attempted; what subjects employed the pen or the thoughts of a distinguished writer at a particular epoch of his career; and aspiring though obscure worth would lose the benefit derived from tracking their great predecessors in the road to distinction, and want the best stimulus to pursue their example, by learning not to despair—for that fame is rarely the result of a moment, or of chance, but of time and industry. The pride of authors is something like that of beauties; it may induce them to wish to be seen only in their finished works, as the latter prefer being exhibited in full dress, when tricked out for show or conquest: but those they would influence, or subdue, have a right to more intimate acquaintance, and must not be thought impertinently curious in seeking it. There is a youth in authorship, as in life; and we would enquire whether the period of immaturity has been idly or laboriously spent. It is not necessary we should approve the species of labour pursued, but we like to know what was the employment of the labourer.

His characteristic address in propitiating the favour of the reader, is displayed in the recommendatory notice.

"Biography has, ever since the days of Plutarch, been considered as the most useful manner of writing, not only from the pleasure it affords the imagination, but from the instruction it artfully and unexpectedly conveys to the understanding. It furnishes us with an opportunity of giving advice freely and without offence. It not only removes the dryness and dogmatical air of precept, but sets persons, actions, and their consequences, before us in the most striking manner; and by that means turns even precept into example.

"The perverseness, folly, and pride of men, seldom suffer advice given in the common manner to be effectual. Nor is this to be wondered at; for, though there is no action in life that requires greater delicacy, yet few are conducted with less. The advice of parents and preceptors is generally given in an austere and authoritative manner, which destroys the feelings of affection; and that of friends, by being frequently mixed with asperity and reproof, seems rather calculated to exalt their own wisdom than to amend our lives, and has too much the appearance of a triumph over our defects.

"Counsels, therefore, as well as compliments, are best conveyed in an indirect and oblique manner; and this renders biography, as well as fable, a most convenient vehicle for instruction. An ingenious gentleman was asked, what was the best lesson for youth? He answered, *The Life of a good man.* Being again asked what was the next best? replied, *The Life of a bad one.* The first would make him in love with virtue, and teach him how to conduct himself through life, so as to become an ornament to society and a blessing to his family and friends—and the last would point out the hateful and horrid consequences of vice, and make him careful to avoid those actions which appeared so detestable in others."

The same day that introduced Plutarch, brought forth, in two duodecimo volumes, as the newspapers announced, "The Citizen of the World; or, Letters from a Chinese Philosopher residing in London, to his friends in the East. *Printed for the Author.*" The only intimation of a similar kind attached to any of his publications. Newbery may have at first declined republishing what had sufficiently answered his purpose in the Ledger; but when about to issue from the press, he appears, from the following, either to have become the purchaser, or to have paid up an outstanding account, as the old, not the new title, is employed. The whole amount given, does not appear.

"Received of Mr. Newbery five guineas, which, with what I have received at different times before, is in full for the copy of the Chinese Letters, as witness my hand.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"March 5, 1762."

The relinquishment of the original designation, Chinese Letters, which was applied, as it would seem, rather by others than by the author, as it is assumed rather by the editor than by him, arose probably from a production of the Marquis D'Argens, translated into English, 1741, being extant, under the same title; a coincidence likewise to be remarked of two other works indebted to his pen, "The Bee," and the "British Magazine," both of which names had been previously used for popular compilations. The idea commonly implied by the designation now assumed for the volumes, that of a person so attached, or so indifferent to all countries as to give par-

ficular preference to none, is noticed with approbation in more than one passage in his Essays. "Among all the famous sayings of antiquity," he writes, in the British Magazine, "there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart,) than that of the philosopher, who, being asked what countryman he was, replied, 'A Citizen of the World.'" And again, "I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, namely, a Citizen of the World, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a European, or to any other appellation whatever."

Philosophical fallacies, equally specious and quite as unsound as this, have been often adopted by men who knew better; misled for the moment by insufficient consideration, the pretension of a character imposing in name, to the ignorant, or possibly deceived by real benevolence of disposition. Yet it is difficult to think that any who advanced the opinions just quoted really believed in their justness: the common feelings of human nature rise up in judgment against the theory, and the first practical effort we are called upon to make, of benevolence, for instance, or preference in any way, shows its insufficient foundation. It can scarcely be true, that any person exists who has no preference of country—and if true, not perhaps very creditable to him who avows it. Providence seems to have ordered that our affections move within certain circles—first, our family—second, our neighbourhood—and thirdly, our country,—and no great good may be expected to arise from forgetting either of these, our natural and proper care, to assume His province, in extending equal attachment to places and persons of whom we can know little. It may be true, that an individual does not prefer his native land, but all lands cannot be equally indifferent. If we totally disconnect from our minds the tie of country, we may do the same with that of kindred; and, advancing a step further in heartless philosophy, proceed to sever all the links of human connection. That benevolence which is so general and indiscriminate as to affect to embrace all mankind, is commonly to be suspected. It is seldom seen exerted where most wanted—that is, in the active aid of individuals composing the community, for which regard is professed in the gross: like a small portion of manure spread over a large tract of soil, the fructifying power is lost—it wants concentration. Such philosophy is indeed but a shadow, which, in pursuing, may deprive us of the substance of much practical good; its tendency is to loosen what may be called the local, yet powerful and kindlier, affections of our nature.

Besides the letters printed in the newspaper series, other papers deemed worthy of being preserved, and which had appeared either in a different form or in other publications, were introduced into the volumes, in order, as it was avowed, to make the work more perfect. Thus, No. 108, The Advantages of sending a Traveller into Asia, to bring back the useful Knowledge of that Country, No. 115, On the Dignity of Human Nature, and a few more, are from the Ledger; No. 117, A City Nightpiece, from the Bee; No. 119, The Distresses of a Common Soldier, from the British Magazine; and there are others taken from the newspaper, during the year 1761. Several, where the subjects appeared to be connected, were transposed, on republication, from the places in which they originally stood in the series, and a few were added wholly new.

No aid seems to have been given him by the contributions of others, and indeed there is presumptive evidence of the fact in the progress of the letters, although a contrary belief prevailed at the time. Thus, in the British Magazine—and it exhibits some disregard for the common arts of literary puffing, that, in a publication with which he was connected, no more favourable or extended criticism appeared—it is laconically characterised, "Light, agreeable summer reading, partly original, partly borrowed." A similar impression is to be drawn from the qualified terms used in an advertisement in the London Chronicle, in May, 1766: "The greater part of this work was written by Dr. Goldsmith." The error, in both instances, of giving him credit for the authorship only in part, arose from having reclaimed his labours from other quarters, without the critics who had seen them there being aware of his right of appropriation. The publisher at length thought it necessary to intimate, in one of his announcements, that all were the offspring of one author: "These volumes contain all those Chinese Letters which gave so much pleasure and satisfaction in the Public Ledger, together with such originals as were necessary to complete the author's design."

The fortune of books, as indicative of public negligence or caprice, has often been the subject of remark; and this edition of one, popular in its first form, and ever since admitted to possess all the qualities deserving of favour, may be instanced, among others. It did not sell in the manner expected, either from the change of title, rendering it less generally known, or from wanting the countenance of an approved name. No intimation of a second impression appears, so late as May, 1766, when the name of the author, then rendered popular by the success of the Traveller, was used, in order to dispose of the first; and a third edition did not come out until about 1780. While neglected at home, however, the Citizen of the World found favour abroad. A French translation, by M. Poivre, who sent Goldsmith a copy, in addition to a very complimentary letter, which disappeared among others of his papers, after death, came out in 1763, and in three years passed through four editions in that country.

Shortly after this period, another effort of industry in the service of the booksellers is known by the following acknowledgment:

"Received two guineas of Mr. Newbery, for the conclusion of the English History.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"July 7th, 1762."

A second memorandum gives him credit, among other copies, though without a price affixed, for "79 leaves of the History of England." Attentive examination among the publications of the day has probably ascertained the exact nature of this historical fragment, which was of no value, and therefore not necessary to rescue from oblivion. A school-book, a History of England in the form of question and answer, had been published as joint property, by several booksellers, and proving successful, additions were thought necessary to raise it still further in estimation. An announcement, of September 23, has this notice affixed: "The eleventh edition, with the addition of five sheets, containing the long and glorious reign of our late most glorious sovereign, George the Second, to the accession of his present majesty." The five sheets thus added would amount, within one, to the exact number of pages, or as it is written, leaves, noted in the publisher's account.

In the summer of 1762 he visited Bath; partly for the restoration of health, partly it is said by desire of Newbery, in order to add to a small stock of materials already collected and shaped into form for a new publication,—an account of the well known Beau Nash, master of the ceremonies there, who had died at an advanced age, and after a long tenure of office, the preceding year.

It is not often that gentlemen of this profession make claims upon the biographer. Necessity could be the sole inducement to the undertaking, for of such a person what more could be said than a newspaper paragraph might tell? But Nash possessed a species of conventional celebrity that rendered him not only an object of general notice and conversation, but made him the first of his class who have figured in this country. In the mingled characters of gamester, (said indeed to be a generous one,) beau, a man of pleasure, reputed wit, and the king, as he was called, or improver if not founder, of a favourite scene of summer resort for the wealthy and the fashionable, the invalid and the idle, he was known personally or by name to most persons in the kingdom. Fame therefore would seem to appertain not solely to the able or the great. To gratify curiosity respecting one so much talked of, who retained his sway to a patriarchal age, there appeared, on the 14th of October, 1762, "The Life of Richard Nash, Esq., late Master of the Ceremonies at Bath. Extracted principally from his original Papers.

"——— Non ego paucis
Offendar maculis. HOR."

Notwithstanding the numerous stories told of this gentleman, some address was required to make out a respectable volume, the facts communicated being few, and even these considered to be in want of a guarantee of authenticity, which the publisher found it expedient to give. "We have the permission of George Scott, Esq. (who kindly undertook to settle the affairs of Mr. Nash for the benefit of his family and creditors,) to assure the public that all the papers found in the custody of Mr. Nash, which any way respected his life, and were thought interesting to the public, were communicated to the editor of this volume; so that the reader will at least have the satisfaction of perusing an account that is genuine, and not the work of imagination, as biographical writings too commonly are."

Among the papers thus said to be given, is a long communication on the destructive vice of gaming, supposed to be written by a correspondent of Nash, but more probably by the editor, whose admonitions on the subject are impressive; one or two more letters by the Duchess of Marlborough and Pope; and the history of a young lady apparently well known at that time, who terminated a life somewhat equivocal by suicide. The reflections are numerous and ingenious; said indeed to constitute the chief part of a book, the whole of which indicated a practised hand. By some it was said to have been written in imitation of Johnson's Life of Savage; but of this there is no other trace or resemblance than that Goldsmith, like Johnson, tried how much could be made out of slender materials by a skilful workman. Savage however was a poet whose writings, imprudences, and birth, afforded themes to discuss, follies to lament, and misfortunes to commiserate: Nash could but boast of being a mere *arbiter ineptiarum*, whose highest effort of mind was a jest, and engaged in occupations too trifling for serious description. With such opposite subjects to treat, no competition could exist between the authors. By a memorandum among Newbery's papers, it appears that Johnson had curiosity enough to purchase the book, though we have no record of his opinion; and early in December it reached a second edition.

Among his critics was Lloyd, then editor of the St. James's Magazine, who thus adverts to its want of incident: "If the good-natured editor did not step in upon all occasions, the public must have been contented with a pamphlet instead of a book."

But an imputation contained in the volume upon Quin, the actor, who had retired from the stage and resided in Bath, formed the subject of sharper strictures, either from the pen of the critic or one of his correspondents. Among the alleged papers of Nash was found a letter, wretchedly spelt, said to be written by Quin to a nobleman, soliciting his assistance in the design of supplanting the master of ceremonies in his situation, which letter, through some means, had been communicated to the object of the supposed plot by being found in his possession; it was no doubt one of those vulgar deceptions called a hoax, played off upon Nash as a source of annoyance, for, though aged and irritable, he was still assuming and vain. In the Magazine, instead of being viewed in this light, it was dwelt upon as a calumny of the biographer upon the actor; and, in addition to other animadversions, produced an epigram rather more abusive than severe, which, as the war of wits forms a fruitful source of amusement to all but the combatants, is subjoined for that of the reader.*

His own estimate of the value of his labours, as exhibited in the preface and introductory remarks, is sufficiently moderate: they exhibit his usual ingenuity in making a graceful apology for introducing what he knew to be a trifling subject. Few who now read this volume, and it is sometimes taken up by such as search for anecdotes of the past age,† are aware of Goldsmith being

* "*To the Editor of Nash's Life.*

"Think'st thou that Quin, whose parts and wit
Might any station grace,
Could e'en such ribald stuff have writ,
Or wish'd for Nash's place?

"With scorn we read thy senseless trash,
And see thy toothless grin,
For Quin no more could sink to Nash,
Than thou canst rise to Quin."

† The subject was lately dramatised with some degree of success by Mr. Jerrold: he was not aware probably of the authority to whom he was obliged. A book appeared a year or two after the Life, called "Nash's Jests," in which Goldsmith had no share. The compiler, from a memorandum of Newbery, seems to have been Mr. Griffith Jones.

the author; the fact, though known soon after publication, and mentioned by cotemporaries, seems, like others of his labours, to be nearly obliterated from recollection. Five weeks are reported to have been spent on the composition; and if we consider the ingenuity demanded to make a readable book on such a subject; and the trouble of even transcribing two hundred and forty octavo pages, he would appear by the following to have been very poorly remunerated. By the date, it seems to have been given in advance.

"Received from Mr. Newbery, at different times, and for which gave receipts, fourteen guineas, which is in full for the copy of the Life of Mr. Nash.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"March 5, 1762."

By the preceding account, we discover that he did not want diligence; and as much of his future life exhibits similar struggles of labour with necessity, the accusation of idleness, sometimes urged against him, will appear to be undeserved. A charge of this kind applied to a literary man, and it is one of frequent occurrence, is not always easy, however unjust it may be in itself, to rebut. His moments of relaxation commonly admit of general notice; while those of study, of intense, perhaps, and long-continued meditation, are necessarily unseen; the amusement of an hour by such as judge hastily, may be exaggerated into the negligence of a day; and those to whom he has incurred pecuniary obligation, and who impatiently look for repayment, are prone perhaps to consider as an idler him who is simply a debtor. Yet mental labour, as much more exhausting than bodily, requires proportionate indulgence; the rest of a night fits the labourer or mechanic for the occupations of the following day; but months may be requisite to restore tone and vigour to the mind exhausted in the completion of a literary performance.

The illness alluded to in the note regarding Plutarch, and other attacks which it appears he had previously experienced, arose from a painful disease brought on by constant application to his desk. To escape this drudgery, short excursions were made into the country whenever an interval of leisure permitted: Tunbridge and Bath were among his favourite places of resort; and sometimes lodgings were taken a short distance from London, where, when not required for the necessary duty of correcting the press, he could work undisturbed for short periods. One of these, in 1760 and 1761, was remembered to be in the village of Orpington in Kent, where some lines, said to be written on the window of a cottage he frequented, and which appeared in the British Magazine, were, it cannot now be known with what truth, attributed to him.

"Stay, traveller; and though within
Nor gold nor glittering gems are seen,
To strike the ravish'd eye,
Yet enter, and thy well-pleased mind
Beneath this humble roof shall find,
What gold can never buy.
Within this solitary cell,
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere:
Peace spreads abroad her balmy wings,
And, banish'd from the courts of kings,
Has fixed her mansion here."

A similar effusion of his genius or whim was mentioned by the late Sir George Beaumont, as having been left at a village inn when traveling in Leicestershire, but the name of the place as well as the lines were forgotten.

A translation of the works of Voltaire, commenced in 1761, and continued monthly for about two years, under the names of Smollett, the Rev. Dr. Francklin, and others, and of which Newbery was one of the proprietors, was supposed to have given occasional occupation to Goldsmith. No proof of this however has been found: the papers of that publisher state the price paid for the translation to be two guineas per sheet; and in giving the expenses of each volume for the information of the partners, the entry simply is, without giving names, "Author £25;" varying, according to the size of the volume, to £26 and £27. The work is still met with in the shops, and a slight inspection sufficiently proves he did not write the preface, which is deficient in the usual characteristics of his manner. The writings of such an author as Voltaire were probably thought capable of recommending themselves.

A more certain depository of his occasional contributions appears to have been another monthly publication of Newbery, "The Christian's Magazine," edited at this time or soon afterward by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, several of whose letters connected with it are still in existence. What description of pieces were supplied by him at this time we have no means of ascertaining; probably moral stories and serious essays appropriate to the work; but in the following year he furnished two or more translations, which will be noticed in the proper place. Griffith Jones, it appears, compiled the monthly compendium of miscellaneous intelligence for the very moderate remuneration of a guinea each number.

Toward the end of the year he contemplated a popular compilation on Philosophy, induced by the persuasions of his indefatigable employer, who perceived that such works, when tolerably well executed, found a ready reception from the enquiring spirit of the age. He had previously revised, there is reason to believe, some works on this subject by Martin, a philosophical instrument maker of Fleet street; and though necessarily deficient in practical acquaintance with such subjects, conceived himself, theoretically at least, not uninformed. The chief facts were meant to be drawn from the most recent and competent sources, while much was anticipated in description and mode of arrangement from the taste and genius of the compiler. To prepare for the undertaking, a course of philosophical reading was commenced, and various additions made to his library with the same view, so that however defective such cheap compendiums of knowledge may be, more diligence is often used in the getting them up than their compilers received credit for from the learned. The fruits of these studies will be hereafter noticed; for the present they made little progress in consequence of other and more attractive employment of an historical nature. Newbery's memorandum of the books now supplied to him in order to furnish part of the necessary information is as follows:—

"*Nov.* 25, 1762.

"Lent Dr. Goldsmith.

1 Martin's Philosophy, 3 vols. 8vo.
1 Kiel's Introduction.
1 Macquart's Chemistry, 3 vols. French.
1 Encyclopædia, 8 vols. folio. French.
1 Chinese Letters. French.
1 Persian ditto.
1 Pemberton's View of Newton's Philosophy.
1 Hale's Vegetable Statics, 2 vols. 8vo.
1 Ferguson's Astronomy, 4to.
1 Buffon's Natural History, 9 vols. 4to.
1 The Origin of Laws, Arts, and Sciences, 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh."

Ready as we find him upon such a variety of subjects, it may be doubted considering the manner in which the literature was then remunerated, whether the amount of money received formed even a tolerable income. He boasted on one occasion of being able to make four guineas by the labour of a day: this may have been true, as such sums were occasionally paid for prefaces and introductions that might have been thrown off within that time. Authors perhaps desire, even when not strictly authorised by fact, to have the reputation of large sums affixed to their productions; and the desire is not less strong in those of the present day than in the past. Publishers likewise form an interested party in such statements, for while the vanity of the one is flattered, the property of the other is thought to be enhanced, as that is necessarily inferred to be good, the cost of which has been great. Yet if these representations were always correct, we should scarcely find those who afford currency to such rumours furnishing proofs in their conduct, or their complaints of frequently suffering under the evils of an unprofitable profession.

It may be a source of curiosity, therefore, to trace his income as far as can be ascertained, during this year of acknowledged industry. The pamphlet on the Cock Lane Ghost, as appears, was three guineas; the history of Mecklenburgh, if he were actually the author, may be estimated by the value of the other works, at twenty pounds; revising the Art of Poetry, ten pounds; seven volumes of Plutarch, forty-five pounds; Citizen of the World, probably ten or fifteen pounds; five sheets of the History of England, two guineas; Life of Nash, fourteen guineas; occasional pieces, such as essays, prefaces, and criticisms, perhaps twenty pounds, making together less than one hundred and twenty pounds. When we consider the time required for these various works, it is not probable he could have written any thing of moment for another publisher; and there is little doubt, as we find in the instance of Collyer, that he occasionally paid for assistance. With this deduction from small means, there might still be something left for a strict economist, though little to gratify the pride of literature; and in all the labours of the year there was nothing conducive in any degree to fame. Yet, without some latent hope of futurity having better prospects in store, the vague though encouraging impression that, at a more favourable moment, genius would take wing in nobler and more enduring flights, who would devote himself to drudgery like this, at once constant, solitary, and ill-requited?

Occasionally we find him mingling in scenes of amusement, or pursuing objects of popular curiosity; frequently, as we may believe from his remarks, in order to turn them in some way to account. One of these, in the summer of 1762, was the Cherokee chiefs then in London, and sought after eagerly by the inquisitive and idle, a visit to whom gave origin to a humorous story told by Derrick, well known by his poems and letters, and once master of the ceremonies at Bath. Having made a present of some trifle to one of the Indians during the interview, the latter, delighted with the gift, and remembering one of the European modes of endearment, stooped and embraced Goldsmith with so much cordiality as to leave behind part of the red ochre, with which he was plentifully bedaubed, upon his face, and being seen in this state was teased by the wags of his acquaintance with using *rouge*.

The philosophical use made of this interview exhibits the readiness with which a trifling incident is turned to the purpose of illustrating one of the leading passions of human nature, whether civilised or savage,—the desire for dress and ornament. "I remember," he says, "when the Cherokee kings were over here, that I have waited for three hours during the time they were dressing. They never would venture to make their appearance till they had gone through the tedious ceremonies of the toilet: they had their boxes of oil and ochre, their fat and their perfumes, like the most effeminate beau, and generally took up four hours in dressing before they considered themselves as fit to be seen. We must not therefore consider delicacy in point of dress as a mark of refinement, since savages are much more difficult in this particular than the most fashionable or tawdry European. The more barbarous the people, the fonder of finery."*

One of the scenes whither he was led, for occasional amusement more perhaps than it was voluntarily sought, was the well-known debating society of the Robin Hood, held at a house of that name in Butcher Row, whither it had been removed from the Essex Head, in Essex street, in the Strand, about 1747. The payment of sixpence formed the only requisite for admission, three halfpence of which were said to be put apart for purposes of charity. Monday evening was the period of meeting: the annual number of visiters averaged about 5000: a gilt chair indicated the presiding authority; and all questions, not excepting religion and politics, were open to discussion on being previously entered in a book kept for that purpose. Such a privilege on topics on which men never have, and probably never will agree, as may be supposed in such miscellaneous assemblages, was abused. On religious matters, particularly, blasphemous notions were frequently broached, which, however open to refutation, and they were refuted and have always been refuted as often as advanced, produced injury to the minds of the class of persons, frequently illiterate or half-informed, who formed the majority of the auditors. In poisons of the mind, as in those of the body, the antidote cannot wholly eradicate the evil; and the wise will not willingly expose themselves to the one in order to test the efficacy of the other. At length these discussions were pronounced by many persons a public nuisance; and several of the clergy, among whom was the eminent Mr. Romaine, thought proper to stigmatise them in their addresses from the pulpit.

* Animated Nature, vol. ii. p. 97. 8vo. Lond. 1774.

The president, who is said to have checked this spirit when in his power, was a Mr. Caleb Jeacocke, who united the trades of baker and accomptant; and being possessed of considerable native acuteness and vigour of mind, a smattering of knowledge on popular topics, and fair character, promised by the early tenure and long possession of authority, and his superiority over others in his own station in life, to become perpetual dictator. He was fond of the office, though gratuitous; had sufficient energy of character to keep his motley audience sometimes in order; and, frequently quitting the character of moderator, joined in the discussion in order to prove his claim to power. Here, young men attached to the liberal professions, incipient debaters, and others, resorted as to a place of intellectual exercise; sometimes to listen to, sometimes to answer, the "eloquent baker." It was on one of these occasions that Goldsmith, after hearing him give utterance to a train of strong and ingenious reasoning, involuntarily exclaimed, "That man was meant by Nature for a lord chancellor." A witticism, now stale from frequent repetition, is said to have originated on this occasion. The remark was addressed to Derrick; who, after a moment's pause, replied in allusion to his occupation, "No, no, not so high; he was only intended for *master of the rolls*." He became, however, after laying down his hammer as President of the Robin Hood Society, a magistrate, and, as is said, a useful one, for the county of Middlesex.

It appears, if we are to believe an account of this debating assemblage published soon afterward, that Goldsmith occasionally took part in the discussions; on what subjects does not appear; but from a degree of diffidence, which rendered him easily liable to be disconcerted, we may believe the occasions were not numerous. Among notices of the frequenters of the meeting, we find the following favourable sketch of him:—

"(*Mr. G ** d *** th.*)

"A man of learning and judgment: author of 'An Enquiry into modern State of Literature in Europe,' and many other ingenious works; a good orator and a candid disputant, with a clear head and an honest heart. He comes but seldom to the society."*

One of the strange characters among whom he was thrown here and in other places, in consequence of professing attachment to letters, though now enjoying a different and unenviable notoriety, was Mr. Peter Annet. He had been brought up to the profession of medicine, one which to a wise and reflecting man offers peculiar opportunities of viewing in the structure of his species abundant evidence of the power and glory of his Creator; but which by the shallow and presumptuous is sometimes made a source of doubt; because, as they find matter only under the dissecting knife, and not spirit, they are tempted to conclude its existence questionable, or in other words countenance materialism; a class of philosophers to whom the description of Burke, in speaking of narrow-minded politicians, so strongly applies; men who understand and value nothing "but what they can measure with a two-foot rule, what they can tell upon ten fingers." Annet was of this order; and, pushing his doctrine to its natural results, not only professed disbelief of Christianity, but exhibited the zeal of a fanatic in propagating his tenets. He had but few pretensions to literature, and wrote nothing which deserves to be remembered. The press, however, being made the medium of assailing the religion of his country, the law interposed; and, being convicted of blasphemy, he was sentenced to imprisonment and the pillory,—the latter being twice carried into execution toward the end of December, 1762.

While in prison, where Archbishop Secker relieved the wants of the man, while he remonstrated against the tenets of the unbeliever, he employed himself in writing a small work on grammar. When finished, Goldsmith was requested to recommend it to Newbery, which was readily done, being unobjectionable in its nature; and, to conclude the bargain in person, he carried the bookseller to the King's Bench prison. A sum was offered something more than had been expected by the author, who out of gratitude immediately volunteered a dedication, and, as a further recommendation of the work in his own opinion, decided to put his name for it. Newbery, for obvious reasons, hesitated to accept this offer; the author strongly reiterated his fancied generosity; when at length it became necessary to hint that the name of a gentleman subjected to the pillory for insults to the religion of his country, placed in the title-page of a book chiefly intended for youth, would effectually mar its circulation. The remark roused his pride; in vain the force of the objection was delicately urged; he became angry, and swore that no bookseller, who was ashamed of his name, should have a book of his to publish. The reply of the latter was, that he had some reputation to lose, if Mr. Annet had none; and, wishing him good morning, left the self-willed author to find another purchaser.

Lloyd, the poet, who adds another to the list of those known as much for their irregularities as their genius, was likewise among his acquaintance: it is said to have commenced in an unusual manner,—whether previous to the criticism on Nash's Life is doubtful; but the term "good-natured editor," used in it, implied sufficient knowledge of his person or character. The story was told by Mr. Cooke, and warrants the propriety of the appellation used by Lloyd as to his easiness of temper.

While sitting in the Chapter Coffee-house, Goldsmith, who had been recently ill, was accosted by a stranger with enquiries after his health; and evincing the surprise and hesitation natural on the occasion, the enquirer proceeded to introduce himself. "You will pardon my abruptness; my name is Lloyd; you are Dr. Goldsmith: as literary men, familiar to each other by name, we ought to be acquainted; and as I have a few friends to supper here this evening, let me have the pleasure of your company likewise without further ceremony." The frankness of the invitation to a man of social propensities, insured its acceptance: he joined the party composed chiefly of authors, spent an agreeable evening, but when about to depart overheard a discussion between his new friend and the landlord, who seemed perfectly known to each other, implying that the one could not at that moment pay the reckoning while the other declined to give credit. The generosity of Goldsmith obviated the difficulty by guaranteeing the debt, which he eventually paid, Lloyd, who had long lived by shifts and expedients, caring nothing further about the matter.

Another deception alleged to have been practised upon him is of a date shortly anterior to this: it is told by Sir John Hawkins, who viewed the poet as he did Burke, with no favourable eye, and even, if true, indicates rather simplicity of character, a good-natured acquiescence in what he did not stop to examine, or a degree of delicacy in charging ignorance or imposture upon the supposed musician, than total ignorance of the matter in discussion. We may at least question the correctness of the story in the way he tells it. That Goldsmith had some, though possibly slight, knowledge of music is certain. Few persons of any education blow the flute for a series of years without knowing a single note; and it would only require an acquaintance with the first half dozen in the stave, to perceive the imposition attempted by his facetious acquaintance. Another reason for doubt applies to time. Roubiliac died after an illness of some duration, early in January, 1762; the occurrence, therefore, must have taken place, if at all, some months previously, when Goldsmith was perhaps scarcely of consequence enough to be made the subject of ridicule, or to have it remembered of him nearly thirty years afterwards, when the alleged author of the trick had so long quitted the scene.

"But in truth," writes Sir John, in allusion to the performance of the poet on the German flute, "he understood not the character in which music is written, and played on that instrument, as many of the vulgar do, merely by ear. Roubiliac, the sculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play, and minding to put a trick upon him, pretended to be charmed with his performance, as also that himself was skilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air, that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consenting, Roubiliac called for paper, and scored thereon a few five-line staves, which having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only such random notes on the lines and spaces as any one might set down who had ever inspected a page of music. When they had both done, Roubiliac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who, looking it over with seeming great attention, said it was very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him."

CHAPTER XII.

Boswell—Residence of Goldsmith at Islington, and connection with Newbery.

About this period he first became acquainted with Mr. Boswell; an observer whose representations having had some influence in giving an erroneous idea of the character of the subject of these pages, their intercourse requires to be noticed more in detail.

He had just arrived from Scotland, warm with the design of seeking the society of the first wits of the metropolis; and had already, as he tells us, found access to Wilkes, Churchill, Thornton, Lloyd, and others. His chief object of pursuit, however, was Dr. Johnson. Before this introduction could be successfully accomplished, he met Goldsmith, one of their earliest interviews being at dinner with Mr. Thomas Davies, the bookseller, in Russell street, Covent Garden, towards the end of 1762, or commencement of the following year. Mr. Robert Dodsley was of the party; and a discussion arising relative to the character of modern poetry, Goldsmith asserted that there was none, that is, none of superior merit, of that age. Dodsley appealed to his collection (the well-known work in six volumes) for proofs to the contrary, maintaining, in his phrase, that though no palaces could be pointed out, such as Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, there were villages composed of very pretty houses, and instanced particularly the poem of "The Spleen." Johnson, on hearing of the argument, gave it against Dodsley. "He and Goldsmith said the same thing," was his remark, "only he said it in a softer manner than Goldsmith did; for he acknowledged there was no poetry, nothing that towered above the common mark."

Whether Boswell took part in the conversation does not appear, but from his love of talking, his youthful presumption, his desire on all occasions to exhibit such knowledge as he possessed, and the popular nature of the topic, we may readily believe he was not silent; and boasting as he did of the acquaintance of Churchill and his friends, he may have been induced to retail their opinions on such subjects, and uphold their claims to superiority. To this school of poetry, which had satire chiefly for its object, Goldsmith felt and expressed strong repugnance: he neither practised nor approved it; and if he were tempted to show how defective the taste or erroneous the judgment of its admirers, would probably have used little ceremony toward a presumptuous young man, such as his new Scotish acquaintance would appear, possessed of no known pretensions to learning, genius, knowledge, literature, or experience in life. He could not be supposed to discover, in such a person, one who was destined eventually to sit in judgment upon his character, and become with a few persons not remarkable for critical taste, in some measure an arbiter of his fame. He would not have believed, even when Boswell became more known, that his opinions of literary merit could have weight with tolerable judges, even if his personal civilities were insincere; or that the biography of his friend Johnson (if he ever positively knew who was to be biographer) should be rendered the medium of what resembles a species of covert hostility towards himself.

Boswell, from the first, seems to have viewed him with no favourable eye; a tone of slight, meant to undervalue his powers, mingled indeed with a few sentences of regard, or a compliment to his generous and social qualities, runs through his work, and has often drawn animadversion from the higher order of literary men who have all expressed their sense of its injustice. Conjectures have been hazarded as to the cause, but the motives probably were various; springing from a thousand trifling sources, none singly of material importance, though together sufficient to create distaste in an intercourse which seems never to have reached the point of absolute friendship.

Jealousy of the regard of Johnson formed no doubt one of the chief reasons; a feeling which had not ceased to operate when there was no longer cause for apprehension. Viewing the great moralist as a kind of property which others would descend to the same obsequiousness as himself to secure, Boswell scarcely believed there was a class of men who, from higher spirit or the higher place they held in public esteem, shrunk from

* History of the Robin Hood Society. 18mo. Lond. 1764.

submissions that no private man, however eminent or estimable, had a right to exact, but which it suited his views or disposition to render. Wanting a strong tone of independence of mind himself, he made little allowance for its existence in others. He fancied, therefore, a dangerous rival in Goldsmith: a man of various genius, who stood high in esteem with the object of their common solicitude, who was much in his society, and who, having no domestic ties requiring his presence, might be supposed to pay him a less divided attention. On the other hand, Goldsmith thought, and there is no doubt expressed to several common friends, that Johnson gave too much of his time to Boswell, who he considered had no claim to it, either by high conversational powers, or the possession of acknowledged literary talents.

The querulous feeling of the biographer breaks out without concealment in the following amusing instance, and it marks likewise his presumption; for having at this time a very slight acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, he had no claim for admission to his moments of privacy, or just cause to envy another who from previous intimacy enjoyed this mark of favour. They had been supping together (July 1st, 1763), at the Mitre, when Johnson, who often thus inverted the usual order of repasts, quitted the tavern to drink tea with Miss Williams, his blind pensioner, without inviting Boswell to join the party. "Dr. Goldsmith," says the latter, "being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away and calling to me with an air of superiority like that of an esoteric over that of an exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity, 'I go to Miss Williams:' I confess I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction."

The period at which they met, and the relative situation of the parties, may have had weight in abating the admiration of Boswell for his Irish acquaintance. Young at the time, well born, with a high opinion of himself, and with a competent inheritance, he found the latter on their first meeting merely an author, possessing no distinguishing superiority, or who at least had not reached the point of celebrity which he felt bound to worship; he saw him, indeed, emerge speedily into notice, ascend every year higher in estimation, and at length attain the first reputation; but the merit which he had failed at first to discover he appeared scarcely ever after freely to admit.

There are persons willing to render homage to such as are already at the summit of fame, who cannot extend the same degree of applause to those who acquire it under their eye, and whose progress they have had the means of tracing step by step. We frequently see men who rise from obscurity to eminence little thought of by those who started in life as their equals; the privations, trials, and difficulties of the ascent, far from enhancing their merit in the eyes of such, seem to diminish it, or if admitted, it is with sundry deductions and qualifications. We seem to like to have our admiration taken by surprise. A meridian sun overpowers many with its splendour, who perceive little in the subdued beauty of its rise.

The mind of Boswell, obviously not of the most delicate or disinterested texture, influenced his conduct and opinions. In spirit he was, and aimed to be, a man of the world. In Goldsmith he saw qualities of an opposite kind, a thoughtlessness in discourse not uncommon with men of original powers,* an occasional effusion of vanity, oddities of conduct or address, and a simplicity of character, which, as varying from the conventional standard, he thought denoted a degree of inferiority. On no better foundation than this, men hackneyed in the ways of life often assume superiority over the recluse scholar, with whom in genius or acquirements they admit of no comparison. Peculiarities floating upon the surface of character they keenly see; qualities which command sincere admiration may lie beneath, but they have neither taste for the search, nor disposition to value them when found. There is no severer, or more unfit judge of a man of genius than what is called a man of the world.

Another cause of distaste toward Goldsmith is conjectured to have been envy of his literary success. As this usually implies a degree of rivalry in the same pursuit, it is difficult to conceive how Boswell could so far mistake his own powers; but the notice of Johnson, a general acquaintance with men who had acquired eminence by the cultivation of letters, the success of his volume on Corsica, impressed the belief, as the tone of his writings proves, that he was fitted, if he thought proper, to take a respectable station in literature. Traces of discontent at the popularity of the author of the Traveller appear in various parts of his book,—as on his return from the continent, when surprise is expressed at finding him stand so high; but the disposition to find fault would seem to have preceded even this period. On the third or fourth interview only (June 25th, 1763), with Dr. Johnson, a conversation occurred respecting Goldsmith, in which the former states his opinion, even then, of the promising literary character of his friend, and glances not less forcibly at his foibles. We are not told what led to the observations; but from the context it is difficult not to believe they were made in reply to comments of an unfavourable kind proceeding from Boswell:—"Dr. Goldsmith," said the moralist, "is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right."

In the tour to the Hebrides many years afterwards, an anecdote transpires, which seems as if he had been brooding over the fame of Goldsmith in no friendly mood, deeming it lightly acquired, or not wholly deserved. After parting with some military officers, and remarking how little of fame or money the majority acquired by service, he introduces the poet's name in the following manner, though unconnected with the persons or subject before them:—"Boswell. Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers last war who were not generals. Johnson. Why, sir, you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done. You must consider that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger."

Apprehension of superseding him in the office of biographer formed at one period no doubt a cause of jealousy: for having early appropriated this character to himself, all who dared to intrude upon it were viewed with distrust and aversion. He never forgave, as his pages evince, the partial intrusion upon what he deemed his province, by Sir John Hawkins and Mrs. Piozzi. When the latter, as Mrs. Thrale, enquired of Johnson who was likely to be his biographer, and suggested Goldsmith, the reply was that he no doubt would do it best. Such an intimation conveyed to Boswell was sufficient to sour his constitutional good humour; for he doubtless heard of what, among the friends of Johnson, was likely to form an occasional subject of discussion.

To these causes of dissatisfaction may be added the probable knowledge that Goldsmith thought lightly of certain points in his character as well as of his literary pretensions. Mr. Wilkes, shortly after the publication of the biography of Dr. Johnson, told several anecdotes of the latter during a convivial evening spent in the house of an alderman in the city, in the course of which Boswell's name frequently occurred. Some one sitting near, and thinking probably to gratify the distaste of the once fiery patriot to the natives of Scotland, observed that the biographer had shown himself by his own account "a sneaking Scotsman." "I do not think so badly of Boswell," replied Wilkes; "he can be an honest fellow. Goldsmith's description of him was the best. Some one under momentary irritation, I forget now on what occasion, called him a 'Scotish cur.' 'No, no,' replied Goldsmith, playing upon the word, 'you are too severe; he is merely a Scotish *bur*. Tom Davies threw him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of *sticking*.'"

Wilkes likewise said on this and on other occasions, that he had heard Goldsmith treat Boswell's opinions on literary matters in conversation very cavalierly, and frequently overrule them. The same remark was made by the late Mr. English, who is believed to have had it from Burke, with whom he was in frequent communication; on one occasion particularly, in discussing a question connected with old English ballad poetry, Goldsmith told him "he knew nothing about it." It will hereafter be seen that he ridiculed some of his verses written for the Edinburgh theatre.

Some degree of offence may have been given by jests upon Scotland. Goldsmith during his sojourn there had not been placed in the best situation for observing the manners of the people; but such peculiarities as he saw, and which he dashed probably like most wits with a portion of caricature in description, furnished matter for several ludicrous stories told not without humour. Boswell, however forced on such occasions to listen to the sarcasms of Johnson, felt indisposed to submit to the wit of Goldsmith; and in his volumes alludes to these attacks in a spirit akin to ill-humour not usual with him.

When we examine the passages in the life of Johnson, where the biographer, noticing the Irish poet, gives us his opinion of him, little difficulty will be found in furnishing an answer where specific censure is advanced.

"No man," says Boswell, "had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer whatever literary acquisitions he made. '*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*' His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil. There was a quick but not a strong vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession."

Vague and metaphorical depreciation such as this, whether his own or borrowed, as is supposed, from the phraseology of Johnson, means any thing or nothing at the pleasure of the writer; it imparts no definite idea of him whom it attempts to describe; conveys no estimate of the character of his productions, of his excellences, or defects; of the nature, variety, or use made of his intellectual powers: omit the name of Goldsmith, and similar terms may apply with as much propriety to most of our poets. If it be meant that he was not so profound a thinker as Bacon or Locke, we shall be compelled to admit the same of Dryden, Pope, Addison, Gray, Collins, and many more of the same order; of most of our dramatists, all our novelists, and, in short, of the writers of all works of imagination. Of them and of him we can alone judge by what they attempted. If want of moral depth, or deficient acquaintance with human nature be laid to his charge, every reader may rebut the charge in a moment by turning to almost any page of his works, and pointing out passages and thoughts exhibiting acute, various, and profound observation. Without such powers, in addition to others, he could scarcely have gained popularity, and assuredly never would have retained it. No product of a "thin soil" can take deep root, as his productions have done, in the affectionate admiration of his countrymen.

The *mind* of an author cannot by any metaphysical refinement be disconnected from the *labours* of his mind. To say therefore that the latter wants strength, as is implied by the terms used, when its *labours* display richness, variety, beauty, and promise as great durability as any similar things of the century, is a contradiction in terms. No ordinary or superficial mind can originate works of fine or strong imagination. Before it can be attempted to underrate Goldsmith, the power and beauty of poetry, of narrative fiction, and of dramatic writing, must be lowered in public opinion. By these standards he is to be tried; by these fruits we judge of the tree; or in other words by the *works* of an author we must judge of his *mind*. In reply, therefore, to a tone of general disparagement regarding "fertile but thin soils," we need only enquire how he stands in the opinion of the great body of the people for whom he wrote; and here unanimous approval at once furnishes the answer. We may again ask, Was his sphere of exertion narrow? This can scarcely be said of one who embraced poetry, the drama, fictitious narrative, history, and other subjects. If it be again demanded, How on all these topics has he acquitted himself? Dr. Johnson gives the reply:—"A man," he says, "of such variety of powers, and of such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best

* Mr. D'Israeli has happily touched on this frequent characteristic of the race of which he treats:—

"One peculiar trait in the conversations of men of genius which has often injured them when the listeners were not intimately acquainted with the man, are certain sports of a vacant mind; a sudden impulse to throw out opinions and take views of things in some humour of the moment. Extravagant paradoxes and false opinions are caught up by the humbler prosers; and the Philistines are thus enabled to triumph over the strong and gifted man, because in the hour of confidence, and in the abandonment of the mind, he laid his head in their lap, and taught them how he might be shorn of his strength."—*The Literary Character Illustrated.*

that which he was doing." To attempt so many departments of literature, and to succeed in no ordinary degree in all, is a merit of which no error or personal prejudice of a critic such as Boswell can deprive him; and which might silence criticism altogether were it not doubtful, from the first clause in the preceding passage, whether this variety and facility in mastering a subject were not considered by the writer of it not far removed from a fault.

"He was," continues Boswell in the same spirit, "very much what the French call *un étourdi*; and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought."

What is here attributed to vanity and the desire of being noticed, Sir Joshua Reynolds explained from the repeated declarations of the poet himself, who dwelt warmly on the pleasure of being liked in society, and observed how hard it was that literary reputation should preclude an author, as he had frequently remarked it did in consequence of the envy shown towards such a character, from the social regard enjoyed by other men. From this cause the painter was convinced that the poet often intentionally lowered his standard of thought in familiar conversation, trusting to his character being sufficiently supported by his works. Boswell questions the truth of this theory. Between these opinions it will not be difficult which to prefer; the former saw him only by snatches, during his visits to London, which were short and necessarily occupied with other matters; while Reynolds, in his own house as a frequent visiter, as well as in company with common friends, kept up constant intercourse for a series of years, and enjoyed more of his confidence and esteem than any other person whatever.

In a long and interesting conversation of the writer of these pages with the late Mr. Northcote, a few weeks before his death, he expressed himself of the same opinion as Sir Joshua, regarding Goldsmith's assumed playfulness of manners. In illustration of the ease and familiarity he soon produced even among strangers, one of his remarks on this subject, characteristic of his emphatic phraseology, may be given. "When Goldsmith entered a room, sir, people who did not know him became for a moment silent from awe of his literary reputation; when he came out again they were riding upon his back.

The remark of the poet upon the jealousy frequently evinced towards men of eminent literary merit seems based upon close observation of human life, and may be considered the usual tax paid by every species of superiority. Persons who enjoy this distinction must expect to have their demeanour narrowly observed, their pretensions questioned, and every deduction made from the amount of desert that a searching scrutiny can discover; and this disposition will be too often found, as the charge of Goldsmith in part implied, in their superiors in rank and station. If an example of the truth of this theory were wanting, it was at hand. He saw Dr. Johnson, either from determination not to descend from the customary pre-eminence awarded to him by men of talent, or inability to assume those lighter graces which make their way in gay and fashionable society, practically excluded from extensive intercourse among the higher circles of life: the philosopher was not disinclined to be received among the titled and the wealthy; but no serious attempt was made to invite him thither, greatly to the discredit of the policy that neglected so warm an admirer and so powerful an advocate. The pride of talents and the pride of rank were probably thought to be too nearly upon an equality for the latter not to lose something of dignity by frequent social collision; all his friends and companions were therefore found among the middling class. He saw indeed and admitted the fact, of Goldsmith, whose constitutional temperament was more light and playful than his own, being liked in general society, but attributed it to the idea of those who entertained him believing that on all common matters they were his superiors.

"Those," continues Boswell, "who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother, on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed, with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself.'"

Whatever jealousy Goldsmith may have at any time exhibited, the instances here adduced are both, as will be hereafter seen, *untrue*. They are contradicted by parties who were present; and the former by an authority about which there can be no mistake, namely, by the lady chiefly concerned, who has stated it in person to the present writer. Boswell, not disinclined to listen to misrepresentations of one who did not stand high in his favour, gave credence to stories, which, being copied by every subsequent memoir-writer, have obtained a currency their improbability did not deserve. They were first, it appears, propounded as jests, a species of wit to which the poet was frequently subjected, and assumed, by repetition and the usual exaggeration attending it, something like the semblance of truth. Such anecdotes, told at first with the view of creating a laugh, become the means of permanent injury, where none feel particularly interested in examining into their correctness, and may long remain from this cause, as in the present instance, uncontradicted.

Were the judgment of Boswell merely in fault, in the remarks he makes or the stories he records of an old acquaintance, that of Dr. Johnson, so frequently and forcibly expressed, and to which he deferred on most other occasions, was always before him to correct an erroneous impression. In vain was it repeatedly said by the latter, that "Goldsmith was a very great man;" or, that "Goldsmith was a man who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do. He deserved a place in Westminster Abbey; and every year he lived would have deserved it better." Or again, "Take him as a poet, his Traveller is a very fine performance; ay, and so is his Deserted Village, were it not sometimes too much the echo of his Traveller. Whether, indeed, we take him as a poet—as a comic writer—or as an historian—he stands in the first class."

These and similar commendations, which the biographer repeats without venturing to question their justice, pass from his pen in silence: he never joins in the praise, except by making an occasional admission that "his affections were social and generous, and when he had money, he gave it liberally." He likewise confesses that, though the Irish poet was prone to talk carelessly and without sufficient knowledge of the subject, his reputed absurdities in conversation were exaggerated; an impression that will occur to every reader of works in which his name or conversation is mentioned, where, so far from finding absurdity, all the specimens given us display a ready wit, pertinent observation, or such remarks as allowably fall from any one in the unreserved intercourse of private life.

When the publication of Johnson's life set the surviving friends and admirers of Goldsmith on their defence, Lord Charlemont, always moderate in his sentiments, expressed his wonder how Boswell could make the mistake of undervaluing a writer of such unquestionable genius and popularity. Burke, in conversation with the beautiful Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Crewe, concluded some pointed animadversions with the remark, "What rational opinion, my dear madam, could you expect a lawyer to give of a poet?" Wilkes, who may have heard of this, improved upon it with his usual vivacity, on the occasion of the city dinner, mentioned in a preceding page: "A Scotish lawyer and an Irish poet I hold to be about as opposite as the antipodes: if they agreed in any thing, I should marvel much, and least of all in forming a favourable opinion of each other." Sir Joshua Reynolds expressed dissent from Boswell's opinions, even before the work appeared in print, plainly intimating to him in conversation, that he ought to take a more favourable view of the character of their departed acquaintance than by what fell from him in private it was obvious he intended. George Steevens, on the same subject, once observed, in his usual sarcastic spirit, "Why, sir, it is not unusual for a man who has much genius to be censured by one who has none." Bishop Percy frequently, in private, complained of the injustice done to his former friend. Malone, who had afterwards to edit the work in which it appeared, felt and expressed the same opinion strongly, and thus communicates it in a letter to that prelate, now before the writer, dated Queen Ann street, September 25th, 1807. The interpolations to which allusion is made, were introduced into the memoir of Goldsmith by, as it was said, the editor employed by the publishers after they had quarreled with the bishop.

"I can myself, from personal knowledge, bear witness to the truth of your character of him (Goldsmith), for I never observed any of those grimaces or fooleries that the interpolator talks of; nor could I ever assent to Lord Orford's pointed sentence, that he was 'an inspired idiot,' which was said and circulated merely for the sake of the point, without any regard to just representation. I always made battle against Boswell's representation of him, also, in the Life of Johnson; and often expressed to him my opinion, that he rated Goldsmith much too low."*

Every writer of eminence, in adverting to the subject, has arrived at a similar conclusion. "I wonder," says Sir Walter Scott, "why Boswell so often displays a malevolent feeling towards Goldsmith. Rivalry for Johnson's good graces, perhaps?"† Mr. Croker and others, who have examined the subject, seem to agree in this inference; and in the conversation of literary circles the same language is universally held. A distinguished political and literary character thus expresses himself, in a letter to the writer: "Boswell, I think, treats poor Goldy hardly. He was, perhaps like some others of us Irish, occasionally in the habit of talking idly, but he had brilliant talents and a good heart; a better one, I take it, than Johnson's."

The character of Boswell himself, so furnishing some clew to his conduct and sentiments, cannot be passed without notice. If Johnson has been called to account for his prejudices against one popular poet (Gray), his biographer is as open to remark for unfair comments upon another.

We find it tinged with peculiarities, which have been a source of alternate conjecture and surprise to all who have written about, and nearly all who have read him; for he stands in the very unusual predicament of having given birth to one of the most amusing, and, in some respects, instructive books in our language, without winning from the reader corresponding respect for its author. While the former, therefore, is sought and perused with eager curiosity and satisfaction—invective and ridicule, terms the most contemptuous and bitter, have been applied to his personal conduct and qualities.‡ Literary men more particularly have been severe in their judgments, as if the want of spirit and independence of mind shown by one who claimed to be enrolled in their order had, in his intercourse with the great moralist, in some measure compromised its honour. Other classes of readers, who fix their attention upon the book, and care nothing for the character of the writer, deem this asperity excessive or undeserved, and not unnaturally, perhaps, give their sympathy and regard to one who, whatever his defects, has contributed so much to their entertainment.

It may be true, that he was not a high-minded man, but this did not necessarily unfit him for the office he undertook. Possessed of considerable talent, industry, and observation, he yet conveys no impression of enjoying an enlarged or vigorous understanding. Frequently vain and credulous, inquisitive and communicative, bustling and occasionally assuming, he seems to have been one of those persons seen in the mixed societies of a great metropolis, who are sometimes amusing by their gossip, and sometimes annoying by their intrusion; who are endured, more than sought; who, without pretension to notice from their own merits, make it a pursuit to know and to talk to all who are so, and from the familiarity thus assumed, or granted, at length seem to believe that they have reflected back upon them part of the distinction belonging to their eminent acquaintance. His peculiarities are often contradictory. We are in doubt whether sense or folly, simplicity or cunning, a degree of pride sometimes amusing, or a spirit of adulation almost servile, predominate in the picture he has left of himself. If we find in him occasional selfishness, there is likewise a devotion towards the great man whom he worshipped, approaching to generosity; a determination never thought derogatory, to submit to humiliating rebuffs and caustic reprehensions, with a patience more than philosophical. Mingled with this, there was much

* MS. correspondence in possession of Mr. Mason.

† Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell.

‡ Edinburgh Review. Notice of the last edition of Boswell.

real kindness in trying to cheer the solitary hours of his friend, who sought society from the relief thence afforded to a mind often affected by morbid melancholy, and who had no domestic companion to bestow it. He further felt, probably, that this kind feeling formed his chief claim to attention from the philosopher; and that, having intruded upon him at first with no slight degree of intrepidity, as being young, unknown, and without claim to such an honour, and continued it by perseverance, submission could alone enable him to retain hold upon his affection. He was proud, and not unreasonably so, of being known as an attached friend of the first literary man of the age; but jealous to excess of others who enjoyed an honour which he seemed to think ought to be exclusively his own.

A passion for notoriety, or mistaken idea of his consequence, when no grounds existed on which to expect it, was soon obvious in his character. Thus, so early as 1766, and a few succeeding years, his arrivals in London, and occasional movements in its vicinity, are announced in newspaper paragraphs, originating no doubt with himself. To this passion may be owing, in part, the first effort to seek out Johnson; to this likewise his officious attendance upon, or patronage, as it was called, of General Paoli, which he or his friends took care to announce frequently in the daily journals;* while, as a sort of appendage to the train of the Corsican patriot, he secured an introduction to such persons of rank and talent as sought out the former, in consequence of being a novel object of attraction. To the ridicule incurred in society, by these little attendances and assumptions of public importance, he was nearly insensible. Gratified with attention himself, he thought it allowable to administer to the vanity of others; and seemed not to know that a certain degree of moral dignity was lost by the open flattery of any man, however great his talents or station. Yet his worldly speculations, though aided by this engine, and that he meant it as a mode of advancement there is no doubt, failed. He did not succeed at the English bar. Fox and Burke, whom he praised, and probably loved, had nothing to give; and Mr. Pitt, in whose praise he composed and sung a fulsome ballad at a city dinner, in his presence, was not to be won by such means. Nothing was rendered by the minister, in return for his admiration or adulation, and the neglect pained and irritated him.

The same love of being known made him a talker, but with so little success that Topham Beauclerk jocularly threatened Lord Charlemont, then in Ireland, if he would not come to London, to send "Boswell to talk to him." Of his powers of mind, Johnson, for the first ten years of their acquaintance, appears to have entertained a poor opinion. Writing to Mrs. Thrale, from Scotland, on the conclusion of the tour in that country, he says, (November 3d, 1773,) "Boswell will praise my resolution and perseverance, and I shall in return celebrate his good humour and cheerfulness. *He has better faculties than I had imagined;* more justness of discernment, and more fecundity of images." No surprise need be entertained at his partiality for one of whose understanding he may have previously thought lightly; for it is not necessary to admire the intellect of all whom we nevertheless cordially love. The philosopher was flattered no doubt by the complimentary language of his companion, but more by his personal attachment, and the trouble taken on all occasions for his amusement. He was further pleased, by the rather unusual occurrence of being courted for the sake of his wisdom and learning by one so much younger than himself, instead of being shunned, as age and wisdom commonly are, by the youthful and giddy; and this he probably deemed a forcible tribute to his own merit on the one part, and an evidence of the good sense at least of his acquaintance, on the other. He felt, likewise, what no doubt had its effect, that this regard and admiration proceeded from a person of education, of ancient family, of competent fortune, and respectably known in his native country, who, whatever might be his talents, deserved praise for several good private qualities.

For these proofs of attachment and kindness to one who has so many claims on our regard as Johnson, if we cannot altogether respect Boswell, it is difficult to dislike him. He was good-humoured, free from malignity, and, excepting where some jealousy or prejudice interfered, and for which he may have thought he had sufficient reason, seldom unjust to those of whom he had occasion to speak. His social propensities were well known, and a cotemporary, Mr. Courtenay, thus laments his absence:

"No Boswell joys o'er wine."

Want of candour is rarely among his defects. On the contrary, he opens his mind so freely that we discover much of what is passing there, even possibly when such disclosure was not meant; for, had he been conscious of the light in which we are often obliged to view him, it is difficult to believe he would not have shown more caution, although at the expense of a portion of the interest attached to his book. Some reserve, however, is necessary with all human creatures. It is seldom safe to unveil the whole mind—to make society the depository of *all* our thoughts: men cannot safely make this disclosure. And, on the other hand, we ought not on all occasions to listen to it, or, at least, to hear the confession with forbearance: the world is a thankless confidant, and a severe censor.

One of his accusations against Goldsmith, is imitation of the dress and manner of Johnson—yet, he was himself so notorious for this serious mimicry, as to be the object of general remark. Gifford, in the Mæviad, more severely than the facts warrant, adverts to this peculiarity and to his general character:

"And Boswell, aping with preposterous pride
Johnson's worst frailties, rolls from side to side;
His heavy head from hour to hour erects;
Affects the fool, and is what he affects."

A more minute description of his appearance has been given by a lady, whose early talents and celebrity made her a favourite with Johnson, and in consequence almost a source of jealousy to his biographer, when they met in general society. "He had," says Madame D'Arblay, "an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly, from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson, whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was also something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell, that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair or wig was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright on a chair. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation."*

The nature of his book has not escaped censure nearly as severe as that directed against the character of its author. Breach of hospitality, and violation of the implied laws of society, which make it an offence to repeat conversation never meant or expected to extend beyond the circle in which they were uttered, have been urged against him, and harsh names in consequence applied, such as talebearer, eavesdropper, and others not less offensive.† All this is unjust. No harm is known to have accrued from what he reveals, though personal vanity may have been wounded, or folly occasionally exposed, by the retorts being recorded which they provoked from the sarcastic spirit of Johnson. But, it may be asked in return, whether the miscellaneous society of a London dinner-table, discussing every topic that chance flings before the members, be one which is strictly private, or whether persons acquire the right to utter nonsense there more than at other places with impunity? To a man of known talents, the defeats or reproofs he may meet with on such occasions, tell little against him; and if others of inferior reputation venture to risk absurdities in sentiment or opinion, they should have fortitude enough to submit to the punishment. After all the storm of reproach vented against Boswell for alleged social treachery, who does not read the work with avidity, and has not gained from it instruction and delight? And who for a moment wishes, notwithstanding some erroneous and prejudiced views, that it had never appeared?

The indifferent figure which he permits himself to make in his own picture, though a source, it is said, of extreme mortification to the pride of his relatives, forms a guarantee of the general honesty of his reports. Statements of numerous conversations, we are aware, cannot be always either accurate or full. The omission of an extenuating word or circumstance, or the introduction of a different term from that used at the moment, may impart a colouring to a discussion or story which the original circumstances did not warrant. In the dialogues with Johnson, some of the speakers probably have not had justice, or but imperfect justice, done them. Many omissions must necessarily have occurred under the circumstances in which the notes were taken; and he avows suppressions, the publication of which would have given offence, some of which, it is believed, bore as hardly upon himself as upon others. But on the whole, he may be considered as giving us the purport, if not words, as nearly as circumstances permitted, and therefore what

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* The following are selected from among others:

"When Mr. Boswell was presented to the General de Paoli, he paid this compliment to the Corsicans: 'Sir, I am upon my travels, and have lately visited Rome; I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people, to see the rise of another.'"—*Lloyd's Evening Post, Jan.* 10—13, 1766.

"James Boswell, Esq. is expected in town."—*Public Advertiser, Feb.* 28, 1768.

"Yesterday James Boswell, Esq. arrived from Scotland, at his lodgings in Half-moon street, Piccadilly."—*Ibid. March* 24, 1768.

In December, he advertised a memorial, in order to raise a subscription for the Corsicans.

"By special permission of his excellency Paoli, Boswell's account of Corsica. 2d edition."—*Public Advertiser, Jan.* 1769.

"Extract of a letter from Dublin, June 8th:

"'James Boswell, Esq. having now visited Ireland, he dined with his grace the Duke of Leinster, at his country seat at Cartown. He also went by special invitation to visit the lord lieutenant at his country seat at Leixlip, to which he was conducted in one of his excellency's coaches, by Lieutenant Colonel Walsh. He dined there and staid all night, and next morning came in the coach with his excellency to the Phœnix Park, and was present at a review of Sir Joseph York's dragoons. He also dined with the right honourable the lord mayor at the mayoralty. He is now set out on his return to Scotland.'"—*Ibid. July* 7.

Spoke verses at the jubilee, in the character of a Corsican, Sept. 6th, on which many jests were passed at the time.

"On Sunday last, General Paoli, accompanied by James Boswell, Esq. took an airing in Hyde Park, in his coach. His excellency came out and took an airing by the Serpentine river, and through Kensington Gardens, with which he seemed very much pleased."—*Ibid. Oct.* 4.

* Memoirs of Dr. Burney, republished in Waldie's Library.

† In preparing his work for the press, a laudable desire to give his authorities appears in the following extract of a letter to Bishop Percy, April 9, 1790, from the MS. collection of Mr. Mason. The bishop, as in the instance of the edition of Goldsmith, hesitated to give his name or authority to any production not ecclesiastical, and did not in fact interest himself seriously on other subjects.

"As to suppressing your lordship's name, when relating the very few anecdotes of Johnson with which you have favoured me, I will do any thing to oblige your lordship but that very thing. I owe to the authenticity of my work, to its respectability, and to the credit of my illustrious friend, to introduce the names of as many eminent persons as I can. It is comparatively a very small portion which is sanctioned by that of your lordship, and there is nothing even bordering on impropriety. Believe me, my lord, you are not the only bishop in the number of great men with which my pages are graced. I am quite resolute as to this matter.

"Pray who is it that has the charge of Goldsmith's works here? I should like to talk with him. I know not where the plan of his encyclopædia is, or if it be preserved.

"Our amiable friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has received from the Empress of Russia, the present of a very fine gold snuff-box, beautifully enameled with her head on the lid, set round with five and thirty capital diamonds. Within it is a slip of paper, on which are written in her own hand, these words—I think I recollect them exactly: 'Pour le Chevalier Reynolds, en témoignage du contentement que j'ai ressenti de ses excellens Discours sur la Peinture.'"

he represents as coming under his own observation we may believe.

We are not required to place similar confidence in what he gleans from others, or to allow much weight to his mere opinions. To Goldsmith he is, as we see, unjust; to Sir John Hawkins, though not an amiable man, and to Mrs. Piozzi, he is almost hostile; to a few others, likewise, less liberal than might be wished. Yet, as his representations are sometimes quoted in estimating characters of the past age, we have an exemplification of what every one must have found in their experience of the world, the different degrees of deference paid to dead and to living testimony. Many a statesman who has declaimed in parliament for years without carrying a motion, or almost winning a vote, is often quoted after death as an authority, even by surviving opponents, on points of political faith and practice. So the notions of Boswell upon literary men and merit, which would have commanded little attention from his cotemporaries, receive, by being disseminated in a popular book, a degree of attention denied personally to the writer.

The correspondence of Hannah More furnishes a few characteristic notices of Boswell. At a dinner at Bishop Shipley's, in 1781, where were Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gibbon, Langton, Lords Spencer and Althorp, one of his infirmities is alluded to, and in terms that render it almost doubtful whether the subject of his address to her on the occasion was not *amatory*.

"I was heartily disgusted with Mr. Boswell, who came up stairs after dinner, much disordered with wine, and addressed me in a manner which drew from me a sharp rebuke, for which I fancy he will not easily forgive me."

It appears, likewise, that besides being an habitual imitator of the manner of Johnson, sometimes perhaps unconsciously, he could play the amusing mimic by design. At a party at Mrs. Vesey's, she writes—"Boswell brought to my mind the whole of a very mirthful conversation at dear Mrs. Garrick's, and my being made, by Sir William Forbes, the umpire in a trial of skill between Garrick and Boswell, which could most nearly imitate Dr. Johnson's manner. I remember I gave it for Boswell in familiar conversation, and for Garrick in reciting poetry."

In 1785, she writes—the book alluded to being, no doubt, the Tour to the Hebrides: "Boswell tells me he is printing *anecdotes* of Johnson; not his *life*, but, as he has the vanity to call it, his *pyramid*. I besought his tenderness for our virtuous and most revered departed friend, and begged he would mitigate some of his asperities. He said, roughly, 'He would not cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat to please any one.' It will, I doubt not, be a very amusing book; but I hope not an indiscreet one: he has great enthusiasm, and some fire."

London was now exchanged, by Goldsmith, for a country residence. With a view to health, and perhaps to be near Newbery, for whom his pen was chiefly employed, and who resided at Canonbury house, Islington, he removed to that neighborhood, to board and lodge in the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, at the conclusion of the year 1762.

The sum stipulated for this accommodation was fifty pounds per annum, at that period equal to double the amount now, which the publisher, as his usual cash-bearer, paid quarterly, taking credit for such payments in the settlement of their accounts. This arrangement, dictated probably as much by his late illness, alluded to in the note respecting Plutarch, as present convenience, Sir John Hawkins in his usual spirit attributes to a different cause. "Of the booksellers," writes that gentleman, "whom he styled his friends, Mr. Newbery was one. This person had apartments at Canonbury house, where Goldsmith often lay concealed from his creditors. Under a pressing necessity, he there wrote his Vicar of Wakefield, and for it received of Newbery forty pounds."

His removal thither took place probably about Christmas; for, by the following account rendered in the course of the year, it appears that the first quarterly payment was made on the 24th of March. In a rough copy of this account, still preserved, the payments to Mrs. Fleming are specifically noted to be for "a quarter's board," the difference between the sum due (£12 10*s*.) and that which was paid in March, June, and October, as seen annexed, being incidental expenses. Several books supplied to him are likewise set down; as "Three sets of Chinese Letters," "Annual Register," 4 vols., "the same half bound," "Smollett's Continuation," &c., "Reading's Life of Christ," and "Nollett's Physics." The account is otherwise of some interest, as disclosing the extent and frequency of his obligations to Newbery.

"Doctor Goldsmith Dr. to John Newbery.

1761.	October 14.	1 set of the Idler -	£0	5	0
1762.	Nov. 9.	To cash - - -	10	10	0
	Dec. 22.	To ditto - -	3	3	0
	29.	To ditto - - -	1	1	0
1763.	Jan. 22.	To ditto - -	1	1	0
	25.	To ditto - - -	1	1	0
	Feb. 14.	To ditto - -	1	1	0
	March 11.	To ditto - - -	2	2	0
	12.	To ditto - - -	1	1	0
	24.	To cash paid Mrs. Fleming - - -	14	0	0
	30.	To cash - -	0	10	6
	May 4.	To ditto - - -	2	2	0
	21.	To ditto - -	3	3	0
	June 3.	To cash paid Mrs. Fleming - - -	14	11	0
	25.	To cash - - -	2	2	0
	July 1.	To ditto - -	2	2	0
	20.	To ditto - - -	14	14	0
	Sept. 2.	To ditto - -	1	1	0
	8.	To cash paid your draft to Wm. Filby -	15	2	0
	10.	To cash - - -	0	10	6
	19.	To ditto - -	1	1	0
	24.	To ditto - - -	2	2	0
	Oct. 8.	To ditto - -	2	2	0
	10.	To cash paid your bill to Mrs. Fleming -	14	13	6
			£111	1	6
		By copies of different kinds	63	0	0
			£48	1	6

Oct. 11. By note of hand sent and delivered up the vouchers."

The lady whose inmate he became, is supposed to be represented in a picture which appeared in the winter exhibition of the works of deceased British artists, in 1832. It was named "Goldsmith's Hostess" in the catalogue, and represents an elderly lady in a satin dress, with a bible open before her: the painter is said to be Hogarth; and the inference thence drawn is, that he was a familiar visiter of the poet previous to his death, in 1764. The history of the painting is unknown, excepting that it has been forty years in the family of the present proprietor, Mr. R. Graves, has always been designated among its members by the title it now bears, and was purchased by his father out of, as is believed, the Hyde collection. An etching, supposed to be from the same picture, is said to have been published some years ago.

Here he continued a resident during the whole of 1763 and part of 1764; and as illustrative of his private habits, the following bill of his landlady for the items of expense during a quarter will gratify curiosity. By this he appears to have been fond of sassafras, a decoction of which was then in vogue as an innocent and wholesome beverage, though now chiefly confined to medical purposes. The dinners mentioned without any price affixed were given to visiters of her lodger, and seem introduced in order that the generosity of his hostess towards him and them should not be forgotten. One of these, Dr. Reman as he is called here, was a Dr. Wm. Redmond, an Irish physician, who, having resided several years in France, where he had been acquainted with the poet, had come to try his success in England; and, professing to have made discoveries in the properties, or what he chose to term the "principles of antimony," had become involved in a dispute with some members of the Society of Arts, on which a year or two afterward he published a pamphlet in French. To the bill is appended the particulars of the account of his laundress, which it is scarcely necessary to transcribe: the items sufficiently prove that, if formerly open to the charge of neglecting his linen, it could not now justly be brought against him.

"1763. Doctor Goldsmith Dr. to Eliz. Fleming.

Aug. 22.	A pint of mountain - -	£0	1	0
	A gentleman's dinner -	0	0	0
24.	A bottle of port - - -	0	2	0
	4 gentlemen's teas - -	0	1	6
25.	Dr. Reman's dinner and tea -	0	0	0
Sept. 5.	——— dinner - -	0	0	0
7.	Sassafras - - - -	0	0	6
11.	Dr. Reman's dinner - -	0	0	0
29.	A bottle of port - - -	0	2	0
	Mr. Baggot, dinner - -	0	0	0
Oct. 8.	Sassafras - - - -	0	0	3
10.	Mr. Baggot, tea - - -	0	0	0
14.	Paper - - - - -	0	1	0
24.	Sassafras - - - -	0	0	3
25.	Paid the newsman - - -	0	16	10½
30.	Wine and cakes - -	0	1	6
31.	To the Rev. Mr. Tyrrell - -	0	2	6
	Mr. Baggot, dinner - -	0	0	0
	Sassafras - - - -	0	0	6
Nov. 5.	Ditto - - - -	0	0	6
	10 sheets of paper - -	0	0	5
8.	Pens - - - -	0	0	2¼
	Paper - - - - -	0	1	0
	Sassafras - - - -	0	0	6
	To 3 months' board - -	12	10	0
	To shoes-cleaning - -	0	2	6
	To washing - - - -	0	18	0½
		£15	3	0¼

Received, Dec. 9, 1763, by the hands of Mr. Newbery, the contents in full.

"ELIZ. FLEMING."

About the period of his removal thither, he was solicited to join in the "Poetical Calendar," a publication undertaken by the Reverend Mr. Fawkes, translator of several of the Greek minor poets, and Vicar of Orpington, and Mr. Woty, both his acquaintances; the invitation was declined, as is said, from a poor opinion of the poetical powers of his colleagues. The first volume came out in February, 1763, and met with only tolerable success.

CHAPTER XIII.

Literary projects—Brookes's Natural History—Martial review—Literary club—Prefaces and translations—Letters from a nobleman to his son.

It was probably about this period he projected an edition of Pope's works, with a life and notes, containing such illustrative matter as time had made public since the death of that distinguished poet. With this view he addressed a letter, which was known to be in existence a few years afterwards, to Tonson, the bookseller, in the Strand, detailing the design. But his name being unknown for poetry, and the publisher doubting either his weight in public opinion, his ability, or his diligence, did not deign to return a written answer, but desired a printer to call upon the gentleman in his name, and give a verbal negative.

This was at least discourteous; but as Tonson is represented to have been a good-natured man, we may attribute it rather to inadvertency than intentional insult, and at least believe he would not send an impertinent message, whatever he may have thought of the supposed presumption of the proposal: an offensive reply, however, was delivered; and the messenger exhibiting other proofs of impertinence, Goldsmith attempted to chastise him; nor was it till after some violence had taken place that the combatants were separated. This story first transpired at the period of his assaulting Evans the bookseller, but with aggravations, such as that his adversary being the stronger, succeeded in rolling him in the kennel: the object being to fix upon him the charge of being prone to affrays arising from extreme irritability of temper.

In the spring of the year 1763, about the period of ceasing to write the articles on Belles Lettres, formerly mentioned in the British Magazine, he projected a work on biography, for which the cessation of Newbery's compendium on that subject presented, as he believed, an opening. The plan and probably part of the materials provided for the former work were submitted to Dodsley,

who acceded to the proposal, and the following agreement was drawn up: it is transcribed from the original in the handwriting of Goldsmith, formerly in the possession of Mr. Nicol, of Pall Mall, and now the property of Samuel Rogers, Esq., whose politeness in offering the use of it deserves acknowlegment:—

"It is agreed between Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. on one hand, and James Dodsley on the other, that Oliver Goldsmith shall write for James Dodsley a book called a Chronological History of the Lives of Eminent Persons of Great Britain and Ireland, or to that effect, consisting of about two volumes 8vo, about the same size and letter with the Universal History published in 8vo; for the writing of which and compiling the same, James Dodsley shall pay Oliver Goldsmith three guineas for every printed sheet, so that the whole shall be delivered complete in the space of two years at farthest; James Dodsley, however, shall print the above work in whatever manner or size he shall think fit, only the Universal History above mentioned shall be the standard by which Oliver Goldsmith shall expect to be paid.

"Oliver Goldsmith shall be paid one moiety upon delivery of the whole copy complete, and the other moiety, one half of it at the conclusion of six months, and the other half at the expiration of twelve months next after the publication of the work, James Dodsley giving, however, upon the delivery of the whole copy, two notes for the money left unpaid. Each volume of the above intended work shall not contain more than five and thirty sheets, and if they should contain more, the surplus shall not be paid for by James Dodsley. Oliver Goldsmith shall print his name to the said work.

"Oliver Goldsmith,
"James Dodsley.

"March 31st, 1763."

How far he proceeded in this undertaking, and why it was relinquished, are unknown. Upon such a subject, and with his powers of composition, we have probably lost by the omission one of the pleasantest books in the language. There were, however, to one in his situation, some difficulties attending its execution, if meant to be a book of authority. Biography, however fascinating a theme, is not that which an author militant, who is dependent on his daily labour for his daily bread, should choose as a matter of profit. To write a life, sometimes requires no inconsiderable portion of a life:* at least to do it as it should be done when distinguished men are the subjects, minutely and well, to throw all the lights upon it that our engagement tacitly binds us, whenever practicable, to furnish; it is therefore under favourable circumstances only, as when the materials are all under the eye or within the immediate knowledge of the writer, that it can be written as a tale or an essay, *currente calamo*. Like history, of which it forms one of the most interesting portions, it should be a work of investigation; for a name, a date, or even a trifling fact, though abstractedly of little importance in itself, may require time and enquiry to authenticate, or if incorrectly given, is likely to create want of confidence in the author. Diligence in research is one of the necessary duties of a biographer, for the want of which genius cannot always compensate. Even Johnson's Lives of the Poets, admirable in all other respects, suffer in our estimation by their occasional deficiency in facts, which a little more time and labour might have supplied, and the want of which, as causing a diminution of our pleasure, we may be permitted to regret.

A similar objection would no doubt have applied to the lives by Goldsmith: what was simply indolence in Johnson, would in him have been indolence and the pressure of necessity combined. To the older lives he could probably have added little. In those of more recent date, something more than every one's memory or library could supply, would have been expected in return for the demand made upon the public confidence by two octavo volumes from an accredited writer, and two years was much too short a time for serious or minute enquiry. Yet we are scarcely at liberty to speculate on the probable imperfections of any thing from a writer whose pen contained a charm able to compensate for obvious disadvantages. And if upon the subject of natural history, of which he knew practically little, he has written a book which, with all its faults, has been almost the only one consulted by general readers for sixty years past, what might not have been expected from his labours in biography?

Two publications of Newbery about this period, "Description of Millennium Hall," the supposed seat of a society of ladies in the west of England, in March; and "The Wonders of Nature and Art, being an account of what is most curious and remarkable throughout the World," in four volumes, which appeared in May, are supposed to be indebted to his pen for revision, and the latter for some additions to several of the subjects. No direct evidence of his participation in either appears; and the latter opinion may have originated in his acknowledged powers of furnishing amusement for youth.

With another work of more pretensions, from the same publisher, his connection is better established, being employed not only to assist the author, but to revise, to recommend, and to introduce his book to more general favour by a preface, and by introductions to the chief subjects which in clearness, spirit, and elegance, no writer can hope to excel. The subject was natural history, and the writer a physician whose name has been long familiar as the compiler of a gazetteer. The advertisement, (July 18th, 1763,) states that the whole of the work is printed off in six thick volumes duodecimo, and that on the 1st of August a volume, to be followed by one every succeeding month till completed, will appear, of

"A new and accurate System of Natural History; containing, in vol. 1, the History of Quadrupeds; 2, of Birds; 3, of Fishes and Serpents; 4, of Insects; 5, of Mineral Waters; 6, of Vegetables, &c. By R. Brookes, M. D., author of the General Practice of Physic," &c. &c. Appended to this announcement in the newspaper is the following persuasive to purchasers, as strongly indicative of the hand of Goldsmith as any thing to which he put his name; the first paragraph he introduced into the preface:—

"*To the Public.*

"Of all the studies which have employed the industrious or amused the idle, perhaps Natural History deserves the preference; other sciences generally terminate in doubt, or rest in bare speculation; but here every step is marked with certainty; and while a description of every object around us teaches to supply our wants, it satisfies our curiosity.

"A comprehensive system, however, of this most pleasing science has been hitherto wanting. Nor is it a little surprising, when every other branch of literature has been of late cultivated with so much success, how this most interesting department should have been neglected.

"How far the present performance has supplied the defects, and reformed the errors, of Natural History, is left to the public to determine. Those who have read the author's Practice of Physic, and his other medical and geographical compositions, will see evident marks not only of the philosopher, but of the accurate and judicious traveller; and cannot doubt that his abilities were adequate to this undertaking, and that he had abundant opportunities to convince himself of the truth of what he had asserted.

"He has indeed one advantage over almost all former naturalists, namely, that of having visited a variety of countries, and examined the productions of each upon the spot. Whatever America, or the known parts of Africa have produced to excite curiosity, has been carefully observed by him, and compared with the accounts of others.

"This work, though comprised within the compass of six volumes, has employed great part of the author's life; and there is not a figure represented in any of the plates but what was drawn either by himself or his son under his inspection. Nor has the reader's convenience been less considered than his pleasure and improvement. Each of these volumes, if printed as works of this kind usually are, might have made a large quarto, and the whole have been sold for six guineas instead of eighteen shillings; but as the improvement of natural knowledge may conduce to the improvement of religion and piety, it was thought expedient to make this work as cheap as possible, that it might fall within the compass of every studious person, and that all might be acquainted with the great and wonderful works of nature, see the dependence of creature upon creature, and of all upon the Creator."

The revision of this work, in addition to the matter supplied, occupied him several weeks; for the speculation being of moment to the bookseller, was not to be risked without all the aids that some knowledge and much genius could supply. Besides the preface, introduced into his miscellaneous works on their first collection, he wrote the introduction to the history of quadrupeds, which, though known to be his by Bishop Percy, Isaac Reed, and others, found no place on that occasion, in consequence of the misunderstanding of the former, already alluded to, with the publishers, by which they lost his aid previous to publication. Aware of this omission, it occurred to the writer there might be others; and a close examination of the volumes rendered it certain, by internal evidence, that, in addition to other traces of his pen, the introductions to the Histories of Birds, of Fishes, of Insects, and of Botany, were his, the whole forming about eighty pages, characterised by his usual ingenuity of remark, philosophical spirit, and elegance of manner. Influenced by the same guide of internal evidence, he was led to reject the introduction to the fifth volume, giving an account of mineral waters, written probably by Brookes himself: the pen of Goldsmith is not to be traced in it; it simply states facts of their supposed combinations and uses in diseases, and therefore by its nature required no power of writing to excite the curiosity or propitiate the favour of the reader.

This book never became popular, being too extensive, perhaps too dry, for the juvenile description of readers, and too imperfect for those of more advanced age, who required to be really instructed: the plates, likewise, were wretchedly executed; and the claim set up for the author, of having verified by personal examination all the productions noticed in his volumes belonging to America and the known parts of Africa, would appear, however extensively he may have traveled, impracticable, and thence have occasioned distrust in the general accuracy of his statements.

* * * * *

Two years have elapsed since the preceding notice was written; and the conviction in the mind of the writer, of the obligations of this book to Goldsmith, have been recently confirmed. The first positive intimation was discovered in a newspaper announcement of Brookes's work in 1775, where it is stated by the publishers,* that "four volumes of this edition were corrected by Mr. Oliver Goldsmith," and subsequently more positive proofs have been put into his hands in the receipts for money for the assistance rendered which passed on the occasion. By these it appears his remuneration in the first instance was small; afterwards, in consideration of further labour in correction and revision, and adding to the number of prefaces, the original sum in the following receipt was nearly trebled.

"Oct. 11th, 1763.—Received, of Mr. John Newbery, eleven guineas, in full, for writing the introductions and preface to Dr. Brookes's Natural History.

"Oliver Goldsmith."

Two items in another account state that Dr. Goldsmith is to have credit for

"3 Prefaces to the Natural History, -	£6	6	0
Correcting 4 vols. Brookes's Nat. History, - - -	0	0	0"

In another set of memorandums of the publisher, eighteen in number, to settle accounts with various persons, the sixteenth on the list is the following:—

"Mrs. Brookes's, and charge for alterations made in the plates, and the printed copy that was obliged to be cancelled,	£26	0	0
"And to Dr. Goldsmith, writing prefaces, and correcting the work, -	30	0	0
In all -	£56	0	0"

During the summer, he appears to have been frequently in London, notwithstanding a press of literary

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, and Middleton's Life of Cicero, the most complete biographies in our language, required a long time for their completion.

* Carnan & Newbery:—it appeared in opposition to "Animated Nature."

occupation, enjoying with Johnson and Boswell several of their social tavern meetings. He had already impressed the latter, as he confesses in his work, with a high opinion of Johnson, by encomiums passed upon his humanity, a theme on which Goldsmith was eloquent, and on which he always rendered due honour to his friend. Speaking of Mr. Levett, the well-known inmate of the moralist, his observation was, "He is poor and honest, and that is recommendation enough for Johnson." Of another person, whose character was more exceptionable, and who had paid to misfortune part of the penalty of his errors, he said, "He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson."

The first exclusive meeting they seem to have enjoyed, and the fact is interesting in literary history, took place at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet street, on the 1st of July, 1763, when Goldsmith, always willing to throw out a provocative to discussion, started the paradox, "that knowledge was not desirable on its own account, for it often was a source of unhappiness," an idea, the fallacy of which he could at other times eloquently expose.

On the 6th, having met again at the same place with other guests of Boswell, he took ground against that maxim of the constitution, "that the king can do no wrong," affirming, "that what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the king might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said in sense and reason that he could do wrong." The answer to this was obvious: the king may command the committal of an improper public act, but his minister only can execute it; the latter therefore takes the responsibility by making the deed his own; a dilemma which it is always in his power to avoid by resigning his office.

These are specimens of that desire to take the weak side of an argument into which ingenious men are sometimes betrayed, either by affecting singularity or influenced by the whim of the moment: in Johnson this was often thought perversity; in Goldsmith it was termed absurdity, or want of knowledge of his subject, though really we may suppose caused by the wish to exhibit ingenuity, or excite discussion, for no follies of this kind find place in his writings. Disputation is not a pleasing characteristic in any person, even of eminence: we can rarely think well of him who attempts to overpower our common sense, or destroy the force of generally admitted truths by sophistry however ingenious. Young men who believe they possess talent are frequently fond of it, not conscious that they often render themselves disagreeable by what they mistake for cleverness. Dr. Johnson confessed to this disposition at an early period of life, and the pages of Boswell render it doubtful whether he ever wholly conquered the desire. "When I was a boy," he said, "I used always to choose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things, that is to say, most new things, could be said upon it." Goldsmith was similarly inclined: he acknowledged to Johnson, and there is an allusion to the fact in the story of George Primrose, as well as in another passage struck out of the Vicar of Wakefield, "that when he first began to write, he determined to commit to paper nothing but what was new; but he afterwards found that what was new was generally false, and from that time was no longer solicitous about novelty." In conversation, however, as we see, he could not always resist the temptation.

In the month of September, a small volume, in which he was supposed to have a share, appeared from Newbery, to take its chance among a variety of competitors of more bulk and pretension, named "The Martial Review; or a General History of the late War. Together with the Definitive Treaty; and some Reflections on the probable consequences of the Peace."

The only part that can be claimed for him is the preface, less finished perhaps than what usually came from his hand: the body of the work, which first appeared in the "Reading Mercury" newspaper, from the pen of some person connected with the family of Christopher Smart, was now reprinted for the benefit of its members. For this unfortunate poet he entertained a degree of regard and compassion which was evinced in several efforts of active benevolence. On some occasions he is known to have given him money; at other times to have contributed literary assistance; and some time afterward, when this unhappy friend was suffering at once under occasional confinement for debt, and the more dreadful affliction of mental derangement, he drew up an appeal to the public with the view of raising subscriptions for his support and release, though doubts exist whether it ever came before the public. Bishop Percy had seen this address in MS.; and in a letter to Malone (October 17th, 1786), mentions it among other detached pieces of the poet which he wished to procure, as "a paper which he (Goldsmith) wrote to set about a subscription for poor Smart, the mad poet: I believe this last was never printed." It was not recovered by that prelate or his correspondent, and the present writer has likewise failed to find it in any of the periodical publications of the time.

In the first paragraph of the preface to this "Review," we find a pretty exact definition of what his own histories, written subsequently, aimed to be,—the separation of "what is substantial and material from what is circumstantial and is useless in history;" but the importance claimed for this slight work, a duodecimo, may excite a smile in the readers of more voluminous accounts of the period described: bold claims upon public confidence he probably thought the most certain means of obtaining it. A favourable notice of this production, written by him likewise, in all probability from an item in one of his accounts with Newbery, appeared in the Critical Review.

The life of an author, during the greater part of the last century, seems, from the small remuneration obtained in return for his exertions, to have been one of almost constant labour: he enjoyed few intervals of rest; his exertions rarely kept pace with his wants; and the conclusion of one undertaking proved but the signal for the commencement of another. Without great diligence his bread was consumed before it was earned, and by thus anticipating his resources, he was often compelled to tax the present hour for the enjoyment of the past, in such compilations as promised the readiest supply. He has himself told us in an early production,* that "authors, like race-horses, should be fed but not fattened;" the observation was scarcely necessary, as few have had to complain of repletion by the bounty of even their warmest admirers; and he had long afterward to lament that far from furnishing him with luxuries they scarcely gave him bread.

As illustrative of the number and variety of his labours at this period, the following account, rendered to his principal employer, is transcribed from the original in his own handwriting now before the writer; the sum specified for the first on the list is to be considered from what has been said as only the first payment.

"Brookes's History	£11	11	0
Preface to Universal History	3	3	0
Preface to Rhetoric	2	2	0
Preface to Chronicle	1	1	0
History of England	21	0	0
The Life of Christ	10	10	0
The Life (Lives) of the Fathers	10	10	0
Critical and Monthly	3	3	0
	£63	0	0

"Received, October 11, 1763, the contents,
of Mr. Newbery.
"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

We may presume that some of these articles, such as the History of England, were only in progress. Those charged here "Critical and Monthly," were either contributions under those heads to the Christian's Magazine, or perhaps criticisms on works belonging to Newbery, which he found means of getting inserted in the respective reviews of that name.

Beside this general acknowledgment, separate receipts, as will appear, were signed for the chief pieces, but the sum thus due to him being insufficient to liquidate the debt to the publisher, £111 1*s.* 6*d.*, stated in a preceding page, he gave a promissory note for the balance:—

"I promise to pay Mr. John Newbery, or order, forty-eight pounds one shilling and sixpence, on demand, for value received. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
"October 11, 1763."

* Enquiry into Polite Learning. The phrase is said to be borrowed from Charles IX. of France.

Few circumstances of a merely personal nature were more gratifying to him than the acquaintance of Mr. (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds, which by two of his cotemporaries was said to have commenced in 1762, and, as they understood, by an accidental meeting in the chambers of Dr. Johnson. As men of genius, they were soon attracted to each other; occasional interviews here, or in private associations of artists among whom Goldsmith seems to have been well known, created a more thorough knowledge of qualities that commanded mutual esteem; while, from their different pursuits, no opening existed for collision, or that jealousy of cotemporary merit of which both, with whatever truth, have been accused. Their friendship was literally the union of poetry and painting.

The painter might even then be considered at the head of his profession. The poet had not yet exhibited any striking proof of devotion to that particular art in which he afterward so much excelled, although the latent fire was probably not unobserved by one who a few years before, had the discernment and sense to appreciate and select, as soon as he saw them, Johnson and Burke for his friends. In Goldsmith he may have been willing also to know and to aid unfriended merit; and the latter saw, in the long and severe struggle which he had hitherto maintained with poverty and obscurity, the advantage of cultivating the acquaintance of one who, by skill and success in an elegant art, had escaped from both. The painter wished to draw him into that close association which he had sought with other eminent men, and from which in the coruscations of genius mutual profit is derived. The author, equally desirous of similar advantage, found the further benefit of meeting at the table of the artist persons of rank and talents whom he might not have seen elsewhere; his name became more familiar from being a guest there; his succeeding publications in consequence gained more immediate attention from many of that class who admire less, as the writer is less known in society. To be an associate of the men of eminence frequently found at the table of Reynolds, formed of itself a stamp of character which they could not sufficiently appreciate, and it contributed to silence something of that fastidious criticism applied to his person and manners, by a few whose discrimination probably extended not to the qualities of his mind.

In order to increase the opportunities of social intercourse between persons formed to delight general society and each other, the Literary Club was formed; a name not assumed by themselves, but given to the association by others from the talents and celebrity of its principal members. The proposers were Johnson and Reynolds, who selected Burke, Goldsmith, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Nugent, a physician and father of Mrs. Burke, as associates; to whom, in consequence of the frequent absence of Mr. Beauclerk and Sir John Hawkins, were added Mr. Chamier and Mr. Dyer; the former under secretary at war, and well known in the fashionable circles of London; the latter a man of general erudition, a friend of the Burkes, and formerly a commissary in the army. They agreed to sup together every Monday evening, afterwards changed to Friday, at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard street, Soho. Sir Joshua Reynolds first started the project, according to that accurate enquirer, Malone, who writes to Bishop Percy, July 7th, 1805, "Since the death of our *founder*, Sir Joshua Reynolds, we have elected twenty-three new members, of whom we have been deprived by death of four." Others attribute the first idea to Dr. Johnson.

The formation of this club, as a matter frequently mentioned in literary history, would scarcely require notice here, but for its being a favourite resort of the poet, and for the period of its first meeting being forgotten by the members. Johnson and Reynolds, who seem to divide the credit of the design, according to Boswell, thought it in 1764; Bishop Percy believed it to be at a later period; Sir John Hawkins says it was in 1763; and Malone, who took some pains to enquire into the matter, is disposed to give it a still earlier date, as appears by the following passage in another letter to the same prelate, August 11th, 1807. "I have thoughts of printing, for our private use only, a list of our members (of the club) from the foundation, with the dates of their admission, the places they have filled, and the time of such deaths as have occurred. I have made the commencement (in a note in Boswell's Life of Johnson) in

1764, but I suspect it ought rather to be dated in 1762. How is this?"

The time thus assigned, or the following year, 1763, as stated by Sir John Hawkins, is probably the true date; for the latter, in speaking of Goldsmith as a member of the club, expressly says, in his usual harshness of phrase, that he considered him for some time as a mere drudge of the booksellers, and was surprised subsequently, on the publication of his poem, to find genius and noble sentiments in one from whom he had expected neither. The poem appeared in 1764; and to have gained any material knowledge of him their meetings must have commenced at an earlier period. These discrepancies of opinion evince the difficulty of ascertaining facts even from cotemporary testimony, when we find even the very founders of the society disagree as to the period of its origin. All the accounts, however, may be reconciled by considering what was probably the case, that several partial meetings of the members had occurred previous to its being regularly constituted and confined to the gentlemen already mentioned, and before a specific day or place was appropriated to their meeting. The date is of no more moment here than as evidence that Goldsmith was appreciated by many of the greatest names of the day, before he became known to the world.

Toward the end of the year he appears to have been again much in want of money, by the larger loan than usual implied in the following acknowledgment:—

"Received from Mr. Newbery twenty-five guineas, for which I promise to account.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"*December* 17, 1763.

£26 5 0."

One of the causes which tradition has stated for this supply was a journey said to have been undertaken by him into the country; to Yorkshire according to some, whence originated, either from chance, or from some incident of an interesting description that occurred during the excursion, the tale of the Vicar of Wakefield. But a story was told by Mr. English, attributing the loan to another cause; that Goldsmith having about this period met a person in London whom he had known on the continent, invited him to dinner at a tavern, and advantage being taken of his good nature by the guest, all the money he possessed was either borrowed under some plausible pretext, or procured by less justifiable means, and in either case being wholly lost he was obliged to quit his lodgings for a time, from inability to satisfy impatient creditors.

A degree of corroboration is given to this anecdote by his having been really absent from his usual abode at Islington during the winter quarter between Christmas and March; the fact, indeed, admits of explanation in the greater convenience of being in town in such a season, when a short journey, as it now appears, was then a matter of some moment from defective police, especially at night. The attraction of the club claimed him one night in the week, and private society had its temptations more frequently; in which case, the danger as well as the fatigue of a late walk, was not inconsiderable. It will be seen likewise that although absent he retained and paid for his room.

The account of his difficulties may be in substance true; for those of literary men were too frequent not to give rise to apprehensions for their personal liberty. But as pecuniary embarrassments convey something of tacit reproach by implying want of principle in the debtor, it is to be remembered that his, like those of many other honest, though indigent men of talents, were small in amount and commonly incurred for the absolute necessaries of life; they became serious only from the state of the law which permitted arrest for so small a sum as five pounds; a misfortune from which all the talents and high moral principle of Johnson could not shield him. The character of a debtor, however, may be safely estimated by the conduct of his creditor, and judged by this standard Goldsmith stood high; it is believed that he was never subjected, though threatened on an occasion to be mentioned hereafter, to the mortification of arrest; several to whom he was indebted believed he would pay them when he could; and such as knew him well, we know from more than one unexceptionable testimony, were content to wait his convenience and even supply his wants when there was no immediate prospect of repayment. There is one class of tradesmen who, among the necessitous, may be considered more particularly the touchstone of credit, and of these "honest William Filby," as he was termed by the poet, the tailor before mentioned, placed such implicit faith in his honour as to furnish his wardrobe with all that an occasionally expensive taste required, assured he should not ultimately be a loser by his confidence. From the books of this person it appears that toward the end of 1762, and early in the following year, he supplied clothes of a description by no means implying unprosperous circumstances, to the amount of fifteen pounds, for which he received in August following a draft on Newbery at six days' sight: a prudent clause is indeed introduced in the leger, in which it is noted, that this draft, "*when paid*, will be in full," &c.; it was nevertheless duly honoured.

To his necessities, which were pretty obvious, and his disinclination to epistolary communication, which was equally known, Dr. Grainger, who had returned to England from St. Christopher's for some months, partly with the view of bringing out his poem of the Sugar Cane, thus humorously alludes in a letter to Dr. Percy, dated March 25th, 1764.

"When I taxed little Goldsmith for not writing as he promised, his answer was, that he never wrote a letter in his life; and faith I believe him—except to a bookseller for money."

The "Preface to Rhetoric," charged in a preceding memorandum at two guineas, is not ascertained, but may probably have been a partnership school-book, printed for Dodsley early in January, 1764, under the title of "Elements of Rhetoric and Poetry: exemplified in a select collection of passages from the best authors in verse and prose." This book has been sought in vain.

Another piece, "Preface to Chronicle," in the same account, has not been discovered, no publication with such a title being traced among the literary advertisements of the day.

The translations of the "Life of Christ" and the "Lives of the Fathers" appeared first, it is believed, in the Christian's Magazine; and in 1774, a few months after the death of the translator, were published with his name in a separate form by Carnan & Newbery. The receipt bears a similar date as several others:—

"Oct. 11th, 1763.—Received, of Mr. John Newbery, twenty-one pounds, for translating the Life of Christ and the Lives of the Fathers.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

A publication meant to compete with the Universal History, but more condensed, and therefore more calculated for general readers, being projected in 1762 by several booksellers, among whom Newbery took the lead, was about this period announced for publication. It was to be comprised in twelve volumes large octavo, one to appear every month until completed; the first came out on the 2d April under the title of—"A General History of the World from the Creation to the present Time, &c. &c. By William Guthrie, Esq., John Gray, Esq., and others eminent in this branch of literature."

To this Goldsmith contributed the preface; one of those well written introductory notices, presenting a sparkling commentary on what often proved to be a dull text, and in which he and Dr. Johnson possessed nearly a monopoly of the trade as well as of the excellence. This branch of authorship, now nearly extinct, required practised skill, considerable ingenuity, and a knowledge of what there should be at least, if not what there was, in the book it introduced; like ingenious counsel in the courts, such advocates say for their clients, what the clients want the skill or the boldness to say for themselves; and it may be remarked that Smollett, whose pen on almost every sort of composition was in demand, seems not to have attained particular distinction in this. Of the sum received for the preface we are left in no doubt by the following specific acknowledgment, in addition to his own charge given previously:—

"Oct. 11th, 1763.—Received, of Mr. John Newbery, three guineas, for a preface to the History of the World.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

About half this piece only has been hitherto printed, being taken probably from the first rude draught communicated to Dr. Percy in manuscript. From the tenour of the concluding paragraph it would appear as if the writer had likewise taken a share in the body of the work, excepting it be supposed he speaks in the character of the chief editor or author, Mr. Guthrie. Whoever be the supposed speaker, the last sentence without doubt was a burst of personal feeling in allusion to his own slow progress to reputation, the prospect of which, after seven years' constant and nearly unknown labours, began at length to open to his view. The complete preface will be found in the new edition of his works accompanying the present volumes. "Were he who now particularly entreats the reader's candid examination to mention the part he has had in this work himself, he is well convinced, and that without any affected modesty, that such a discovery would only show the superiority of his associates in this undertaking; but it is not from his friendship or his praise, but from their former labours in the learned world, that they are to expect their reward. Whatever be the fate of this history, their reputation is in no danger, but will still continue rising; for they have found, by its gradual increase already, that the approbation of folly is loud and transient—that of wisdom still, but lasting."

No positive evidence exists by which to ascertain whether any portion of the history itself proceeded from his pen; and in so voluminous a work, consisting of about five hundred and fifty large and closely printed pages in each volume, it would be vain to search for those coincidences of sentiment, expression, and manner, which have assisted the writer on other occasions. The mass of matter in the work is very great, the labour must have been long, and the writers various; but it required rather diligence than genius, and was probably performed by those laborious and not unuseful men found hanging on the outskirts of literature in a great metropolis, who, though sensible and well informed, being unable to attain eminence, are content to be simply industrious. The price paid for it being no more than about thirty shillings per sheet, offered no temptation to a higher order of writers.

Surprise will be excited, that in the history of the world, England, the native country of the writers and readers of such a book, and, as might be supposed, possessing the strongest interest in the estimation of both, should be forgotten, and no explanation given of the cause—an omission difficult to explain, except by supposing that, if well executed, it would have interfered with some other work from the same publishers. It is probable that Goldsmith, having undertaken to draw up some such compilation in his leisure hours, found he could make it more popular and profitable as a separate work, and that Newbery concurring in opinion, the original plan of giving it in this publication was dropped. Whatever truth there be in the conjecture, it is certain he had been for some months occupied on this subject, and with some ingenuity adopted a new form and title, as a means of fixing public attention.

He had been early impressed, as appears in several passages of the Enquiry into Polite Learning, with the difficulty of poor and unfriended authors rising into literary reputation. He believed that their books were not read; their merits, when known to write for bread, derided by some, and neglected by others. In this opinion he seems to have found something of a kindred feeling in Johnson, who wrote from the heart, in that pathetic line—"Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd." To obviate the fancied disadvantage, and make an experiment on public taste, he was willing to diverge from the beaten track, and try what degree of attention could be drawn toward a book supposed to emanate from the titled and the wealthy. A harmless deception was therefore practised—such as authors conceive themselves privileged to use: one which might assist a useful book, but was not likely to support a bad one. On the 26th June, 1764, came out, "for the use of the young nobility and gentry: in two pocket volumes, price six shillings, bound: the History of England, in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son."*

The success of this little work, whether owing to its merit or its title, exceeded all expectation. It soon became a general favourite; was put into the hands of educated youth; and even found a high place in the

* *Public Advertiser*. The first announcement appeared on the 17th May.

regard of the better informed. Numerous reprints have been made of it for a series of years, and if less called for than formerly, in consequence of numberless competitors in the same field, newer indeed but far inferior in desert, it is still occasionally seen in the reading of adults—many of whom, it is to be feared, have been beguiled by its brief, clear, and sprightly narrative, from the perusal of works of greater length and ampler details on the history of their country.

That it is still read with attention by the educated and able, appears from the fact, that a daily journal of great political influence, quoted and argued more than once from some of its sentiments, during the excitement and discussion of a late great political measure (parliamentary reform). No suspicion seems to have been entertained by the writer who referred to the work, that its author was Goldsmith.

The philosophical spirit pervading the volumes forms one of their chief attractions—indicative of an enlarged mind, not so solicitous to detail minute events in history as to draw lessons of instruction from a comprehensive view of the whole. The impression created by the title is therefore well carried on. We can readily believe that a nobleman of talents, devoting more than common attention to the education of his son, might write such letters; even occasional mistakes favour the supposition of not being so much the production of a professed author as the less studied labours of one writing for a private object. The observations are just, forcible, and often profound; so much so, occasionally, as to have been considered by some rather above the capacity of boys—to which he replied, that he wrote not for children, but for educated youth approaching to manhood, whose capacities were strengthened by exercise on familiar subjects. No undue political bias pervades the work. Each party in the state receives that degree of praise or censure to which they appear fairly entitled; the writer preserving, on the one hand, becoming leaning to the regal office and authority, when threatened by factious or ambitious enemies, and on the other, that regard for rational liberty which all constitutional writers display.

A few errors, though of little moment, occur in names, dates, and minor points, which it would have required little trouble to correct: these confirm the impression that they were written in haste, and without sufficient reference to larger preceding works. The mode of composition, given on the authority of a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, who professes to have known him at the time, and partly confirmed by admissions of his own in conversation, sufficiently explains how they arose; this plan, however, must be considered rather occasional than as one invariably followed.

In the morning, he read Hume, Rapin, Carte, and Kennet; made a few memoranda for his guidance; walked out with a friend or two for a country excursion, of which he was always fond; returned to a temperate dinner and a cheerful evening, and seized a few hours from sleep to write as much as he had contemplated by the studies of the morning. He professed to derive advantage in facility of composition, an easier style, and more perfect knowledge of the subject, by thus having more time to revolve it; but we may believe, in this case, that his memory was more taxed than his authorities—and if the former misled him at the moment, the error of the night was forgotten to be rectified by recurrence to more certain guides, that of books, in the morning.

No very deep critical skill is required to pronounce it, beyond all competition, the most finished and elegant summary of our history, in such a compass, that has been, or is likely to be written; because, few who possess the powers of its writer are likely to choose the same mode of treating the subject. Neither is his felicity of style likely to be equaled: ease, elegance, and perspicuity, will ever claim a large share of public favour, even when minor blemishes are known to be present. To these qualities, as well as the ingenuity and depth of the reflections, were owing the translation of the volumes into French, by Madame Brissot, wife of the celebrated leader in the French revolution. It appeared in two volumes octavo, 1786—1790, under the name of "Lettres Philosophiques et Politiques sur l'Histoire de l'Angleterre," and met with considerable success. Her husband added notes to the translation.

It is illustrative of the neglect shown to the detail of Goldsmith's literary labours, that his claim to so popular a compendium of English history is unknown to the great majority of readers; nor are there many persons professedly devoted to literary enquiry more familiar with the fact. Mr. Campbell, in his life of Mrs. Siddons, seems to attribute this work to Coombe, author of the Tour of Dr. Syntax. Were there any doubt about the writer, his claim would scarcely be allowed, for, though dying at an advanced age, he must have been very young when it was published.

At the period of publication, no particular secrecy being observed, the booksellers, as well as his literary acquaintance, were better informed. When a second edition appeared, he sent copies to several friends; and on Dr. Percy calling upon him about the same time, the volumes were, with something of a jocular apology for the humble nature of the attempt, put into his hands. Davies, for whom he afterwards wrote the History of England, in four volumes, to which his name is attached, was equally aware of his claim to this; and he himself smiled at what he thought the novelty of the deception, and jested upon its success.

The title-page however misled most persons, who gave the credit—for considerable credit became attached to the performance—to such members of the peerage as had cultivated a taste for letters; by some to Lord Chesterfield; by others, to Lord Orrery; but by the greater number, to Lord Lyttleton: and the latter, however high in literary fame, was so little displeased with popular opinion on this point, as to take no trouble to contradict it. To him, therefore, the Letters are still assigned. He had at this period some slight knowledge of Goldsmith, and is alleged to have given him, shortly afterwards, hopes of being provided for by an appointment under government—a promise which, if ever made, it is unnecessary to say, was never fulfilled. Whether it was unwillingness to deprive his expected patron of his reputed literary honours, or supposed danger to his own fame when better established, by connecting it with so slight a work, he never afterwards publicly claimed it, even by that coy implication, common to authors or their publishers, in attaching to announcements of such works as they choose to acknowledge the names of those that are not. Thus, the Citizen of the World and Vicar of Wakefield, which had not his name in the title-page, regularly followed advertisements of the Traveller: not so the Letters of the alleged Nobleman, which, by not being seen in such company, appeared to be tacitly disclaimed.

He received, we are told by Davies in the Life of Garrick, for his three Histories of England, this being one of the number, £750 or £800—a sum which is considerably exaggerated. He had himself, indeed, in his character of publisher, paid £552 for the work in four volumes, and the abridgement of it in one: this would leave £200 as the produce of the "Letters." Twenty-five sheets only of letter-press form the two volumes; and as Dodsley allowed only three guineas for an octavo sheet, on a subject requiring more enquiry and research, a less sum would probably have been considered sufficient for a duodecimo sheet on history, although the quantity of matter might have been as great. Whether this was experienced, the following receipt renders questionable: no other acknowledgment connected with the volumes can be found—and, excepting he experienced further liberality in succeeding reprints of them, the whole amount paid him was probably under £50.

"Oct. 11, 1763. Received, of Mr. John Newbery, twenty-one pounds, which, with what I received before, is in full for the copy of the History of England in a series of Letters, two volumes in 12mo.

"Oliver Goldsmith."

To such as have not seen the work, or perused it more carelessly from not knowing who was the author, the introductory portion, touching generally on the subject of history, will be new, and give a good idea of his general manner. He recants here the contemptuous censure passed on the study of mathematics in a preceding publication—the results, no doubt, of further reflection and experience. Logic and metaphysics however stand no higher in his estimation than his friend Beatty said they did when at college.

Examples of his repetitions of a favourite sentiment occasionally occur. In the first letter, we find one which he had previously used in the Enquiry into Polite Learning, and again put into the mouth of Croaker, in the Good-natured Man:* "When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humoured a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over." It seems to be taken from Sir William Temple's Heads for an Essay upon the different Conditions of Life and Fortune. "After all life is but a trifle, that should be played with till we lose it, and then it is not worth regretting." Another, used in three of his pieces, that "passions, like fermentation in liquors, disturb the youthful breast only to refine it," is in part applied to our government, connected with the great struggle of Charles I. with his parliament: "The laws became more precise, and the subjects more ready to obey, as if a previous fermentation in the constitution was necessary to its subsequent refinement." In the thirty-fifth letter, when speaking of the murder of David Rizzio, the favourite of Mary Queen of Scots, he repeats of him what he had said in a paper on the different "Schools of Music" printed in the British Magazine: "Thus ended Rizzio, a man who has been more spoken of perhaps than any other who rose from so mean a station. What his other talents to please might have been, is unknown; but certain it is, that several indications of his skill in music remain even to the present time—all those pleasing Scotish airs, which are set in such a peculiar taste, being universally allowed to be of his composition."

To these "Letters" his subsequent History of England, in four volumes, is pretty largely indebted.

CHAPTER XIV.

Oratorio of the Captivity—His threatened arrest—The Traveller.

His poetical powers, which had lain in some degree dormant, at least in compositions of length, by the continued struggle for existence, that works in prose enabled him better to maintain, were about this time called into action in the composition of an oratorio. Two copies in his own handwriting, are still extant, though without a name—but it has been usually known to the few who possessed any information on the matter, as the "Captivity;" and that which appears the most correct transcript is given in the last English edition of his Works.

One of the inducements to the undertaking was the prevailing popularity of such performances, in consequence of the admiration excited by the music of Handel. Another, was perhaps the success of his friend Christopher Smart, in a similar composition named "Hannah," which, with the music by Mr. Worgan, was performed at the King's Theatre, on the 3d April, 1764. A third and more probable cause was an acquaintance formed shortly before, with Doctor Boyce, the eminent musician, by whom he had been either promised, or led to expect, it would be set to music, and whose compositions in this way enjoyed a just celebrity. Whatever ground there may have been for this expectation, it was not fulfilled—from what cause, is not known. Neither is any notice taken of the work by his friends, or by memoir writers, not even by Dr. Percy or by Isaac Reed, the latter of whom wrote two sketches of his life—one for the Biographia Dramatica, and another for the edition of Essays collected by Wright—yet the fact of his having written it was well known to both. Their accounts indeed being cursory, it was not probably deemed necessary to enumerate all his productions.

The manuscript, now lying before the writer, seems to be a clean copy, having few erasures; but two of the songs vary slightly from what they appear in the first collection of his poetical works. To the poet it probably proved, what he no doubt considered it, from the labour employed and the little return received, an indifferent speculation. He retained it in his own possession for some months, when, being either pressed for money, or despairing of having it introduced to the world in the manner originally designed, he sold the copy to Dodsley, with a right also to Newbery, as appears by the following receipt, transcribed from the original, now in the possession of Mr. Murray. It thus became of no more value to him than the small sum which the mere copyright produced:

* Act. I. Scene iv. See Works, vol. iv.

"Received, from Mr. Dodsley, ten guineas, for an Oratorio, which he and Mr. Newbery are to share.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Oct. 31st, 1764."

The composition of an oratorio is not perhaps a very difficult thing in itself; for, though dramatic in form, it is not so in spirit. We expect no involvement of plot, exhibition of character, or working of passion; neither the pomp of tragedy, nor the verisimilitude of life expected from comedy; neither is the poetry usually of the highest order, because the first consideration in all such compositions is the music. Without this be excellent, or at least of a superior description, all efforts of the poet will be vain; and the consciousness of being dependent upon the labours of another for the success of his own, may render him more careless of excellence.

Besides, musicians think themselves authorised to take great liberties with verses; and no writer would willingly permit such as have cost him much thought and labour, to be excruciated upon even a musical bed of torture. Such works therefore seldom exhibit, and possibly do not require, the display of pre-eminent genius.

The subject is the captivity in Babylon—and the period of time, that immediately preceded the capture of the city by Cyrus. It is in three acts: the persons are, First and second Jewish Prophets—Israelitish Woman—First and second Chaldean Priests—Chaldean Woman—Chorus of Youths and Virgins. The scene—The banks of the river Euphrates, near Babylon.

It opens in a strain of lamentation for their lost country, and captive state, by the Jewish prophets—who, although in bondage by a nation of idolaters, find consolation in the knowledge and worship of the true God. While occupied by their griefs, the Chaldean priests enter with an invitation to strike the lyre in honour of a festival day to their gods, and join in the general revelry: the invitation is scornfully declined.

The second act continues the attempt of the Chaldeans to persuade the Jews to join in their worship, when the chief prophet, at length pouring a strain, imprecates the judgment of Heaven on the blasphemers of Babylon—and in return is threatened with more ponderous chains, and a darker dungeon, than such as encircle his blind and captive king, Zedekiah.

In the third act, the Chaldeans express assurance of the continuance of their empire, notwithstanding the Jewish denunciations of wo. In the mean time, a corse is seen borne to the bank of the river, which proves to be that of Zedekiah; and while the Jews are praying for signal punishment on the authors of his sufferings and death, a loud shout is heard, the army of Cyrus suddenly pours into the city, and the kingdom of Babylon is overthrown.

The two songs, which were not so connected with the business of the piece as to prevent being detached from it, found their way into circulation previous to his death. By comparing their construction in the oratorio, with the state in which they were afterwards printed, it will be seen by the lines in Italics, that the same judicious revision, applied to more elaborate productions, was not neglected even in songs. On what occasion the alterations were made, does not appear—probably for some compilation of Davies, as he possessed the corrected copies.

"Oh Memory, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

"*Hence, intruder, most distressing,*
Seek the happy and the free;
The wretch who wants each other blessing,
Ever wants a friend in thee.

* * * * *

"*The last moment of his breath,*
On Hope the wretch relies;
And e'en the pang *preceding death*
Bids expectation rise.

"Hope, like the *gleaming* taper's light,
Adorns and cheers *our* way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

The silence of Bishop Percy, regarding not only The Captivity, but other works, is to be attributed to forgetfulness, or the displacement of his papers, as it appears he was fully informed on the subject by Mr. George Steevens. When directing the miscellaneous works to be prepared for the press, doubts had arisen in his mind, without reasonable cause, as it proved, of the authenticity of one of the epilogues, although it had been put into his hands by the poet himself; and, under this impression, he wrote to that gentleman to apply to Mrs. Bulkley, the actress, for whom it was written, to enquire whether she remembered the lines, and the occasion for which they were intended—but that lady had long been dead. The bishop likewise omits to notice the other productions mentioned in the reply of Steevens; as if, having once finished the memoir, he was indisposed to make additions which might branch out into more extensive enquiries, and be productive of more labour than his plan, or leisure, or time of life permitted.

Another of his omissions, or what seems like such, is more accountable. In writing to Steevens, it will be observed, he says, "I have another unprinted poem of Dr. G.'s, in his own handwriting, that is undoubtedly his, which is of more consequence." No such additional poem appears in the edition of the works with which he was connected, except the quarreling epilogue, intended at one time for She Stoops to Conquer, and to be spoken in dialogue by Mrs. Bulkley and Miss Catley. Had he meant this epilogue by the "unprinted poem of more consequence," some allusion would probably have been made to its nature, when enquiring respecting the origin of a similar composition from the same hands. But the subject of it is not mentioned, nor can an explanation be obtained now, the nearest relative* of the prelate declaring to the writer, that nothing respecting Goldsmith, either in letters or manuscript pieces, exists among his papers: but had such a production been by accident omitted by him, in the first edition of the works, it is not probable, from the unfortunate irritation which existed between him and the publishers, he would have given it in a second. The application to Mr. Steevens, and his reply, are dated September, 1797.

The bishop writes—

"Your obliging letter was received this morning, and merits my best thanks, which I could not defer presenting a moment. Yet I fear you will have reasons to repent of your readiness to serve your friends, when you find it has encouraged me to trouble you again.

"The epilogue, of which I sent the exordium and conclusion, I find (by an endorsement which escaped me, when I copied them for you) was intended to be spoken by Mrs. Bulkley. I wish she could, by some means, be asked if she remembers for what play it was intended. It may possibly, after all, be not written by Goldsmith, but only given for him to correct—though I think he would scarce have adopted the four lines in his epilogue to his printed comedy, from it, had it not been his own.

"He gave it me among a parcel of letters and papers; some written by himself, and some addressed to him, without much explanation. But I have always considered it as his. Yet, it would be awkward, if, after being inserted in his works, some other author should prove his claim to it; and, therefore, before I close with the booksellers, who are impatiently pressing, I wish if possible to ascertain this point.

"I have another unprinted poem of Dr. G.'s, in his own handwriting, that is undoubtedly his, which is of more consequence, together with many original, and some very curious letters—so that I shall not abate of my terms with the booksellers, even if this should be withdrawn. However, neither to them, nor to the actress, would I, in the present stage of the business, excite any doubt concerning that epilogue, of which, I suppose, the lines I sent you are sufficient to awake any recollection which she may have on the subject."

The answer, much of which is omitted, though very characteristic of the satire and point of the writer, runs thus:—

"Since I received your favour, I have spent some hours in a fruitless enquiry about the epilogue you have quoted, but even the accurate Mr. Reed can supply no information on the subject. As there is nothing appropriate in this composition, perhaps the author produced it as a piece of sale work for the service of a chance customer, or for his own future use. Finding, however, no commodious vent or employment for his ware, he might afterwards have worked up some of its materials into another fabric. I may add, that several of his lines glance at the sentimental pieces of his dramatic rivals, Kelly and Cumberland, and therefore on mature consideration might have been suppressed.

"In the mean time it is fit you should learn, that any present attempt to throw a ring-fence round the poetical demesnes of Goldsmith, will be ineffectual, as a late discovery has been made of a dramatic piece in his own handwriting; it turned up among the papers of the late Mr. Dodsley. * * * The oratorio in question, entitled Captivity, was sold by the doctor to Dodsley, Oct. 31st, 1764, for ten guineas, and Newbery was to have the option of a share in it. It is now setting to music by an eminent composer, and great expectations are formed of its success. One of the songs belonging to it has been already published in former editions of our little poet's works.

"But a word or two more about them; for perhaps you are unacquainted with a metrical production of his on the death of the Princess-dowager of Wales; it was spoken and sung at the celebrated public rooms of Mrs. Cornelys, in Soho square, and was afterwards printed.

"Several other pieces of the doctor's are still in MSS. in the hands of various people. The late Mr. Wright, the printer who had been apprenticed to or in the service of Mr. Hamilton at a time when Goldsmith composed numerous essays for magazines, articles for reviews, &c., preserved a list of these fugitive pieces which are now reprinting, and will make their appearance in the course of next winter. Goldsmith likewise began a periodical paper, which, being unsuccessful, was laid aside after a few numbers of it had been issued out."

The design intimated here of having the oratorio set to music, had been previously and has been since contemplated by the possessors of the MS., though hitherto without being carried into effect. By a letter from the late Mr. Francis Newbery to Isaac Reed, to whose possession it was consigned by the late Mr. Nicol, of Pall Mall, who received it from Dodsley, it appears that, in consequence of a conversation with Mr. Nicol, he wished to borrow the MS., having appointed a meeting for that morning (the letter was written in the spring of 1787) to submit it to the opinion of Mr. Steevens, the composer. Nothing seems to have resulted from this project, and its success therefore remains to be tried; the MS. was returned to the custody of Mr. Reed.

Connected with its history there is a further coincidence deserving notice. On the 12th of April, 1764, about a week after the performance of Smart's piece, which is supposed to have in part excited the desire of Goldsmith to pursue the same path, an oratorio named "Israel in Babylon" was advertised to be performed at the Opera House for the benefit of decayed musicians and their families, the music to be selected from Handel. The same announcement mentioned the piece being then for sale by Griffin, of Fetter lane, and other booksellers. By a memorandum in the possession of the writer, it appears that early in the following month (May), Goldsmith drew a bill upon Griffin for thirteen guineas, although no previous connection seems to have existed between them, and no trace of literary services performed for that publisher at that time has been found, which might entitle him to such an accommodation. The similarity of subject between "Israel in Babylon" and the Oratorio of the poet; the period of their production; the connection with Griffin; and the sum drawn for, circumstances which may be wholly accidental, seem nevertheless to point to some connection between the performances.

During the summer we trace him to the same house at Islington as before, in another account of his hostess still extant; to this is added the bill of his laundress, the whole being summed up by the charge of three months' board, viz. £12 10*s*.

By another memorandum in the tailor's (Mr. William Filby) account book, it appears he was still at Islington in September, where however he did not continue long. Whether the removal thence was occasioned by his arrest, or threatened arrest, which took place about this time by the landlady, as told by Dr. Johnson, and repeated so variously by others, or whether this event

* Mrs. Isted, of Ecton, Northamptonshire, surviving daughter of Dr. Percy. Since this was written, her death has been announced.

occurred subsequently in London, and of course in a different lodging, is doubtful; probably the latter; for it is not likely that, having been an inmate so long, and with Newbery as responsible paymaster, she had recourse to the last resort of a severe creditor, even if payment had been for a time delayed.

Mrs. Piozzi, Sir John Hawkins, Cumberland, and Boswell, all tell the story, and although professing to receive it from the same source, namely, from Dr. Johnson, all differently.

Goldsmith, according to Boswell, having been arrested by his landlady for arrears of rent, and being at a loss how to extricate himself, sent a message to Johnson in the morning before he was up, stating his distress, and begging to see him. The latter, in order to obviate immediate difficulty, sent back a guinea by the messenger, and when dressed proceeded to his friend, whom he found violently incensed at the conduct of the mistress of the house, but with a bottle of madeira before him, as a means of drowning his cares. This the visiter put to one side, begged him to be calm, and enquired what means he possessed of escaping from the difficulty: a novel was produced, stated to be ready for the press; Johnson, discovering its merits, carried the work to a bookseller (Newbery) who gave sixty pounds for the copy, and, returning with the money, or a portion of it, the debtor discharged the demand, not without expostulating with his hostess in a high tone for using him so ill.

Mrs. Piozzi says that Johnson was called from her house after dinner, and found the poet getting drunk upon madeira; that, on the money being received for his book, he invited the woman of the house to drink punch, and pass their time in merriment; circumstances at variance with his usual habits, which were temperate, and the indignation he would naturally feel on the occasion, and therefore requiring some corroborating authority to believe.

Sir John Hawkins tells us, "That for the clamours of a woman, to whom he was indebted for lodging, and for bailiffs that waited to arrest him, he was equally unable, till he had made himself drunk, to stay within doors, or to go abroad, to hawk among the booksellers a piece of his writing, the title whereof my author does not remember. In this distress he sent for Johnson, who immediately went to one of them, and brought back money for his relief."

Cumberland taxes his invention still higher. The landlady, by his account, had made the staggering proposal to her lodger of either *marrying her* or paying the debt; that Johnson found him meditating this alternative; that he carried the novel to *Dodsley*, and received *ten* pounds for it; and prudently doled that sum out to him by a guinea at a time.

Nothing exhibits more the loose manner in which such anecdotes are received or told than these various versions of the same occurrence. The statement of Boswell is simple and probable, taken from the mouth of Johnson when deliberately questioned on the subject, and therefore as nearly as possible we may believe exact. Mrs. Piozzi errs from carelessness, and perhaps from the desire of bringing her dinner table before the notice of the reader, as it is obvious, from reference to minute circumstances, that the summons of Johnson to the prisoner must have occurred in the forenoon. Hawkins colours the matter in stating he wished to get drunk, according to his peculiar ill-humour, or the inaccuracy of his informant, who, it appears, did not even know the name of the work, the sale of which procured the release of the author. Cumberland's story seems wholly a fiction, or confounded with that of some other person, for none of the details agree with those of others, or with fact, as we know that the sum received for the novel was sixty pounds, and that the purchaser was Newbery, not Dodsley; he knew nothing personally of Goldsmith for about eight or nine years afterwards; and the proposal of marriage seems doubly improbable, from the hostess being said to be elderly, while to arrest the object of her passion seemed of all others the least dexterous mode of urging her suit.

The precise period at which this occurred is uncertain, neither of the narrators having recorded dates; Mrs. Piozzi says 1765 or 1766, but this vague account partakes of the loose inaccuracy of her anecdote. Dr. Johnson, who, being personally concerned, could not so well commit mistake, expressly says it preceded the publication of the "Traveller," and assigns that as a reason why less money was obtained for the copy than it would otherwise have been worth. He further relates that the bookseller thought so indifferently of his bargain as to keep it by him unprinted nearly two years after the purchase. These circumstances fix it, beyond doubt, in the year 1764. If it were previous to April, on the second of which month it will be seen, the lodging bill just given commences, the time between the sale and the publication would be exactly two years; if in the autumn, it would be necessarily less; and as he was at the latter period with Mrs. Fleming, we may acquit her of the indignity inflicted upon her lodger, and infer that he was at temporary apartments in London; the probable date of the occurrence was therefore February or March, 1764.

From several small sums of money received from Newbery about this period, he was doubtless engaged in the minor business of a professional author, such as revising short translations, and supplying papers for the "Christian's Magazine;" devoting such moments as he could spare to objects of a more imperishable character. To escape from the task-work of trade to the indulgence of the imagination, is one of the luxuries which an indigent man of genius enjoys with a zest unknown to his richer brethren, who by happier circumstances are enabled to command their own time and subject; and all who can appreciate the struggles of poverty with aspirations after excellence and reputation, will give him their sympathy. A large undertaking, the completion of the poem of "The Traveller," had been for some time before him; and this, if successful, promised the gratification of his highest ambition.

It will be remembered that this work was commenced, by his own account, in Switzerland, whence a portion of it, the *diejecta membra* only, we may believe, was transmitted to his brother in Ireland. For a time, the continued contest he had to sustain against want, by such productions as were more profitable in the literary market, precluded serious attention to it, but as he became more at ease, such additions were made as his plan or genius suggested; the original outline, said by his cotemporaries to have been more extensive than now appears, was contracted and filled up; and in this state, though still imperfect, and without the title (that of "The Philosophic Wanderer" was first suggested) being positively fixed, it was submitted to Dr. Johnson. He saw its merit at once, recommended it to be retouched and finished for publication, and towards the conclusion voluntarily added a few lines of his own. The advice, though not immediately followed, was not forgotten. A poem is one of those hazardous adventures in literature in which failure seems the rule, and success the exception; we cannot therefore be surprised at his hesitation to publish, or the desire to give it all the benefit that time and care could impart; fully aware of the risk of turning his venture adrift on the ocean of public opinion, the precaution he adopted displayed prudence; for who would not, if he could, acquire the reputation not of a tolerable, but of a good poet?

The state of poetry at this period was such that a fair opening appeared to offer to a new claimant for its honours. The great masters who had charmed the preceding age had passed away, and none of equal powers had arisen to take their place. Young was advanced in life, and expired a few months afterwards; Gray was indolent and fastidious; and, excepting in a few of his pieces, several of the wits and critics, among whom Johnson even at this time was one, declared against him. Mason and Glover were scarcely popular. Johnson himself was silent. Churchill had just expired; one of those poets who, though of such reputation among his cotemporaries as to be termed, in a memoir written in the preceding year, "the greatest English poet now living, or perhaps that that this country ever produced," is now, if not forgotten, at least neglected, his works rarely perused for the pleasure they afford, and even his genius indifferently estimated. Lloyd died nearly on the day of the publication of the new poem, but his reputation was not great. Falconer, who had printed the Shipwreck two years before, was scarcely yet enrolled among the body of poets. Akenside, Armstrong, Smollett, Grainger, and Bonnell Thornton, all members of the medical profession, were otherwise occupied; and to this respectable list of five of the "twofold disciples of Apollo," a term not unfelicitously applied to the former, was now to be added a sixth, in the person of Goldsmith.

In sitting down to the composition of his poem, as well as in his general views of poetry, he had his eye fixed on the most popular models of the preceding age, which, having undergone the test of time, and given pleasure to every description of reader, he thought might be safely followed as the best. So likewise thought Dr. Johnson. Public opinion sided with both; and public opinion, as Aristotle, and Cicero, and many others, have told us, is, after a moderate time for deliberation, rarely mistaken in matters of taste. The opinions of Goldsmith on the art, as well as his practice, are on record. In the Life of Parnell we find—"He appears to me to be the last of that great school that had modeled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blessed with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things which it has been for some time the fashion to admire; in writing which, the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarcely tell why. * * * * * It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonise our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it into pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions and the harshest constructions, vainly imagining, that the more their writings are unlike prose the more they resemble poetry. They have adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their meaning are willing to praise, to show they understand. From these follies and affectations the poems of Parnell are free; he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression."

Here, at a time when his judgment was matured, we find laid down the principles which in practice he so successfully carried into effect, and which form the great secret of his popularity. We see an utter rejection of all affectation; the use of the language of life, which is not necessarily either vulgar or prosaic; and, combined with these a warmth and simplicity, that, although constituting the chief charm of good writing, frequently passes unobserved by inattentive readers, because it wants show and glitter, has nothing to strike forcibly or take by surprise, and where the perfection of art is exhibited in leaving behind no trace of the labours employed by the writer. Upon principle, therefore, he carefully abstained from pursuing the path, or participating in what were considered the faults of Gray; faults of ambition, perhaps a lawful ambition; faults certainly nearly akin to beauties, were not the labour used by the artist too obvious to escape the notice of the reader. To him, to Mason, Warton, and their imitators, his remarks were considered to apply, and they did not pass without notice and censure. With Gray more particularly, he was then and since brought into competition, and the honest expression of his poetical taste has been attributed to the passion of envy. But there seems no just cause for such imputation. On the contrary, he had a high opinion of that poet, but occasionally felt bound to withhold the meed of applause less from his genius than from the manner in which it was exerted. Nor was this a recent opinion, advanced when his own poems, differing so much in character, had received nearly universal approbation, and when a degree of rivalry might be supposed to influence his decision, but at the earliest period of his literary career, long before he was known, before he had any reputation to lose by comparison, and before he knew or could be influenced

by the critical opinions of Johnson. Of this we have sufficient proof. When engaged, in 1757, in the Monthly Review, he wrote the criticism in that journal on the Bard and Progress of Poetry; and there, as an anonymous reviewer, had there existed hostile feelings to gratify, they might have been safely indulged, even with the countenance of a large body of literary men, who were less disposed then than subsequently to admit the merits of Gray.* But we find the same spirit in this notice as in the remarks in 1770; he objects to their elaborate character, to their approval being confined to a few, to their obscurities and abruptness, and emphatically advises him to aim at being more popular, or, in other words, to study the people. A complimentary notice of the Odes is thus introduced; nor will even warm admirers of the lyric bard deny that there is not much truth in the criticism:

"As this publication seems designed for those who have formed their taste by the models of antiquity, the generality of readers cannot be supposed adequate judges of its merits; nor will the poet, it is presumed, be greatly disappointed, if he finds them backward in commending a performance not exactly suited to their apprehensions. We cannot, however, without some regret, behold those talents so capable of giving pleasure to all, exerted in efforts that at best can amuse only the few; we cannot behold this rising poet seeking fame among the learned, without hinting to him the same advice that Isocrates used to give his scholars,—*study the people*. This study it is that has conducted the great masters of antiquity up to immortality. Pindar himself, of whom our modern lyrist is an imitator, appears entirely guided by it.†

* * * * *

"It is by no means our design to detract from the merit of our author's present attempt; we would only intimate that an English poet—one whom the muse has *marked for her own*—could produce a more luxuriant bloom of flowers, by cultivating such as are natives of the soil, than by endeavouring to force the exotics of another climate; or, to speak without a metaphor, such a genius as Mr. Gray might give greater pleasure, and acquire a larger portion of fame, if, instead of being an imitator, he did justice to his talents, and ventured to be more an original. These two odes, it must be confessed, breathe much of the spirit of Pindar, but then they have caught the seeming obscurity, the sudden transition, and hazardous epithet of his mighty master.

Of the inattention paid to the literary history of Goldsmith, we have proof in the erroneous dates assigned to nearly all his principal pieces, and this poem among the number. Bishop Percy Malone, in a note to Boswell's Johnson, and all the memoir writers, give the date 1765, though the publication took place in the middle of December, 1764, the error arising, no doubt, from 1765 being printed in the title-page, the commencement of that year being at hand. The first announcement appears in the Public Advertiser the 19th of that month; in the St. James's Chronicle on the 21st; and was repeated in others: it came out in the quarto form, and was the first production to which he put his name—"This day is published, price one shilling and sixpence, The Traveller; or a Prospect of Society, a poem. By Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. Printed for J. Newbery, in St. Paul's Churchyard."

A feeling worthy of all praise produced the dedication to his brother. Careless of any interests of his own which might be promoted by conciliating the powerful or the wealthy, it was intended not merely as a return of respect and attention for the kindness shown to his earlier years, but to bring into notice and perhaps preferment, should the work become popular, a worthy though friendless clergyman. Allusion to the motive took place in conversation with his friends, and afterwards found its way into the newspapers; in a paragraph in imitation of a paper of Swift, where, among other instances of men who have acted nobly, or as it is phrased, made great figures in the world, is the following—"Dr. Goldsmith, when he dedicated his beautiful poem, the Traveller, to a man of no greater income than forty pounds a year."

The plan of the poem is in great measure new, though it is possible that Addison's letter from Italy suggested the idea. Travels in prose had been often told; but to array them for the first time in the garb of poetry, promised something of stronger interest to the reader, while the situation in which the Traveller was projected and commenced, entitles its author in all probability to the honours of originality. But it is in the execution of such things we must seek for the merit that gives them popular favour; to do this well requires poetical powers of a high order, good taste, a philosophical spirit of observation, and that nice discrimination which seizes only upon such points as mark national peculiarities in the strongest manner, and are immediately intelligible to the general reader. It is so far different from what is called *local* poetry, such as Denham's Cooper's Hill, which may have given the hint to Addison, that it overlooks in great degree the scenery of countries to fix upon and describe the moral characteristics of the people. Human nature is always difficult to portray in poetry with condensation and accuracy; but he who accomplishes this, is beyond question no ordinary poet.

We have proof at once of the judgment of Goldsmith, and of the plan being adapted to poetry of the highest order, in Lord Byron pursuing it in Childe Harold, which in all its leading points may be considered a kind of "Traveller" on a more extended scale. We find a similar survey of the people and countries through which they pass; the same attention to their distinguishing moral features; the same philosophical spirit of reflection, varying indeed with the opposite natures of the writers: many noble sentiments, and ideas of great moral sublimity, mingled with what is still more peculiar, the same reference to personal circumstances, feelings, and recollections; both identifying themselves in a peculiar manner with their subject. Lord Byron, however, by amplifying the design, has gained a stronger hold upon the reader. Goldsmith looks down as from a height upon the countries under his eye, with the large and general views of a philosopher whose business is not with detail. Lord Byron travels more extensively, and tells his travels with more of the minuteness of a tourist; he is more various and diversified, yet scarcely more vigorous, and certainly not more condensed: both are ethical; and both indulge freely in their respective political views. In Goldsmith we find not one objectionable sentiment, nothing that assaults or pains the religious or moral feelings of the reader; the same cannot be said of the author of Childe Harold. The main purpose of the former is to show that, by the benevolent ordination of Providence, the sum of human happiness is in most countries, however varying in natural position, capabilities, or form of government, nearly the same; that content belongs to the mind and disposition of the individual, more than to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. Lord Byron, who had probably set out with no fixed plan in view, is willing to tell of all that interested him; not of moral characteristics only, but of manners, localities, and the associations derived from historical events; he therefore perhaps carries with him general readers more. The one is general in his philosophy, the other more local and particular. If Lord Byron be the more various and interesting, we find in Goldsmith purity of thought and that high moral feeling pervading all his writings, the want of which is so often to be lamented in those of his noble successor; while in vigour and sublimity, whenever occasion requires it, he is rarely inferior.

True poets probably differ little in their conception of what should be good subjects for the exercise of their art, as Thomson, by another coincidence, appears to have thought well of the design which Goldsmith lived to execute. His opinion, contained in a letter to Bubb Doddington, written from Paris in 1730, when on the tour of Europe with Mr. Talbot, was not made known till long after the death of the Irish poet:

"Your observation I find every day juster and juster, that one may profit more abroad by seeing than by hearing; and yet there are scarce any travellers to be met with who have given a landscape of the countries through which they have traveled, *that have seen, as you express it, with the muse's eye*; though that is the first thing which strikes me, and what all readers and travellers in the first place demand. *It seems to me that such a poetical landscape of countries, mixed with moral observations on their countries and people, would not be an ill-judged undertaking.* But then the description of the different face of nature, in different countries, must be particularly marked and characteristic; the portrait painting of nature."

So well do we find the idea thrown out in this passage fulfilled, that nothing appears in the Traveller but what is appropriate and distinct, or as the author of the Seasons says, marked and characteristic; the terms applied to one country or people cannot well be transferred to another; and it admits of no doubt which of the nations, whether Italians, Swiss, French, Dutch, or English, is most happily drawn. By Dr. Johnson the latter seems to have been most prized; he was known often to repeat with a fervour of animation which brought tears into his own eyes, that noble passage, one of the most powerful and yet accurate in modern poetry, which gives as high and not undue picture of our countrymen:—

"Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band;
By forms unfashioned fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learn to venerate himself as man."

A comparison between his description of Italy and that of Addison occurs immediately to the poetical reader; and if the same thought was suggested to himself, no tone of depreciation or jealousy appears to have been the result. The "Letter from Italy" is thus fairly and judiciously characterised a few years afterwards in one of his compilations for youth, the "Beauties of English Poesy:" "Few poems have done more honour to English genius than this. There is in it a strain of political thinking that was, at that time, new in our poetry. Had the harmony of this been equal to Pope's versification, it would be incontestably the finest poem in our language; but there is a dryness in the numbers which greatly lessens the pleasure excited both by the poet's judgment and imagination."

To follow a good poet in the most admired of his pieces without losing ground by the attempt, forms no slight test of the merit of a writer; and Addison is so popular that even his name becomes nearly a bar to competition. All the stronger points admitting of poetical description had been seized by him; the features of the country, her mountains, views, groves, and fields, none of which, as he says, were "unsung," had been appropriated; the diversity of her productions, where—

"Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies,"

had been adverted to; and her ruins, as well as her triumphs in painting and sculpture, sufficiently brought into view to take away much of the charm of originality from any who should venture to tread the same ground.

Little therefore remained for the muse of Goldsmith but the character of the people, which, like their modern literature and institutions, obtained no respect from his judgment, and consequently little from his pen. Their predilections and pursuits, as being supposed to tend to moral degeneracy, lead to a severe remark—

"And sensual bliss is all this nation knows."

And again, in allusion to their fallen political condition, he adds, in contrast to the natural products of the country—

"Man seems the only growth that dwindles here."

And carrying on the unfavourable picture, the following lines have great force and condensation—

"Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue,
And even in penance planning sins anew."

Addison dwelt little on what Goldsmith has been compelled by the pre-occupation of topics to make his

* The ridicule attempted to be cast upon him by Colman and other wits of the day, in "Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion," will not be forgotten by the literary reader.

† Mr. Southey, in his Life of Cowper, quotes this passage: he was not aware, and indeed the fact is now, for the first time, disclosed, that Goldsmith was the writer.

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principal theme. In comparing the one hundred and sixty-eight lines of the former with the sixty of the latter, they will be found, as the range of the former was unlimited, to display more imagination and vivacity. In Goldsmith, as his purpose was more philosophical, we find more of the depth of such an observer, equal vigour of description, more condensation of thought, and infinitely more smoothness of versification. Both unaccountably neglect to notice the chief delight of modern Italy, its music; for this, in the hands of either, particularly of Goldsmith, who had a taste for it, might have been made the vehicle of some fine poetical painting and pointed remark. But his ingenuity deserves praise in furnishing a sketch after such a master, at once philosophical, spirited, and original.

While engaged in putting a finishing hand to the poem, an anecdote connected with the writing of one of the couplets and of his amusement at the same moment, told by Sir Joshua Reynolds to a lady more than once alluded to who forms the authority for the fact, exhibits the peculiarity of his humour; it shows also that elevated sentiments are not always the offspring of abstract thought.

Either Reynolds, or a mutual friend who immediately communicated the story to him, calling at the lodgings of the poet, opened the door without ceremony, and discovered him, not in meditation, or in the throes of poetic birth, but in the boyish office of teaching a favourite dog to sit upright upon its haunches, or as is commonly said, to beg. Occasionally he glanced his eye over his desk, and occasionally shook his finger at the unwilling pupil in order to make him retain his position; while on the page before him was written that couplet with the ink of the second line still wet, from the description of Italy—

> "By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
> The sports of children satisfy the child."

The sentiment seemed so appropriate to the employment that the visiter could not refrain from giving vent to his surprise in a strain of banter, which was received with characteristic good humour, and the admission at once made that the amusement in which he had been engaged had given birth to the idea.

The interval between the period of a publication issuing from the press, and the moment when the public favour towards it seems no longer doubtful, is necessarily an anxious one for an author. To Goldsmith, notwithstanding some affected indifference expressed in the dedication, it could not be an unimportant matter; it was the first production to which he had put his name, as well as the greatest adventure in which he had hitherto embarked; and the stake was to him not merely reputation, but in some measure subsistence. Dr. Johnson, who knew the anxious feelings of his friend, made an immediate effort to relieve them by a recommendatory notice which appears in the Critical Review for December, 1764.

Offices of this kind, proceeding from kind intentions, need not necessarily be laudatory; they are often more in the nature of advertisements to announce existence than to disseminate praise, and prove frequently useful to works of admitted merit. It is not that the public cannot unassisted discover and reward such productions without a director to guide its taste, but in the multiplicity of publications, some which are good may for a while escape observation; and it is thus that the early notice of a judicious friend may do quickly for its fame what would otherwise be a work of time. This obviously was the idea of the great critic whom it may be interesting to trace in his friendly endeavours; he says indeed little, leaving his poem to speak for itself in the quotations, which amount to a fourth part of its number of lines. It was evidently written in haste: the remarks are of the utmost possible brevity, and not being included in some editions of the works of its writer, although enumerated by Boswell among his productions, will be found in a future volume.

The Gentleman's Magazine of the same month pronounces a favourable opinion on its merits. In January, the Monthly Review, in the way of amends for previous treatment of their old associate, followed in the track of Johnson in the Critical:—"For the Traveller is one of those delightful poems that allure by the beauty of their scenery, a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent happiness of expression." The assertion of the author in the dedication, of not being solicitous to know what would be its reception, is condemned as affectation; and if meant in a general sense, would be so; but the words seem to imply that he cares not how it shall be received by the lovers of personal satire, poetry, and blank verse. With less reason, exception is taken by the reviewer to the expression, "untraveled heart," which yet drags at each remove "a lengthening chain," in the opening paragraph, as involving a contradiction. The objection is more apparent than real, for by the common license of poetry it merely conveys the idea of the heart being unchanged, however removed by distance from the object of regard.

To the suffrage of the reviews and other journals, was added that of all private judges of good poetry; until at length, when the author had been removed by death beyond the reach of partiality or the flattery of friends, it was pronounced "without one bad line—without one of Dryden's careless verses." When Sir Joshua Reynolds observed that he was glad to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language, and Mr. Langton replied, "Surely there was no doubt of this before," Johnson's remark was, "No; the merit of the Traveller is so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it." Another remark of the same authority, in reply to an observation of Reynolds, that in giving it such a character his friends might be deemed partial, deserves notice, as furnishing a proof of the fact so obvious in Boswell, Sir John Hawkins, and others, of the writer when alive not having justice done to his actual powers and attainments by the major part of his associates. "Nay, sir, the partiality of his friends was always against him. It was with difficulty we could give him a hearing."

The force of this remark is explained by the belief entertained by more than one of their mutual acquaintance, that to Johnson, not to the actual author, was the credit of many fine passages of the poem due. This we have long known had not the slightest foundation in truth. It is certain, indeed, he revised it; but who on such an occasion would not, and does not, take the advice of a judicious critic whenever it is to be procured? Such emendations are rarely of moment, and rather do credit to his caution than detract from his genius or skill. In the revisal, it is true, Johnson introduced some lines of his own as substitutes for others deemed less pointed or explicit in the position attempted to be maintained; he marked them for Boswell in 1783; they are nine in number, being the 420th,

> "To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,"

and eight lines of the conclusion:—

> "How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which kings or laws can cause or cure.
> Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
> Our own felicity we make or find;
> With secret course which no loud storms annoy,
> Glides the smooth current of domestic joy;
> * * * * *
> To men remote from power but rarely known,
> Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own."

These, though vigorous and expressive, simply restate the general doctrine urged in the poem, and present no material novelty of sentiment; few of those of Goldsmith will lose by comparison; and in fact much of the beauty of the passage would be impaired, were it not for the force of the illustration introduced by the author himself in the two lines which precede the concluding couplet—

> "The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
> Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel."

One of which allusions, that to the "iron crown," occasioned some difficulty to readers, until it was recollected that in a rebellion in Hungary, in 1514, headed by two brothers named Zack, George and Luke, the former, not the latter, was punished on its suppression by having his head encircled with a red hot iron crown. The short and obscure nature of the reference probably occasioned the poet some trouble; to name the actual sufferer, George, might have been misconstrued by those who knew not the historical fact as implying some sneer or irreverence to his own sovereign, while it is certain the surname of "Zack," which would have suited his purpose in sense and sound, was forgotten; the substitution of the latter for Luke would render the line historically correct.

A gratuitous supposition of Boswell, that much, "*no doubt*," of the sentiment and expression in this poem were derived by Goldsmith from conversation with Johnson, would deserve no remark, were it not indicative of that unfairness of which he is too often guilty. "The Traveller," observes Mr. Croker, in noticing the remark, "is a poem which in a peculiar degree seems written from the personal observation and feelings of its author;" and no critic of even moderate skill but will arrive at the same conclusion. There is a reality in all the leading passages which cannot be mistaken for secondhand portraiture,—a view of localities and characteristics, of feelings and opinions arising from actual contemplation of the places and people described, that no other than an eye-witness, and that witness a philosophical observer, could convey to the reader. Johnson never was in Switzerland, Italy, or Holland; and only in France long after the publication of the poem; he was therefore incapable of lending aid to its most forcible and characteristic passages.

Nothing can be more unjust or ungenerous than to attempt in this way to claim for one man of genius, who never dreamt of arrogating such distinction himself, the merit that is due to another, merely because they happened to be friends and associates. Were this practice to be encouraged, literary society must soon become extinct; no man of talents will associate with his fellow, for none will run the risk of having the laurels which ought to encircle his own head, capriciously wrested from him to adorn that of another. If Johnson furnished sentiment or expression to the Traveller, he may equally be said to have supplied them to the Deserted Village, to the Hermit, to the Vicar of Wakefield, and to She Stoops to Conquer; and if he is thus to be considered a storehouse of mind to one friend, why not to another? Why not from the same association, have supplied Burke with his oratory, Reynolds with his discourses (which is in fact more than hinted by some), Beauclerk with his wit, Dyer with his learning, Malone with his criticism, and Hawkins with his ill-nature? Such accusations against the fair fame of authors, though frequently made, are in a very few instances just. Johnson, indeed, when younger in his literary career, became alarmed at the thought of similar imputations being thrown out against his originality, and, to prevent them, took the resolution of avoiding the society of such as he thought likely to advance the accusation.* The remedy was desperate, and too unsocial to be always followed.

The perseverance of Boswell on another occasion, in almost forcing him to assume a portion of the merits of his friends, is as amusing as the simplicity with which it is avowed:—"He (Johnson) owned," says Boswell, "that he thought Hawkesworth was one of his imitators, but he did not think Goldsmith was. Goldsmith, he said, had great merit." A disclaimer, at once so liberal and just, would not suit the purpose of his admiring biographer; he therefore would make him assume the merit of bestowing at least his patronage upon the

* "I used to go," said the moralist, "pretty often to Campbell's [Dr. John, author of the Lives of the Admirals, and a variety of other works] on a Sunday evening, till I began to consider that the shoals of Scotsmen who flocked about him might probably say, when any thing of mine was well done, 'Ay, ay, he has learnt this of Cawmell.'"

Irish poet, if not of imparting to him his sentiments and language. "But, sir," continued Boswell, "he is much indebted to you for his getting so high in the public estimation." JOHNSON. "Why, sir, he has perhaps got *sooner* to it by his intimacy with me."

An anecdote connected with this poem, exhibiting that absence of mind and facility of temper in its author which occasionally led him to make admissions he did not really mean, and which were thence sometimes turned against him, was told by Dr. Johnson. "I remember," said he, "Chamier, after talking with him some time, said, 'Well, I do believe he wrote this poem himself; and let me tell you, that is believing a great deal.' Chamier once asked him what he meant by *slow*, the last word in the first line of the Traveller,

'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.'

Did he mean tardiness of locomotion? Goldsmith, who would say something without consideration, answered 'Yes.' I was sitting by and said 'No, sir, you did not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude.' Chamier believed then that I had written the line, as much as if he had seen me write it." The poet, however, was not the first of his calling who so imperfectly understood himself as to require a friend to interpret his meaning. Pope, it is well known, was confounded by the interpretation put upon passages in his Essay on Man, and not only expressed the greatest obligations to Warburton, but, as is said, became the founder of his fortune, for becoming his commentator and explaining sentiments which were either misapprehended or he could not so well explain himself.

"What a useful study," says Spence in his anecdotes, speaking of Pope, "might it be for a poet to compare in those parts what was written first with the successive alterations; to learn his terms and arts in versification; and to consider the reasons why such and such an alteration was made." Every reader of taste feels something of a similar interest in tracing a popular poem in its progress to excellence; and in the instance of the Traveller it seems to be more necessary, as no notice has hitherto been taken of the variations, though considerable.

The number of lines in the first edition was 416; in the last, being the ninth printed during the life of the author, 438; making an addition of twenty-two to the original number; but as fourteen of the first edition were thrown out, the total number of new lines amounted to thirty-six.

Such as may be strictly called additions, from conveying thoughts or illustrations not in the first edition, are the following:

"With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's shelvy side.

* * * * *

"Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.

* * * * *

"While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave.

* * * * *

"The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown."

And that animated apostrophe to freedom, of sixteen lines, commencing with

"And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel:

and ending with

"Except when fast approaching danger warms."

Those deemed less fit by the author to retain their station in the poem, and therefore finally rejected, were

"'T were affectation all, and school-taught pride,
To spurn the splendid things by heaven supply'd:"

for which he substituted

"Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?"

For the following passage which was thrown out—

"And yet, perhaps, if states with states we scan,
Or estimate their bliss on reason's plan,
Though patriots flatter, and though fools contend,
We still shall find uncertainty suspend;
Find that each good, by art or nature given,
To these or those, but make the balance even;
Find that the bliss of all is much the same,
And patriotic boasting reason's shame:"

now appear six lines, commencing

"And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,"

and ending with

"To different nations make their blessings even."

Immediately succeeding the lines where, by the anecdote previously related, the poet seemed to bestow divided attention between his verses and his dog, and which glance at the political apathy of Italy, a couplet, now omitted, continued the idea.

"At sports like these while foreign arms advance,
In passive ease they leave the world to chance."

After the lines

"Yet think not thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings or court the great"

came

"Perish the wish; for inly satisfy'd,
Above their pomps I hold my ragged pride:"

which were replaced in the amended edition by

"Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire," &c.

Among a variety of verbal alterations, a few of the chief, as indicating his care in the revision, may be noticed:

"A weary waste expanding to the skies,"

stood originally

"*expanded* to the skies."

"Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,"

was

"*where mirth and peace abound.*"

"Amidst the store should thankless pride repine,"

was

"*'t were thankless to repine.*"

"Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,"

was

"Boldly *asserts that country for his own.*"

"And though the rocky crested summits frown,"

was

"*rough rocks or gloomy* summits frown."

In the description of Italy, the lines

"Till more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail."

stood thus,

"*But more unsteady than the southern gale,*
Soon Commerce turn'd on other shores her sail."

Again,

"Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied,
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride,"

is changed from

"*Yet though to fortune lost, here still abide*
Some splendid arts, the wrecks of former pride."

And

"Each nobler aim represt by long control,"

was written

"*When struggling virtue sinks by long control.*"

Speaking of Holland—

"Industrious habits in each bosom reign,"

was

"*breast obtain.*"

"Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,"

replaces

"*See, though by circling deeps together held.*"

"Nor this the worst: as nature's ties decay,"

was

"as *social bonds* decay."

Of England, as we are told,

"Where kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,"

stood

"*And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame.*"

Of America,

"And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim,"

stood

"*takes a deadly* aim."

There are but two instances of the transposition of lines: one in the description of Holland, where, in allusion to her embankments to keep off the inroads of the sea, the lines

"Onward methinks and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,"

immediately follow the couplet which they are now made to precede.

The second is in the noble and animated sketch of our countrymen, so much admired and repeated by every good judge of poetry, and so great a favourite with Dr. Johnson. In the first edition it is,

"Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state:
With daring aims, irregularly great,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye:"

which on further consideration is more judiciously arranged—

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by."

In a few passages, thoughts are repeated which particularly pleased him in prose, and were thought capable of strong poetic painting or expression, their previous use being probably forgotten. Thus the beautiful and affecting image—

"And drags at each remove a lengthening chain,"

had been employed in the third letter of the Citizen of the World:

"The farther I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force: those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain."

And the lines—

"Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,"

correspond with a passage in the Vicar of Wakefield:

"What they may then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor and the rich govern the law."

And again the simile—

"—— like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,"

appears likewise in the novel:

"And though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon still flies before him," &c.

Again, in speaking of the Dutch—

"Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old,
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast and freedom on each brow."

In the manuscript introduction to the History of the War, he concludes a passage on the supposed degeneracy of that people, arising from their commercial habits and inattention to warlike deeds, in the same strain:

"How unlike the brave peasants, their ancestors, who spread terror into either India, and always declared themselves the allies of those who drew the sword in defence of freedom!"

On another occasion, in speaking of land gained from

the sea, he repeats in prose what had been said in the poem, regarding Holland:

"To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
* * * * *
"Whilst the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile."

"But we need scarce mention these, when we find that the whole kingdom of Holland seems to be a conquest from the sea, and in a manner rescued from its bosom. The surface of the earth in this country is below the level of the bed of the sea; and I remember, upon approaching the coast, to have looked down upon it from the sea, as into a valley."*

The obligations of the poet, either in matter or manner, to his predecessors, appear to be few. No one seems to have written more immediately from himself, or to owe less obligation to classical sources. His train of thought, as well as the mode of expressing his thoughts, which is natural and easy without straining after the condensed terseness of Pope,† or the bold extravagance of Dryden, seem to be unborrowed. Neither do we find many of those coincidences which not unfrequently slide into poetry unconsciously on the part of the author, and sometimes indeed when pluming himself upon originality, yet are afterwards found in some previous writer. There are, however, two lines for which he must not be permitted to receive credit, although no doubt considered, at the moment of composition, to be purely his own.

In the second paragraph of the poem it is said—

"—— press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn *the luxury of doing good.*"

Garth, in his poem on Claremont, speaking of the Druids, has preceded him, both in sentiment and expression—

"Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all *their luxury was doing good.*"

In the succeeding passage, alluding to his wanderings, we find—

"My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And *find no spot of all the world my own.*"

Prior, in lines written in Robe's Geography, says—

"My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
And *found no foot of earth my own.*"

Accidental as such resemblances commonly are, it is to be regretted that they appear at all. To a man of undoubted original powers, they were not worth the borrowing, if intentionally taken; for on all such occasions the gain is small and temporary—the odium consequent upon discovery, great and enduring. Imperfect recollections no doubt often float in the mind as original ideas, and deceive him by whom they are used. But one of the best apologies for Goldsmith on this occasion is, that they passed undetected by the critical eye and ear of Johnson, who revised the poem in manuscript, reviewed it in print, and read it aloud on more than one occasion to his friends. What therefore escaped him in the cooler moments of critical examination, may well have passed unobserved by the author in the ardour of composition.

Poetical coincidences, indeed, are usually dealt with very hardly by the critics, who, willing as well to exalt the importance of their calling as to exhibit individual sagacity, fasten upon them, like officers of justice upon thieves caught in the act of purloining, and treat the supposed offenders with little less mercy. Undue importance is attached to very trifling matters in this way. What may be a casual resemblance, or perhaps to the writer himself an original thought, is often magnified by the severity of his judges into wilful theft or imitation. Yet, looking at the vast number of poetical pieces, many upon the same or similar subjects, the real matter for wonder is, that there are so few; and nothing perhaps can give us a higher idea of the art itself, or the infinite diversity of the human mind, than to trace the variety and ingenuity which appear in such productions. Poets certainly borrow much less than is usually supposed; for it can seldom be an object to a man of genius to do so. To appropriate even a happy expression, or a line, much less to seize upon a train of thought that belongs to one of his predecessors, is hazardous to his fame; the obligation is sure to be detected, and deprivation of his borrowed honours is not only the consequence, but a serious shock may be given to the credit he otherwise possesses for originality. No writer, with even a moderate share of pride, but would sooner furnish a tolerable line himself than borrow a good one from another. And there is scarcely any man of fair talents, who has accidentally fallen into such resemblances, that would not have been obliged to any critical friend for pointing out and expunging what never can be an advantage to retain. Justice, therefore, requires we should judge such things with more liberality than is commonly done. Let us not be alarmed at the prospect of seeming to open a wider door to the depredations of writers who possess little delicacy, or little genius. To prevent such a result, it is at least proper they should be noticed; and where the writer is really seen to possess native powers, we may, on the disputed point, divest him of originality, yet not stigmatise him as a plagiary.

It is different, when we find a train of thought obviously followed, for wherever this occurs imitation may be more reasonably suspected; but this is seen rather among the younger than with the veteran order of poets, and proceeds less from the desire to borrow than the admiration produced in an inexperienced mind, by forcible passages in a favourite writer. Thus, for example, some of the ideas of Goldsmith, in the poem under consideration, occupied the mind of Kirk White, in writing Clifton Grove, where, however unintentionally meant, we find resemblance in sentiment, and even in language. The passage in the Traveller, concluding with—

"For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!"

is closely followed in—

"Happy is he who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunned him when he thought to kiss;
Who still in abject poverty and pain,
Can court with pleasure what small joys remain;
Though were his sight conveyed from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own;
Yet as he looks around he cries with glee,
'These bounding prospects all were made for me;
For me yon waving fields their burdens bear,
For me yon labourer guides the shining share,'" &c.

The opening, and other portions of the same poem, show that the youthful author had parts of the Deserted Village in his eye. Yet such imitations, as they are not meant to deceive, deserve no serious critical reprehension, but should be viewed as the involuntary homage of a young imagination, to the merits of a distinguished predecessor in the art.

"Dear native grove! where'er my devious track,
To thee will memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or where Oswego's swamps obstruct the way,
Or wander lone, where wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side;
Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse,
Or stand entranc'd with Pyrenean views;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point and lead the wanderer home."

Notwithstanding the suffrage of reviews, magazines, newspapers, and private friends, to the merits of the Traveller, several admirers of the poem complained that it did not make way more rapidly in public favour—having in view, perhaps, the instantaneous popularity acquired not long before, by the satires of Churchill. Allusions were even made to the neglect of the public, in a criticism said to be written by Bonnel Thornton, who, as a friend of Churchill, while he reprehends Goldsmith for an obvious reference to that writer, gives, amid a variety of extracts, great praise to his production. "The beauties of this poem," he says, "are so great and various that we cannot but be surprised that they have not been able to recommend it to more general notice. The pictures of the several countries visited by the Traveller, are warmly imagined and highly finished."* Verses, as well as criticism, were not wanting, in praise of the new candidate for poetical fame. Of these the following "Lines on perusing the Traveller," may serve as a specimen, rather of the zeal of the admirer than the skill of the writer, in this line of composition:

"Ye friends of verse, who much afflicted sigh'd,
Deploring genius dead when Churchill died;
Your fancied grief, your needless fears give o'er,
And let dejection urge your tears no more;
Since happier Goldsmith's every faultless page,
Scorning the transient fame of party rage,
On being read, must make e'en envy sigh,
Compell'd to own, though anxious to deny,
That genius still surviving marks his name,
To grace the honoured list of deathless fame."†

In the "Race," a poem published some time afterward by Cuthbert Shaw, under the name of "Mercurious Spur," in which the chief poets of the day are made, in the language of one of his lines, to

"Prove by their heels the prowess of their head;"

and where Churchill and Murphy are the heroes—he is just alluded to, among others, as being likely to exhibit in the lists, on a future occasion—

"But, lo! a crowd upon the plain appear,
With Descaizeau slow-pacing in the rear!
Mason and Thomson, Ogilvy and Hayes,
And he whose hand has pluck'd a sprig of bays
On Rhætia's barren hills."

A note appended to the latter part of the passage, refers the reader to "The Traveller, a Poem."

One of the means adopted by the friendship of Johnson, to make the new production known, was to read it in circles of his friends. An incident on one of these occasions, evinces that turn for sarcasm, which rarely spared friend or foe—and while honouring the poem, threw no little ridicule on the poet. Miss Reynolds, the sister of Sir Joshua, who tells the story in her Recollections,‡ was the occasion of it; and though not celebrated for beauty herself, evinced, on more than one occasion, a strong lady-like aversion to the homely face, and peculiarities, though harmless ones, of her brother's friend.

"Of Goldsmith's Traveller, he (Johnson) used to speak in terms of the highest commendation. A lady, (Miss Reynolds herself,) I remember, who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Johnson read it from the beginning to the end, on its first coming out, to testify her admiration of it, exclaimed, 'I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly.' In having thought so, however, she was by no means singular—an instance of which I am rather inclined to mention, because it involves a remarkable one of Dr. Johnson's ready wit: for this lady, one evening being in a large party, was called upon, after supper, for her toast, and seeming embarrassed, she was desired to give the ugliest man she knew; and she immediately mentioned Dr. Goldsmith; on which, a lady (Mrs. Cholmondely) on the other side of the table, rose up and reached across to shake hands with her, expressing some desire of being better acquainted with her, it being the first time they had met—on which Dr. Johnson

* Animated Nature, vol. i. p. 276.

† Of the condensation shown in some of the lines, Mr. Campbell quotes an instance:

"There is perhaps no couplet in English rhyme more perspicuously condensed than those two lines of the 'Traveller,' in which he describes the once flattering, vain, and happy character of the French—

'They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.'"

* *St. James's Chronicle, Feb.* 7—9, 1765; then a favourite vehicle for literary criticism, and to which most of the wits of the day contributed. The passage alluding to Churchill, and another given in the preceding page, will give an idea of the extraordinary estimation in which his writings were held at this period. "The latter part of this paragraph (in the dedication of the Traveller,) we cannot help considering as a reflection on the memory of the late Mr. Churchill, whose talents as a poet were so greatly and so deservedly admired, that, during his short reign, his merit in a great measure eclipsed that of others; and we think it no mean acknowledgment of the excellencies of this poem to say that, like the stars, they appear the more brilliant, now that the *sun of our poetry is gone down.*"

† Lloyd's Evening Post, Feb. 27—March 1, 1765.

‡ Quoted in Mr. Croker's Boswell.

said, 'Thus the ancients on the commencement of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them.'"

All fears of its success, entertained by impatient friends, were dissipated by the demand for a second edition, which appeared on Thursday, March 14th, just three months after the first; a third soon followed; and in the middle of August a fourth; a degree of approval calculated to gratify reasonable expectation. The newspapers sounded his fame; passages from his previous writings, the Enquiry into Polite Learning, the Bee, and Citizen of the World, were selected for republication; and the poem, preserving a steady popularity from that time forward, reached a ninth edition during his life, being one annually; and this, at a period when the number of readers of poetry did not amount to a sixth of those of the present day. No evidence of success could be more gratifying, and amply repaid any anxieties that the first few weeks may have occasioned.

The sum received by the author, for a work so long popular and profitable to others, forms an object of curiosity, but as usual exhibits the inadequacy of literary reward; by the following account of the publisher, it would appear to have been no more than twenty guineas; the same item however occurs in one or two other memorandums, and therefore it is to be hoped, though the fact is by no means certain, that he profited by successive editions.

"Settle Dr. Goldsmith's account, and give him credit for the following copies:

1. The preface to the History of the World, and charge it to the partners, -	£3	3	0
3 prefaces to the Natural History, -	6	6	0
Translation of the Life of Christ, - -			
Ditto the Lives of the Fathers,			
Ditto the Lives of the Philosophers,			
Correcting 4 vols. Brookes's Nat. History,			
79 Leaves of the History of England, -			
Copy of the Traveller, a poem, - -	21	0	0
Lent in Fleet street, at Mr. Adam's, to pay for the instrument, - - - - -	0	15	6
Lent him at the Society of Arts, and to pay arrears, - - - - - -	3	3	0
Get the copy of Essays, for which paid - as half, and Mr. Griffin to have the other."	10	10	0

* * * * *

While these pages are passing through the press, the second volume of Mr. Southey's Life of Cowper has appeared. Should any coincidence of thought, in passages relating to the past or present opinion of Churchill, or on the state of poetry at that period, appear to exist, it may be necessary to say that it is accidental, the MS. of this work having been in the hands of the publisher more than a year.

In enumerating the poets who immediately preceded, or were cotemporary with Cowper, it seems remarkable that this eminent writer never once mentions the name of Goldsmith; an omission on which misconstructions may arise.

"Another proof," he says, "that the school of Pope was gradually losing its influence, is, that almost every poem of any considerable length, which obtained any celebrity during the half century between Pope and Cowper, was written in blank verse. With the single exception of Falconer's Shipwreck, it would be in vain to look for any rhymed poem of that age, and of equal extent, which is held in equal estimation with the works of Young, Thompson, Glover, Somerville, Dyer, Akenside, and Armstrong."—Vol. ii. p. 176.

And again—

"Cowper's Task appeared in the interval, when young minds were prepared to receive it, and at a juncture when there was no poet of any great ability or distinguished name in the field. Gray and Akenside were dead. Mason was silent. Glover, brooding over his Atheniad, was regarded as belonging to an age that was past. Churchill was forgotten. Emily and Bampfylde had been cut off in the blossom of their youth. Crabbe having, by the publication of his Library, his Village, and his Newspaper, accomplished his heart's immediate desire, sought at that time for no farther publicity; and Hayley ambled over the course without a competitor."—P. 181, 182.

The omission of the name of the author of the Hermit, the Traveller, and the Deserted Village, in both these passages, may be accidental; for it is difficult to conceive that so distinguished a professor of the art as he himself is, should intentionally seem to undervalue, by not noticing, such an author, even should his poems fall short of the "equal length" to which allusion is made. Certain theories of poetry have, however, almost produced a schism among the lovers as well as among the professors of song, and the merits of a writer seem in danger of being forgotten in considering to what *school* he is supposed to belong. Yet, after all, of what moment, or of what use, is contention on this subject? Good poetry is of no sect or school. And, provided it be *good*, the public care nothing whence it comes; whether Spenser, Milton, Dryden, or a more modern master, be the object of worship of the writer; whether it be couched in the stanza of the former; in the blank verse of Milton, of Young, or of Thompson; in the vigorous rhymes of Dryden; or in the terseness and music of Pope. All have their merits, and it would be strange if all had not, when the world has so long agreed in rendering them its tribute of admiration. It is however not the public, but poets themselves, who are chiefly guilty of injustice to each other. Thus Pope is said by Cowper, in one of his letters, to be an indifferent poet; Lord Byron, in turn, calls Cowper no poet; and a great living master of the lyre is said to designate his lordship just in the same terms, *as no poet*. These opinions, or perversities of opinion, can mislead no one; they may be supposed to spring rather from temper than from judgment, for every reader of taste or discrimination will rise in opposition to the decision, and direct his resentment against the accusers.

With great deference to the opinion of Mr. Southey, whose decisions cannot be often safely controverted, it may be doubted whether the influence of the school of Pope can be considered to have declined, simply because, as he seems to imply, blank verse had been employed by several writers of eminence. We may with equal reason infer, that it was not their blank verse, but their merits otherwise, that caused them to be esteemed; and had their poems been as well written in rhyme, whether of the school of Pope, or of any other school, they would have acquired as great, perhaps greater, popularity. Neither can the poets who are enumerated be considered so much the successors as the cotemporaries of Pope. Young was born before him; Somerville two or three years after; Thompson and Dyer twelve years younger; Armstrong, Glover, and Akenside, something later; and although several survived him, almost every one of the number had published their great works during his life. He can scarcely, therefore, be said to have established a school. There are strong reasons for believing that the poets in question, afraid to follow in a track in which equal excellence was hopeless, struck out blank verse as being likely to lose less by the comparison.

Yet how few even of these, excepting the Night Thoughts, the Seasons, and (though less generally) the Pleasures of Imagination, are extensively read. Glover, Somerville, Dyer, and Armstrong, are comparatively neglected. Without popularity, what is a poet? He writes to be read, or to what purpose does he write? It is in vain to contend, as some resolutely attempt, against this criterion; the vanity of a neglected author may be soothed by sneering at or condemning what he cannot attain, but general approval must have its weight in literature, as in every other pursuit in life; and, when tested by the lapse of the whole or greater part of a century, we can rarely dispute the justice of the decree which awards poetical fame.

Let us contrast these poets, and many others, with Goldsmith, who wrote neither long poems nor blank verse, and who, moreover, may be suspected of being in some measure influenced by the "school of Pope." He is read universally; by the old and the young, by the learned and the unlearned, and to all, as his themes are from nature, and therefore not likely to tire or become antiquated, gives pleasure on repeated perusals. You meet with his productions in every variety of form, and in almost every place, from the best furnished repository of books to the humblest book-stall, adapted to the wants or the means of every description of readers, nor can even Gray, or any other modern writer with whom he has been compared, dispute pre-eminence with him here. We cannot, therefore, fairly doubt his taste in the selection of his topics, or his genius in the execution of all that he attempted; but we may be permitted to doubt whether, if he had written in blank verse, his poems would have pleased so generally as they have done.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Nugent—Earl of Northumberland—Rev. Thomas Percy—Ballad of Edwin and Angelina, or "The Hermit"—Essays—Literary labours for Newbery—Attempts to practise as physician.

Among the friends drawn to him by the reputation of the Traveller, although the acquaintance has been said to be of earlier date, was Mr. Robert Nugent, afterwards Lord Nugent, Viscount Clare, and Earl Nugent. He was a younger son of Michael Nugent, descended from the Nugents of Carlanstown, in the county of Westmeath, by a daughter of Lord Trimlestown, and being therefore from the county where the relatives of Goldsmith resided, some previous knowledge of the family, as well as a sense of his merits or similarity of tastes, probably led to the introduction.

With little more than the usual patrimony of a younger brother on his entrance into life, this gentleman had talents and good fortune enough to acquire nearly all that ambition could desire. He came first into parliament for St. Mawe's, in Cornwall, in 1741; was appointed comptroller of the Prince of Wales's household in 1747; a lord of the treasury in 1754; one of the vice-treasurers of Ireland in 1759; a lord of trade in 1766; became soon after Baron Nugent, and Viscount Clare; and in 1776 was created Earl Nugent, with remainder to his son-in-law George Grenville, Marquis of Buckingham. He was thrice married, and by his second wife Anne, daughter and heiress of Secretary Craggs, celebrated as the friend of Addison and Pope, acquired a large fortune, which, being increased from other sources, he is said, on his death, in 1788, to have left to his successors, in addition to large landed estates, above two hundred thousand pounds in money. Such success in worldly matters rarely awaits a votary of the muse; yet he was a poet, a man of wit and gallantry, and a facetious companion. A volume of his Odes and Epistles, sent forth anonymously, was published by Dodsley, and reached a second edition in 1739; several others are printed in the Collection of the same publisher, a few in the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, and an Epistle addressed to him by Dr. Dunkin, appears in Swift's Works. But his poetry, however approved at the time, has not come down to us with claims to particular notice, for though not deficient in ease, it wants perhaps novelty of idea and vigour of expression. In the Beauties of English Poesy, Goldsmith has introduced one of his pieces, "An Epistle to a Lady," which is not undeserving of the praise bestowed upon it by him in the prefatory notice:—"This little poem, by Mr. Nugent, is very pleasing. The easiness of the poetry, and the justice of the thoughts, constitute its principal beauty." Their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, the poet becoming a welcome guest in his house; first in the vicinity of town, and afterwards at Gosfield Hall, in Essex, where an elegant table and good society were to be found whenever tempted by leisure or inclination to quit London. To him, when he became Lord Clare, was addressed the humorous piece, the Haunch of Venison.

By Mr. Nugent he is believed to have been first made known to the Earl of Northumberland, then in London, but holding the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland, as a man of genius belonging to that country, and deserving of his patronage. Willing to attend to the recommendation, the earl invited him to an interview, of which a ludicrous story has long been told as the result. Mistaking, by this account, the groom of the chambers for his lordship, he addressed him in a set speech prepared for his master, who, entering the room before the confusion occasioned by the error had been recovered, the poet having lost his presence of mind, stammered out indistinct answers to the enquiries of his excellency, and the meeting ended unsatisfactorily to both. Had this blunder really occurred, it could scarcely have transpired except through himself, and it is not probable he gave currency to what must have made him a subject of ridicule. If mistake, even in part, took place, the consequences, however diffident he may have been, could scarcely have deprived him so wholly of self-confidence as is said; and the earl was too much a man of the world not to make allowance for the embarrassment, had there been such, of a visiter of whose merits he was aware, and whose wants he sought to know. But the account appears wholly a fabrication, taken, like another adventure that requires likewise to be mentioned,

from his own writings, of an earlier date than the supposed occurrence. The origin of the story seems to be in the Vicar of Wakefield, where George Primrose describes his visit to the house of a nobleman:—

"During this anxious interval, I had full time to look round me. Every thing was grand and of happy contrivance; the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom; sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No; it was only the great man's valet de chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. Are you, cried he, the bearer of this here letter? I answered with a bow. I learn by this, continued he, as how that——But just at that instant the servant delivered him a card, and, without taking farther notice, he went out of the room and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure."

The real circumstances attending the interview, we learn from Sir John Hawkins; his testimony admits of no doubt, being partly a witness on the occasion, while his prejudices, acting rather against than in favour of Goldsmith, we have a guarantee, if his account required any, that nothing which impeached the poet's good sense or knowledge of the world is concealed.

"Having one day," says Sir John, "a call to make on the late duke, then Earl of Northumberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in an outer room: I asked him what had brought him there; he told me an invitation from his lordship. I made my business as short as I could, and as a reason mentioned that Dr. Goldsmith was waiting without. The earl asked me whether I was acquainted with him; I told him I was, adding what I thought likely to recommend him. I retired, and stayed in the outer room to take him home. Upon his coming out, I asked him the result of his conversation—'His lordship,' says he, 'told me he had read my poem (meaning the Traveller) and was much delighted with it; that he was going to be lord lieutenant of Ireland, and that hearing I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness.'—'And what did you answer,' asked I, 'to this gracious offer?' 'Why,' said he, 'I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help; as for myself, I have no dependence on the promises of great men: I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others.' Thus did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him! Other offers of a like kind he either rejected or failed to improve, contenting himself with the patronage of one nobleman, whose mansion afforded him the delights of a splendid table, and a retreat for a few days from the metropolis."

The harshness of these remarks is characteristic of Sir John's usual manner. Goldsmith, however he may have erred, as a man of the world, in attempting to divert the stream of official bounty from himself towards his brother, exhibits a disinterestedness and affection which every warm and benevolent mind will estimate as it deserves. Unfortunately his aim did not succeed, perhaps from the earl not proceeding to Ireland, as was anticipated, and the result may point a new proverb in selfishness, or strengthen an old one in proving, that the most effectual way of assisting our friends is first to assist ourselves. In this instance it might have been literally fulfilled, for, had a small appointment or pension been assigned him, sufficient to ward off the pressure of absolute want—and it is much to be regretted that nothing of this kind was ever done—the fruits of it might have been given to his brother, in case he could not otherwise have succeeded in providing for him. But no doubt exists, of which we shall hereafter find proof, that a sturdy spirit of independence influenced him in part, from an erroneous idea, perhaps, that political services might be expected from his pen.

The earl, at a future period in conversation with Dr. Percy respecting him, said, that, had he been informed at the time of the desire of Goldsmith to travel into Asia for the purposes contemplated, he would have taken care to furnish him with sufficient means by a salary on the Irish establishment; and in doing so, should have felt he was merely fulfilling a duty to that country in patronising its enterprise and genius.

The other story told of him, in connection with this of the Earl of Northumberland, is meant to support the general belief, exaggerated probably, or untrue, of his being frequently duped by impositions. A bailiff, according to the tale, having been frequently foiled in attempting to arrest our author, at length hit upon the device of writing a letter to him in the assumed character of a nobleman's steward, requesting a meeting at a certain coffee-house previous to a formal introduction to the peer, who, charmed with the merit of his poem, desired the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. Goldsmith is represented to have been entrapped into this snare; and further, that he was released from its unpleasant consequences by the friendship of Mr. Archibald Hamilton, the printer.

Rigid examination into circumstances impairs or destroys the effect of many amusing anecdotes, and this, when closely scrutinised, proves no better founded than many others. Instead of being the subject of such a stratagem, he had himself, five years previously, invented and applied it to the supposed circumstances of an unlucky author pursued by creditors, who is made to narrate the story in a club of brother authors in the following manner; and in this, likewise, we find another allusion to a "set introductory speech," prepared for an imaginary nobleman. Thus the humour and ingenuity exerted for the amusement of his readers, were without even the merit of invention in the incidents, borrowed by the retailers of anecdotes from his own writings, and applied to his own conduct.

"'A nobleman,' cries a member (of the supposed club) who had hitherto been silent, 'is created as much for the confusion of us authors as the catch-pole. I'll tell you a story, gentlemen, which is as true as this pipe is made of clay. When I was delivered of my first book, I owed my tailor for a suit of clothes, and hearing that my book took very well, he sent for his money, and insisted upon being paid immediately; though I was at that time rich in fame, for my book run like wildfire, yet I was very short in money, and, being unable to satisfy his demand, prudently resolved to keep my chamber, preferring a prison of my own choosing at home, to one of my tailor's choosing abroad. In vain the bailiffs used all their arts to decoy me from my citadel; in vain they sent to let me know that a gentleman wanted to speak with me; in vain they came with an urgent message from my aunt in the country; in vain I was told that a particular friend was at the point of death, and desired to take his last farewell; I was deaf, insensible, rock, adamant; the bailiffs could make no impression on my hard heart, for I effectually kept my liberty by never stirring out my room.

"'This was very well for a fortnight; when one morning I received a most splendid message from the Earl of Doomsday, importing that he had read my book, and was in raptures with every line of it: he impatiently longed to see the author, and had some designs which might turn out greatly to my advantage. I paused upon the contents of this message, and found there could be no deceit, for the card was gilt at the edges, and the bearer, I was told, had all the looks of a gentleman. Witness, ye powers, how my heart triumphed at my own importance; I saw a long prospective of felicity before me, I applauded the taste of the times which never saw genius forsaken; *I had prepared a set introductory speech for the occasion*, five glaring compliments for his lordship, and two, more modest, for myself.

"'The next morning, therefore, in order to be punctual to my appointment, I took coach, and ordered the fellow to drive to the street and house mentioned in his lordship's address. I had the precaution to pull up the window as I went along, to keep off the busy part of mankind, and, big with expectation, fancied the coach never went fast enough. At length, however, the wished-for moment of its stopping arrived; this for some time I impatiently expected, and letting down the window in a transport, in order to take a previous view of his lordship's magnificent palace and situation, I found, poisoh to my sight! I found myself, not in an elegant street, but a paltry lane, not at a nobleman's door, but at the door of a spunging house; I found the coachman had all this while been just driving me to jail, and I saw the bailiff, with a devil's face, coming out to secure me.'"*

Notwithstanding the seeming indifference to Lord Northumberland's offer of assistance, his intercourse with that noble family did not cease. The countess, who possessed a cultivated taste, was a distinguished patroness of literary merit, and poetry particularly found in her a judicious admirer. Christopher Smart had already invoked his muse in celebration of the house of Percy, and, in common with other men of genius, experienced her bounty; while the publication of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, in February, 1765, drew her attention not only to a new and interesting branch of the subject, but to the ingenious editor, who thenceforward had the good fortune to enjoy, as much from his literary deserts as his name, the patronage of that noble house.

The Rev. Thomas Percy, it has been mentioned, was introduced to Goldsmith by Grainger, in 1758 or 1759, during an occasional visit from his rectory of Easton Mauduit, Northamptonshire, to London. He had been previously known to Dr. Johnson, Shenstone, Reynolds, and other men already of eminence, or on the high road to attain it, and during a long life mingled either personally or by correspondence with the literary circles of the metropolis more extensively perhaps than any of his cotemporaries. At an early period he evinced that strong love of letters which furnishes presumptive evidence of an ingenious mind, and which, though it may lead to no distinction, gives its possessor a favourable place in the estimation of the liberal classes of society. In the country, in addition to his proper duties, and as one of the most honourable means of aiding in the support of a young family, he devoted himself to literary pursuits.† These were of a varied character,—being projected editions of the Earl of Surrey's, and Villiers Duke of Buckingham's Poems; the Spectator and Guardian, with notes; Hau Kiou Choan, a Chinese romance; five pieces of Runic Poetry, translated from the Icelandic; the Song of Solomon, newly translated from the Hebrew; a Key to the New Testament—and his chief and well known work in three volumes, octavo, the Reliques already mentioned, a curious and valuable publication, which rescued from obscurity or utter oblivion, a variety of pieces honourable to the ancient poetical genius of our country. He produced likewise the "Northumberland Household Book," and a translation of "Mallet's Northern Antiquities;" he was the author of the "Hermit of Warkworth;" of the popular song of "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me;" and of several detached pieces of poetry, two of which, in addition to a Latin poem, appear in the Grand Magazine for 1758.

The ingenuity and learning shown in his various pieces, added to his personal merits, caused him to be made chaplain to Lord Northumberland; in 1769 he was nominated to the same office in ordinary to his majesty; in 1778 to the deanery of Carlisle; and in 1782 to the bishoprick of Dromore in Ireland.

The mitre which made him rich did not make him idle; for much of the attention hitherto bestowed upon literature was now devoted to the necessary but unostentatious duties of his diocese. Here, from a feeling of duty he fixed his constant residence, visiting England only occasionally. Ireland, in addition to many other disadvantages, was then thought by no means desirable as a place of abode, from the want of that systematic arrangement in matters of public convenience and internal detail which supply to civilised life some of its chief wants and many of its pleasures. Thus he complains in a letter to Malone (October 17, 1786) of the

* Citizen of the World—Letter xxx. See Works, vol. ii.

† By Dr. Percy's receipts now before the writer, it appears he received for the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, March 25, 1763, (this must have been previous to publication,) one hundred guineas; for Hau Kiou Choan, June 10, 1761, fifty pounds; for Chinese Proverbs, Poetry, &c., June 10, 1761, ten guineas; for the new version of Solomon's Song, June 10, 1761, ten guineas; for Runic Poetry, March 25, 1763, ten guineas, being the first payment. The subsequent editions of the Reliques were more profitable. In March, 1775, he received forty pounds for permitting five hundred copies to be printed, in addition to one thousand previously agreed for of the third edition.

negligence of an important public department—"I received only three days ago your very obliging favour of September 28th; nor did your former shorter letter which you mention, ever come to hand; a misfortune which I fear often happens to letters to and from me; for our post-office here is not well conducted." And again, (July 13th, 1802,) "Having reason to believe by some strange irregularity in the post-office that both letters to and from me have miscarried, I begin to suspect that you never received mine of June 18th." Another serious deprivation to a literary man, the effect of imperfect facility of communication, is thus mentioned to the same correspondent (July 3d, 1785)—"I am leaving Dublin to return for the summer to Dromore, where, in a very agreeable situation in all other respects, I only have to regret my great distance from the literary world. I see new publications about as soon as they would reach the East Indies. Although I endeavoured to get the reviews, magazines, &c. &c., I am often eight months in arrear. But I am endeavouring to open a communication through Liverpool and Newry for a supply of these necessary publications, and if I can accomplish it, will beg leave to inform you of the mode, &c.; for I find it often as difficult to get parcels sent me from Dublin as from London itself. Thus circumstanced I must feel double gratitude for a letter full of literary intelligence like your last."*

Notwithstanding these and other annoyances, inseparable from a less advanced state of social organisation, he did not find his abode in the sister kingdom so irksome a task as many seem to consider it, who, deriving their wealth and honours from that country, decline to make it their residence. As an ecclesiastic, he justly considered himself imperatively bound to the spot where his charge was placed, and whence his income was derived. He thus fulfilled the truest duties of such an important station, in a temporal as well as spiritual sense; became an example to his neighbourhood, and an ornament to his church. He assisted and instructed the poor of whatever faith, and gained all the respect which such conduct deserves; he was hospitable in his habits; warm, frequently irritable in temper; full of anecdote; and became so impressed, towards the decline of life, with the necessity of appropriating every disposable moment to the duties of his calling, as to deem the time devoted to the work on which alone his fame rests, although executed when young, misapplied. When solicited by several correspondents of literary eminence, to prepare a new edition of the Reliques† for the press, about the year 1800, he peremptorily declined; assigning his sacred calling as utterly incompatible with such an undertaking. The care of it was therefore consigned to a relative.

To find a friend in a worthy man, is some testimony to the merit of him who makes the acquisition; and nothing of more moment than occasional differences of opinion on literary matters, sometimes sufficiently vehement, occurred to interrupt their regard. Goldsmith confessed to have profited by his learning and friendship; and Mr. Percy had too much discernment not to value one whose qualities as a man, and ingenuity and judgment as a writer, had won the esteem of the great literary names of the day.

Willing perhaps to profit by such suggestions as the taste of Goldsmith might throw out, it appears that portions of the Reliques were submitted to him previous to publication, and these by their simplicity and truth ensured his sincere applause. Admiration of the style produced one of its frequent effects, imitation; for to this and to the desire of gratifying the taste of the Countess of Northumberland, we owe the "Hermit," the most beautiful ballad in our own, or perhaps in any language.

The minute history of such things being always interesting, it may be mentioned that it was written in 1764; and for the pleasure of perusing it in print rather than in manuscript by the lady who was the immediate cause of its production, a few copies were printed off in the octodecimo form, which are now rarely met with, or even known, among the collectors of scarce tracts in poetry. None is to be found, as a communication on this subject from his grace the Duke of Northumberland intimates, in the library of Sion house, nor is it in any of the public libraries of London. A copy however has been procured after a tedious search by the writer of these pages, which belonged to the industrious Isaac Reed,* to whose name, and the date of the year when it appears to have been obtained, 1773, is added the following memorandum—"Of this ballad, which is different from the copy printed in Goldsmith's works, a few copies only were printed." The name also differs from that by which it is now known, as appears in the heading or title: "Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad. By Mr. Goldsmith. Printed for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland."

In this, which forms the original poem, the number of stanzas is forty-one; when reprinted in the Vicar of Wakefield, these were reduced to thirty-nine; to which some years afterward he added another, or wrote one at least with that view, which was presented in manuscript to Richard Archdal, Esq. of Ireland, and now stands the thirtieth in the ballad; it renders the number of stanzas forty, and is beautiful in itself, though being merely descriptive, it does not tend to advance the action of the poem.

"And when beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove."

The stanzas of Edwin and Angelina, for which no substitutes are provided in the Hermit, are the last two; the conclusion of the poem, as it now stands, being considered by him more complete without than with their aid—

"No never from this hour to part,
We 'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

Those, however, which are omitted, possess too much merit, as well as from being fragments of Goldsmith, to be lost to the reader of taste:—

"Here amidst sylvan bowers we 'll rove,
From lawn to woodland stray,
Blest as the songsters of the grove,
And innocent as they.

"To all that want, and all that wail,
Our pity shall be given,
And when this life of love shall fail,
We 'll love again in heaven."

Three other stanzas in the body of the tale, part of the self-accusation of Angelina, are replaced by others which he deemed better. They are these:—

"Whene'er he spoke amidst the train,
How would my heart attend;
And still delighted ev'n to pain,
How sigh for such a friend!

"And when a little rest I sought
In sleep's refreshing arms,
How have I mended what he taught,
And lent him fancied charms.

"Yet still (and wo betide the hour)
I spurned him from my side,
And still with ill-dissembled power,
Repaid his love with pride."

Even the opening lines are varied, for instead of the present—

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray—"

we find when first printed—

"Deign, saint-like tenant of the dale,
To guide my nightly way
To yonder fire that cheers the vale
With hospitable ray:"

alterations obviously for the better; but for the satisfaction of the reader the whole of the original poem will be given in the works. It may be remarked, likewise, that in addition to its improvements when introduced into the first edition of the Vicar of Wakefield, a few, though less important alterations, chiefly verbal, occur between that and the copy as it now stands; so that much care was devoted to its polish and correctness. These things are not unworthy of notice; we are so rarely admitted into the laboratory of genius to see all, or nearly all, the extent and variety of her operations, that whenever a glimpse, however slight, can be obtained, we seize the opportunity with avidity.

A charge had been advanced against him of transferring to his ballad, without acknowledgment, the following thought of Young,

"Man wants but little, nor that little long,"

which in the ballad runs—

"Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long."

The accusation happens to be satisfactorily disproved by finding in the original copy the passage given with inverted commas, in the usual manner of quotations; and the subsequent change appears to have arisen from the whole of the dialogue between the Hermit and the Wanderer being, when reprinted, marked in a similar manner, which was not at first the case. The omission, therefore, of a third comma, a fault much more likely to proceed from the printer than the writer, forms the only ground for the imputation.

When the popularity of the Vicar of Wakefield gave the Hermit extensive circulation, (for the copy addressed to Lady Northumberland seems to have been unknown to the public,) its originality and merit were both assailed. Error or envy is too quick to detect supposed faults, or to take from one writer in order to appropriate to another, that a man of genius is not always permitted to retain without a struggle the credit of what is nevertheless his own. In the St. James's Chronicle, then a favourite journal of criticism for several chief writers of the day, July 18—21, 1767, appeared the following letter:—

"To the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle.

"Sir,—In the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, published about two years ago, is a very beautiful little ballad called 'A Friar of Orders Gray.' The ingenious editor, Mr. Percy, supposes that the stanzas sung by Ophelia in the play of Hamlet, were parts of some ballad well known in Shakspeare's time, and from these stanzas, with the addition of one or two of his own to connect them, he has formed the above-mentioned ballad; the subject of

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* From MS. letters to Mr. Malone politely communicated by Dr. H. U. Thomson.

† Upon this work it appears Sir Walter Scott formed his ballad taste. The following passage in a letter from Dr. Anderson, editor of the British Poets, to Bishop Percy, will interest the reader; it is dated 21st June, 1800.

"Knowing that your lordship was to embark for England soon after the date of your letter to me, I intended to offer you my early congratulations on the happiness of being reunited to your family in Northamptonshire, after a long period of separation, anxiety and alarm, imperiously exacted by the high considerations of public duty. I communicated my intention to an ingenious friend here, who wished to avail himself of the opportunity, to submit to your lordship's inspection one or two of his compositions in the style of the ancient Scotish ballad; in testimony of his high respect for your character, and of his gratitude to the editor of 'the Reliques' *upon which he formed his taste for ballad thinking and expression.* He happened soon after to go into the country, where he has been detained till now: when he does himself the honour he intended, by transmitting two ballads, 'The Eve of St. John,' and 'Glenfinlas,' for your lordship's opinion, and desires me to offer you the testimony of his sincerest esteem and veneration. The name of my friend is Walter Scott, Esq., a native of Tiviotdale, of the Harden family, an advocate, sheriff of Selkirkshire. He is the translator of Burger's 'Leonore' and 'Earl Walter,' and Goethe's 'Goetz,' and will soon appear as editor of a collection of border ballads, to be entitled 'The Minstrelsy of the Border,' in one vol., printing at Kelso, upon the plan of the 'Reliques;' which will be followed by two vols. of 'Illustrations of Border History, Poetry, and Popular Antiquities.'" *MS. correspondence in possession of Mr. Mason.*

* Purchased in the sale of the library of the late Richard Heber, Esq., who had, however, previously lent it for the use of this work.

which is, a lady comes to a convent to enquire for her lover who had been driven there by her disdain. She is answered by a friar that he is dead—

'No, no, he is dead, gone to his death's bed.
He never will come again.'

The lady weeps and laments her cruelty; the friar endeavours to comfort her with morality and religion, but all in vain; she expresses the deepest grief and the most tender sentiments of love, till at last the friar discovers himself—

'*And lo! beneath this gown of gray*
Thy own true love appears.'

"This catastrophe is very fine, and the whole, joined with the greatest tenderness, has the greatest simplicity; yet though this ballad was so recently published in the Ancient Reliques, Dr. Goldsmith has been hardy enough to publish a poem called the Hermit, where the circumstances and catastrophe are exactly the same, only with this difference, that the natural simplicity and tenderness of the original is almost entirely lost in the languid smoothness and tedious paraphrase of the copy, which is as short of the merits of Mr. Percy's ballad as the insipidity of negus is to the genuine flavour of champagne. I am, sir,

"Yours, &c.
"DETECTOR."

Kenrick, always a persecutor of the poet, who laboured more diligently to pull down the reputation of others than to elevate his own, was supposed to be the writer. The taste displayed in the criticism might well have been left to its fate; but to the charge of being an unblushing plagiary, and likewise to another accusation in the same journal of erroneously recommending a book of travels as new, which had been published some time before, a reply from him came out in a few days.

"Sir,—As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's travels because I thought the book was a good one: and I think so still. I said I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that it seems I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

"Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad I published some time ago from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad was taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he, as we both considered these things as trifles at best, told me with his usual good humour the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarcely worth printing; and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

"I am, sir, yours, &c.
"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Of the correctness of this statement we have the following admission by a member of the bishop's family in the last edition of the Reliques, appended to the "Friar of Orders Gray"—"As the foregoing song has been thought to have suggested to our late excellent poet, Dr. Goldsmith, the plan of his beautiful ballad of 'Edwin and Emma, first printed in his Vicar of Wakefield, it is but justice to his memory to declare that his poem was written first, and that if there is any imitation in the case, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad, 'Gentle Herdsman,' &c. printed in Series II., Book i., No. 14, of this work, which the doctor had much admired in manuscript, and has finely improved."

A portion of the remark in this note is incorrect, so far as stating that the *plan* of the Hermit is derived from the Gentle Herdsman. On reference to that ballad, no other similarity of plan will be found than simply that of a female pilgrim in male disguise, which she makes no scruple to acknowledge, enquiring her way of a herdsman whom she meets, to Walsingham in Norfolk, where there appears to have been a celebrated image of the Virgin Mary, in order to do penance for that neglect of her former lover, which she details; and with the herdsman's direction to the town—

"Now go thy wayes, and God before!
For he must ever guide thee still;
Turne downe that dale, the right-hand path,
And soe, fair pilgrim, fare thee well!"

the ballad concludes.

This very simple coincidence can scarcely be considered as diminishing his claim to originality in the design and conduct of the story; neither does the Friar of Orders Gray, written in part by Dr. Percy, appear to be a close imitation of the Hermit, although the latter preceded it in order of time. The real resemblance of the ballad of Goldsmith to the Gentle Herdsman, is rather in one or two of the *thoughts* than in plan, where in two or three stanzas the lady describing her waywardness towards her lover, expresses regret for her conduct. The following is the passage. If compared with the thirty-first and three following stanzas of Edwin and Angelina, the chief similarity to the ancient ballad will be found in the lines printed in italics, and the obligation is certainly slight—

"And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As women's looks are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him soe to do.

"Thus being wearyed with delayes,
To see I pityed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secret place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

"And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day Ile beg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

"Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye;
And gett me to some secret place,
For soe did he, and soe will I."

Thirty years after this attempt to detract from his credit, another, and for the moment more formidable, attack upon his originality, appeared; but though no longer able to defend himself, there were friends qualified and willing to vindicate his fame.

In the year 1797, came out a small volume of Essays of ordinary character, under the name of "The Quiz," in which appeared a French poem, *Raimond et Angéline*, said to be transcribed from an old and scarce novel in that language, called "*Les deux Habitants de Lozanne;*" and this, the writers asserted, was the original from which Goldsmith had taken his ballad. A notice, in the Monthly Review for September of the same year, drew attention to the charge; the writer of the criticism, though doubtful, as he says, of this "pretended original," was so much at a loss to decide the matter, as to add, in another passage, "After all, it is possible (we mean barely possible) that Goldsmith was innocent of the theft with which he is charged." And reference is then made to previous rumour, meaning the attack and defence just mentioned, of the poem *not* being the composition of Goldsmith, but, in the words of the critic, of "an ingenious friend, whose name we now spare to repeat, from respect to a character which is deservedly held in high estimation in the republic of letters."

The allusion, to all acquainted with literary history, plainly pointed to Bishop Percy, who, too just to permit the reputation of a departed friend to be sacrificed either to himself, or to a foreign production that bore little traces of being an original, addressed the following letter to the Review. Without directly avowing his name, no secrecy was affected, and Dr. Griffiths at once knew the writer, to whose critical discernment and friendship it is equally creditable.

"You owe the trouble of a letter from an unknown correspondent, to a motive which you have too much candour not to approve. The subject requires no farther introduction, and will speak for itself.

"In your account of the Quiz (Review, Sept. Art. 66.) you insert a French poem, given by the authors as the original of Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina, and which seems to be considered by you as such. As the English poet, unfortunately for the world, and for himself, cannot assert his claim to his own work, it is a necessary duty of an old acquaintance and friend of histoy do it for him.

"To judge only from internal evidence, there is no need of any profound judgment to discover at once, that the French is a translation from the English; and, as it is possible the translator is living, and may read this, he would do better to acknowledge his imitation, than take to himself the silent enjoyment of an honour not his due:—perhaps an honour unsought and unapproved.

"As I would wish that this point should be determined upon principles of taste and judgment, (for the assertion of an anonymous correspondent that other proof could be obtained, cannot be supposed to have much weight,) it may be observed that, the title of Raymond and Angelina does as well for an English as a French poem; but, as Edwin and Angelina would not be so well in French, the translator rejected the original title, and adopted another. Let it also be remembered, that the French were once in the habit of making popular English poems of this kind their own. *Old Robin Gray* was translated by Florian; to whom, from mere circumstances, I should attribute the poem in question;—but I may be mistaken, and, as is above mentioned, the author may be living to own his agreeable imitation, which I should be glad to see without the faults that at present disfigure it.

"My zeal for the honour of an original English poet has occasioned the above remarks, which I have purposely contracted out of a proper regard to your limits for insertion."

A note of the Reviewer in reply,* denied having been really imposed upon by the French piece, and its apologetical tone sufficiently indicates the knowledge of his correspondent, whose hint that further proof of the originality of the English ballad could be obtained if necessary, was immediately understood as proceeding from the prelate, to whom so many years before it had been ascribed.

The subject, however, was not permitted to rest. Nearly a year afterward (July, 1798) another correspondent of the Review, zealous for the honour of English poetry, or possibly the bishop writing through a friend, traces the imitation to its source; by this we find that it was taken not from an old, but from a recent novel, the title of which, by some error in order to draw attention to the volume in which the story appeared, and at the same time prevent detection, by furnishing a wrong clue to enquiry, was misstated; the following is the communication:

"In the Review for Sept. 1797, p. 113, in the critique on a publication entitled *The Quiz*, is given a French poem, which the writers of the Quiz have ventured to tell the public is taken 'from an old and scarce French novel,' and which they have the effrontery to add, is the original of Goldsmith's charming ballad. The title which they give to the work is, *Les deux Habitants de Lozanne.*

"For the honour of Goldsmith, and from the love of truth, I beg leave to inform you that the poem, literally, as these writers have given it, is to be found in so modern a book as '*Lettres de deux Amans, Habitants de Lyon*, by M. Leonard, 1792. Their accusation of Goldsmith being probably the only part of this work which has been deemed worth notice, and much enquiry having been ineffectually made for a book under the title which they have given to it, this notice may not be unnecessary.

"M. Leonard is the author of some pastorals, and a young writer; and probably, had he seen our English

* "Begging our correspondent's pardon, we did not consider the French poem as really the original of Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina. The parenthesis ('barely possible') in our observation, pointed *another way;* and perhaps our delicacy has occasioned our being misunderstood; but we did apprehend that we had sufficiently manifested our skepticism, without presuming to decide on a point which required more examination than we had leisure to afford to the subject. On the whole, our ideas, and those of our correspondent, seem to be nearly the same. We shall be happy to hear again from him on any future occasion."—*Monthly Review, Oct.* 1797.

journals, would have corrected the ignorance or the malignity of the anonymous writers above mentioned."

Other correspondents, of the same critical journal, were led to the same conclusion; among these was M. Bisset, a Frenchman and a scholar, and translator of the Vicar of Wakefield into that language, who, from internal evidence only, pronounced *Raimond et Angeline*, without doubt, a translation or imitation of the Hermit, of which it appears there are at least four known in French literature, this of M. Leonard being of the number. The fame of Goldsmith, therefore, remains unimpaired; nor would it be necessary to advert to the matter at length, were not the accusation, as too often happens, remembered, while its refutation is forgotten or unknown. Even in the last and hitherto best edition of his poems, brought out under the superintendence of a gentleman whose taste and knowledge of poetry are acknowledged, the priority of the English poem, from his not having seen the whole of the facts, is left in some degree of doubt.*

The reputation derived from the Traveller, led him about this time to contemplate, in imitation of some great poetical predecessors, the translation into our language of a foreign work of standard merit, and with this view he mentioned to some friends the Lusiad of Camoens. Dr. Johnson, it appears, entertained a similar design in the earlier part of his literary career, from whom possibly the hint may have been taken. Whether it went farther with Goldsmith than mere preliminary consideration, may be doubted. Want of knowledge of the language, which, with application, might have been surmounted in a few months, formed probably the least objection. The real difficulties were total want of the means of support during its execution, the length of time it promised to occupy, and the laborious perseverance required in a long poem by one whose taste was confessedly fastidious in the construction and polishing of his verses.

It is on such occasions that the disadvantages of a professional author, destitute of fixed means of support, are most acutely felt: with his eye eagerly fixed on immortality, and with powers of an order capable of attaining to it, he may be doomed to experience, while toiling for fame, the want of daily bread. Such, in some measure, is said to have been the case with Mickle, who afterwards undertook and completed a translation of the same work, which continues to keep its hold on public esteem; but his habits were more provident, and his temperament more calm, than those of Goldsmith, though in other points, particularly in absence, and simplicity of manner in general society, their characters bore some resemblance. During the progress of the version, it was avowedly submitted to the author of the Traveller, and experienced the benefit of his corrections.

Willing to profit by the current of approbation running in his favour, a volume of scattered papers, hitherto but little productive of fame or profit, were drawn from their anonymous shelter, and assigned to the right owner. On the 3d June, 1765, appeared, in a duodecimo volume, printed for Newbery and Griffin, "Essays by Mr. Goldsmith," with the motto in allusion to their resuscitation, *Collecta Revirescunt*. Aided by his poetical reputation, they received immediate notice in the daily journals, of which one, in introducing the amusing preface to the volume, may serve as a specimen of the whole; these articles were then contributed by the first writers of the day. "Dr. Goldsmith, the so justly admired author of the Traveller, having this week published a volume of Essays, we thought we could not entertain our readers better than by an extract from these excellent pieces, in which a redundancy of the most natural humour, together with the deepest strength of judgment, and the widest range of understanding, are all united to render one of the first poets in the English language, one of the first essayists too. In a preface, written with uncommon vivacity, the doctor acquaints us, that the different Essays which compose this volume have appeared at different times and in different publications."

The papers now reproduced were twenty-seven in number. The first, second, third, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and fifteenth, were from the Bee; the fourth from the Busy Body; the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, eighteenth, twentieth, and twenty-third, from the Citizen of the World; the seventeenth and twenty-second from the Lady's Magazine; nineteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-fourth, from the British Magazine. Of the latter, the first, a Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern, in East Cheap, formed three papers in that work, and the last had already been transferred by himself into the Citizen of the World, on its appearance in volumes. The original sources whence the ninth, sixteenth, twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh were taken, are difficult to be traced, from being copied, like so many of the others, without acknowledgment, into a variety of the publications of the time. Of the extent of this depredation, to which allusion has been made, we may form some idea from his own account:—"If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos."

That he should have taken so many papers from the Citizen of the World, appears to confirm the remark already made, that in the collected form, and under its new title, that work had sold indifferently, or that he must have formed a very high idea of their excellence by reintroducing them to notice; several were altered a little, including those from the Bee, in their introductory matter; and names and circumstances changed, or omitted, the better to suit their new position. A politer air was also assumed in a few of the local allusions; thus, in the fifth paper, taken from the Bee, one of the characters talked of procuring an appetite by a walk in the gardens of White Conduit House, which, in the Essays, is changed to a walk in the Park. The selection, which seems to have been done in haste, is perhaps less interesting than might have been easily made, but it served probably all he intended, a momentary exigency. A second edition, with slight alterations, appeared in the following year.

In France, as at home, these essays acquired considerable popularity; translations appeared by Prince Boris de Galitzin, in 1787, reprinted in 1805, under the title of *Contes Moraux de Goldsmith*; by M. Castena, in 1788; by M. Dampmartin, in 1803; and again anonymously in 1808, under the inappropriate title of *Essais d'Education et de Morale à l'Usage de la Jeunesse*. The paper, detailing the "Distresses of a disabled Soldier," seemed to remind that nation of one of the personages introduced for the purpose of ridicule in a well-known story of Voltaire. "Those," says one of their writers, "who would have in a few pages an idea of the genius, at once national and sprightly, of Goldsmith, should read his story of a poor fellow, an old disabled soldier, the most diverting kind of optimist that can be imagined."

The sum received for the volume was twenty guineas; ten from each of the publishers, as appears by the receipt given in a preceding page. One of them, indeed, Newbery, from his constant disbursements of various sums, from the very moderate amount of two shillings to many pounds, might be called his cash-keeper in ordinary; and may remind the reader of a passage in one of his letters alluding to the humour of Scarron, who, in jocular reference to the sums drawn from his bookseller, called himself Marquess *of Quenault*; so now, had he been disposed to pursue the jest, he might have called himself Marquess of *Newbery*. The following is a list still in existence of several of these items, supplied at various times, without regular dates being kept; and a few, noted at the moment they seem to have been given, in pencil, remain so.

			£	s.	d.
		Lent Dr. Goldsmith for his instrument (*in pencil*)	0	10	6
		Doctor Goldsmith, Dr.			
		Money lent at the Society of Arts (*in pencil*)	3	3	0
Feb.	14.	Lent Dr. Goldsmith (*in pencil*)	1	1	0
March	5.	Dr. Goldsmith	15	15	0
May	1.	Lent Dr. Goldsmith	0	10	6
		Ditto	0	2	6
July	14.	Dr. Goldsmith	29	8	0
Aug.	15.	Ditto	4	4	0
Sept.	1.	Ditto	5	5	0
Nov.	17.	Lent Dr. Goldsmith	0	5	3
July 7th, 1764.		Lent Dr. Goldsmith (*in pencil*)	0	2	0
		Lent before (*in pencil*)	0	2	6
April 30, 1765.					
		Lent Dr. Goldsmith at the Society of Arts (*in pencil*)	3	3	0

Among his other labours for this useful and friendly publisher, it is suggested to the writer by a gentleman* whose literary eminence entitles his opinions to every attention, whether Goldsmith may not have written for him, in its present form, the nursery tale of Goody Two Shoes; a story which, however seemingly beneath the dignity of his powers, exhibits, as he remarks, the skill, ingenuity, good taste, and good feeling of a practised writer of no inferior order. In pursuing the hint, the date became a primary object to ascertain. The newspapers, after many vain enquiries in other quarters, supplied the necessary information by diligent search; by these it appears to have issued from the publisher early in the year 1765, when the pecuniary means of the poet were known to be at a low ebb, and no employment would probably have been refused, although such was his occasional pride that he would not be known to give his pen to what seemed a childish subject. No certain proof, however, exists of his connection with a tale which, far from lowering, would add to the versatility and ingenuity of his pen; the reader must therefore be left to form his own judgment. The humorous advertisement of the publisher, by which it was introduced to the notice of his young friends, is subjoined—

"We are also desired to give notice, that there is in the press, and speedily will be published, either by subscription or otherwise, as the public shall please to determine—

"The History of Little Goody Two Shoes, otherwise Mrs. Margery Two Shoes.

"With the means by which she acquired her learning and wisdom, and in consequence thereof her estate, set forth at large for the benefit of those—

"Who, from a state of rags and care,
And having shoes but half a pair,
Their fortune and their fame should fix,
And gallop in a coach and six."

Public Advertiser, Dec. 17, 1764.

Nearly at the same period he contemplated, or rather perhaps Newbery for him, short biographies of the philosophers, fitted for monthly publication in the Christian's Magazine, a subject which he afterwards entered into more fully in a translation from the French. An intimation of the design was thus conveyed to the readers of that work in its announcements. "We are much obliged to our correspondent for the hint respecting the lives of the most eminent philosophers, which, we think with him, may be rendered extremely useful, as well as entertaining. They shall therefore be given regularly in the next volume of our Magazine, after we have written the life of St. Athanasius, and so completed our design of laying before the reader the lives of the most eminent Fathers and Christians of the third and fourth centuries."

By the following memorandum, his compilation on Experimental Philosophy appears to have been finished as far as it was at first meant to be carried; but the subject requiring additions and extension of plan, he was furnished with another supply of books for that purpose, treating on such subjects as were necessary to

* Long after this was written, the subject occurred in conversation with a lady celebrated for the success of her writings in fiction, when the writer heard from her that she, when very young, along with others, were the writers of the Quiz. The French poem certainly attracted much of their attention, and they believed it at the moment the original whence Goldsmith had taken his ballad. The volume which contained it had been brought from France, as she informed the writer, by the Duke de Levis, and given to Sir Abraham Hume, from whom it came into her hands, and was, as she was informed and believed, an *old*, not a recent novel. On stating to her a few of the circumstances detailed above, she admitted that some mistake must have occurred. No design certainly existed of *wantonly* assailing the fame of Goldsmith.

* Mr. William Godwin; whose death is just announced almost at the moment of passing this page through the press; he was urgent with the writer to endeavour to ascertain the truth of his conjecture, and no reasonable means have been spared for that purpose.

notice. This, no doubt, was the work, or rudiments of the work, published after his death, in two volumes octavo, under the title of "A Survey of Experimental Philosophy, considered in its Present State of Improvement."

"Sent to Dr. Goldsmith, Sept. 11th, 1765, from Canbery (Canonbury) House, the copy of the Philosophy to be revised, with the Abbe Nollet's Philosophy, and to have an account added of Hale's Ventilation, together with the following books:—

1. Pemberton's Newton, 4to.
2. Two pamphlets of Mr. Franklin's on Electricity.
3. 1 of Ferguson's Astronomy, 4to.
4. D'Alembert's Treatise of Fluids, 4to.
5. Martin's Philosophy, 3 vols. 8vo.
6. Ferguson's Lectures, ditto.
7. Helsham's, ditto.
8. Kiel's Introduction, ditto.
9. Kiel's Astronomy, ditto.
10. Nature Displayed, 7 vols. 12mo.
11. Nollet's Philosophy, 3 vols. 12mo."

To a periodical journal issuing from the same publisher, "Museum Rusticum et Commerciale," he is believed to have furnished contributions of a miscellaneous nature. It was announced to be "Revised and digested by several members of the Society of Arts," and reports of its proceedings and papers would, as a frequent attendant on their meetings, come well from his hand. On this account Newbery may have given him (or lent) those sums at their rooms given in a preceding page.

The precarious nature of his finances induced several well-meaning friends to propose to him to take advantage of the publicity of his name, and, like Akenside, endeavour to procure a more certain income from his original profession of physic.

Among others who recommended this step, and took some interest in promoting it, was Sir Joshua, then Mr. Reynolds, and some ladies, Mrs. Montagu, to whom he had recently become known, being, as the writer has been informed, among the number. They were not aware that a name for poetry, far from promoting, commonly mars, though for no sufficient reason, the practice of a physician. Mankind seem to have agreed that no individual shall be permitted to possess excellence in two pursuits, and he who is dependent on such prejudice had better submit to than contend with it. Willing to make the experiment, he assumed a more conspicuous and expensive, though, as appears from the fashion of that day, not at all an unusual medical garb. A professional wig, a cane, purple silk small clothes, a scarlet roquelaure buttoned to the chin, and charged, as we find in his tailor's account-book in June, 1765, at four guineas and a half, made him an exceedingly smart physician. Transformations of this kind in men who are more familiar with books than with common life, are often in extremes; a few of his friends amused themselves with the change; and, as if to satisfy others, or please himself with the experiment whether variety of dress could acquire practice, three other suits are charged to him within the short space of six months. A man servant, likewise, was soon afterward added to his establishment.

It is remembered that he was occasionally employed by his acquaintance during illness; the fees, however, were not sufficiently numerous to be an object of serious pursuit, and the restrictions, as he considered them, so many upon his time and amusements as to become irksome. The gravity of a practising physician required he should abstain from scenes of familiar resort formerly sought and enjoyed, and, with something of regret he avowed, that "he was now shut out from many places where he had formerly played the fool very agreeably." The caprice of patients, and differences of opinion with some of his brethren, tended to increase distaste towards his calling, an instance of which is remembered by the lady to whom these volumes are indebted for several anecdotes, and which was told her by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

He had been called in to a Mrs. Sidebotham, an acquaintance, labouring under illness, and having examined and considered the case, wrote his prescription. The quality or quantity of the medicine ordered, exciting the notice of the apothecary in attendance, he demurred to administer it to the patient; an argument ensued, which had no effect in convincing either party of error, and some heat being produced by the contention, an appeal was at length made to the patient to know by whose opinion and practice she chose to abide. She, deeming the apothecary the better judge of the two, from being longer in attendance, decided for him; and Goldsmith quitted the house highly indignant, declaring to Sir Joshua he would leave off prescribing for friends. "Do so, my dear doctor," replied Topham Beauclerk, when he heard the story, and afterwards jested with him on the subject, "whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies."

CHAPTER XVI.

Dr. Joseph Warton—Vicar of Wakefield—History of Philosophy and Philosophers—Poems for Young Ladies—Beauties of English Poesy—English Grammar—Byron's Voyage—Residence in the Temple—Anecdotes—Mr. William Hodson.

In the literary societies of the metropolis, about this time, as well as in those private assemblages to which nearly all persons of talents found ready admission, Goldsmith added largely to his acquaintance. In one of these he met Dr. Joseph Warton, probably for the first time, who thus expresses his opinion of him to his brother, in January, 1766, with something of the severity of a rival wit and author: "Of all solemn coxcombs, Goldsmith is the first; yet sensible,—but affects to use Johnson's hard words in conversation."

There is a disposition in human nature to scrutinise into the manners of cotemporaries, particularly those of men of reputation, much more severely than such as are seen through the medium of time or distance; and this perhaps is the reason why we are more just to dead than to living excellence; we permit too often the imperfections and frailties of the man to cloud our view of his merits, and it is only when time mellows the prospect that he is contemplated in his true position with that reasonable allowance for infirmity which all human beings require. The remark of Warton seems to imply a little vanity in the behaviour of his new acquaintance; and if this is all that can be alleged against a successful poet, fresh in the enjoyment of his honours, the offence is not very heinous. But if he were really guilty of assuming some momentary importance of manner, it may not have been without cause. Persons had been attracted to him by fame of the poem, who, expecting in the companion of Johnson to find the same point or energy in conversation, felt disposed in their disappointment to underrate such merit as he really possessed: while he, in renewed efforts to retain his due station in social intercourse, may have overshot the mark, and in throwing off natural simplicity of character, fell into, as would appear in this instance, occasional pedantry; this, indeed, appears to be sometimes the only escape of a really diffident man from absolute taciturnity among associates where he observes some jealous or considerable pretension.

One of his pecuniary obligations in the nature of loan bears date about this time, the immediate object of which was said to have been a short journey into the country, whither, or for what purpose, does not appear.

"Received from Mr. Newbery eleven guineas, which I promise to pay.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Jan. 8, 1766."

The illness of Dr. Johnson about this time, attended with hypochondriacal symptoms difficult to shake off, exercised his friendship in cheering the sufferer by frequent visits, a duty in which he had the aid of Mr. Murphy; and both being cheerful, their endeavours produced the best effects. Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, who had but recently formed the acquaintance of the lexicographer, united in the same friendly object, and to the care of this lady Goldsmith gave due praise. "To her attention," he said, "Johnson owed his recovery."

Soon afterward Boswell, who had been traveling on the continent since 1763, returned to London, when the evening meetings with Johnson and Goldsmith at the Mitre were occasionally resumed. The former having now ceased to drink wine, sometimes refused to go; on these occasions they passed the evening in his rooms, trying to give a new direction to the broodings of a melancholy spirit, by amusing conversation, they being supplied with wine, and the moralist confining himself to water.

"Doctor," said he to Goldsmith, in allusion to his own former efforts in and subsequent neglect of poetry, "I am not quite idle; I made one line t'other day; but I made no more." "Let us hear it," replied Goldsmith, "we'll put a bad one to it." "No, sir," returned Johnson, "I have forgotten it."

By a letter from the latter to Mr. Langton, written early in March, it appears that Goldsmith seldom failed in attending their weekly evening meetings. "Dyer," he says, "is constant at the club; Hawkins is remiss; I am not over diligent; Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Reynolds, are very constant."

On the 27th March, 1766, came out the Vicar of Wakefield, which immediately received the applause due to merits of a great and original kind.

The following is the first advertisement. "In a few days will be published, in two volumes twelves, The Vicar of Wakefield. A tale; supposed to be written by himself. Printed for F. Newbery, in Paternoster Row."—*Lloyd's Evening Post, March* 19—21, 1776.

Nothing more strongly exemplifies the different estimates occasionally formed of a literary work by the publisher or his advisers, and by the public, than the fate of this beautiful tale, which to the former appeared so doubtful of popular favour as to be retained by him in manuscript for two, or nearly two, years after the purchase, afraid, as it should seem, of risking the expense of publication. Of this opinion also, by his own confession, was Dr. Johnson; and he adduced it afterward in conversation in proof of the little dependence to be placed on individual judgment regarding a work of imagination. We are told, however, that on a previous occasion, when disposing of it in order to relieve the author from his difficulties, he saw its merits; this might very well be, without implying contradiction; he saw much in it to admire, but doubted whether similar taste or opinion was likely to influence general readers; it could not, however, be slightly valued even at first, to secure for the author the sum of sixty guineas.

One of the causes of lying dormant so long, may have arisen from not being sold, as it would appear, to John Newbery, in whose books and papers there is no record of the transaction. His nephew, Francis Newbery, residing at the Crown (as booksellers had then their signs), in Paternoster Row, was the publisher; and he having had no previous connection with the poet, may have had less confidence in the success of the work. It may have been delayed likewise with the expectation of undergoing careful revision, and altering objectionable circumstances in the story; a task which, however, the author declined, alleging, as is said,—and the argument must be considered powerful in the estimate of an author militant,—that whatever time or labour should be expended on the alterations, no increase would be made to the purchase money. That he corrected the language afterwards appears by the variations between the first and subsequent editions.

The Vicar of Wakefield secured friends among every description of readers; with the old by the purity of its moral lessons, and with the young by the interest of the story. It had the merit of originality by differing from nearly all its predecessors. With the popular productions before him of Fielding and Smollett, he studiously avoided their track, by excluding variety of adventures, immoral scenes, and licentious intrigues, which under the plausible plea of exhibiting human nature, give us not only the worst parts of it, but almost necessarily corrupt the minds of youth by familiarising what it is never prudent wantonly to display. He was equally regardless of the example of Richardson, of his prolixity and sentimental refinements, however he may have honoured his morality. He had determined that his novel should not be too long to be perused with ease, and what was read should leave no taint of impurity behind.

But its great charm, as of all the productions of Goldsmith, is close adherence to nature; nature in its commendable, not vicious, points of view; we find little in incident or character overstrained, excepting, perhaps, the moral turpitude of Thornhill, and this scarcely exceeds what was common among fashionable rakes in the novels of the time. The Primrose family is a great creation of genius; such a picture of warm-hearted simplicity, mingled with the little foibles and weaknesses common to the best specimens of humanity, that we find nothing like it in the whole range of fiction. Each of

the individuals is nicely discriminated without apparent art or effort; we can anticipate what either will do, and almost will say, on any given occasion. The unwearied benevolence and submission to the will of Providence under all his distresses of the good pastor; the self-satisfied cleverness and little female devices to accomplish favourite purposes, of his wife; the liveliness and indiscretion of Olivia; the more considerate and sedate turn of Sophia; the pedantry yet simplicity of Moses; and goodness of heart of all, present a piece of moral painting of great beauty and of rare skill.

The other characters, as they interest us less, please us less, from the disguised Burchell down to Jenkins the instrument of young Thornhill's vices. The conduct of the story has the merit of never once leading us from the main design of exhibiting the family in all their trials from the commencement to the conclusion, excepting the episode of the adventures of the son. The style is peculiarly easy, perspicuous, and simple, free from all attempt at fine writing or ambitious ornament, and without even one of those epigrammatic smartnesses which the apprehension of being considered dull led him occasionally to introduce into his essays. This, among its other merits, has contributed to render the Vicar of Wakefield perhaps the most popular of all English books on the continent of Europe.

Few tests of the merit of a work of fiction are probably better than the admiration of foreigners, for it forms pretty good evidence that in the characters or circumstances of the story, our general nature, not the mere manners of a country, is happily portrayed. Fictions may be written and acquire a large share of success among ourselves, yet signally fail in securing favour among other nations; but popularity abroad as well as at home leaves less doubt of the existence of true genius in the writer. It is thus with the romances of Cervantes and Le Sage; and if we seek for higher examples they are to be found in the writings of Homer and other great masters in poetry. So likewise with the tale of Goldsmith. In France they enumerate seven different translations which have passed through innumerable editions; in Germany it is little less popular; in Italy also familiarly known; and in these countries, as well as in the north of Europe, it is the first English book put into the hands of such as learn our language.

Critical wisdom however is seldom satisfied without discovering defects; and as we fancy ourselves privileged to speak freely of all we love, this may be done in the present instance without diminishing our regard. Of the existence of such he himself had obvious misgivings. "There are a hundred faults in this thing," he tells us in the advertisement, "and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be dull without a single absurdity."

The character of Mrs. Primrose, though rendered amusing by her foibles, is drawn in education and manners beneath what is usual in an intelligent clergyman's wife; but this objection seems anticipated by the words put into her husband's mouth, that he chose her, "as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well." Olivia's conduct in submitting to be married by a popish priest, which she is injudiciously made to admit she knew not to be binding, is not satisfactory. Sophia comes less frequently forward to exhibit her good sense and prudence in conversation than we wish. About Sir William Thornhill there is a coldness that wins little of our regard; possessed of power, wealth, and reputed benevolence, he takes no steps to assist a worthy and benevolent man struggling with poverty, whose hospitality he enjoys, and to whose daughter he exhibits attachment, but leaves the family to the machinations of his nephew, in consequence of an error on their part, arising, as he must have understood, from justifiable indignation towards him whom they conceived guilty of treachery and ingratitude. His disguise, near his own estates, cannot be reconciled with probability. Neither can we believe that one so avowedly virtuous would entrust a large portion of his fortune to a nephew capable of appropriating it to the worst purposes, and of whose character he could not, from previous admissions and the report of the country, be ignorant. A few inadvertences and legal errors, though of no moment, required little trouble to amend. Thus George Primrose is told, on departing to join his regiment, to emulate his grandfather who fell in the same field with Lord Falkland; this, if taken literally, would make the Vicar more than a century old. In a threat of Burchell it is assumed, that simply breaking the lock of a pocket book found near their habitation, subjected the parties upon complaint to a justice of peace, to be "all hanged up at their own door." We find also that sending a challenge, though it be not accepted, is a capital offence; that a justice of peace on his sole authority can free a culprit from a criminal charge by representing it in a different light to the committing magistrate; and that a jailer would permit a coiner imprisoned for trial to quit his custody on verbal authority from the same magistrate; mistakes which, as they may mislead foreigners, would have been better avoided. But when criticism enumerates these, it has done its worst; the feelings of the reader rise up in judgment against the critic, he throws aside the lucubration, and turns to reperuse what has given him so much pleasure.

The origin of the tale, or rather the reason for fixing the scene near Wakefield, is said* to have arisen from an excursion made into Yorkshire about the period at which it was written; with what view we are unacquainted; but there is reason to believe he spent some months in that county at some previous period. Its foundation seems shadowed out in the story alluded to among the papers printed in the British Magazine. The name of the vicarage, however, is probably fanciful, but by a curious coincidence it has been ascertained from cotemporary statements, that the daughter of the actual Vicar of Wakefield, the Rev. Dr. W., married about this period a Captain M. of the militia, without, as is said, having previously obtained the parental sanction; hence rumour induced a suspicion, unfounded no doubt, that with such additions as imagination supplied he had touched upon circumstances in real life.

Another coincidence may be mentioned. The Vicar's wife is made to speak of "The family of the Blenkinsops," known for a physical peculiarity of which the name is indicative. Yet a family so called, though it is scarcely necessary to say not distinguished in the manner described in the novel, lived in this part of the country, and in some of its descendants, Miss Jane, Anna Maria, Sir Robert Kerr, and Dr. Ogilvie Porter, of Bristol, have exhibited talents of a high order. To three of these names no commendation is necessary; of the fourth, Dr. Porter, it may be necessary to say that the labours of an anxious profession have alone prevented him from pursuing the tastes of his youth and displaying equal literary talent with that which obtains in his family. Their father, who was descended from a respectable family in the north of Ireland, while serving in the Enniskillen dragoons, married a Miss Blenkinsop, of an ancient family in the north of England.

We need not, however, refer to such an accidental occurrence for its origin. The fact no doubt really was, that having sketched an innocent family less acquainted with the world than their station in life implied, he chose a scene pointing to a distant county as more likely to favour the illusion by the presumed simpler manners of the people. For some of the incidents he unquestionably tasked his recollections of early life. The primitive habits of Lissoy and Kilkenny West furnished hints which, when applied to the interior of an English vicarage, were thought, and perhaps truly, inappropriate or overcharged; but this no doubt formed the real source of some of its characters and scenes. As usual, also, we find much of himself. The adventures of George Primrose were without doubt nearly similar to his own. He makes Sir William Thornhill also travel over the continent of Europe on foot and return about the age of thirty, his own age nearly when the same feat was performed. He makes him talk of his "sickly sensibility of the miseries of others," his good nature, bounties, and improvidences, "his conversation that of a man of sense, his actions those of a fool;" his giving promises in lieu of money, when the latter was exhausted, and experiencing in consequence from needy dependents little but contempt and reproaches; circumstances which are known to have occurred or were applied to himself. The character of the Vicar is a more extended draught of the pastor in the Deserted Village, and meant, as was said by the family, for his father. The private marriages of two of his sisters may have supplied hints in detailing the conduct of Olivia. Burchell was the name of one of his connections by marriage.

The time at which it was written seems to have been earlier than is commonly supposed, the better part probably in 1762. In the nineteenth chapter we find the supposed "parliament man," in his violent effusion of political zeal, asking the Vicar whether he had seen "the last *Auditor?*" the first number of which paper, carried on by Mr. Murphy, was advertised to appear on the 10th of June in that year, and continued some months. It is certain that the novel was not a hasty production, written as is said with the immediate view of extrication from pecuniary difficulty, but, like his poems, the product of moments stolen from the ordinary labours of compilation.

Toward the end of May a second edition was called for; on the 25th August a third; and preserving its popularity, a sixth appeared about the time of his death. Some further pecuniary advantages may have been derived from these successive reprints, but probably not much, as in June we find him, by a memorandum now before the writer, in want of money, a bill drawn upon Newbery for fifteen guineas being returned dishonoured. We may account, therefore, for his declining to make alterations which were likely to be profitable only to the bookseller.

Dr. Johnson tells us of two omissions made previous to publication. "I remember," said he, "a passage in Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, which he was afterwards fool enough to expunge. 'I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing.' There was another fine passage too which he struck out. 'When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over; for I found that generally what was new was false.'" This was probably said in the character of the Vicar, for we find retained in the adventures of his son, an allusion to the same subject when he commences author in London—"I therefore drest up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well."

A few other passages which were also struck out and have been hitherto unnoticed, may not be uninteresting to the reader. The Vicar speaking of his wife's behaviour to Burchell, says, "One almost at the verge of beggary thus to assume language of the most insulting affluence, might excite the ridicule of ill-nature." "For he (Moses) always ascribed to his wit that laughter which was lavished on his simplicity.' When Thornhill, in the eyes of the zealous mother, seems likely to prove a husband to one of her daughters, the Vicar thus checks her anticipations—"But those who either aim at husbands greater than themselves, or at the ten thousand pound prize, have been fools for their ridiculous claims, whether successful or not." In allusion to Thornhill's supposed free-thinking opinions, and the apology made for them by Moses, that men could not be answerable for their thoughts, part of the Vicar's reply is—"Like corrupt judges on a bench they determine right on that part of the evidence they hear, but they will not hear all the evidence. Thus my son," &c. Of those who are advancing in guilt it is said—"They no longer continue to have shame at doing evil, and shame attends only upon their virtues." George Primrose, when dragged into prison, is made to exclaim in reply to his father's lamentation—"It is my last happiness that I have committed no murder, though I have lost all hopes of pardon."

The verbal alterations made on revisal are very numerous; the additions amount to only a few sentences of no moment, but among these is the well-known word *Fudge*,* ejaculated by Burchell at the conclusion of each paragraph of the conversation of Miss Wilhelmina Skeggs and her companion; in the first edition it is only quoted once. That edition, though published in London, was printed at Salisbury.

Nearly on the same day as the Vicar of Wakefield,

* By Mr. Cradock, in his Memoirs; but the assertion is vaguely made.

* Rendered more remarkable by the public attention lately drawn to it in consequence of a trial for libel against a newspaper in the court of king's bench, when many opinions were given on its exact signification; and particular reference made to its use by Goldsmith.

appeared Miss Anna Williams's volume of miscellanies, to which Johnson furnished the chief pieces. Goldsmith, in common with others of her acquaintance, was likewise pledged to assist, and in discussing the matter, usually replied, "leave it to me." But it may be doubted whether he contributed to the volume; nothing certainly is to be found there of which we are informed, though from his carelessness regarding short pieces this forms no proof to the contrary. His own necessities may have had too many urgent claims upon his time to permit attention to those of another; and in looking over the articles, no sufficient clue to a production of his is afforded by internal evidence. The jest passed upon her and his own homeliness of face, when, in toasting the ugliest man and woman, their names were coupled, and which some one mischievously communicated, is said to have estranged him from her society before or about this period.

Translations from the French formed one of his occasional resources, which were seldom acknowledged by himself; and information was therefore chiefly derived from his employers when death had removed any scruples regarding the disclosure. One of these, executed for Mr. Francis Newbery, and which appeared toward the end of June, was, "A Concise History of Philosophy and Philosophers. By M. Formey, M. D. E. S. Member of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin."

A duodecimo volume cannot be supposed to furnish very ample information on the speculative opinions of distinguished men of all countries since nearly the creation of the world. The outline of their theories is therefore as short as it is possible to make it. We have little more than an enumeration of names and systems, from Zoroaster and Belus to Leibnitz and Newton; and more was scarcely necessary to the general reader, who soon discovers that many of the systems and some of the maxims of ancient philosophy, are erroneous, or admit of little practical application to the chief duties of men; that a few pages of the sacred volume of Christianity contain more moral truth, beauty, and excellence, than all the subtle or fanciful speculations of Pythagoreans and Eclectics, Academics and Peripatetics, Cynics and Stoics, Epicureans and Skeptics, or of all the sects of all antiquity; and that their physical philosophy has vanished before the light of modern investigation and experiment. But the detail is curious as evidence of the extraordinary application and yet limited powers of the human mind applied to such a subject, when destitute of the lights of revelation. For here we see the intense meditations, the laborious devotion, the sacrifice of all other earthly considerations to this one pursuit, by the most refined and acute intellects of the most enlightened countries for more than a thousand years, exerted in a fruitless search for an unobjectionable system of morals, which Scripture reveals to us in a small space and in the simplest forms.

The original seems to be rendered with characteristic spirit, though, from inadvertence either in author or translator, not free from errors; thus speaking of the peripatetic system, we are told, "From the death of its author in the first century in the Christian era, this philosophy was but little regarded," whereas Aristotle died above three centuries before Christ.

For this he appears to have received, by the following account, in his own handwriting, rendered to Newbery, twenty pounds: and for another short piece, known only by this memorandum to be from his pen, the Preface to Wiseman's Grammar, two guineas. The "Natural Philosophy" is no doubt the first volume of the work already mentioned, published ten years afterward.

"Mr. Newbery, Dr.

Brookes's 4 vols. correcting	£21	0	0
Natural Philosophy	63	0	0
Traveller	21	0	0
Translation of Philosophy	20	0	0
Preface to Wiseman's Grammar	2	2	0
	£127	2	0

"June 7, 1766.

"Oliver Goldsmith."

In the summer of this year, he first seriously contemplated writing for the stage. One of the inducements to this may have been the success of many of his countrymen, living and dead, as dramatists: of Southerne, Farquhar, A. Phillips, and Sir Richard Steele; of Bickerstaffe, Murphy, Brooke, and Henry Jones, besides the witty but loose Mrs. Centlivre. But, from the period of settling in London, the theatres, managers, performers, and the state of dramatic literature generally, as they contributed to his amusement, occupied much of his attention, and sometimes his pen. To a literary man, more especially a poet, destitute of domestic ties, and thrown loosely upon the surface of society in the metropolis, the theatre was then an object of primary interest. Many appear to have thought the production of a play necessary in order to establish their reputation in polite letters. The emolument, likewise, attending upon success was then considerable; and to a poor and ambitious man, the temptation at once of profit and honour, was irresistible. He had formed an intimacy with some of the principal performers—more particularly Barry, Woodward, Shuter, Quick, and Mr. and Mrs. Yates, at whose house he was a frequent visiter; and a favourable moment seemed only wanting to try his powers in this new, though precarious department of writing. That he was revolving this project in the previous March, seems probable from a conversation with Dr. Johnson, mentioned by Boswell, though no hint appears to have been dropped at the moment of his purpose.

"I think, Mr. Johnson," said Goldsmith, "you don't go near the theatres now. You give yourself no more concern about a new play than if you had never had any thing to do with the stage." "Why, sir," was the reply, "our tastes greatly alter. The lad does not care for the child's rattle, and the old man does not care for the young man's prostitute." "Nay, sir," rejoined Goldsmith, "but your muse was not a prostitute." "Sir, I do not think she was," returned Johnson; and some further observations ensued, Goldsmith insisting "they had a claim upon him," and the moralist maintaining he had done enough.

When preparing the outline of his play, he undertook, in September, one of those compilations for the booksellers, which, requiring little time, and a moderate portion of taste, for its arrangement, he familiarly termed "building a book." This was a duodecimo volume—"Poems for Young Ladies. In Three Parts: Devotional, Moral, and Entertaining. The whole being a collection of the best pieces in our language." The first announcement took place early in October, although not published for two months afterward; and to some of the advertisements were affixed the following lines, which we are probably to understand rather as the recommendation of the bookseller, than the product of Goldsmith's muse:

"External graces all decay,
Their power is quickly past,
A well-formed mind extends their sway,
And bids each beauty last."

The devotional part contains Boyce's Deity; the morning Hymn of Adam, from Paradise Lost; Pope's Messiah and Universal Prayer; the first and third of the Night Thoughts; three Hymns of Addison; and the first book of Ogilvie's Day of Judgment. The Moral; his own ballad of Edwin and Angelina; three Fables of Moore; the story of Lavinia, from the Seasons; Advice to a Lady, by the Hon. Mr. N—— (Nugent); Fairy Tale and Night Piece on Death, by Parnell. The Entertaining division has the parting of Hector and Andromache, from the Iliad; the Death of Dido, from the Æneid; the stories of Narcissus, and of Ceyx and Alcyone, from Ovid; Baucis and Philemon, by Swift; Teribazus and Ariana, by Glover; Marriage, by Dr. Cotton; the Fan, by Gay; a Winter Piece, by Philips; two short pieces, by Waller; Collins's Oriental Eclogues, and Addison's Letter from Italy.

For this selection, which is unobjectionable, and to which he gave a preface, but in the first instance not his name, credit is claimed. "Care has been taken to select not only such pieces as innocence may read without a blush, but such as will even tend to strengthen that innocence. In this little work, a lady may find the most exquisite pleasure, while she is at the same time learning the duties of life; and while she courts only entertainment, be deceived into wisdom."

By a memorandum in the possession of the writer, the sum obtained for it, from Payne, in Paternoster Row, was ten guineas—enough, perhaps, as literature was then rewarded, for the labour. But, as compilations derive their chief credit from the editor, his name in the title-page would have been worth double that sum to the publisher, who had additional interest in its success, from having brought out, in the preceding May, Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women, the success of which work, as the preface avows, gave birth to the compilation. A third edition, according to the title-page, was printed in 1770, by a different publisher, where his name appears at length, probably without his sanction: "By Dr. Goldsmith, Author of the Traveller."

Shortly after its publication, he was visited by Mr. Hoole, the well known translator of Tasso and Ariosto, who carried with him, on a visit to the poet, his son, now the Rev. Samuel Hoole, of Poplar, who, though then very young, perfectly remembers the circumstances of the interview. Goldsmith being in good humour, and willing, as usual, to court intimacy with juvenile visiters, after a playful and bantering address and some jocular admonitions, presented him with this little volume of poems—which was long retained as a memorial of the giver. His face, person, and manner, in consequence of being a frequent visiter at the house of Mr. Hoole, are still fresh in the recollection of the survivor, although time has swept from memory nearly all that personal anecdote which cotemporaries supply, and of which he once heard much.

One remark of Dr. Johnson on Goldsmith, is still retained by this gentleman. The former having been taken up by Mr. and Mrs. Hoole, to accompany them to a dinner party, proved, as usual, dilatory in dressing, and to make up for the delay, the coachman was ordered to drive fast. Johnson, who delighted in rapidity of pace, and had been speaking of Goldsmith, whom they expected to meet, put his head out of one of the windows to see they were going right, and rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction, exclaimed, "This man drives fast and well: were Goldsmith here now, he would tell us he could do better."

Another anecdote, of about this period, indicative of his habitual attention to children, is stated on the authority of the late Mr. Charles Lamb. The first instructress of that gentleman in the rudiments of letters, a Mrs. Reynolds, used to relate, that when little more than a child, she resided in a house where Goldsmith occasionally visited; and on his entrance, on one occasion, he found her reading one of his volumes, it is believed the poems for young ladies. Patting her on the head, and applauding her occupation, he said she should have something more when that was finished, and soon afterwards sent a present of one of his own poems.

Whatever credit accrued from the preceding compilation, was lost by another of a similar kind, in two volumes, which appeared in April, 1767, with his name affixed: "The Beauties of English Poesy. Selected by Oliver Goldsmith."

In this were inconsiderately included two indelicate tales of Prior, unfit for the class of readers for whom the volumes were intended—an indiscretion so obvious, that many, disposed to think favourably of his judgment, fancied they had been introduced by mistake, though, from the introductory remarks, such appears not to have been the case. In extenuation of his fault, it must be remembered that Dr. Johnson, whose opinion probably influenced him, maintained that Prior might be read by the modest and the delicate. The error however proved a bar to the complete success of the work, though otherwise comprising many of the shorter and more beautiful pieces of our poetry.

In the first volume, are the Rape of the Lock, the Hermit (by Parnell,) Il Penseroso, L'Allegro, Gray's Elegy, London (by Johnson,) The School-mistress, Cooper's Hill, Eloisa to Abelard, Epistle to Lord Dorset, by Philips, Addison's Letter from Italy, Odes to St. Cecilia's Day, by Dryden and Pope, The Shepherd's Week, MacFlecknoe, Swift's Rhapsody on Poetry, On the Use of Riches, Sixth Canto of the Dispensary, Oriental Eclogues, Splendid Shilling, Pipe of Tobacco.

In the second, we find Night Piece on Death and Fairy Tales (by Parnell,) Palemon and Lavinia, The Bastard, The Poet and his Patron, The Wolf, Sheep, and Lamb, The Female Seducers, Epistles to a Lady (by Mr. Nugent, already mentioned,) Hans Carvel, The Ladle, Baucis and Philemon, On the Death of Addison, and Colin and Lucy (by Tickell,) The Tears of Scotland (by Smollett,) On the Death of Cromwell (by Waller,) Phœbus and Daphne, Night Thoughts, first and second, with the First Satire (by Young,) Pastoral Bal-

lads (by Shenstone,) Phœbe (by Dr. Byrom,) Song by Rowe, Essay on Poetry (by the Duke of Buckingham,) Cadenus and Vanessa, and Alma, or the Progress of the Mind.

Two hundred pounds were said to be the price of this compilation, and the use of his name in the title-page, to Griffin, the publisher—an exaggeration which, though not circulated by himself, he took no pains, as in other instances of reputed large sums, to contradict. A more moderate estimate makes it fifty pounds; for, excepting a preface and a few remarks prefixed to each piece, the remainder became an exercise of critical taste, which, no doubt, like other qualities of authorship, deserves its reward. When the magnitude of the sum was mentioned, his usual reply in substance was: "Why, sir, it may seem large; but then a man may be many years working in obscurity, before his taste and reputation are fixed, or estimated, and then he is, as in other professions, only paid for his previous labours."

Shortly before this, he had been occupied on another compilation of a graver and more useful description, intended, however, for the same class of readers. From poetry to matter of fact, the transition, as appears by the following acknowledgment, was sufficiently rapid:

"Received, from Mr. Newbery, five guineas, for writing a short English Grammar.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"December 28, 1766."

Another memorandum, soon afterward, in the same papers, exhibits him as borrower of a small sum.

"Doctor Goldsmith, Dr.

"To Cash lent, January 6, 1767, - £1 1 0"

A third account of the same publisher, at this time, is the restatement of a few of the sums paid for works already mentioned, with an intimation not seemingly verified by subsequent papers, that a settlement had taken place shortly before.

"J. N.

To Dr. Goldsmith.

Writing Natural Philosophy, - -	£63	0	0
The Traveller, - - -	21	0	0
The Translation of Philosophy - -	20	0	0
Correcting 4 vols. Brookes's, - -	21	0	0
Preface to the History of the World, -	3	3	0
Preface to Wiseman's Grammar, -	2	2	0

The last settlement was the 11th of October, 1766.

Query—Whether the money had at the Society was - - - - -	£4	4	0
Paid for Copy of the Essays, -	£10	10	0"

In April, 1767, came out from Newbery, and passed to a second edition, "A Voyage round the World in his Majesty's Ship the Dolphin, commanded by the Hon. Commodore Byron." In this, Goldsmith was supposed (by Mr. English) to have had a share, either by revising, or putting it into some degree of shape for the literary market, from blotted loose sheets having been seen in his rooms: but, perusal of the work renders this improbable, as the style and descriptions bear no traces of his skill. The name of the author, though said to be an officer of the ship, was suppressed—and an exaggerated account of the size of the people of Patagonia occasioning some ridicule in the newspapers, and ultimately a denial from the officers that it came from any of their number, the publisher replied in a long advertisement, reasserting his original statement. Goldsmith, though he may have contributed little, if any, assistance to the writer, at least knew him, as appears by a passage in Animated Nature, when speaking of the various races of men.

"The last voyager we have had, that has seen this enormous race, is Commodore Byron. I have talked with the person who first gave the relation of that voyage, and who was carpenter of the commodore's ship: he was a sensible, understanding man, and I believe extremely faithful. By him, therefore, I was assured, in the most solemn manner, of the truth of his relation; and this account has since been confirmed by one or two publications—in all of which, the particulars are pretty nearly the same."*

His name being now considered, among booksellers, a kind of passport to public favour, was at this time used to aid the sale of a re-issue of Blainville's Travels, which drew forth a variety of remarks in the daily journals,* where, however, an error which he fell into, was treated with consideration. It appeared they had been published several years before, without success—and the proprietors, desirous of trying the public taste again, in the form of weekly numbers, attached a recommendation by Goldsmith, to the advertisements, seeming to speak of it as coming out then for the first time. Of the artifice used, it appears he was ignorant. His reply, frankly acknowledging the mistake, appears in the letter given in a preceding page, vindicating the originality of Edwin and Angelina.

The interview, in the early part of this year, of Dr. Johnson with the king, in the library of Buckingham house, occasioned much conversation in literary circles; and when Johnson was solicited to repeat the particulars at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Goldsmith, we are told, was observed to be silent and inattentive.

Boswell attributes this, in his usual way, to envy and chagrin at the honour conferred on a brother author—but adds, in something of a better spirit, "At length the frankness and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprung from the sofa, advanced to Johnson, and in a kind of flutter from imagining himself in the situation which he had just been hearing described, exclaimed—'Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it.'"

This very natural and true picture of his diffidence, to which there are several allusions in his writings, was nevertheless conjoined with perfect consciousness of desert. Modesty, and justifiable pride, are not always so widely separated as they seem: both may be tenants of the same breast. The contrast of his own situation—poor, and, as he considered, neglected, and with that of his friend, enjoying not only the bounty, but the conversation of his sovereign—may have given birth to a momentary feeling of dissatisfaction, just as Johnson is supposed to have felt, although disclaiming the feeling, in a Latin sentence, on first viewing Burke's handsome residence, at Baconsfield, "*Non equidem invideo; miror magis.*" It would be harsh to designate the emotions of either, on the success of their friends, by the term envy. The reason assigned by Goldsmith for his apparent inattention—that he feared Johnson had relinquished the design of furnishing a prologue to his play—may have been true: it is certain he had made a request some time before, and while in expectation of a favour from him, was not likely to evince in his presence, discourtesy or envy.

That his fits of abstraction were neither unusual nor slight, we have ample evidence. The following remarkable instance, which occurred some time afterward, was related to Dr. Percy, with some humour, by the Duchess of Northumberland.

During one of the annual excursions of this noble family to Bath, they occupied a house on one of the parades, next door to Lord Clare, with whom Goldsmith was on a visit. Whilst preparing, one morning, to sit down to breakfast, the duke and duchess were surprised by the entrance of the poet, who was well known to both, into the dining-room, when he flung himself on a sofa, in a manner the most unconcerned. Suspecting some mistake, though too well bred to hint at the visit being unexpected, they entered into conversation on the topics of the place, desirous of displaying as little embarrassment as their visiter, until breakfast being served up, they requested him to stay and partake of it. The invitation dissipated his revery. He declared, he thought he had been in the house of his friend Lord Nugent, and, in much confusion, hastily withdrew; but not until they had good-naturedly exacted a promise that he should give them his company to dinner.

He had been now resident for a considerable time in the Temple, a favourite abode then, as it appears, of several men of letters—among whom were Francis, the translator of Horace, Fawkes, already mentioned, Bickerstaffe, Kelly, Woty, Elphinston (author of a forgotten poem on education,) and Dr. Arne, who, by his proficiency in a sister art, and as author of a drama, "The Guardian Outwitted," claimed affinity with poets. The first apartments of Goldsmith were on the library staircase, now pulled down, and on the site of which stands No. 2, Garden court—being then an inmate with the butler of the society, named Jeffs. Afterwards, he removed to the King's Bench walk. No record of his occupation in either place exists in the books of the society, and the rooms, therefore, were doubtless rented from a private owner.

Here he was visited by Dr. Johnson, who, prying around the room with that earnestness characteristic of near-sighted persons, Goldsmith's pride took the alarm, suspecting the motive to be to observe whatever was defective in elegance or in comfort, and he immediately said, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these." The moralist gently rebuked this ambition, by paying him a most flattering compliment, implying that a man of his reputation need care little for external distinctions. "Nay, sir, never mind that; '*Nil te quæsiveris extra.*'" Such was the conviction and practice of Johnson himself: for Miss Reynolds tells us, though perhaps with some little exaggeration, that previous to the grant of his pension, he was liable to be mistaken, in dress at least, for a beggarman.

The final remove of Goldsmith took place not long afterward, to the second floor, not the first, as Bishop Percy erroneously states, of No. 2, Brick court. His rooms were on the right hand, ascending the staircase—consisting of three apartments, sufficiently airy and pleasant—where the views towards the gardens supplied him with an observation, given in Animated Nature, respecting the natural history of rooks: "I have often amused myself with observing their plan of policy, from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove, where they have made a colony in the midst of the city. At the commencement of spring, the rookery, which, during the continuance of winter, seemed to have been deserted, or only guarded by about five or six, like old soldiers in a garrison, now begins to be once more frequented; and in a short time, all the bustle and hurry of business will be fairly commenced."

These chambers were likewise private property; and his name therefore appears no where as tenant to the members of this inn or court. By means of advances from booksellers and from private friends, he furnished them in an expensive manner—to the amount, it is said, though this no doubt included either the purchase or a lease of the rooms, of four hundred pounds—an imprudence which, added to an increasing turn for expense, involved him in difficulties he never surmounted, and is said to have embittered the last hours of his life. About twenty years after his death, they became the scene of a tragical adventure, by a Miss Broderick shooting a Mr. Eddington, with whom she had formerly lived, and who took this desperate means of punishing his desertion. Among the friends who assisted him with the loan of money, was Mr. Edmund Bott, a barrister, author of a work on the Poor Laws—said to be revised in its style and arrangement by Goldsmith, and afterwards edited, with additions, by the venerable Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions, who had also some slight knowledge of the poet. Mr. Bott lived in the opposite rooms

* Animated Nature, vol. ii. p. 261. 8vo. Lond. 1774.

* Besides other letters, the following appeared in the St. James's Chronicle, May 12—14, 1767:

"Sir,—In this age of literary curiosity, not content with the real merit of authors, living or dead, or with such compilations as they can pass upon the eager public even without any author's name at all, our publishers have recourse to a new artifice—borrowing the recommendation of some person eminent in the republic of letters, after first imposing on him.

"This must be the case with regard to the new edition of Blainville's Travels, now publishing in weekly numbers: Dr. Goldsmith is made to say, in recommendation of it—'I am told, they are now first translated from the author's MS. in the French language, which has never yet been published.' Allow me, by your means, to inform the doctor, that I have read a printed translation of them, in three volumes quarto, made about that time; and that the truth is, the republishers have now first drawn out of an old warehouse, a number of copies thrust there for want of a quick sale. I mean not to disparage Mr. Blainville's work; but hope you will join with me in this sacrifice to truth—as I have too much respect for Dr. Goldsmith to suffer him to authorise so pitiful an artifice. I am, sir, yours, &c.

"D. H."

Another correspondent, a Mr. Turnbull, likewise writes on the subject of the error committed by the "ingenious Dr. Goldsmith."

on the same floor, enjoyed much of his regard, was a frequent companion in amusement, and, at the death of the latter, became, as his chief creditor, the possessor of his papers. Below Goldsmith, on the first floor, and where some of his works are said to have been written, was Sir William Blackstone. He was succeeded by Mr. Children, father of the present Secretary of the Royal Society, who occasionally amused his friends with details of the visiters and parties, sometimes neither very early nor regular, of the sociable poet.

One of the persons resident in the Temple, admitted to considerable intimacy with him, was Mr. William Cooke, a barrister, known as the writer of a work on dramatic genius, and of a poem, from the title of which he was frequently termed "Conversation Cooke." He had arrived, about this time, from Ireland, to pass the customary term in an Inn of Court in London, recommended to Goldsmith by his old friend Dr. Sleigh, of Cork. He was fond of the theatre—social in his habits; and settling in the English metropolis, became known among its clubs and societies, as more devoted to letters than to law. He related many amusing anecdotes of the poet, from personal knowledge, sufficiently marking his simplicity and general benevolence of conduct.

To this gentleman, while yet but a stranger in town, and his supplies occasionally short, Goldsmith had more than once offered the use of his purse, which Cooke at length accepted, the temptation of an evening at Marylebone, or Ranelagh Gardens, with several companions, being irresistible; although at the moment destitute of necessary funds for the occasion. On applying to the poet, however, he was told very seriously, and no doubt truly, that he had not a guinea in his possession. This being considered an evasion, something like a reproach escaped the applicant, that he regretted having made such a request, where, notwithstanding voluntary offers of assistance, there existed so little disposition to afford it. Nettled by the remark, Goldsmith, as evidence of his desire to oblige, borrowed the money. In the mean time, Cooke, provided from another quarter, had locked his chambers, and proceeded to his amusement, but returning at an early hour in the morning, found a difficulty in opening the door, which, on examination, proved to arise from the sum he had requested, in silver, being wrapped in paper, and thrust underneath. On being thanked for this proof of sincerity on the following day, but told that the money might as readily have fallen into strange hands as of him for whom it was meant, he characteristically replied, "In truth, my dear fellow, I did not think of that."

This story was corroborated to the writer by the late Richard Sharpe, Esq., to whom Mr. Cooke told it more than once.

On another occasion, entering a coffee-house near Temple Bar, hungry and fatigued from a journey, and ordering supper, it was no sooner brought in than, by a jocular scheme, promptly but quietly devised by several of his acquaintance present, such significant looks and gestures were displayed as to lead to the belief that something was wrong; and, on pressing for an explanation, the dish was pronounced to have an unsavoury odour, and unfit to be eaten. Thrown off his guard by the seeming gravity of the decision, it was sent away; while a hint to the waiter from the party practising the jest, silenced his replies to the reproaches of the disappointed guest, who, by several other tricks dexterously played off, was compelled to wait to a late hour for his repast.

To these may be added another of later date, known also to a cotemporary still living, who was then an occasional visiter at the house where it occurred.

The poet belonged to a card club that assembled at the Devil tavern, near Temple Bar, and, having dined on the day of its meeting with Davies, the bookseller, in Covent Garden, took a hackney coach to his evening destination, paying the driver by mistake with a guinea, instead of a shilling. Discovering the blunder when in the room, he mentioned it to those present with the remark, that, as there was little honesty among such persons, he had no expectation of recovering it. On the next evening of meeting, while full of good humour and hilarity, he was summoned by a message down stairs, when a person, seemingly a coachman, after a plausible excuse for not discovering and rectifying the error at the moment, begged to return the guinea, which, no doubt, had been unintentionally given him the preceding week. The doctor, delighted with the occurrence, returned to the company, extolling such an unusual instance of honesty, and proposing some token of reward; "for in truth," he added, "the honest man deserves it." A small sum was raised, with which he returned to the coachman, and dismissed him. But some one desiring to see the returned guinea, it was discovered, as may be anticipated, to be a counterfeit, when an explosion of mirth succeeded, which so disconcerted him that an early opportunity was taken of quitting the house. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the scene was got up in the spirit of tavern waggery, a man being employed by the company to personate the coachman.

The same good nature, unwilling to return a negative to any request, and even his professional character of author, though so rarely the owner of wealth, subjected him to deceptions of a graver kind, from persons professing the cultivation of letters.

Among these was a foreigner, at this time in London, countenanced by the Bavarian ambassador and others, under the name of Colonel Chevalier de Champigny, soliciting subscriptions for a history of England in French, partly translated and partly original, to be comprised in fifteen volumes, at the price of seven guineas and a half, to be paid in advance. The roll of names in his subscription list, which was frequently advertised in 1766, comprised crowned heads, ambassadors, and many other persons of rank. Among these Goldsmith was solicited to be one; the honour of participating in the patronage bestowed by such persons was not to be resisted; and although long familiar with the tricks of adventurers in subscriptions, he paid the whole of the money at a time when, perhaps, he had not another guinea at his disposal.

Another claim upon his scanty resources occurred, some time afterward, by the arrival in London of his nephew, Mr. William Hodson, the son of his elder sister, whose spirit displayed something of the eccentricity of the family.

He was educated by his uncle, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in February, 1762. Participating in some irregularities here towards the conclusion of his term, and unwilling to encounter parental reproach, or as some relatives assert, desirous, like his uncle Oliver, of seeing the world, he set out, without intimating his design to any one, to pay him a visit in London, and for a time acted there as his amanuensis. Becoming tired of this occupation, he wished to go abroad, but the means were wanting; and, having no taste to follow the example of his uncle, by traveling the continent of Europe on foot, another project was adopted of securing a still wider sphere of observation, without the necessity of incurring expense. While in Dublin he had attended anatomical lectures, induced by curiosity or desire to follow the profession of physic, though the paternal estate was sufficient, in those days and on the borders of Connaught, to keep an Irish gentleman (and Irish gentlemen are said to have no taste for steady industry) from the exercise of professional occupation. The knowledge thus acquired was now turned to account; he embarked in a medical capacity in an Indiaman, made a voyage to China, and, by his own account, was fortunate enough, while the ship remained in that country, to cure the child of an opulent Chinese of a dangerous complaint, for which, among other proofs of gratitude, he received a present of a small dinner service of porcelain, part of which was shown to the writer in the family of one of his descendants. A more curious circumstance, the truth of which is attested by his daughter and others, occurred on his return to London. Having formerly incurred pecuniary obligation to one of his college friends, a Mr. Cowan, member of a respectable family in the county of Donegal, it was reclaimed on their meeting in England; but Hodson, being at the moment without money, offered in discharge of the debt a lottery ticket, which was accepted. To the surprise of both parties, and the mortification of the original holder, it turned up a prize of twenty thousand pounds. No portion of this large sum was, it is said, given him, neither did it materially benefit the receiver, who, having spent part of it in a county election, lost his life afterwards by the upsetting of a boat on one of the lakes in Ireland.

It is believed he made a second if not a third voyage to India, being for a few years found occasionally resident in London, where probably he practised professionally, as Mr. Cradock states, in his memoirs, that Oliver some time before his death had a nephew, an apothecary, residing in Newman street. This seems so far correct, that, in the tailor's account book for 1770 and 1772, more than fifty pounds, charged to Mr. Hodson, "of No. 41, Newman street," were afterwards put down to the account of his uncle, who, by the same memorandum, seems to have made himself accountable for apparel supplied to others. Succeeding some years afterwards to the paternal estate, he led the life of a country gentleman, his medical skill being frequently called into gratuitous exercise by the neighbouring peasantry; occasionally for health or amusement he made excursions to Portugal; was twice married; first to Miss Longworth, of Creggan, in Westmeath, by whom he left issue three sons and two daughters; and again to Miss Isdell, a distant relative, by whom he had two daughters.

Mr. Hodson received credit for the possession of talents, and appears to have exercised them occasionally in poetry.

CHAPTER XVII.

Negotiation with Garrick—Historical writing—Mr. Roach—Good-natured man—Hugh Kelly—Country excursions—Dr. Glover.

In the spring of 1767, his play, to the completion of which some anxious months had been devoted, was finished; but the greater difficulty remained to introduce it to the stage.

There are, perhaps, few writers of lively imagination and versatile powers who have not, at some period of their lives, wished to write for the theatre, influenced by the variety of excitements which commonly attend its representations. A successful dramatist, if shorn of some former honours in our own days, still occupies a large space in the public eye, his reputation spreads more rapidly than that of any other writer, and his name, which is frequently bandied with a familiarity implying regard, forms a passport to the favour of that large class of society who, in a great metropolis, find in the amusements of the theatre relaxation from the cares of life. He identifies himself not merely with the literature, but with the enjoyments of the people; with one of the most social, and certainly not least intellectual, of their recreations. Like the orator, he has the gratification of witnessing his own triumphs; of seeing, in the plaudits, tears, or smiles, of delighted spectators, the strongest testimony to his own powers. The author of a good book hears of his success, but the writer of a good play may night after night witness it.

On the other hand, the discouragements are of a serious description; so great as to cause wonder how such as possess reputation in another department of writing, can commit it to the caprice of managers, actors, and audiences; and the risks they must necessarily run have kept many proud or sensitive minds, not otherwise indisposed to dramatic composition, from trusting their labours to the stage. The composition of a good play, we know, is no ordinary effort of mind; its requisites of plot, incident, character, and dialogue, their combinations and developments, so as to produce an agreeable whole, require genius of a high and varied order. When the piece is completed, interest is commonly necessary to secure its representation. Friends for this purpose are to be sought, especially by such as are poor and unknown. The private judgment of the manager may be unfavourable, or the actors dissatisfied with their parts; alterations are suggested, in order to satisfy caprice or unreasonable pretension, which sometimes have the effect either of obscuring the author's original design, or impairing his sense. The delay of months or seasons in bringing it forward, even when all other obstacles are surmounted; the annoyance of being brought forward at a late or unfavourable period of the season; the chance of being finally rejected by the audience, often as capricious and uncertain as either manager or performers, but from whom there lies no appeal; the consequent extinction of all hopes of fame or profit, the annoyance of having taxed his ingenuity in vain, and the mortification, if not ridicule, consequent upon ill success—these form very solid reasons for men of high reach of mind frequently declining to write for the stage.

All these obstacles were very well known to Goldsmith; but some he fancied might be obviated by his reputation, and others by personal knowledge of theatrical persons. It serves to heighten our dislike to embark labour and genius in such a calling, to know that, however popular as a poet, though familiar with the tastes of the town, and well acquainted with the manager of at least one of the theatres, besides being introduced by friends of influence and celebrity to another, he was fated to experience them all.

His first interview with Garrick, some years before, led, as may be supposed, to no further intercourse, but his interests rendering such an acquaintance now desirable, Sir Joshua Reynolds, by a letter still in existence, appears to have brought them together. Goldsmith wished to have the manager's opinion of his play; the latter at the first glance is said to have approved it, but, in his usual manner, took care not to express himself so frankly as to be unable to retreat from any rash inferences of the author of receiving it for representation. This habitual indecision gave rise to frequent charges against him of insincerity by the dramatists of the day; Murphy and Bickerstaffe were sometimes loud in his condemnation; and Goldsmith heard enough to believe that less was to be expected from the civilities of the manager, than from what he believed his own reputation, and the influence of literary friends. From the first, therefore, without wholly disregarding Drury Lane, it is certain he contemplated Covent Garden theatre as more likely to prove favourable to his views.

That no reasonable precaution should be neglected in case of being refused at one house, it was however submitted to Garrick in form for his stage, and the result turned out as had been anticipated. He at first hesitated to give so decided an opinion to the author as to his friends, for Reynolds and Johnson were soon told it would not succeed in representation. In one of the interviews succeeding this communication of his sentiments, Garrick, after some discussion, finally offered to submit the piece to Mr. Whitehead, which Goldsmith thought proper to decline, believing that its condemnation was already resolved upon in that quarter; another person of no critical or dramatic note was then named, at which the poet exhibited some warmth, influenced by an impression that the friends of the manager had been canvassed for unfavourable opinions of his play. In this temper they parted, when in a few weeks Garrick, who had proceeded to his native city, received the following letter, which makes the withdrawal of the piece rather the act of the author than direct rejection on his part. Traces of wounded feeling are obvious in the disappointed author; but we must fairly attribute them as much to the vexations occasioned by pecuniary embarrassment as to the offended pride of authorship; for, by several notes written about this time, which have been seen by the writer, he was urgently in want of money. The conviction, therefore, that at least one channel of probable relief was closed against him, sufficiently explains his dissatisfaction.

"*London, July* 20, 1767.

"Sir,—A few days ago Mr. Beard renewed his claim to the piece which I had written for his stage, and had, as a friend, submitted to your perusal. As I found you had very great difficulties about that piece, I complied with his desire, thinking it wrong to take up the attention of my friends with such petty concerns as mine, or to load your good nature by a compliance rather with their requests than my merits. I am extremely sorry that you should think me warm at our last meeting; your judgment certainly ought to be free, especially in a matter which must, in some measure, concern your own credit and interest. I assure you, sir, I have no disposition to differ with you on this or any other account, but am, with an high opinion of your abilities, and with a very real esteem, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"Oliver Goldsmith."

"To David Garrick, Esq., at Litchfield."

To this the following reply was promptly returned:—

"*Litchfield, July* 25, 1767.

"Sir,—I was at Birmingham when your letter came to this place, or I should have answered and thanked you for it immediately. I was indeed much hurt that your warmth at our last meeting mistook my sincere and friendly attention to your play for the remains of a former misunderstanding, which I had as much forgot as if it never had existed. What I said to you at my own house I now repeat, that I felt more pain in giving my sentiments than you possibly would in receiving them. It has been the business, and ever will be, of my life, to live on the best terms with men of genius, and I know that Dr. Goldsmith will have no reason to change his previous friendly disposition towards me, as I shall be glad of every future opportunity to convince him how much I am

"His obedient servant and well-wisher,

"D. Garrick."

The play was therefore withdrawn, to try its fortune at Covent Garden.

A memorandum of Newbery, about this time, points to compilations in which Goldsmith appears to have been engaged, though after diligent search no trace of these works, or more certain information on the matter, has been gained. By this, it appears that the promissory note of 1763 remained still unpaid.

"1764, Oct. 29.

	Dr. Goldsmith on account of			
	English Lives -	£8	8	0
	Taylor's Works -	0	12	0
1765. Sept. 12th.	For half the copy of Essays	10	10	0
1767. July 13th.	For British Empire - -	10	0	0
	Promissory note, Oct. 11th, 1763.	48	1	6
	Ditto July 7th, 1767 - -	10	0	0
	£87...11...6"			

Part of the summer (1767) he resided at Islington, occupying apartments, as traditionary accounts state, in the old turret of Canonbury house, in which it appears several literary men, publishers and printers, his friend Newbery for one, had at various times fixed their abode. Here he had as visiters, or resident acquaintance, besides others whose names are forgotten, the Rev. Mr. Rider, the Rev. Mr. Sellon, known for eccentricity and absence of mind, and who in consequence became the subject of many jocular tricks, Beaufort, editor of the Town and Country Magazine, Woty, Huddleston Wynne, Mr. Robinson, the publisher, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. William Baker, printers. The Crown tavern, in the lower road, formed the scene of many of their social dinners, and Goldsmith, according to accounts furnished by surviving relatives of some of these parties, was not the least convivial.

It was stated by Isaac Reed, and by Seward, the friend of Johnson and the Thrales, and author of some volumes of anecdotes, that in this year he attempted to secure some more certain provision than literature afforded, by becoming a candidate for the Gresham lectureship on civil law, vacant by the death of Mr. William Mace. No trace of his application with this view is extant, as appears by reference to the proper authority. He found, perhaps, on enquiry, as in the case of the secretaryship to the Society of Arts, that private influence, which commonly determines such appointments, rendered the chance of success small, and therefore decided him not to risk a repulse by the ballot. Genius is too often but a secondary recommendation to fill such situations in England; interest is commonly the first; and, by some unhappy mischance, we rarely find genius and interest in conjunction.

Such hours as he deemed unfavourable to composition in works of genius, were occupied by productions of less original character, the materials for which were at hand, and required only his taste, to string skilfully together. He had thus, as constant labour was necessary, at least the pleasure of variety. History at this period fixed his attention, more no doubt as a source of profit than of fame. The subject is indeed one which, whenever treated by a writer of talent, may earn both, as he saw in the instances of Hume, Robertson, and Smollett; and, having already, in the Letters of a Nobleman to his Son, tried his hand with success, he was led to think there was still room for another labourer in the same field. No rivalry was intended by what he had undertaken, as his plan differed materially from theirs.

He appears to have thought that history, as it is usually treated, tells more than it is necessary to tell, and much more than is true. Sir Robert Walpole, and Dr. Johnson, the one a practical statesman, and the other an acute and profound philosopher, were of the same opinion. Yet, on all questions connected with the conduct of preceding ages and individuals, we lean to the desire of fulness of information as the great source of wisdom to ourselves; and, indeed, in every great emergency, connected with the political or social condition of men, the only safe guide to follow. We feel not only that nothing should be concealed on such an occasion, but that nothing should be left untold that can lead to the knowledge of truth; we are not afraid so much of tediousness as uncertainty; not of the accumulation of evidence, but of its scantiness. We can frequently spare speculations concerning motives, conceiving we may believe them or not, as we think proper, and knowing that at best they are matters of opinion; but we cannot submit to be deprived of the knowledge of even minute facts. On the number and importance of these chiefly depend our deductions; and many such must be omitted in short and unskilful histories. From this cause we are disposed rather to have our patience taxed with details than run the risk of being left unacquainted with circumstances, sometimes apparently trifling, which serve to throw light upon the springs of human conduct.

Readers of a different description, however, require likewise to have their tastes consulted; and for these he began about this time, by an agreement with Thomas Davies, the bookseller so often mentioned by Boswell, and afterwards the biographer of Garrick, to write the Roman History. It was to be completed within two years, or less if it could be accomplished, and the sum to be paid was 250 guineas.

Early in the month of January, 1768, a Mr. Roach, one of his countrymen, who died in London about 1795, dined with him at his chambers in the Temple,—introduced by letters from Ireland. Several particulars of this interview he afterwards, by the aid of a good memory, repeated with much interest to his friends; but, being a commercial not a literary man, not with that fulness which they, or he himself, as he said, could have wished. From one of the persons thus favoured, who heard him describe this evening, on more than one occasion, a brief abstract of the chief topics of conversation has been gleaned.

Two other persons beside the host and this gentleman, formed the party; one a Mr. Higgins, unconnected with literature, the other, whose name was forgotten, an author, though of no note. The dinner was of an expensive description. During a portion of the evening, the conversation turned upon literary topics, and the visiter remembered a very animated comparison drawn by the poet, between Shakspeare and Milton, censuring the latter most sharply for all his writings, except his poetry. Otway, he considered the greatest dramatic genius which England had produced after Shakspeare. Farquhar, he said, was truer to nature, and possessed the spirit of genuine comedy in a superior degree to any other modern writer; because people were rarely so witty in their dialogue as Congreve makes them, whereas, they frequently displayed that life, spirit, and vivacity, which is so conspicuous in Farquhar, though unhappily he was often coarse and licentious, as much from the taste of the age as probably from being less accustomed to good society than his cotemporaries. Several other popular writers passed under review, the particulars of which are forgotten. Thomson's poetry he approved; there were many natural pictures and descriptions in it, but involved in an unnecessary parade of words. To Shenstone, Mason, Gray, and other modern writers, he gave a very qualified degree of admiration.

Having indulged in this strain for some time, he at length, as if recollecting himself, burst into a fit of laughter, and addressing the literary gentlemen present said—"And what do you think of our friend Boswell having the courage to venture upon poetry? Nay here are the lines;" and a newspaper was produced from which he recited several verses with a mock solemnity of manner productive of no little amusement to his auditors, adding a running commentary as he proceeded couched in a ludicrous or satirical strain. Mr. Roach remembered that the piece began with "Scotland!" "Ay, ay," said he, "Scotland is ever the burden of a Scotsman's song." "Why," he resumed, "how simple the man must be to write such lines, and call them poetry! And then to advertise them in the newspapers as his own by a formal letter to the printer! What were his friends

about to let him expose himself?" Here he read the letter, and, after some humorous animadversions, remarked that Dr. Johnson would be "either very angry or very witty with Boswell's verses." The evening, which had passed very pleasantly, terminated by the party adjourning to the theatre.

The lines so fruitful of mirth to Goldsmith, of which the name could not be remembered by the relater of the anecdote, have since been discovered by the writer in a newspaper of the day; and with the introductory letter are subjoined for the information of the reader.* It is a prologue on the opening of the Edinburgh Theatre. Johnson, as Boswell remembered, had acquired great reputation by a similar composition for Drury Lane, and there was something of characteristic presumption, or love of imitation, in attempting to follow in the track of his great master; he mistook his powers indeed in venturing on verse. Whether Johnson ridiculed the lines does not appear, but Boswell seems to have been willing to forget them. What he would have submitted to from him, would have been resented coming from Goldsmith; and the opinion of his verses by the latter, prone at all times to speak his sentiments freely, probably reached his ears and had its effect in producing distaste toward the critic.

Dissensions arising among the proprietors of Covent Garden theatre which produced harassing appeals to courts of law, retarded the appearance of his comedy more than two months beyond the period originally intended, namely November, 1767; and at one time, by the account of the author, almost made it the innocent victim of their squabbles by threatening postponement till the following season. These quarrels being at length appeased for a time, the "Good-natured Man" was produced on Friday the 29th January, 1768. A few preliminary though modest announcements, then customary in the newspapers, hinted the fact to the friends of the writer in the following terms:—"Those ladies and gentlemen who have taken places at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden for the new comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, are desired to take notice, that it will be performed for the first time to-morrow evening."

Dr. Johnson, according to promise, furnished the Prologue, several of his acquaintance attended to give it their support, and the performers were not remiss in their exertions. The play, notwithstanding these aids, met with less warmth of applause than most of his friends anticipated; the taste of the town had become sentimental; and the scene of the bailiffs in the opening of the third act, appeared so broad in its humour as to keep the fate of the piece some time in suspense; nor was its safety fully assured till that scene in the fourth act, where Shuter in the character of Croaker read the supposed incendiary letter.

On the second night of representation, Monday the first of February, there being no intermediate performance, this scene was retrenched; other slight alterations made in the interval rendered the audience more favourably disposed, and by these means it ran ten nights in succession, the fifth being by command of their majesties. On the 20th March it was selected by Shuter for his benefit, when the author, grateful for the assistance rendered by the comedian, presented him with ten guineas, a not unfrequent instance of generosity when perhaps suffering from want of the sum he gave away. No sufficient hold on public favour had however been secured by the play to call for its farther repetition during the season, nor, though occasionally performed, has it ever been considered what is theatrically termed a stock piece; when repeated at intervals and for benefits, the scene of the bailiffs was successfully revived. The fastidiousness of the audience on this point excites some surprise at the present day, when similar characters are introduced to the stage not only without objection as objects open to the comic muse, but with great effect: so dangerous is it sometimes, though so honourable, for genius to start into an untrodden track.

The third, sixth, and ninth nights, according to the custom of the time, were advertised as appropriated to the author, a convenient hint to such as felt disposed to advance his interests by their attendance. The profits it is supposed did not exceed £350 or £400; a sum less than that assigned by rumour, though, comparing it with other receipts of the theatre about the same period, and the expenses, probably nearer the truth.

Copyright however was then of considerable value to a dramatist; a good reception at the theatre promised corresponding advantages from the press, but at present this source of emolument is said to be unproductive. The play was published on the 5th February; on the following day a memorandum still in existence shows that, through the medium of a Mr. Geeve, he drew for £50 upon Griffin the publisher, whose advertisements implied considerable public attention to the piece; one of these exhibiting the rapidity of sale on such occasions may be transcribed. "The first large impression of the new comedy of the Good-natured Man, written by Dr. Goldsmith, being sold off on Saturday last (the 6th, the day after publication), a new edition will be published this afternoon, at three o'clock; when those ladies and gentlemen that were then disappointed of their books may be supplied by W. Griffin, in Catherine street in the Strand." On the 22d of the same month a fourth edition appeared, as the advertisement states, "By Mr. Goldsmith;" it is therefore probable he profited to some amount through this channel.

On the whole, therefore, if not received with all the ardour satisfactory to sanguine expectation, it could not be considered a failure, though such appears to have been the impression left on the mind of the author. His mortification on the first night of its appearance was not only extreme, but the efforts made to conceal his feelings before others at the moment were scarcely less painful. All this he afterwards confessed with a candour exhibiting his characteristic want of reserve, while the little credit gained by the acknowledgment from at least one of his auditors, shows that in justice to ourselves such confessions should be rarely made. Dr. Johnson, who had been in his company the evening on which the play was performed, and witnessed his distress, heard the avowal of that distress with surprise at the chaplain's table at St. James's Palace, when both were dining with Dr. Percy, and censured it as silly, saying that "no man should be expected to sympathise with the sorrows of vanity," a harsher remark than the matter deserved. Most dramatic writers would have felt as acutely as Goldsmith, though few might so unreservedly have avowed it; after all, however, there was something of moral courage in the disclosure; the matter was then over, and his reputation could withstand the acknowledgment of what, with an author, is scarcely a weakness.

Returning home one day from dining at the chaplain's table," says Mrs. Piozzi who tells the story, "he (Johnson) told me that Dr. Goldsmith had given a very comical and unnecessarily exact recital there of his own feelings when his play was hissed; telling the company how he went to the Literary Club at night" (it will be remembered that the representation took place on Friday,) "and chatted gaily among his friends as if nothing had happened amiss; that to impress still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favourite song about '*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon;*' but 'all this while I was suffering horrid tortures,' said he, 'and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imaged to themselves the anguish of my heart; but when all were gone except Johnson, here I burst out a crying, and even *swore* that I would never write again.' 'All which, doctor,' said Dr. Johnson, amazed at his odd frankness, 'I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said any thing about it for the world.'"

The merit of this comedy, in the judgment of persons the most competent to form an opinion, is superior to its success at the moment, or since. But there seems to exist a law of the English stage, become from frequency almost irreversible, that what has once been rejected, or coolly received, is never again to be taken into public favour, though that decree, we are assured from the materials that go to make up an audience, must often be the result of the caprice, or humour of the moment. There is however no appeal; critics may question the justice, but there is no disputing the tastes, of the multitude. And as a dramatic author writes for the express gratification of these tastes, if he fails, he can scarcely condemn, however he may lament the decision of his judges.

Examined in the closet as a dramatic composition, it will not be found deficient in the usual sources of interest, plot, business, humour, and character; the delineation of the latter, he says in the preface, having been his principal aim. We have therefore three which seem in great measure new to the stage; Lofty, who promises favours to his friends from his alleged intimacy with the great of whom he knows nothing; Croaker, always anticipating evil from trifling occurrences, yet selfish and arbitrary, a character borrowed from that of Suspirius in the Rambler; and Honeywood, drawn in the extreme of inconsiderate and almost insipid good-nature, who is incapable of giving a negative to an application from his friends, whether it be for his mistress or his money; and in many of whose characteristics Goldsmith is supposed to have had his own peculiarities in view. Burke applauded the play as one of the best of the time, and took some interest in its success. Dr. Johnson said that "The Good-natured Man" was the best comedy that had appeared since the "Provoked Husband;" while "False Delicacy," the rival and more successful performance at Drury Lane, he considered devoid of character.

"False Delicacy," so extolled at the moment, though long since forgotten by readers as well as play-goers, appeared at Drury Lane on the 23d of January, nearly a week before the play of Goldsmith at the other house. So great was the applause as to cause Garrick nearly to break through a regulation announced only that morning in the journals, that "the managers of Drury Lane theatre intend for the future not to run any new piece nine nights successively, but to perform other pieces occasionally that they may give a greater variety of entertainments to the public." Whether doubts of success were implied by this announcement does not appear, but a reception so unequivocal decided him to run it *eight* nights in succession, thus keeping just within the line of his engagement, and he repeated it not unfrequently during the season. When published it had equal success, if we are to believe the following announcement. "The new comedy, called 'False Delicacy,' published

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* (Public Advertiser, Jan. 12, 1768.)

"*To the Printer.*

"Sir,—I observed in your paper lately a very incorrect copy of the Prologue which was spoken at the opening of our Theatre Royal. As I know you are always ready to oblige your old correspondents, I doubt not but you will do me the favour to insert a genuine copy.

I am, sir,

"Your humble servant,

"J. B."

"*Prologue, at the opening of the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, written by James Boswell, Esq. Spoken by Mr. Rose.*

"Scotland, for learning and for arms renown'd
In ancient annals, is with lustre crown'd;
And still she shares whate'er the world can yield
Of letter'd fame, or glory in the field;
In every distant clime Great Britain knows,
The Thistle springs promiscuous with the Rose.

"While in all points with other lands she vied,
The stage alone to Scotland was denied;
Mistaken zeal, in times of darkness bred,
O'er the best minds its gloomy vapour spread;
Taste and Religion were supposed at strife,
And 'twas a sin—to view this glass of life!
When the muse ventured the ungracious task,
To play elusive with unlicensed mask,
Mirth was restrain'd by statutory awe,
And tragic genius fear'd the scourge of law,
Illustrious heroes arrant vagrants seem'd,
And gentlest nymphs were sturdy beggars deem'd.

"This night, loved George's free enlighten'd age
Bids royal favour shield the Scotish stage,
His royal favour every bosom cheers,
The Drama now with dignity appears,
Hard is *my* fate, if murmurings there be,
Because the Favour is announced by me,

"Anxious, alarm'd, and awed by every frown,
May I entreat the candour of the Town?
You see me here by no unworthy art;
My *all* I venture—where I've fix'd my heart.
Fondly ambitious of an honest fame,
My humble hopes your kind indulgence claim.
I wish to hold no right but by your choice;
I'll risk my Patent on the Public Vocie."

yesterday morning, was so rapidly bought, that the proprietors had sold the first impression of three thousand copies before two o'clock." It passed to a fourth edition within two or three weeks, and ten thousand copies were sold in the season; a public breakfast was given to the author, at the Chapter Coffee-house; and a piece of plate, value twenty pounds, presented to him by the publishers.

Two comedies appearing nearly at the same moment at the two houses, of professedly opposite styles and merits, necessarily involved a kind of rivalry between the authors; and the continual discussions to which they gave rise when theatrical affairs were of general interest, their publication within three days of each other, their progress step by step through the press, a fourth edition of each being called for about the same time, produced at length something like jealousy. Rumour insinuated that the Good-natured Man had been seen by Kelly, while in the hands of Garrick or some of his friends; and that hints from its situations and sentiments had been taken to improve his own piece. For this charge there seems no foundation, excepting the slight coincidence of the offer of Miss Marchmont in False Delicacy to surrender her lover, be supposed similar to Honeywood's design of surrendering his mistress.

The report however increased the unpleasant feelings arising between the parties. Goldsmith was induced to speak freely of his opponent's play, by the remarks and flattery of several of the lower order of writers, who surrounded and preyed upon him; men who too often, when their own attacks fail upon a work of genius, take delight in making greater wits assail each other. Kelly is said to have retaliated. When they met, however, on one occasion behind the scenes of Covent Garden, Goldsmith thought it necessary to congratulate him on the success of his play, to which the other, who was well aware of his opinion, replied with sufficient spirit and readiness —"If I thought you sincere, Mr. Goldsmith, I should thank you." Thenceforward their intercourse, which had assumed some degree of intimacy, ceased; it had commenced at Newbery's about 1765, and gave rise to a story, that Goldsmith once entertained the design of marrying the sister of Kelly's wife, a rumour for which the late Mr. John Taylor, who knew her, informed the writer there was no foundation. After the quarrel, Kelly was commonly numbered among the anonymous assailants of the poet, of whom there were always many in the newspapers; an assertion never proved against him, and probably, from the emotion, much to his credit, evinced at the funeral of his dramatic opponent which he attended, untrue; yet even this tribute of tears, shed over the grave of a former friend, became a handle for abuse in some lines, of which the following are a sufficient specimen.

"Hence K....y, who years without honour or shame,
Had been sticking his *bodkin** in Oliver's fame,
Who thought, like the Tartar, by this to inherit
His genius, his learning, simplicity, spirit;
Now sets every feature to weep o'er his fate,
And acts as a mourner to blubber in state," &c.

Hugh Kelly was one of those men of whom there are several in the history of letters, who, starting into life under serious disadvantages, found nothing in his progress through it, but his own industry to help him on his way, and who, unable to attain a place in the first rank of genius, received little credit for the talents he really possessed, or the difficulties he overcame. Born in Ireland, in an humble station of life, and apprenticed to a stay-maker, but feeling his mind superior to his occupation, he transferred himself to London at the age of twenty-one. Here he experienced much of that distress which awaits the poor and unfriended; from occasional employment in his trade he became a writer in an attorney's office, then a contributor to magazines and newspapers, afterwards an editor, and finally appeared as an original writer in essays called the "Babbler," the "History of Louisa Mildmay," and "Thespis," a poem, on the plan of the Rosciad of Churchill. False Delicacy was his first comedy, followed by a Word to the Wise, Clementina, a tragedy, the School for Wives, Romance of an Hour, and the Man of Reason. He had entered himself of one of the Inns of Court, was called to the bar, and had some chance of succeeding in this new career, when disease, contracted by the sedentary habits inseparable from literature, terminated an industrious and inoffensive if not meritorious life.

Circumstances made it a kind of fashion to depreciate Kelly, while alive—for no reason that can be discovered, excepting the original sins of poverty, and the calling to which he had been brought up—the latter furnishing a handle for the wit of such as assailed him. The learned treated him lightly, from the limited nature of his acquirements; though this defect he remedied in part by sedulous study. Men of the first genius denied his claims to equality. Inferior writers questioned his superiority, and could at least abuse what they failed to equal; for, with this class, the supposed use of his power as editor of periodical works kept him in continual conflict. And, having written largely in support of the ministers, those who disliked their politics thought it necessary to condemn his plays, in order to exhibit their patriotism. Between parties so unfriendly or hostile, there was little hope of meeting an unbiased judgment, and it is doubtful whether he ever received it. His political writings were shrewd and sensible, and, from the anger excited in opponents, may be supposed to have had their effect; his dramatic pieces much above mediocrity, and commonly successful; his essays, though destitute of the depth of Johnson or the humour of Goldsmith, touch upon manners very agreeably. His novel is still perused; and Thespis, if inferior to Churchill's satire, is not without pungency and power. All these, and others not avowed, were written amid the cares of providing for a young family wholly dependent on his pen for support. His life was therefore laborious, and his morals, it is said, blameless; and, if we decline placing him in the first rank among the writers of his day, we cannot withhold the praise of variety and ingenuity.

The disagreement of Kelly and Goldsmith became a source of amusement to several who had assisted to foment it. Among others, to Kenrick, who at once envied and aimed to be a competitor of both. He had lately produced a comedy, called the Widowed Wife, with indifferent credit. The greater applause bestowed on the productions of his rivals, followed within a few weeks by the success of Bickerstaffe's opera of Lionel and Clarissa, and Murphy's tragedy of Zenobia, which seemed to throw the three departments of the drama exclusively into the hands of Irish writers, excited his spleen—and it found vent in the following parody on Dryden's lines on Milton. They are preserved as evidence that he "whose hand was against every man," and who never hesitated to use it in a hostile manner, had nothing worse to say. Murphy seems to have escaped, not from particular favour, but from having no niche in the verses properly adapted to receive him.

"The Poetical Triumvirate.

"Three poets in three distant ages born," &c.—DRYDEN.

"Poor Dryden! what a theme had'st thou,
Compared with that which offers now?
What are your Britons—Romans—Grecians,
Compared with thorough bred Milesians.
Step into G...ff...n's* shop, he'll tell you,
Of G..ds..th, B...k..rs...ffe, and K...ll...;
Three poets of one age and nation,
Whose more than mortal reputation,
Mounting in trio to the skies,
O'er Milton's fame and Virgil's flies,
While take one Irish evidence for t'other,
Ev'n Homer's self is but their foster-brother."

In May, this year, he lost his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, for whom he had been unable to obtain preferment in the church—a failure which, among his relatives less acquainted with the world, as fame was erroneously supposed by them to be influence, incurred the reproach of negligence. They knew not the terms on which an author usually lives with the great, who are often willing to admire in him what deserves admiration, but seldom think it necessary to evince their consideration in the form of patronage or reward. Neither will the honest pride of a man of genius always permit him to solicit favours, either for himself or his friends. He shrinks from being considered a dependent, where nature has in some respects made him an equal; and he may have been observant enough to discover that the assumption of independence commands respect from the most supercilious. He is not then suspected of being likely to be a tax upon his acquaintance, possessed of rank or power, and is thus enabled to retain their society, if not their esteem, without suspicion of his motives.

To the curacy of Kilkenny West, the moderate stipend of which, forty pounds a year, is sufficiently celebrated by his brother's lines—it has been stated that Mr. Goldsmith added a school, which, after having been held at more than one place in the vicinity, was finally fixed at Lissoy. Here, his talents and industry gave it celebrity, and under his care the sons of many of the neighbouring gentry received their education. A fever breaking out among the boys, about 1765, they dispersed for a time; but reassembling at Athlone, he continued his scholastic labours there until the time of his death, which happened, like that of his brother, about the forty-fifth year of his age. He was a man of an excellent heart and amiable disposition. The late Mr. John Goldsmith, of Stephen's Green, Dublin, one of the family of Ballyoughter, and his pupil, communicated to the writer several anecdotes of his unaffected goodness. His views of the duties of his sacred office were strict, and his piety unfeigned. It is recorded of him, by his brother, that he once saw, or believed he saw, an apparition. Under what circumstances is not mentioned—nor could enquiry of the relatives of the family glean traditionary notices of the story: but he was not a weak man, and firmly believed, beyond doubt, what he told. Of his descendants, some particulars will be hereafter given.

In the spring of this year, the poet visited Derbyshire, one of those occasional excursions made into the country whenever his literary occupations permitted. In this county, it was said, he was a visitant at Ilam, situated near the entrance of Dove Dale, where a seat in the garden was shown some years ago, as his; but no positive trace of his residence there, or intimacy with the proprietor, has been found. Hampshire, Sussex, Suffolk, Yorkshire, Leicestershire, and Lincolnshire, are remembered to have been favourite counties for similar journeys: sometimes for health or recreation—at other periods with the design of visiting friends, or in order to examine such objects of nature or art as they afforded. Often, at such times, he was alone; occasionally with a companion, whenever an agreeable one equally unoccupied could be found willing to enter upon such an excursion.

When unable to proceed to a distance from town, by the necessity of fulfilling a literary engagement, he retired a few miles into the vicinity, often on the Harrow or Edgeware roads, working diligently at his task, and not being seen for two or three months together, although his place of retreat was known. At such places, his chief amusement, when not occupied at the desk, was, as he said, a stroll along the shady hedges in the neighbourhood, seating himself in the most agreeable spots, furnished with paper and pencil, and taking notes of occasional thoughts, which were afterwards expanded and corrected at home: or sometimes, when engaged upon plays and poems, he wrote the lines or dialogues off at once. In this way, several sketches for the poem of the Deserted Village were made—and about this period, indeed, he first set himself seriously to work upon that production, not prosecuting it constantly, but at intervals, as his genius inclined, or his mind felt at ease. Bishop Percy, in conversation, frequently alluded to these habits.

While resident in town, his sedentary habits were usually relieved by a walk to one of the villages in the neighbourhood, the enjoyment of a moderate though convivial dinner, the conversation of such friends as chose to be of the party, and a quiet return in the evening. Blackheath, Wandsworth, Fulham, Chelsea, Hampstead, Highgate, Highbury, and others, were thus frequently visited—air and exercise enjoyed—and the excursion jocularly termed by him, a tradesman's holiday. A few persons survive, who remember these excursions, or heard them dwelt upon by their acquaintance who had participated in their enjoyment. The party, which seldom consisted of more than four or five persons, chiefly connected with literature—the legal or medical professions—always assembled at his chambers, to a remarkably plentiful and rather expensive breakfast; and when finished, he had usually some poor women in attendance to whom the fragments were consigned. On one

* In allusion to his original calling of stay-maker.

* Griffin, the bookseller, in Catherine street, in the Strand.

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occasion, a wealthy city acquaintance, not remarkable for elegance of mind or manners, who observed this liberality, said, with some degree of freedom, "Why, doctor, you must be a rich man; *I* cannot afford to do this." "It is not wealth, my dear sir," was the reply of the doctor, willing to rebuke, without offending his guest, "but inclination. I have only to suppose that a few more friends than usual have been of our party, and then it amounts to the same thing."

One of the number, not unfrequently, was an amanuensis occasionally in his employment, still remembered and familiarly known as "Peter Barlow," a person offering some peculiarities of manner, and thence an object of wit to several friends of the poet. He always wore the same dress—never gave more than a certain sum, a trifle, for his dinner—but insisted upon paying this punctually: and, as the expense of the repast always exceeded considerably the stipulated amount he chose to contribute, his employer paid the difference; the peculiarities of "Peter" affording in return, a fund of amusement to the party. One of their frequent retreats was the well known Chelsea Bun-house.

Another of these persons, selected chiefly for his facetious qualities, was an humble dependent on literature, named Glover, who, having been educated for the medical profession, usually received the appellation of doctor. He had relinquished it, however, for the stage; and, while performing at Cork, being accidentally taken into a house where lay the body of a malefactor just executed, he was induced to attempt to restore life—and, to the astonishment of perhaps himself as much as the friends of the criminal, succeeded. His fame rapidly spread; he had again recourse to his original calling, though with less success than was expected from the success of his experiment as restorer of the apparently dead—and ultimately proceeding to London, found, between physic and writing for the booksellers, a scanty subsistence. Goldsmith formed then a leading object of interest to all similar adventurers from Ireland. He was easy of access; his nature, particularly to those who sought his good offices, unsuspicious; his purse open to demands upon it—and his vanity, perhaps flattered by having a levee of needy authors at his breakfast table, soliciting advice upon literary projects, and pouring out their admiration, in return for his fare and his counsel. Among these, he soon found a place, being taken into some degree of favour; and, as the following idea of the company, and of the claims thereby engendered on the patron, is said to be written by him, though anonymously, we have no reason to doubt its accuracy: "Our doctor, as Goldsmith was now universally called, had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved; and he has been often known to leave himself without a guinea, in order to supply the necessities of others."

Glover, who, as a teller of stories, amused the frequenters of the Globe and Devil taverns, and thence, as his own finances seldom permitted such disbursements, had his reckoning commonly paid by the visiters—was not a man of sufficient talents to profit by opportunities, and furnish any new or striking views of Goldsmith. It may be doubted whether he was so intimate as he said, or that he did not forfeit, by misconduct, further claim to consideration; for in an early copy of Retaliation, G——, which was probably meant for him, stood where Woodfall's name now stands. He wrote a short biography of his patron, published after his death, which is defective in facts as well as in anecdote; several of the latter he recalled to memory afterwards, in conversation, but any higher effort was beyond his powers. It requires a clever man to speak instructively of clever men. He must be qualified to analyse mind, or to estimate character; for, it will be observed, that of the numbers that chance to know a man of genius, how few there are, when they tell any thing, who have more than his foibles and frailties to tell.

A few of his anecdotes, as they were also known to others, were doubtless true—some, certainly more questionable, and others, probably the mere coinage of imagination—but his powers of mimicry, it appears, added greatly to their effect. "Besides being a great humorist," says Sir William Beechey, in a communication, by which the writer is obliged, "the stories related by Glover, of his acquaintance, were told so well, with a humour so peculiar, and with such a knowledge of their customary phrases and manner in conversation, that none who ventured to repeat them could hope to produce equal effect. He usually selected their peculiarities for illustration: thus, of Goldsmith, Foote, Garrick, Colman, Sterne (whom he professed to have known), and others, he gave a vivid representation, in voice, gesture, and phraseology, so as to produce universal mirth."

Goldsmith, according to this person, when his reputation became high, sought a kind of privacy in his country walks, desiring to be taken out of frequented neighbourhoods, so as not to be recognised; and on one occasion expressed displeasure to the person who accompanied him, for proceeding through a village where the latter happened to be known. Pride could scarcely be the object here, as was insinuated, whatever wish he might otherwise have for temporary concealment.

Another story from the same quarter is still more improbable.

Having extended their walk—for Glover was, as he said, with him—from the Kilburn road through West End to Hampstead, Goldsmith, who had dined, felt fatigued in descending the hill homeward, and observing a cottage with the window open, where the inmates were at tea, remarked to his companion, "I should be glad to be of the party." "That can be immediately accomplished," was the reply; "allow me to introduce you." Without hesitation, Glover, who really knew nothing of the parties, entered the house with an air of familiarity, followed by the unconscious poet, made his way to the room, shook hands cordially with the owner, who rose to receive him—but fixing his eyes upon what he conceived the most good-natured countenance in company, muttered some indistinct words of recognition, and instantly commenced a jocular story invented for the occasion, of an amusing adventure on the road. This he followed by others of a similar kind, so as to produce the effect intended—that of persuading the master of the house they were intimate with his guests, and the guests that they were friends of the host. An hour was thus pleasantly spent, tea was offered and accepted, and with the same affectation of familiarity and good humour, they withdrew. Some misgivings of the trick had in the mean time arisen in the mind of Goldsmith, who, the moment he quitted the house, enquired whether any of the party were really known to his companion—who replied with as little ceremony, that he had never seen one of them before. The mortification of the former, who attributed their escape from summary ejectment by force only to his own person being known, was extreme; and a wish was expressed to return and apologise for the jest. From this he was persuaded by his companion remarking, "Doctor, we are unknown; you, quite as much as I. If you return and tell the story, it will be in the newspapers to-morrow; nay, upon recollection, I remember in one of their offices the face of that squinting fellow who sat in the corner as if he was treasuring up my stories for future use, and we shall be sure of being exposed—let us therefore keep our own counsel." The skill with which this tale of his own assurance was told by Glover, the repetition of the dialogues, and the descriptions of the occasional embarrassments and surprise of Goldsmith during the adventure, formed no inconsiderable part of the humour of the story.

His carelessness of money, according to the same authority, and of which there was little doubt, exhibited an unusual, if not ostentations negligence. Whenever a sum was procured, and the most pressing demands paid, the remainder was thrown by in an open drawer, to be disbursed either by himself or his servant, as occasion required. When a friend once called at an earlier hour than usual, the bill of the laundress chanced to lie on the table for payment, and the footman received orders to "pay the poor woman." A sum of money happened to be in the drawer, from which the domestic, after turning it over with seeming care, though evidently no adept at calculation, took the amount, and the remainder was replaced. The visiter, who had observed the proceeding, at length enquired whether, as a matter of prudence, it was right to place such a temptation in the way of a person in his station of life, who, in some unhappy moment, might be tempted to abuse his trust. The only reply was, with an expression of surprise, "What, my dear friend, do you take Dennis for a thief?"

This servant, in whom he reposed great confidence, was some time afterwards taken extremely ill, to the great regret of his master, and the case requiring surgical aid, Mr. (now Sir William) Blizard,* whom he had met at the table of Doctor Grant, in Fenchurch street, and who had just commenced practice, was called in. Sir William informs the writer, that he was obliged to perform the operation for empyema, that is, to make an opening into the cavity of the chest, for the dislodgement of matter accumulated there in consequence of previous inflammation: the result was successful, and excited a degree of attention highly advantageous to the reputation of the then young surgeon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Anecdotes—Gentleman's Journal—Epilogue to "The Sister"—Agreement for History of Animated Nature—Roman History—Agreement for History of England—Acquaintance with Mr. Bunbury and family—Verses attributed to him—Appointed Professor of History to Royal Academy—Maurice Goldsmith.

In the summer of 1768, in order to have leisure to proceed with the History of Rome, free from the interruptions common to a residence in town, he took a cottage near Edgeware, in the vicinity of Canons, in conjunction with Mr. Bott, the gentleman already mentioned, whose chambers adjoined his own. This abode, though small, possessed a good garden, and had been occupied as a country retreat, by a shoemaker of wealth in Piccadilly, who, having expended some trouble and money in its decoration, was thence called by the new tenants, "The Shoemaker's Paradise." Here he and his friends found air and retirement, and the distance being no more than eight miles from town, occasional engagements to dinner there were still indulged, the usual dinner hour being then four o'clock, or earlier—and in the evening they found it agreeable to return to their retreat.

This appears to have been a work of occasional peril, when his companion, who drove a gig, happened to indulge too freely in the pleasures of the table. There is a letter still extant, written by the poet to this gentleman some time subsequently, in reply to a letter of invitation to visit him in the Isle of Wight, in which there is allusion to one of their escapes. It commences with acknowledgments to Bott, to whom he was under frequent pecuniary obligations, for assistance rendered in a moment of difficulty, as he could now sit down in his chambers in safety, without the terrors of arrest hanging momentarily over his head; and proceeds to recall a scene they had experienced together in driving at night down the Edgeware road, when his companion, having driven against a post, to the imminent danger of their necks, sturdily maintained that he was in the centre of the road.

An anonymous writer, in one of the useful minor publications of the day,† states another of his temporary residences to have been a small wooden cottage, on the north side of the Edgeware road, about a mile from Paddington, near what is called Kilburn Priory. No authority, however, is adduced for this statement; nor is it probable, since the cottage seems too small to contain, besides the family, an inmate in the character of a lodger. The same account states, that here was written "Animated Nature." It is, therefore, probably confounded with the farm-house at Hyde, of which notice will be taken hereafter.

Among several Irish acquaintance settled in London,

* Since this was written, Sir William has expired, at a very advanced age.

† Mirror, vol. xix. p. 147.

was a Mr. Seguin, a mercantile man, of some literary taste, who, having taken country lodgings for his family in the vicinity of this residence, frequently visited and was visited by its occupant. A considerable intimacy, it appears, existed between him and this gentleman, to two of whose children he stood godfather; and from a surviving member of the family, in Dublin, a few slight notices of his habits have been gleaned, from parental recollection.

While in London, they dined with him on several occasions, in the Temple, and met, at different periods, Bickerstaffe, Kelly, Dr. Percy, a variety of authors of minor note, and on one occasion, Dr. Johnson, who was invited in order to gratify two others of his Irish friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Pollard, of Castle Pollard, who, having heard so much of the celebrated moralist, were very desirous to see him before they quitted the English metropolis. Goldsmith was enabled to gratify their curiosity, but impressed a preliminary caution on the strangers present to talk only on such subjects, Irish matters for instance, as they perfectly understood—and above all, when he had begun to talk, not to interrupt him. This was punctually obeyed; Johnson proved to be in good humour, and the day passed off pleasantly. These entertainments he gave in an expensive manner; but was so little disposed personally to what is called high living, that his constant supper, as they had opportunities of observing, and did not forget to tell in Ireland, was boiled milk.

The impression handed down in this family of his personal demeanour is, that he was a very guileless, or, as it is phrased in the sister country, an innocent man; cheerful and playful in society, where he was known; fond of conversation, music, or any amusement going forward. One of the accomplishments on which he prided himself, was dancing; but, in going through a minuet with Mrs. Seguin, his manner once excited her risibility, as well as that of the more juvenile spectators, in an uncontrollable manner, which however was borne by him with great good humour. He amused them with several Irish songs—and one of his chief favourites was the Scotish ballad of Johnny Armstrong. He unbent, without reserve, to the level of whoever were his companions. In all their youthful diversions, he took such interest as to become rather a leader than merely a participator, and joined in such as were most familiar—whether blind-man's buff, romping, forfeits, or the more trivial games at cards, in which, by affecting to cheat, or showing an eagerness to win, his companions were always rendered very mirthful and boisterous. With associates of a still more juvenile class, he did not hesitate to exhibit still more familiarity, putting the front of his wig behind, or any other trick calculated to excite their merriment.

Of his attention to children Mr. Colman, whose memory may have been refreshed by repetitions of the anecdote, as he was very young at the time, tells the following story, which occurred in this year, and about the same period.

"Oliver Goldsmith, several years before my luckless presentation to Johnson, proved how 'doctors differ.' I was only five years old when Goldsmith took me on his knee, while he was drinking coffee one evening with my father, and began to play with me; which amiable act I returned with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap in the face; it must have been a tingler, for I left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark.

"Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me, might be likely to set me free, for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

"At length a friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested, by assault and battery—it was the tender hearted doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed, and he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith, who in regard to children was like the village preacher he has so beautifully described, for

'Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed,'

seized the propitious moment of returning good humour, so he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, upon the carpet, and a shilling under each;—the shillings, he told me, were England, France and Spain, 'Hey, presto, cockolorum!' cried the doctor, and lo! on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at the time, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain, all under one crown; but as I was also no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. Astonishment might have amounted to awe for one who appeared to me gifted with the power of performing miracles, if the good nature of the man had not obviated my dread of the magician; but from that time, whenever the doctor came to visit my father—

'I plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile,'

a game of romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry playfellows.

"Our unequal companionship varied somewhat in point of sports, as I grew older, but it did not last long; my senior playfellow died, alas! in his forty-fifth year, some months after I had attained my eleventh. His death, it has been thought, was hastened by mental inquietude; if this supposition be true, never did the turmoils of life subdue a mind more warm with sympathy for the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures; but his character is familiar to every one who reads; in all the numberless accounts of his virtues and his foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature, and his ignorance of the world; his 'compassion for another's wo' was always predominant; and any trivial thing of his humouring a froward child weighs but a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence."

In November, 1768, appeared a new periodical work published by Griffin, called "The Gentleman's Journal, or Weekly Register of News, Politics, Literature, and Amusements," changed after the second number, from being weekly to appear once a fortnight. To this Goldsmith was said to have contributed several articles. What they were are unknown; his connection with the publisher renders the matter probable, but the tables of contents of each number, still extant, although the paper itself has not been found, furnish no clue to indicate their nature. He was not, however, as has been erroneously asserted, the editor; Kenrick, Kelly, and others, are likewise said to have been contributors; and a jest of the poet was repeated by Mr. Cooke, when in reply to a remark made on the premature termination of its career he said, "No uncommon cause, my dear sir; it died of too many doctors."

In February, 1769, was represented the comedy of "The Sister," by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, taken from one of her novels called Henrietta, to which Colman contributed the prologue, and Goldsmith an excellent epilogue, the best, perhaps, he has written. Neither of these, however, could save the piece; for meeting with opposition the first night, it was, although announced for a second representation, voluntarily withdrawn by the authoress, who, by an anecdote related by Mr. Langton, seems to have been the victim of some ill nature.

"Dr. Goldsmith," according to that gentleman, "upon the occasion of Miss Lennox's bringing out a play, said to Dr. Johnson, at the club, that a person had advised him to go and hiss it because she had attacked Shakspeare in her book, called 'Shakspeare Illustrated.' 'And did you not tell him,' returned Johnson, 'that he was a rascal?' 'No, sir,' rejoined Goldsmith, 'I did not. Perhaps he might not mean what he said.' 'Nay, sir,' was the reply, 'if he lied, it is a different thing.' Colman, who was present, slyly said (but it is believed Dr. Johnson did not hear him) 'Then the proper expression should have been—Sir, if you don't lie, you 're a rascal.'" Some error may have occurred in the story as to the play, for it seems strange he should be asked to hiss a piece for which he had written the epilogue.

At this period, not in 1771, as is commonly supposed, he first formed the design of writing a history of animated nature, to which there were several inducements. He possessed a taste for the more amusing, if not for the scientific parts of the pursuit; a popular compilation on the subject was wanting, as that of Brookes, his connection with which has been noticed, had failed; as a literary speculation, he thought it admitted of being executed by the aid of books, without much original research, and would thus afford time and means for the composition of works on which he meant to rest his fame. No pretensions to originality were assumed; but to give elegance, animation, and interest to the book, he thought it necessary to write the articles directly from the impressions of his own mind, rather than in the character of editor of the labours of another.

Natural history is not merely an amusing but a useful study; one in which all are interested, and with which all would be gladly acquainted, were it not to the majority of persons too much labour to learn. We are surrounded by living objects whose existence is obvious, but of whose history and habitudes we know little; our curiosity becomes continually excited by what we see, but as individual observation can embrace only a small portion of the vast volume of nature spread out before us, books are required for this necessary information by numbers who care more for the facts communicated than for scientific detail or arrangement. The simplification of such works, therefore, by an attractive writer, not only commands popularity, but is productive of real utility. His first design was to translate Pliny with such additional notices as subsequent observation had supplied. Further consideration altered this project; it seemed inexpedient to attempt to reintroduce, even with the projected additions, a writer so long before the world, upon subjects, many of which were not only of the most familiar kind, but within range of the daily observation of all persons, and upon which more fulness of remark and novelty of matter would be expected than so ancient an author could be supposed to furnish.

A work, therefore, new, or new in arrangement and detail, seemed in every respect preferable; the state of public taste and information demanded something better than we possessed; and the addition of his name, promised at least that the most amusing species of information should be selected from an amusing subject, and introduced with all the attraction of an elegant and perspicuous style.

An agreement for such a work being settled with Griffin, the bookseller, the following memorandum was drawn up.

"MEMORANDUM.

"*Feb. 29th*, 1769.

"It is this day agreed between Dr. Goldsmith, of Brick Court, in the Temple, and William Griffin, of Catherine street, in the Strand, as follows, that is to say, Dr. Goldsmith agrees to write a new Natural History of Animals, &c., to be comprised in eight volumes, octavo, each volume to contain from twenty-five to twenty-seven sheets of pica print, for which Mr. Griffin agrees to pay Dr. Goldsmith eight hundred guineas, in the following manner, viz. one hundred guineas upon the delivery of each volume of the copy, in manuscript; and Dr. Goldsmith, in consideration of the one hundred guineas per volume, hereby agrees to make over all his right and title to, and in, the copy of the said Natural History, to William Griffin, for ever, and to execute an assignment of the said copy on demand. It is understood by both parties that Dr. Goldsmith is to set about the work immediately, and to finish the whole as soon as he conveniently can. To the above agreement both parties have set their names.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
"WM. GRIFFIN."

"If the work makes less than eight volumes, the doctor is to be paid in proportion.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
"WM. GRIFFIN."

In the spring of 1769, February, according to Bishop Percy, though more probably March, he visited Oxford in company with Dr. Johnson, and is said to have had granted, *ad eundem*, the degree of M. B. No notice of it, however, occurs in the records of the university, although by the annexed extract of a note from the Rev. Dr. Bliss, the registrar, to the writer, the fact may have been as stated.

"*Oxford, Feb* 24, 1834.

"Dear sir,—I have now fully ascertained that no record of Goldsmith's admission, *ad eundem*, exists upon

the registers of this university; but I have by no means ascertained that the poet was not so admitted; on the contrary, I incline to believe that the bishop of Dromore's impression was correct. It is a singular fact, that there is a chasm in the Register of Convocation for 1769, from March 14th to March 18th, which was the last day of Lent term, and it is possible, certainly, that the admission of Goldsmith might have taken place in that interval. I told you I would mention the subject to the venerable president of Magdalen. I have done so, and the result is, that he does not remember to have heard any thing relative to Goldsmith's visit to Oxford."

In the middle of May appeared his "Roman History," so impatiently expected by the publishers as to have been announced the preceding August. It gives us within the compass of two octavo volumes, containing a thousand pages, the history of that state from the earliest period to the fall of the western empire. The preface displays sufficient humility; he disclaims all affectation of new discoveries, or ambition to compete with more laborious writers, while the preliminary advertisements in the newspapers stated it to be, "for the use of schools and colleges." He likewise informs us, "that there are some subjects, on which a writer must decline all attempts to acquire fame, satisfied with being obscurely useful." But with these modest intimations the book soon took higher ground, and even acquired a degree of reputation beyond perhaps the expectations of the writer. It became the companion not only of the young, who could not be induced to peruse more voluminous historians, but of the elder and better informed persons, who wished to grasp at knowledge with the slightest labour, or to renew what had been previously learned, in the shortest form. Books of this kind, well executed, are sure to win their own way to public favour. To the applause of the multitude, he added the countenance of the critics, who in a measure anticipated the judgment of Dr. Johnson, by using nearly his words in allusion to the author of the Traveller. Some pronounced it "seasonable and well timed," "an excellent digest of the Roman History," and the "most complete abridgment of the kind, for the use of gentlemen, and even of those who are more than cursory readers, that has been yet published." While others, in pointing out errors of haste, or grammar, and defects perhaps inseparable from the plan, admit "that, after all, it is better for common readers to be content with the knowledge it contains than to drudge through the voluminous works of other writers for more;" and pertinently added, "It is surely to be regretted that the author of the Traveller, one of the best poems that has appeared since those of Mr. Pope, should not apply wholly to works of imagination."

The preference given to Goldsmith over Robertson as an historian, by Dr. Johnson, Boswell attributes, though with no sufficient cause, as far as we know, to his friendship for the former, or some presumed dislike to Scotland or Scotsmen. Robertson is no doubt an elegant author, deserving of all his reputation, who, however, aims so much at effect in many of his details that we are tempted to think we have before us rather the orator ambitious of displaying his eloquence than the simple narrator of past events. He falls likewise into the error of occasionally making speeches for his characters, a practice which, if countenanced by antiquity, is scarcely desirable in a modern writer; the substance of the remarks made by eminent persons long dead in particular situations may reach us, but not the precise words, which can be rarely caught in a speech of length; in fact, whenever we meet with such, suspicion is apt to arise that the writer may have drawn for the matter as well as the manner, upon his imagination.

Goldsmith's qualities exhibit nothing of labour or pretension; he is brief, natural, and perspicuous, presenting as his chief claim to favour, that charm of ease so difficult to acquire, and which nature bestows only on the favoured few. Had he sat down to the composition of extended history by choice, instead of it being an affair of necessity, as a source of fame to be acquired, not as a task to be performed, we cannot doubt from what has been accomplished, that he would have attained great eminence. On this subject Dr. Johnson has given a strong opinion in the comparison drawn between him and Robertson, which, if tinged with prejudice as his biographer insinuates, though without sufficient cause, must have some foundation in truth. We have here at least the grounds of preference stated, and may judge for ourselves of their force; yet it may be fairly inferred, from the broad manner in which Goldsmith's deficiencies otherwise are asserted by the great critic on the same occasion, that there is little room for the charge of undue partiality. The conversation took place at the house of Mr. Topham Beauclerk, in April, 1773.

Goldsmith being mentioned, Johnson (after some further remarks) said, "Take him as a poet, his 'Traveller' is a very fine performance; ay, and so is his 'Deserted Village,' were it not sometimes too much the echo of his 'Traveller.' Whether indeed we take him as a poet,—as a comic writer,—or as an historian, he stands in the first class." Boswell. "An historian! my dear sir, you surely will not rank his compilation of the Roman History with the works of other historians of this age?" Johnson. "Why, who are before him?" Boswell. "Hume,—Robertson,—Lord Lyttleton." Johnson (his antipathy against the Scots beginning to rise). "I have not read Hume; but doubtless Goldsmith's history is better than the *verbiage* of Robertson, or the foppery of Dalrymple." Boswell. "Will you not admit the superiority of Robertson, in whose history we find such penetration, such painting?" Johnson. "Sir, you must consider how that penetration, and that painting, are employed. It is not history, it is imagination. He who describes what he never saw draws from fancy. Robertson paints minds, as Sir Joshua paints faces, in a history-piece; he imagines an heroic countenance. You must look upon Robertson's work as romance, and try it by that standard. History it is not. Besides, sir, it is the great excellence of a writer, to put into his book as much as his book will hold. Goldsmith has done this in his history. Now Robertson might have put twice as much in his book. Robertson is like a man who has packed gold in wool; the wool takes up more room than the gold. No, sir; I always thought Robertson would be crushed with his own weight,—would be buried under his own ornaments. Goldsmith tells you shortly all you want to know: Robertson detains you a great deal too long. No man will read Robertson's cumbrous detail a second time; but Goldsmith's plain narrative will please again and again. I would say to Robertson, what an old tutor of a college said to one of his pupils, 'Read over your compositions, and whenever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out!' Goldsmith's abridgment is better than that of Lucius Florus, or Eutropius; and I will venture to say that if you compare him with Vertot, in the same places of the Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. Sir, he has the art of compiling, and of saying every thing he has to say, in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a Natural History, and will make it as entertaining as a Persian tale."

A translation of the Roman History into French, appeared many years ago; and in 1805, a second, with some engravings, and a map after D'Anville. One proof of its immediate success was a new agreement entered into within three weeks of its appearance, with the same publishers, for a History of England; to extend to four volumes. The following, drawn up by himself, is a copy.

"MEMORANDUM.

"*Russel street, Covent Garden.*

"It is agreed between Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. on the one hand, and Thomas Davies, bookseller, of Russel street, Covent Garden, on the other, that Oliver Goldsmith shall write for Thomas Davies a History of England, from the birth of the British empire to the death of George the Second, in four volumes octavo, of the size and letter of the Roman History, witten by Oliver Goldsmith. The said History of England shall be written and compiled in the space of two years from the date hereof. And when the said history is written, and delivered in manuscript, the printer giving his opinion that the quantity above mentioned is completed, that then Oliver Goldsmith shall be paid by Thomas Davies, the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, for having written and compiled the same. It is agreed, also, that Oliver Goldsmith shall print his name to the said work. In witness thereof we have set our names, this 13th of June, 1769.

"Oliver Goldsmith.
"Thomas Davies."

Some of his most agreeable hours at the time, were spent in the family of Captain Horneck, whose lady and daughters, in addition to great personal beauty, secured attention by their elegance and taste from several distinguished men of the time. They first met at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had known Mrs. Horneck in Devonshire, of which county she was a native, when the honest simplicity of Goldsmith, his acknowledged genius and celebrity, and their attractive manners and conversation, induced the desire for greater intimacy on the part of both, which for the remainder of his life continued uninterrupted. After the marriage of one of the young ladies, with the celebrated Henry Bunbury, he became a frequent guest at their residence, Barton in Suffolk; here, in agreeable society, he found relief from the toils of study, and the occasional dissipations of a town life. In this family are preserved some of those familiar verses, which, written in the spirit of whim or good humour, answered the purpose of exciting a smile among those to whom they are addressed. One of these, sent about this period, is a reply to an invitation to dinner at Sir George Baker's, to meet the Misses Horneck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Reynolds, Angelica Kauffman, and others, and is jocularly headed, in apology for their extreme homeliness, which renders it necessary to explain what he meant to write—

"This is a poem! this is a copy of verses!"

It will be found in the Works, and the reader is indebted for it to Major-General Sir Henry Burnbury, Bart.

Several such sportive pieces appear to have been addressed to his acquaintance, of which three or four were known to be extant about 1790, but of which all memory is lost; others of a more complimentary character, volunteered to compliment his female friends, may exist, though few or none can be satisfactorily traced. Of such things it appears he kept no copies, and none were therefore found among his papers; whatever may be discovered, and we may believe that several still linger among the descendants of former friends, were preserved first from regard, and afterwards by his reputation. Among these we know was the song, now included in his Works, commencing,

"Ah me! when shall I marry me?"

accidentally preserved by Boswell; he was fond of the air, and procured a copy from the author, who sang it himself in private companies, very agreeably. It was written for the character of Miss Hardcastle, in She Stoops to Conquer, but omitted, because Mrs. Bulkley, who performed the part, did not sing.

A copy of verses, addressed to a lady going to Ranelagh, was once in the possession of Mr. Malone, but even during his life was lost, in all probability irrecoverably, though not by negligence; he thus alludes to them in a letter to Bishop Percy, dated June 5th, 1802.

"I have a strong recollection of having got, I know not how, some verses addressed by Goldsmith, to a lady going to Ranelagh, or going to a masquerade, and of having given them to you for insertion; but I do not find them any where." Again, July 20th, he says, "I cannot recollect what I have done with the unpublished verses of Goldsmith, nor from whom I got them. They remained for a long while folded in the Irish edition of his works, and are there no longer; so I suppose I have deposited them some where so *safely* that I shall never find them. One often loses things in this way, by too much care."*

Several verses, affiliated upon him, and supposed to be written about this time, cannot be passed over without notice, though of very questionable origin; no guarantee of authenticity can be found, and this necessarily excludes them from the Works, but the reader may not be displeased to examine their pretensions here.

In the commencement of the present century, a short letter, dated from the Isle of Wight, signed with the letter D., and addressed to the editor of a newspaper, introduced the following lines, as a production of Goldsmith, and they have in consequence been included in some late editions of his works, though the authority being anonymous, they are not admitted into that which accompanies these volumes.

"E'en have you seen, bathed in the morning dew,
The budding rose, its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

* From Mr. Mason's collection of MS. correspondence.

"So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow, just dawning on her cheek,
I gazed, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak."

The author of this communication being unknown, all we have to guide us is internal evidence, which, if of any weight in such matters, is against its reputed origin. In the construction of the verses, there is a want of skill which Goldsmith, even in his careless moments, seldom displayed; words are introduced little better than expletives; and the free use made of epithets he not only never practised, but in his critical strictures condemned as one of the most objectionable peculiarities of modern poetry. This may be seen in the remarks introducing his ballad in the Vicar of Wakefield, and those in the Beauties of English Poesy, prefixed to Gray's Elegy, which he characterises as "a fine poem, but overloaded with epithets." Neither has he, as far as we know, written any thing else in the elegiac measure, excepting the stanzas on the taking of Quebec.

The succeeding piece is claimed in Ireland for Goldsmith; and in England for Charles Wyndham, Earl of Egremont, who died in 1763. Its Irish history is as follows. About the year 1769, or 1770, a Mr. Robert Nugent, from Westmeath, a relation, it is believed, of Lord Clare, being in London, received a copy of it from Goldsmith, who had written the lines upon a young lady, their mutual acquaintance, whom the former particularly admired.

This gentleman, on his return to Ireland some time afterwards, met his death by accident, when this among other papers fell into the hands of a person living in the house; but, unconnected with the family, and thence passing into those of others, came at length into possession of the late Mr. Edkins, of Dublin. He published it in a collection of inedited Irish poetry, in which is also to be found an early poem of Edmund Burke, which the present writer, who procured it from another quarter, has printed elsewhere; and a few others of some merit by writers unknown in England. The claim for Goldsmith will be at once disproved, if it be found in print before 1757; it resembles his livelier manner, and appears to come from a practised pen, having more finish than an occasional writer of verses, if Lord Egremont was really such, would probably give it.

"THE FAIR THIEF.

"I tell, and tell with truth and grief,
That Chloe is an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the sweetness Æther sheds
On primrose banks or violet beds.
Still, to conceal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces' silken smiles;
'T was quickly seen she robbed the sky
To plant a star in either eye;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfered orient pearls for teeth;
The cherry, dipp'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
"These were the infant spoils; a store
To which in time she pilfered more;
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air, and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.
She sung;—the Syrens all appear'd,
And warbling—she stole all she heard.
She play'd;—the Muses, from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had stolen their skill.
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
Her next the beams that brighten day.
Great Jove, her pilferings to crown,
Pronounced these treasures all her own;
Pardoned her crimes, and praised her art,
And—t' other day she stole my heart.
"Cupid, if lovers are your care,
Exert your power on this fair,
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms."

The following verses rest chiefly on the authority of the late Mr. Quick, the comedian. When applied to, a few years ago, on the subject of Goldsmith, he mentioned, among other things, the poet having written two or three songs for Mrs. Pinto, formerly Miss Brent, between 1776 and 1768, which he had seen printed in a Magazine, and also in a collection of songs, published, as he believed, by one of the Newberys; one of these publications has been traced, but it may be doubted whether either of the pieces stands as he wrote them.

SONG.

"Love's a fever of the mind,
Kindling fierce consuming fires,
Sweet its approach, we find,
Raising new and soft desires.

"Soon it fills with hopes and fears.
Sighs and tremblings break the rest,
Glowing wishes, wasting tears,
Night and day distract the breast."

SONG.

"How softly the zephyrs awaken the grove,
In this season the spring both of nature and love;
Yet let no delights on our moments intrude,
But such as are simple and such as are good.

"Far hence be the love that's by wantonness bred,
Or pleasures by folly or vanity fed;
But joys which both reason and virtue approve,
We hail as the charm and the pride of the grove."

In September he received a large advance of money on the faith of the Natural History being diligently proceeded with, from the publisher with whom the agreement had been made, no less than five volumes being paid for, although from the short time elapsed since the agreement, not more than one, or perhaps not even one, was completed. The cause probably arose from being pressed for repayment of the amount of money which he had borrowed (said to be £400) to take and furnish his chambers; the acknowledgment to the bookseller is in his own handwriting.

"Received, September 26th, 1769, of William Griffin, the sum of five hundred guineas, for the copyright of the first five volumes of my Natural History, as by agreement; and for which I promise an assignment on demand. "OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
"No. 2, Brick Court, Temple."

Griffin, it appears, not being a wealthy man, was enabled to advance the money only by disposing at first of half the property, and finally of the whole, though as it seems without increase of profit, to another bookseller, named Nourse, who eventually became its sole possessor and publisher.

Toward the end of the preceding year, (1768,) the Royal Academy had been instituted. "His majesty," according to a long account of the proceedings which appeared at the time, "ever ready to encourage useful improvements, and always intent upon promoting every branch of polite knowledge, hath been graciously pleased to institute in this metropolis a Royal Academy of Arts, to be under his own immediate patronage, and under the direction of forty artists of the first rank in their several professions." A list of the official officers of the institution is added to the statement; those which were merely honorary were added afterwards, and became known from the following announcement in December of this year, 1769. "Dr. Johnson is appointed professor of ancient literature, and Dr. Goldsmith professor of history to the Royal Academy. These titles are merely honorary, no salary being annexed to them." Both nominations were made through the intervention of Reynolds, and imparted to the institution which had the honour of reckoning such men among her officers, certainly not less honour than the individuals enjoyed by the appointment; these offices gave the privilege merely of a seat at the occasional meetings, and at the annual dinner of the academicians.

To this appointment allusion is made in the following letter, written to one of his brothers in the ensuing month. A small legacy had been left him by his good uncle Contarine, whose death would appear to have taken place shortly before; and, in disposing of it, we find allusions to his own situation and that of his "shattered family," for whom, being without provision or power himself, he could do nothing. To the original of this letter there was annexed a receipt, showing that £15 had been paid to Maurice Goldsmith, for a bequest of the late Rev. Thomas Contarine to Oliver Goldsmith, dated 4th Feb. 1770.

"*To Mr. Maurice Goldsmith, at James Lawder's, Esq., at Kilmore, near Carrick-on-Shannon.*

"January, 1770.

"Dear brother,—I should have answered your letter sooner, but in truth I am not fond of thinking of the necessities of those I love, when it is so very little in my power to help them. I am sorry to find you are every way unprovided for; and, what adds to my uneasiness is, that I have received a letter from my sister Johnson, by which I learn that she is pretty much in the same circumstances. As to myself, I believe I could get both you and my poor brother-in-law something like that which you desire, but I am determined never to ask for little things, nor exhaust any little interest I may have, until I can serve you, him, and myself more effectually. As yet no opportunity has offered, but I believe you are pretty well convinced that I will not be remiss when it arrives.

"The king has lately been pleased to make me professor of ancient history in a Royal Academy of Painting, which he has just established, but there is no salary annexed; and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt.

"You tell me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds left me in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and you ask me what I would have done with them. My dear brother, I would by no means give any directions to my dear worthy relations at Kilmore, how to dispose of money, which is, properly speaking, more theirs than mine. All that I can say is, that I entirely, and this letter will serve to witness, give up any right and title to it; and I am sure they will dipose of it to the best advantage. To them I entirely leave it; whether they or you may think the whole necessary to fit you out, or whether our poor sister Johnson may not want the half, I leave entirely to their and your discretion. The kindness of that good couple to our shattered family demands our sincerest gratitude; and though they have almost forgot me, yet if good things at last arrive, I hope one day to return and increase their good humour by adding to my own.

"I have sent my cousin Jenny a miniature picture of myself, as I believe it is the most acceptable present I can offer. I have ordered it to be left for her at George Faulkner's, folded in a letter. The face you well know is ugly enough, but it is finely painted. I will shortly also send my friends over the Shannon some mezzotinto prints of myself, and some more of my friends here, such as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Coleman. I believe I have written a hundred letters to different friends in your country, and never received an answer to any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me those regards which I must ever retain for them.

"If, then, you have a mind to oblige me, you will write often, whether I answer you or not. Let me particularly have the news of our family and old acquaintances. For instance, you may begin by telling me about the family where you reside, how they spend their time, and whether they ever make mention of me. Tell me about my mother, my brother Hodson, and his son;* my brother Harry's son and daughter, my sister Johnson, the family of Ballyoughter, what is become of them, where they live, and how they do. You talked of being my only brother—I don't understand you. Where is Charles? A sheet of paper, occasionally filled with the news of this kind, would make me very happy, and would keep you nearer my mind. As it is, my dear brother, believe me to be

"Yours, most affectionately,
"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Maurice, who it will be remembered was a younger brother, had been brought up to no occupation, but found

* It is remarkable that he does not mention his sister, Mrs. Hodson; the omission seems to imply the continuance of some disagreement, which, there are several reasons for suspecting, had existed from an early period.

support in occasional visits to his relatives. He was, at this period, the inmate of Mr. Lawder, who, it has been mentioned, had married his cousin, Miss Contarine, and the fitting out mentioned in his brother's letter, alludes to a project for trying his fortune in some capacity abroad. This, from some disinclination, or that indolence arising from want of fixed occupation, and not turning the mind of youth to some specific pursuit at an earlier period of life, was relinquished; and having some time afterwards complained to the poet that he found it difficult to live like a gentleman, was told by him in reply, by all means to quit such an unprofitable calling, and betake himself to some handicraft employment. This advice, as the most suited to his education and habits, was adopted; he bound himself to a cabinet-maker in Drumsna, in the county of Leitrim; and, afterwards removing to Dublin, kept a shop many years in Hendrick street.* He partook of the peculiarities of the family; was honest, good-humoured, social, giddy, and careless; and the possession of such qualities seldom indicates a prosperous tradesman. Bishop Percy discovered him labouring in poverty about 1785, and to relieve his wants, which appear to have been urgent, first projected that edition of his brother's works, which failed in its immediate object by not appearing till long after his death. His situation is thus described by that prelate, in a letter written to Malone from Dublin, June 16th, 1785.

"He (Goldsmith) has an only brother living, a cabinet-maker, who has been a decent tradesman, a very honest, worthy man, but he has been very unfortunate, and is at this time in great indigence. It has occurred to such of us here as were acquainted with the doctor, to print an edition of his poems, chiefly under the direction of the Bishop of Killaloe and myself, and prefix a new, correct life of the author, for the poor man's benefit, and to get you and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Steevens, &c., to recommend the same in England, especially among the members of the club." After a lengthened detail of the best mode of negotiating this work with the booksellers, and pushing it among the former friends of the poet, he thus concludes a subject which much interested him:—"If we can but subsist this poor man at present, and relieve him from immediate indigence, Mr. Orde, our secretary of state, has given us hope that he will procure him some little place that will make him easy for life; and thus we will have shown our regard for the departed bard by relieving his only brother, and, so far as I hear, the only one of his family that wants relief."

"In the mean time," he writes in the following year, 1786, Oct. 17th, "I must entreat you to exert all your influence among the gentlemen of the club, and particularly urge it to Joshua Reynolds, to procure subscriptions for the present relief of poor Maurice Goldsmith, who is suffering great penury and distress, being not only poor, but very unhealthy. I procured him a present supply of between thirty and forty guineas last year; but I fear his creditors did not suffer much of that money to remain with him. Their demands being so far satisfied, further relief would probably reach himself, and remain with him to his great comfort. Our new Society of Arts and Sciences have made him mace-bearer; but, without present subsistence, I fear he will not live to derive the future emoluments. A guinea apiece from the members of the club would be a great relief to him."

It evinces the little attention paid to claims of this kind, that no subscription, even at the moderate amount of a guinea, could be procured from members of the club, most of whom, it may be presumed, could sufficiently afford so moderate a tax upon their generosity. Malone, in a packet of MS. correspondence submitted to the writer, complains much of this difficulty; and also of the backwardness which he found to pay the amount nominally subscribed by the members on another matter, namely, for the monument to Dr. Johnson. When the works of Goldsmith at length appeared, and he was written to by the bishop to dispose of a copy to each member, the same objection, of the difficulty of getting the sale price, occured; on mentioning the matter at the club dinner, several talked vaguely about it, but only one actually produced his contribution, and without others had done the same on the instant, Malone, who was zealous in the business, adds, it would be useless to send the books, as payment would be forgotten, and it would be impossible to *press gentlemen for money*.

Maurice, however, was not wholly neglected in Ireland—"I reminded Mr. Orde," writes the bishop, Feb. 12th, 1787, "to-day of his promise to give some little place to Goldsmith's poor brother, and he kindly engaged to do something for him soon. In the mean time, however, the poor creature is starving. Lord Charlemont made him mace-bearer to the academy, but he has yet got no salary."

The object was at length accomplished. "Mr. Orde," says the prelate, April 14th, 1787, "has lately done a handsome thing, which ought to be mentioned to his honour, and we have accordingly reported it in the Freeman's Journal. He has given a snug little place in the licence office to Maurice Goldsmith, in honour of his brother's literary merit, which, with the mace-bearer's office in the Royal Academy, and the money we hope to get by subscription to his brother's works, we hope will make the poor man easy for life."

This situation he filled with integrity and diligence, and became the means of discovering a fraud upon the revenue, from which, had he been of a different character, considerable personal advantages might have been derived. He visited London shortly after his brother's death, of which notice will be hereafter taken, and died in the latter part of 1792, without issue, his widow, who survived many years, having afterwards married a person named Macdonnell. His death is thus mentioned by Dr. Thos. Champbell in a letter to Bishop Percy, in allusion to their joint endeavours for his benefit, dated June 12th, 1793:—"I am glad to hear that you have brought the affair of Goldsmith to so good an issue—but, alas! poor Maurice. He is to receive no comfort from your lordship's labours in his behalf. He departed from a miserable life early last winter, and luckily has left no children."

CHAPTER XIX.

His dress—Baretti—Percival Stockdale—Deserted village—Its localities taken from his father's residence.

Towards the conclusion of 1769, and the commencement of the following year, his literary occupations appear to have been multifarious. By his engagement with Griffin, he should seem to have been employed on the Natural History; by that with Davies, upon the History of England; he was avowedly at work in finishing and polishing the Deserted Village, for two advertisements, stating its speedy publication, appeared in November; and these were followed in a few days by similar announcements of a new edition being in preparation, of the "Poems of Dr. Parnell, with a life of the author, by Dr. Goldsmith." With the respective publishers, it seemed to be a struggle who should have the credit or advantage of first ushering his writings into the world.

An amusing anecdote of his taste in dress at this moment is told by Boswell, who, having just returned from the Stratford jubilee, where he had incurred no little ridicule, by exhibiting himself in the character of a Corsican, by publicly reciting verses upon the occasion, and by wearing the placard of "Corsica Boswell" in his hat, was willing, perhaps, to conceal his own follies, by pointing out what he considered those of his acquaintance. He had invited Goldsmith, Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and others, to dinner, when the party were kept waiting by the non-arrival of one of the guests. "Goldsmith," (in the words of the biographer, who, however, seems to overcharge the description,) "to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. 'Come, come, (said Garrick,) talk no more of that. You are, perhaps, the worst—eh, eh?' Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on laughing ironically. 'Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or *ill dressed*.' 'Well, let me tell you (said Goldsmith,) when my tailor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you, when any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow in Water-lane.' *Johnson:* 'Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat of so absurd a colour.'"

The date of this dinner, October 16th, is creditable to Boswell's accuracy, as on reference to the tailor's account books already mentioned, it appears that a new suit of clothes of an expensive kind, is charged to Goldsmith on that day; the entry terms it "a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with silk," and the price twelve guineas. By Filby's bills it clearly appears he was by no means an economist in the article of dress any more than in other matters; yet the obligations thus incurred were pretty punctually paid until a short time before his death, at which period he proved to be £79 in debt, and this appears to have been lost to the tradesman, the remark of whose son shows their joint opinion of the debtor:—"My father, though a loser to that amount, attributed no blame to Goldsmith; he had been a good customer; and had he lived would have paid every farthing." Half the sum owing by him was for clothes supplied to his nephew Hodson, of which he had taken upon himself the payment.

A few days previous to the dinner at Boswell's, his good nature was shown on an occasion when the assistance of zealous friends is most kind, and is most wanted, towards a person for whom he had nevertheless no cordial regard. This was Baretti; whose name is sufficiently familiar to readers of the literary history of the day. He had been, as is well known, apprehended for the death of a man killed in a brawl in the street, when Goldsmith hearing of his misfortune hurried next morning before the committing magistrate, and bail being at first refused, accompanied him to Newgate, offering likewise the free use of his purse towards his subsistence and defence. This conduct exemplifies that benevolent impulse of which he has conveyed a better idea in a line, than others perhaps could accomplish in a paragraph—

"His pity gave ere charity began."

He did not admire Baretti, and Baretti knew and resented the slight; Goldsmith had formed a low estimate of the literature and morals of Italy from what he had seen during his stay in that country, and this opinion of the nation at large extended to several individuals settled in England. He thought that Baretti and Martinella, another literary adventurer of the same nation, were overestimated by their literary acquaintance; that with some talents and learning, and a great deal of pretension, a degree of consideration had been awarded them, denied to many of our countrymen of equal or superior attainments; that good-nature towards foreigners had, as is sometimes the case in England, assigned them the places due only to distinguished merit. He disliked Baretti also from an impression that he contemned religion; and on this subject talking once to Mr. Ridge, whose name occurs in Retaliation, is said to have observed, "I never feel confidence in such men; I am far from being what I ought to be, or what I wish to be; but whatever be my follies my mind has never been tainted by unbelief."*

Among his acquaintance, occasioned by the publication of the Aminta of Tasso, in April 1770, appears to have been its translator, the Rev. Percival Stockdale, who having been an officer in the army, relinquished it for the church; accepted a curacy in London, where he figured variously, and with some success as poet, reviewer, and miscellaneous writer; became then a chaplain in the navy; and after a life of many changes of scene, finally settled on the living of Lesbury in Northumberland, on the presentation of Lord Thurlow, where his attachment to literature continued to be displayed. His

* As the relatives of eminent men derive some importance from their connection, so honest Maurice is still mentioned in Drumsna, and a table of his workmanship shown to strangers; as the writer is informed by one who, as having a large share of genius himself, takes an interest in all that relates to the genius of a mutual country, Mr. Charles Phillips.

* Baretti was acquitted of the charge. It is rarely that names of equal celebrity with the following are to be found as guarantees for the personal appearance of a prisoner arraigned on such a charge.—"On Friday, Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Fitzherbert, Esq., Edmund Burke, Esq., and David Garrick, Esq., gave bail before Lord Mansfield for Mr. Joseph Baretti's appearance at the ensuing sessions." (*Public Advertiser, Oct.* 16th, 1769.) Dr. Johnson's interest was exerted to procure this array of names.

productions were of various merit; the best perhaps is "The Poet," a poem published in 1773. The last, his "Memoirs," in 1809, exhibit a querulous and discontented spirit. His character seems to have been ardent, vain, and versatile; and thinking more highly of his own genius for poetry than he could persuade the world to believe, was disappointed and soured by not acquiring that distinction to which he thought his talents were entitled. During his career in London he enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Johnson, who in allusion to his obvious vanity and anxieties on the subject of his writings, is believed to have applied to him the observation recorded by Boswell, "Sir, there is not a young sapling upon Parnassus, more severely blown about by every wind of criticism than that poor fellow."

His autobiography, said to be incorrect in several of its statements, particularly that where he represents himself as being originally engaged to write the lives of the poets instead of Dr. Johnson, furnishes scarcely an allusion to Goldsmith. His papers however supply an anecdote communicated by a lady eminent for her writings, in fiction, his friend, and whom the writer has likewise the honour to number among his acquaintance, Miss Jane Porter, who having spent some time at the vicarage of Lesbury preserves a warm regard for the memory of her then venerable host. The story is not very complimentary to the personal appearance of the poet, though possibly heightened by Mr. Stockdale in the telling; and may have been suggested by an anecdote something similar, of a stranger mistaking him for an inferior kind of person, mentioned by Miss Reynolds.

"About this period," writes Miss Porter in her communication, "a circumstance rather ludicrous occurred relative to Goldsmith, which I shall copy from Mr. Stockdale's own account of the matter; I having occupied much of my time, while visiting the Vicar of Lesbury, in transcribing from his biographical note-book.

"Oliver Goldsmith was a feeling and an elegant writer both in poetry and in prose, but especially in the former species of composition. My first acquaintance with him commenced at Davies the bookseller's, where I dined in his company, and was much struck by the opposition between the beauty of his mind and the mean appearance of his person and manner. A few days after this, and soon after my friend Davies had published my translation of Tasso's Aminta, I called on him, one afternoon, and was with him in his parlour when Dr. Goldsmith entered; and remaining with us conversed most agreeably for about an hour. Just before he had joined us, Davies asked me what I thought of some of his party at the dinner he had given me, and among these he mentioned the poet of the 'Deserted Village.' I replied that I held his genius in due estimation, but that I had never seen a man look more like a tailor. This was fresh in our heads when Goldsmith entered, and before he left us he desired our friend the bookseller to let him have my translation of the Aminta. As he put it into his pocket he turned to me and said, 'Mr. Stockdale, I shall soon take measure of you."—I observed with a smile I could not repress, that 'I hoped he would not pinch me.' From what had passed before he came in and afterwards, Davies and I, as soon as he quitted the house, gave a full indulgence to our risible faculties; the odd coincidence of Goldsmith's metaphor and my comparison having been quite irresistible."

Towards the end of May 1770, the Deserted Village, announced so long before as being in preparation, appeared, and at once obtained a place in popular esteem, though not perhaps with the critics, superior even to that of the Traveller. On the seventh of June came out a second edition; on the fourteenth a third; on the twenty-eighth a fourth; and on the sixteenth of August a fifth, being a run of success such as few poems of the time had experienced within so short a period. The journals devoted to literature hailed it with the warmest applause; the author was gratified by his good fortune; the public pleased by the addition made to its sources of pleasure; and if some of the newspaper writers used their customary privilege of finding fault on some unimportant points, others were as loud in its praise; and attention was more drawn to a work which possessed merit enough to find a few enemies among a multitude of friends.

The previous reputation of the author as a man of unquestioned genius, tended no doubt to aid its immediate rise into notice; but in addition to intrinsic merits there were other causes which had effect in accelerating its success. The subject was domestic; the supposed evils to which it adverted, easy of comprehension; the scenes and incidents, more particularly those allusive to youth, such as almost all men have participated in and fondly remember; while the characters were of that familiar description that we could easily believe we had seen or known the individuals, and they came therefore before us with all the claims of old friends. The feelings were interested by a tale of grievances so eloquently and pathetically lamented, although few, as he admits in his preface, had seen or could believe the fact of their existence. The distresses of the poor and their supposed oppression by the rich, which whether true or otherwise is ever a popular theme, on this occasion enlisted all the generous feelings on the side of their advocate. By designing men this is sometimes made a source of mischief by nurturing something of unjust prejudice among such as are lower in the scale of wealth against those who are higher; by Goldsmith it was merely another evidence of that amiable yet morbid sensibility which kept him in all his writings tremblingly alive to any scene or tale of distress in the humbler classes of life. There were likewise those pictures of rural life which always please in the description; sentiments of a generous and benevolent character; a tone of pathos and melancholy in the recollections of favourite scenes regretted as having fled for ever; similes of high beauty; a versification singularly easy and natural, perfectly musical to the ear without any straining or inversion of language to obtain it; and several of those personal allusions that always add to the interest of a poem, such as the reference to his wanderings—his cares and griefs—and even his poverty. These, amid other admitted excellences, contributed to give it not merely momentary but permanent favour; for, in all the fluctuations of taste since, it has never for a moment declined in public esteem.

Two years are commonly said to have been employed in its composition and correction; an error, if meant that he was exclusively devoted to the work, sufficiently obvious, as in that period we have seen he had written several volumes. Occasional hints, as he seems to admit in the dedication, might have been gleaned in country excursions during a few previous years; but the chief parts were written and the arrangement and revision no doubt effected by snatches, the result more of moments of ease of mind and of such as he deemed favourable circumstances, than of constant application. Even in this way the labour bestowed upon it was very considerable; the aim of a poet, beyond every other description of writer, is excellence; and any degree of labour by which this quality which is essential to his being is obtained cannot be considered misapplied. The mode of composition in this as in all his poems, was to write his first thoughts in lines so widely apart as to leave ample room for future emendations. Bishop Percy used to say, that so great was his industry or fastidiousness, that these spaces were wholly filled up, so that scarcely an original line of the poem remained.

The fruit of his application was great uniformity of excellence; for we find in it no unfinished passages, none of that obscurity of thought or expression forming one of the greatest and yet most general faults of poetry; no inversion of language; no weak, rugged, or unmusical lines; and no objectionable rhymes, excepting we be permitted to advert to one instance where, sketching the village schoolmaster, we are told—

> "Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
> The love he bore to learning was in fault."

But this may have been merely a remnant of that provincialism which occasionally clung to him in manner, accent, and in pronunciation; for in Ireland the word *fault* is frequently sounded without the letter *l*; a peculiarity which like many other pronunciations in that country, remains popularly unchanged since the reign of Elizabeth. It must be also admitted that he had a great example before him in Pope, who uses a similar rhyme more than once—

> "Before his sacred name flies every fault
> And each exalted stanza teems with thought."
>
> * * * * *
>
> "Then say not man's imperfect, God's in fault—
> Say rather man's as perfect as he ought,"

And Johnson, in his dictionary, selects another couplet from the Essay on Criticism, where *fault* and *thought* rhyme, so that he must have considered it unobjectionable, although less relished by a modern ear.

An error in natural history was objected to in the line—

> "Where crouching tigers, wait their hapless prey,"

as in America, to which it applies, that animal is not found; this was met by an appeal to the usual license of poetry, and by a quotation from Anson's Voyage, where in one of the American islands some reference is made to the presence of tigers; a species of which, though not so fierce or powerful as that of Asia, is common on that continent. The importance given to this description of criticism, would imply there was little in the detail of the poem with which to find fault.

Against the general positions taken by the poet, there were stronger objections. Trade, it is presumed, never can be considered any evil in a trading country; nor is the oppression or depopulation of villages by force or violence of the owners of the soil a probable occurrence, in one that boasts to be free. Volunteer patriots and philanthropists, who require no spur to exertion, but rather an occasional check to their zeal, are too endemic to our soil, and too much on the alert for objects to patronise, to overlook or not to resent such a tyrannical act, should it take place. However popular, therefore, the tale of a grievance commonly is, the writer found few to agree with him; he nevertheless sturdily maintained his opinion, and it may be conceded that if he found but one village razed or depopulated, from whatever cause, this was perhaps sufficient for his purpose.

To swear to the truth of a song is proverbially a work of supererogation; nor is such a voucher perhaps necessary for the political doctrines contained in a poem. It is scarcely necessary, therefore, to contest the point whether the main argument of the Deserted Village, the evils of luxury, be or be not a fallacy. Poets, in all ages, have conspired to make wealth and its usual concomitants a theme for censure; while statesmen, who have been fortunate enough to introduce it among the people they govern, consider themselves the greatest public benefactors. Luxury, viewed in the abstract, may be an evil, or at least lead to the introduction of certain moral evils, but it has in fact no abstract existence; it is merely a symptom of general prosperity, and attendant upon a high degree of knowledge, riches, and civilisation; so that the presence of the former is an indication of the existence of the latter. It is only when luxury is in excess, when the gifts of Providence are abused and made the means of vicious or inordinate appetites and indulgences, that it becomes justly amenable to the censure of the moralist. Restrained within due limits, the stimulus which it gives to human ingenuity must be advantageous to all communities aiming at more than mere animal existence. Nations have been always found to become luxurious as they become rich and intelligent; and it seems, therefore, idle to regret what is the strongest proof of their advance in the scale of social existence. Of this truth, whatever cause he may have had to change his opinion, none had been more convinced than Goldsmith a few years before.

"Is it not a truth," he enquires in the eleventh letter in the Citizen of the World, "that refined countries have more vices, but those not so terrible; barbarous nations, few, and they of the most hideous complexion? Perfidy and fraud are the vices of civilised nations; credulity and violence those of the inhabitants of the desert. Does the luxury of the one produce half the evils of the inhumanity of the other? Certainly those philosophers who declaim against luxury have but little understood its benefits; they seem insensible, that to luxury we owe not only the greatest part of our knowledge, but even of our virtues.

* * * * *

"Examine the history of any country remarkable for opulence or wisdom, you will find they would never have been wise had they not been first luxurious; you will find poets, philosophers, and even patriots, marching in luxury's train. * * * In whatsoever light, therefore, we consider luxury; whether as employing a number of hands naturally too feeble for more laborious employment; as finding a variety of occupation for others who might be totally idle, or as furnishing out new inlets to happiness without encroaching on mutual property; in

whatever light we regard it we shall have reason to stand up in its defence, and the sentiment of Confucius still remains unshaken; *that we shall enjoy as many of the luxuries of life as are consistent with our own safety, and the prosperity of others; and that he who finds out a new pleasure is one of the most useful members of society.*"

The beauties of the poem offered something for the gratification of every taste; favourite passages found general circulation; but perhaps the most quoted is the celebrated one so much in harmony with the spirit and tendency of the argument—

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade."

The similes of the hare returning to her haunts, the bird teaching her young to fly, "the tall cliff that lifts its awful form," the description of the village schoolmaster, the apostrophe to poetry, all found advocates. But more especially the picture of the village preacher fixed attention for its excellence, as being at once minute and comprehensive in the characteristics, skilful in their selection, true to nature in general effect, and as forming not only the most finished specimen of a Christian pastor, but one of the most admirable pieces of poetical painting in the whole range of ancient and modern poetry. More than one of his relatives have been put forward as claimants for this character; his father by Mrs. Hodson, his brother by others, and his uncle Contarine by the Rev. Dr. O'Connor. The fact, perhaps is, that he fixed upon no one individual, but borrowing like all good poets and painters a little from each, drew the character by their combination.

As it is ever a source of interest to trace the origin of poetical paintings,—of those objects or hints often trifling in themselves, which having at some time fallen under the eye of Genius, are treasured up for future use, and become by her creative powers objects of general attention, the question has been often asked in England, and the enquiry shows the impression made by the poet, whether Auburn is merely a poetical creation, or really existed and experienced the fate he describes. The name appears to have been chosen merely as pretty and poetical, derived perhaps from a village so named in Wiltshire; two others take their names from the poem; one Auburn is in America, and the other forms the residence of Mr. Hogan, nearly opposite Lissoy, the abode of Goldsmith's father, and is of comparatively recent erection. That village is no doubt the spot which furnished the chief scenery of the poem, an opinion which was early formed as already stated in a former page of this work. His sisters, Mrs. Hodson and Mrs. Johnson, traced many of their brother's stories, sketches and characters, to his own adventures, or to places and persons in the neighbourhood. Auburn was at once pronounced by these ladies to be Lissoy, and their father the village preacher; and in this belief all the residents in the vicinity have concurred.

"This place," (Lissoy,) says Dr. Strean, who, having been curate of Kilkenny West, enjoyed the same amount of salary as Henry Goldsmith, forty pounds a year, "is certainly the Auburn of the poet. The inhabitants there at that time, their characters and the situation of the country, then and now, prove this;" and he enters into details which the writer has verified by personal observation.

"With respect to Auburn," writes the Rev. Mr. Handcock, in letters now before the writer, dated Athlone, October 30th, and December 1st, 1790, addressed to the late Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq., of Dublin, "there is a place within six miles of this town, where Oliver Goldsmith's father lived many years, 'the village preacher,' where Oliver himself was born, and passed his youth —and where I am assured he took the history, and I know he took the scenery, of his Deserted Village. All this a nephew of Goldsmith and two of his sisters, now living here, assure me he has acknowledged to them." Again he says (December 1st of the same year)—

"I wished to give you the fullest information, and this could not be done at the fire-side. I did not indeed complete my own information of Goldsmith's history until this day, when, in a conversation of three hours with his sister, I was confirmed in what before I could not fully persuade myself of, namely, that Lissoy was the scene of his Deserted Village.

"In order to be accurate in the description you require of the place, I rode there immediately on receipt of your letter; it is a snug farm-house in view of the high road, to which a straight avenue leads with double rows of ash trees, six miles N. E. of this town. The farm is still held under the Naper family by a nephew of Goldsmith, at present in America. In the front view of the house is the 'decent church' of Kilkenny West, that literally 'tops the neighbouring hill;' and in a circuit of not more than half a mile diameter around the house, are 'the never failing brook,' 'the busy mill,' 'the hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,' 'the brook with mantling cresses spread,' 'the straggling fence that skirts the way, with blossomed furze unprofitably gay,' 'the thorn that lifts its head on high, where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,' 'the house where nut brown draughts inspired,' in short every striking object in the picture. There are besides many ruined houses in the neighbourhood, bespeaking a better state of population than at present.

"The history of the place is, that at the return of the late General Naper from Germany, the leases of his estate which had been parcelled into small farms being then expired, he dislodged in general the old tenantry, in order to furnish an extensive demesne to his house, which is not far distant.

"In the house at Lissoy, lived Goldsmith's father, at first curate to an uncle named Green, and 'passing rich on forty pounds a year.' After the death of the incumbent he obtained the living. This gentleman and his wife were the genuine Dr. and Mrs. Primrose. Though a man of learning, there are many laughable instances of his simplicity and ignorance of mankind recorded in the neighbourhood to this day. Here Goldsmith was instructed in the first stage of his learning."

So far the identity of Auburn and Lissoy is considered certain by such as are best acquainted with the neighbourhood. The incident alluded to by Mr. Handcock, and said to form the groundwork of the poem has been adverted to in a preceding chapter, but is thus more specifically told.

Lieut. Gen. Robert Naper, so spelt in the law documents of the time, though now written Napier, who is represented to have returned from Vigo in Spain with a large fortune, purchased, as has been stated, the adjoining lands. In erecting a residence, and forming a demesne around it, the habitations of some, as is alleged, respectable tenants, and several of the peasantry, stood in the way, and being unwilling to remove for his convenience, were at length after much resistance, all excepting the Goldsmith family, ejected for non-payment of rent. Their houses were pulled down and the park enlarged to a circumference of nine miles; but so great was the indignation of the people at the proceeding, that on the general's death, which occurred soon afterwards, they assembled in a tumultuous manner, assailed the house, destroyed much of the property in and around it, and among other things the plantations, to the value of £5000.

Such is the story; but stories of this description in Ireland, after the lapse of a few years, must be taken with certain allowances for heat and misrepresentation; and, after some trouble taken in the enquiry, we may be induced to believe that if not wholly untrue it is highly exaggerated. The original estate, on reference to papers connected with its purchase, was six hundred acres; to this, on the death of the general, who seems to have died before the contract was finished, was added nearly six hundred more, and had the whole been converted into demesne, which from other documents we know was not the case, it could not have embraced any thing like a circumference of nine miles. The house, moreover, is of very moderate size, not at all of dimensions requiring such an extent of park; the high road likewise from Athlone to Ballymahon, a few smaller cross roads, the house of Goldsmith's father, which could not be disturbed, the mill to which he alludes in the poem, and a variety of other objects, if not natural obstacles, stand much less than a mile from the house so said to be built or begun by General Naper, and would necessarily interfere with his design. Neither, had he been tyrannically disposed, was the Goldsmith family at his mercy; their tenure by the terms of the lease, as already stated, was "for ever" on the fulfilment of the moderate conditions therein stated; and the original possessor was Mr. Newstead, not General Naper.

The truth probably was that the general in entering upon his new purchase in a rude and disturbed country, found the occupiers of the soil disposed, as is too commonly the case in Ireland, to consider themselves its freeholders, and scarcely liable on any plea or even provocation to be disturbed. That he could procure no rent the story admits; being necessarily driven to process of law to compel payment, the act was revenged by those barbarous outrages which are as common on such occasions at the present day as at remote periods. When once removed, their habitations, which are commonly of the rudest description, may have been razed to prevent a repetition of such scenes.

So far it is possible the offence of the proprietor extended; but the wanton destruction of a thriving or pretty village in a country where such are carefully encouraged by all proprietors of lands, is wholly improbable. Popular opinion, however, always inclines to the weaker side; and the circumstances, if true only in the smallest degree, were calculated to make a strong impression upon a mind like that of Goldsmith, generous in its impulses, but not always discriminating in its judgments. These being retained and revolved with all the tenacity of early impressions, would readily acquire that tone of exaggeration, capable of transforming, for the purposes of poetry, a group of mud cabins into a beautiful village; and perhaps their turbulent and vindictive occupants, into injured, and innocent, and expatriated peasants. Any similar story heard by him in England would recall the razed village of his native land; and without allusion to Ireland, which he might think likely to diminish its interest in the eye of an English reader, his sketch would partake, as we really find it, of the characteristics of both countries.

The details of the poem sufficiently show that he had each occasionally in view; the picture is neither wholly from imagination, nor wholly from reality; from any one place, or from any one division of the kingdom; but from the remembrance or observation of many circumstances belonging to either island, which with the skill of a poet are worked up into a perfect whole. Thus the flourishing state of trade, the influx of wealth and luxury, the song of the nightingale, and many other incidental details, hold good only of England. On the other hand, the stream of emigration which has for a century largely and steadily flowed towards America, and much of the local scenery and objects, belong to Ireland.

The allusions bearing upon Lissoy are numerous; the following are supposed to apply to the Sundays or numerous holidays, usually kept in Roman catholic countries.

"How often have I blessed the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play."

To the succeeding are traced the origin of the poem—

——————"The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up the space that many poor supplied,—
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds."

The general character of the adjoining country, particularly in the rear of the house, being a plain, Auburn is appropriately characterised "loveliest village of the plain." As the scene of enjoyment in early life, and of boyish delights, he with equal truth and affection calls them—

"Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green!"

And again—

"How often have I paused on every charm!"

Personal allusions such as these may be admissible in poetry not strictly meant to be accurately descriptive, yet, taken with the context, their application to the feelings and circumstances of the writer is perfectly compatible with the fact.

"The never-failing brook, the busy mill,"

are found in a hollow, the road to which lies at the end of the village in a turning to the left as we proceed from his paternal residence; the stream which moves it is small, and the mill of rude construction, and of the overshot kind; but he may have had also in view that of Ballymahon, which existed at that period above the bridge of that town, and where afterwards he was known to spend many hours.

"The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill,"

was that in which his father officiated, crowning a height of gentle elevation in front of their residence, and, though distant about a mile, from its conspicuous situation constantly in their eye.

Such an object was not likely to escape his recollection. The term *decent* is that perhaps which describes it most exactly; being clean and very homely, without pretension to any other quality. Between it and the house lies a valley occupied by a sheet of water, alluded to probably in the line—

"The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

Another natural object—

"The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers, made,"

was larger than ordinary trees of that description, with surrounding seats as here represented; it rose with a double trunk, shaded a considerable portion of ground opposite the alehouse, and, from being at the confluence of two roads, presented sufficient space for the evening assemblages of the villagers, described as having

"Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree."

The selection of a "hawthorn bush," so rarely of sufficient dimensions to perform the office here assigned, when so many nobler tenants of the forest affording ampler shade and more majesty of description for his verse, were at poetical command to use on the occasion, is considered another proof of the identity of the spot from which the picture was drawn. The celebrity of this tree has been fatal to it. The material objects immortalised by poets are too frequently sacrificed to the admiration they excite, as if spoliation were the truest test of devotion in the eyes of admirers; and poetry thus seems, like the unnatural mother of mythology, content to prey upon her own offspring. Every traveller hither for a period of forty years, carried away a portion of the tree as a relic either of the poem or of his pilgrimage; when the branches had been destroyed, the trunks were attacked; and when these disappeared, even the roots were partially dug up, so that in 1820, scarcely a vestige remained either above or below ground, notwithstanding a resident gentleman by building round it endeavoured to prevent its utter extermination. At the period of the writer's visit (1830) a very tender shoot had again forced its way to the surface, which he, in imitation of so many other inconsiderate idlers, felt disposed to seize upon as a memorial of his visit; but if permitted to remain, though this is unlikely, may renew the honours paid to its predecessor.

Opposite the remains of the hawthorn stands the alehouse—

——"where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,"

still appropriated to its original use, chiefly by the care of Mr. Hogan, who repaired or rebuilt it after being long in a state of decay. By the same hand it was supplied with the sign of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," with new copies of the "twelve good rules," and the "royal game of goose," not omitting even the—

——"broken tea-cups wisely kept for show
Ranged o'er the chimney glistened in a row,"—

which for better security in the frail tenure of an Irish publican, or the doubtful decorum of his guests, were embedded in the mortar. Most of these have again disappeared, sacrifices to the love of relics, and sold no doubt to admiring visiters as the originals referred to in the poem; even the sign is no longer to be seen, removed either by cupidity or the ravages of time.

The allusions to America, as the destined home of voluntary exiles, who

——"took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,"

are in perfect keeping with truth, the late celebrated John Wesley having remarked the large efflux of persons thither from Ireland as far back as the year 1770, though it prevailed at a much earlier period. Indeed, whenever by the alleged cupidity of landlords, the rivalry of other tenants, or their own imprudence, the lower class of Irish become unsettled, they seldom refix permanently in another part of their own country, or even in England or Scotland, but commonly seek a distant, and, as they are led to believe, a more advantageous settlement in the new world.

The pathetic lines—

——"Yon widowed solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,"

are supposed to apply to a female named Catherine Geraghty, whom the poet had known in earlier and better days, and who was well remembered by some of the inhabitants when Dr. Strean served the curacy of the parish. The brook and ditches near the spot where her cabin stood, still furnish cresses, and several of her descendants reside in the neighbourhood.

To his own instructer, Thomas Byrne, is supposed to belong the description of a personage so important to youth.

"There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school."

But the portrait, though good as a general sketch, wants that individuality which, from the actual peculiarities of the person in question, might have been given it; one probable characteristic, however, is retained—

"While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around."

The school-house is still shown; here there may be some straining of fact as to identity, for no place built expressly for such purpose having existed at that time, the common cottages which are constructed loosely of mud and stone would have crumbled long ere this, few of them without great care attaining the age of a century.

No lines in the poem point more strongly to the abode of his youth, than,

"Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest."

In the immediate vicinity of the village, and in more than one direction, is found a considerable portion of water; a river, likewise, with several small lakes, pools, and marsh lands, lie around Ballymahon, to which is now added the course of the grand canal from Dublin; to several of these water-fowl continue to resort, and among others the bird which he has thought proper to notice in the foregoing lines. In the opening of the sixth volume of Animated Nature, it is thus poetically adverted to, with the effects of its call upon the minds of the villagers.

"Those who have walked in an evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers, must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl: the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe. But of all these sounds, there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard this evening call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like an interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters.

* * * * *

I remember in the place where I was a boy with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village; they considered it as the presage of some sad event; and generally found or made one to succeed it. I do not speak ludicrously; but if any person in the neighbourhood died, they supposed it could not be otherwise, for the night-raven had foretold it; but if nobody happened to die, the death of a cow or sheep gave completion to the prophecy."

The primitive state of manners implied by the description of the village clergyman's fire-side, where the "long remembered beggar," "the ruined spendthrift," and "the broken soldier," figure as guests, is exclusively Irish. Beggars are a privileged class in that country, particularly in rural districts, where the want of poor laws to provide for the destitute, the aged, and the infirm, imparts a prescriptive claim amounting nearly to a right, to the compassion of the poorer and middling classes of people, upon whom the burden of maintaining them almost exclusively falls. The epithet, "long remembered," is thus strictly correct; for the same persons are seen for a series of years to traverse the same tract of country at certain intervals, intrude into every house which is not defended by the usual outworks of wealth, a gate and a porter's lodge, exact their portion of the food of the family, and even find an occasional resting-place for the night, or from severe weather, in the chimney-corner of respectable farmers.

French versions of this poem have appeared both in prose and verse. Among the latter was a paraphrase by the Chevalier Rudlidge, in two cantos, octavo, 1772, called *Le Retour du Philosophe, ou La Village Abandonné*, for which Goldsmith returned the writer his thanks; an imitation called *Le Village Détruit*, by M. Léonard, whose name has been already mentioned as an imitator of the Hermit; another by M. Monvels; a complete translation, though of indifferent execution, by a writer with the initials M. P. A. L., in 1805; but of these the affecting muse of M. Léonard, as the French critics say, for the writer has not met with it, gives the truest idea of the English poem. The collection of Madame de la Borde, called *Divers Poemes imités de l'Anglais*, 1785, contains translations in prose of the Deserted Village and the Traveller. The character of the village schoolmaster has been closely imitated by De Lille in *L'Homme des Champs*.

Several journals of the day, it has been observed, were made the vehicles of praise or dispraise of the poem.

One of the topics particularly adverted to by readers and critics, was the intimation dropped by the poet, of forsaking the pursuit of an art which is plainly stated to have proved of an unprofitable kind. A general interest was expressed on this occasion, by all the admirers of his poetical talents: the reviews joined the newspapers in their regrets—and a variety of petitions were thrown out to prevail upon him not to carry his threat into execution. "We hope," was the general strain of supplication, "for the honour of the art and the pleasure of the public, Dr. Goldsmith will retract his farewell to poetry, and give us other opportunities of doing justice to his merit."

Among other evidences of the popularity of the poem were imitations of the title and subject. Thus, "The Village Oppressed; a Poem—Dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith," and "The Frequented Village; a Poem—Dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith," soon appeared—both authors proud of his acquaintance, and proud likewise to tell the world of the honour they enjoyed. It may be doubted whether he was equally proud of his disciples, neither of whom were proficients in the art of poetry, as will be obvious from the complimentary and concluding part of the latter production, the better of the two, "by a Gentleman of the Middle Temple," who was so impressed by the danger of surreptitious copies of his work being put into circulation, that he "begs to sign the initials of his name, 'B. K.' in each copy."

"Accept, dear Goldsmith, these ingenuous lines,
Whose generous breast no thought but truth confines;
Whose page instructive, as harmonious, found,
A bright example sheds its light around.
To thee unfledged my tender muse would soar,
Secured of thine what praises wish I more?
Whose pensive ruins, sadly colour'd, tell,
That once a people happily did dwell,
Whose desert waste and unfrequented spot,
Proclaim a village lost, forlorn, forgot."

The four concluding lines of the poem were supplied by Dr. Johnson, who, in looking it over while preparing for the press, conceived they furnished a more appropriate termination—

"That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away:
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

[See Boswell, vol. ii. p. 309.

CHAPTER XX.

Requested to write in support of the ministry—Newspaper wit—Life of Parnell—Excursion to Paris—Abridgment of Roman History—Life of Bolingbroke—Opinion of Rowley's Poems—Haunch of venison.

The attention drawn to his farewell to poetry appeared to answer the object for which it was probably written: that of hinting the impracticability of pursuing an art

in which he gave so much pleasure, without having other pecuniary means than his literary labours furnished, of acquiring the necessary leisure for that purpose; and a public provision was thought of by his friends.

An impression of being neglected, there is no doubt, had for some time taken root in his mind. He became irritable, from the constant drudgery of writing; and from the same cause experienced occasional attacks of a very painful complaint, which were usually succeeded by fits of despondency—and these held up to an exciting imagination the probability of being deprived, by advancing infirmity, of the power of contributing to his own support. A considerable share of public favour and applause added something perhaps to the opinion of his own deserts. Next to Johnson, he occupied the largest share of public attention in popular literature. On topics of criticism and polite letters, his name frequently occurs in the periodical works of the day, in conjunction with the latter, and appeals were made conjointly to their judgment. His works had acquired the highest reputation; and the state of his pecuniary circumstances, when known, induced the hope of sharing in the bounty that had pensioned Johnson, Sheridan, and Shebbeare, and found means, if not of pensioning, at least of being liberal to Murphy, Kelly, and others.

Allusions to his poverty occur in many parts of his writings, and he was equally unreserved in conversation. To poetry he says, emphatically,

"That found'st me *poor* at first and keep'st me so."

Writing to Mr. Bennet Langton, in 1771, in speaking of his labours in Natural History, we have the admission—"God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances." In the preface to that history, in allusion to the expense as well as the labour it cost him, we are told, "I have taxed my scanty circumstances in procuring books, which are on this subject of all others the most expensive." To the Earl of Lisburn, who once addressed him at a dinner at the Royal Academy, with a complimentary notice of his poetical talents, and an enquiry whether the world was to be favoured by a new production of his genius, he jocularly replied, "My lord, I cannot afford to court the draggle-tail muses—they will let me starve; but by pursuing plain prose, I can make shift to eat, and drink, and wear good clothes."

No other notice of the hints thus dropped was taken by the dispensers of national bounty, than an attempt made some months afterwards to engage him, through the means of one of their most active agents, in support of the ministry, which was then hard pressed by the opposition in parliament, and by Junius, Wilkes, and a variety of other political writers out of it: so that his reward, or expected reward, was thus to be made dependent, not on his literary, but on his political services.

This proposal he had the courage to decline. The fact of its having been made, seems to be placed beyond doubt by the bearer of it. The Rev. Dr. Scott, well known as a warm political partisan of the day, and a constant writer in the newspapers, under a variety of signatures, particularly Anti-Sejanus, Panurge, and others,* having communicated the fact to living witnesses.† To one of these, Mr. Basil Montagu, to whom the public is indebted for matters of much more importance, the writer is obliged for the anecdote. It exhibits the very different tone of feeling between the poet, though poor, and the reverend and prosperous politician, the studious scholar, and the veteran man of the world; and the former perhaps deserves the more credit for his independence, when we consider that in complying with the request he would have been advancing not only his worldly interests, but supporting his avowed political principles, which were nearly similar to those of Dr. Johnson.

"A few months," writes Mr. Montagu, "before the death of Dr. Scott, author of Anti-Sejanus and other political tracts in support of Lord North's administration, I happened to dine with him, in company with my friend Sir George Tuthill, who was the doctor's physician. After dinner, Dr. Scott mentioned, as matter of astonishment, and a proof of the folly of men who are, according to common opinion, ignorant of the world, that *he* was once sent with a *carte blanche* from the ministry to Oliver Goldsmith, to induce him to write in favour of the administration. "I found him," said the doctor, "in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple; I told him my authority. I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions—and, would you believe it! he was so absurd as to say—'*I can earn as much as will supply my wants, without writing for any party; the assistance therefore you offer, is unnecessary to me*,'—and so I left him," added Dr. Scott, "in his garret."

The purport of this interview soon came to the knowledge of his friends, by whom it was probably mentioned in conversation to others; for threats were occasionally held forth to him in the newspapers, if he should become a retainer of the ministry. Among the more authoritative exhortations thus published, and which is said to have been sent him privately, is the following: it seems to proceed from one to whom his hope of receiving a portion of that royal bounty extended to so many others, his inferiors in literary merit, was evidently not unknown. But the persuasive it contained, to despise extraneous assistance, and to depend solely on his own resources for support, as if literature was either an easy or a lucrative profession, or one such as required no other encouragement than praise—for little more than praise could be earned by poetry, to which this writer points, is one of those gratuitous pieces of advice, which those who commonly give, would deem it exceedingly inconsiderate, or a proof of great self-denial in themselves to follow.

"A friend to Dr. Goldsmith's great merit as a writer, and worth as a man, hopes he will avail himself of the candid and generous treatment he meets with from the public. Their favour he will at all times find to be the best of pensions; and if the doctor thinks rightly, he will pay a strict regard to his reputation, by avoiding the stigma which literary men too often fix upon themselves, that of betraying the interests of their country for base and scandalous pay.

"There is no need to point out by name the spaniels to power; they are sufficiently known and despised: but the tool of a minister, the drudge of a bookseller, or the compiler of temporising histories, are characters beneath Dr. Goldsmith's genius and principles to stoop to. He has luckily, too, no share in a patent to make him mean or avaricious; nor would he, as it is believed, desert the cause of science to become the sparrow and beshaw of a declining theatre. There is a nobler field before the doctor; let him till it. And may that public, who are to reap the fruits of that culture, continue to reward him!"

Akin to the disinterestedness which induced him to refuse the proposal from the ministry, the following story is told. Having received, for the Deserted Village, a note for one hundred guineas, he was told by a friend whom he met when returning from the bookseller, that it was a large sum for a short performance; and seeming to be of the same opinion, by the remark, "that it was more perhaps than the honest man could afford," he returned and delivered it up.

Whether true or not, the anecdote sufficiently conveys the general opinion formed of his probity and generosity; but its authenticity is at least doubtful. A bookseller scarcely requires to be instructed by a stranger about the amount to be given for a poem written by a popular writer, the merit of which was obvious to any critical eye; and Goldsmith was commonly too much in want of money to relinquish, without further and convincing reasons, what must have been voluntarily given as the reward of his labours. Had the sale been such as to prove a loss to the purchaser, he would no doubt have reimbursed him in another way; but of the value of the time and labour expended upon the work, the severe and repeated revisions it had undergone, producing so near an approach to perfection as to occasion little or no alteration in successive editions, he could not be ignorant. Poems are not to be judged, as the supposed remark of this friend would imply, by their length, but by their excellence. The former is indeed sometimes a vulgar criterion of merit, and it might perhaps escape from one of the persons whom his good nature, not their own merits or intelligence, admitted to occasional intimacy. The whole sum received for this poem is supposed not to have been more than one hundred guineas.

The precise sum received for it appears not to have been known among what is called the *trade*—for Cadell, who was connected with Goldsmith in some literary transactions, did not know the amount. In Hannah More's correspondence, it appears that he offered her the same sum for *Sir Eldred of the Bower* as was received for the *Deserted Village*, if she could find it out—a striking proof of the very different value of poetry in the literary market and in Parnassus; for no one of critical discrimination, least of all, the ingenious authoress, would have ventured to compare them in the scale of merit.

The names of Johnson and Goldsmith were so commonly united, that when one became the sport of newspaper wit, the other rarely escaped.* The former was callous to any thing of this description; but the Irish poet being known to be sensitive, many of the inferior writers, from envy or love of mischief, took delight in teasing him by their jests and ridicule.

On one of these occasions, Johnson and he were represented as the Pedant and his flatterer, in Love's Labour Lost. Goldsmith, whose dignity was offended by the imputation, came to his friend, complaining of their insolence, and vowing vengeance against the printer, until Johnson, impatient of the subject, cried out at last, "Why, what wouldst thou have, dear doctor? Who the plague is hurt with all this nonsense? And how is a man the worse, I wonder, in his health, purse, or character, for being called *Holofernes?*" "I do not know," replied the poet, with some readiness, "how you may relish being called Holofernes, but I do not like at least to play *Goodman Dull*."

Mrs. Piozzi, who relates the anecdote, gives no reference to the article that produced it, which however the writer has discovered.† The wit is neither very new nor sparkling. The author of it, through the convenient medium of a dream, attends a fancied auction, where a bookseller, acting as auctioneer, is supposed to put up the literati of the day to sale, and the literary friends are thus described, beginning with Johnson.

Auctioneer. "This is the Leviathan of Literature—the Colossus Doctor—and his friend, the head of the press: a technical pair, fit to fill up any lady's library. The first was secretary to Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, but turning out both an *Idler* and a *Rambler*, and giving many *False Alarms* to the city, by which he frightened into fits the Queen Irene, he was immediately ordered to be sold by public auction.

"His companion was thought a *Good-natured Man*, till he injured the *Vicar of Wakefield* by deluding the poor priest with a false *Prospect of Society*; since which he has crawled among the ruins of a *Deserted Village*, and employed his time in castrating the *Roman History*. These are the literary Castor and Pollux; the benevolent, celebrious, convivial associates; the incomprehensible Holofernes and the impenetrable *Goodman Dull*. Gentlemen, say something for this concatenated couple. Six shillings—zounds—that the originals should not fetch the price of one of their smallest works! Going for six shillings—the immaculate cotemporaries for six shillings! Sixpence more—for six and sixpence, going. These voluminous folios of pomposity, for six and sixpence—going, going—gone!

"Nothing astonished me so much as the price of these invaluable geniuses. I did at least imagine they would

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* In the Public Advertiser, April 6th, 1770, there is a coarse and abusive squib, addressed "To the Rev. Anti-Sejanus, alias the Rev. Mr. Slyboots, alias the Rev. Mr. * * *, chaplain to the pious Jemmy Twitcher," (Lord Sandwich, who was known by this name.) This was Dr. Scott.

† Since this was written, Sir George Tuthill has died.

* Johnson was frequently the subject of a squib, in allusion either to his personal peculiarities, his politics, or his pension. In one, he is announced (ironically, of course) to appear in the character of *Sir Charles Easy*, and Goldsmith in that of *Common Sense*. In another, he is represented, in allusion to the pension, as Hercules slaying the Hesperian Dragon, and receiving his *reward*. Again, in a squib against the ministry, where each is recommended to fill a place at variance with their supposed characters, he finds a place as *Governor of Falkland Islands*. In a mock will of Wilkes, among other satirical bequests, there is,—"To my dear wife, my love—to Mrs. Catharine M'Auley, my breeches;" "to Dr. Samuel Johnson, *my politeness*." These are only a few out of a great number.

† St. James's Chronicle, June 14th, 1770.

have fetched ten times as much as the Gentle Naso,* but I find sound sense and heavy judgment is not the present taste of the present age."

About the middle of June, he brought out the Life of Parnell, prefixed to an edition of his works. The facts contained in the memoir are few, which induced Johnson to say, "Goldsmith's Life of Parnell is poor—not that it is poorly written, but that he had poor materials." Whether he used much diligence in adding to the existing stock, may be doubted, though obligations are confessed to the nephew of the poet, Sir John Parnell; but no reference appears, from what we find in it, to have been made to his daughter, who was then living. We are consequently uninformed of the private life, the domestic habits and manners, the origin, accidental or otherwise, of his productions—the space of time they occupied in the composition, when they were published, or his mode of study—in short, of all those circumstances that go to make up a life, not merely domestic, but literary, and which a daughter might be thought capable and desirous of furnishing. When biography fails to interest us, it commonly fails from this cause. All our knowledge of Parnell's residence in Ireland, where, notwithstanding his love of England, much time must necessarily have been passed, is confined to the fact of disliking his neighbourhood. But biography, at the time he lived and in all previous periods, was too much neglected by cotemporaries in both countries—surprisingly so, considering its importance—and the omission is now difficult, more especially in Ireland, to repair. It was, perhaps, with a feeling of personal application, that Goldsmith, from what he himself experienced, was induced to make the following remarks on the public character of his subject. "A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention. His real merits are known to but a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour."

The edition he produced, contained chiefly the poems published by Pope, who, selecting from the papers of his friend such only as were thought the best, suppressed others of less value. Several of these, afterwards published, were questioned as to their authenticity and merit, and have been usually disregarded. Goldsmith did the same; but he or his publisher—for it is doubtful whether Davies did not introduce them on his authority—added two pieces, *Piety, or the Vision*, and *Bacchus*, with the Life of Zoilus, and his supposed remarks on Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice, intended as satires on the critics, Dennis and Theobald.

On the principal pieces, he gives a few critical observations, which Dr. Johnson, in the Lives of the Poets, remarks, it would not be safe to contradict. All his opinions, however, were not equally well received. For an indirect preference of the *Night-piece on Death* to Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, which is thus expressed, "it deserves every praise, and I should suppose, with very little amendment, might be made to surpass all those night pieces and churchyard scenes that have since appeared," he received a very sharp rebuke from one of the professional critics, as being "blind to all excellence but his own;" while Johnson likewise adds, in preference of the English bard, that "Gray has the advantage of dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment."

The fame of Parnell rests on the Hermit, one of the most beautiful poems in our language; the Rise of Woman, the Fairy Tale, and the Allegory on Man, are perhaps next in merit. His characteristics are ease, sweetness, and simplicity, which belong likewise with some higher qualities to Goldsmith himself, who seems in these respects to have superseded him in public estimation—for the Hermit, though not forgotten, is less read than formerly. The remarks of David Hume on the subject of simplicity, as applicable to this poet, exhibit just taste and correct criticism with regard to his art, and deserve to be quoted as explaining to inferior critics the origin of much of the popularity belonging to Goldsmith.

"Those compositions which we read the oftenest and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lies in a point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word, in Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first."

Towards the end of July, he joined Mrs. and the Misses Horneck in an excursion to Paris. To this journey there is an allusion, in a letter of Miss Moser, afterwards Mrs. Lloyd, daughter of the keeper of the Royal Academy, addressed to Fuseli, then at Rome.

"Some of the literati of the Royal Academy were much disappointed, as they could not obtain diplomas; but the secretary, who is above trifles, has since made a very flattering compliment to the Academy, in the preface to his Travels: the professor of History is comforted by the success of his 'Deserted Village,' which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Horneck and her fair daughters, and is gone to France; and Dr. Johnson sips his tea, and cares not for the vanity of the world."

Immediately after disembarking at Calais, he wrote the following lively sketch of the first few incidents that occurred on reaching the French shore, which has caused some regret that his letters were not more diligently continued.

"To Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"My dear friend,—We had a very quick passage from Dover to Calais, which we performed in three hours and twenty minutes, all of us extremely sea-sick, which must necessarily have happened, as my machine to prevent sea-sickness was not completed. We were glad to leave Dover, because we hated to be imposed upon—so were in high spirits at coming to Calais, where we were told that a little money would go a great way.

"Upon landing two little trunks, which was all we carried with us, we were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship, to lay their hands upon them: four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held the hasps; and in this manner our little baggage was conducted with a kind of funeral solemnity, until it was safely lodged at the custom-house. We were well enough pleased with the people's civility until they came to be paid. Every creature that had the happiness of but touching our trunks with their finger, expected sixpence; and they had so pretty and civil a manner of demanding it that there was no refusing them.

"When we had done with the porters, we had next to speak with the custom-house officers, who had their pretty, civil way, too. We were directed to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where a valet de place came to offer his service, and spoke to me ten minutes before I once found out that he was speaking English. We had no occasion for his services, so we gave him a little money because he spoke English, and because he wanted it. I cannot help mentioning another circumstance: I bought a new riband for my wig, at Canterbury, and the barber at Calais broke it, in order to gain sixpence by buying me a new one."

It was on this journey, that the story printed by Boswell, of his exhibiting extreme jealousy of the admiration shown towards his young and beautiful companions, as if this were injustice to the distinction he thought due only to himself, first originated. Northcote, in the Life of Reynolds, has repeated the tale, with additional circumstances, tending to confirm its truth, such as, that "the town was Antwerp," "that the populace surrounded the door of the hotel, and testified a desire to see those beautiful young women."

The absurdity of a man, not absolutely an idiot, being jealous, from motives of personal vanity, of the admiration excited by his female friends, seems so incredible as scarcely to require contradiction. But, having been believed and often quoted, in the case of Goldsmith, the writer, after examining the matter closely, being satisfied of the incorrectness of the story, had written a page or two in disproof of its reality, when further trouble was saved him by an interview with Northcote, who, voluntarily alluding to the anecdote, expressed his regret that a statement so injurious to the poet, and which more correct information from the best authority had satisfied him was untrue, should have received further circulation by his means. From the same unquestionable source that he received the contradiction, namely, from that of one of the ladies who was the principal party concerned, and who still, to the delight of her friends, survives to tell the story, the writer a few days afterwards received the following account:

Having visited part of Flanders, they were proceeding to Paris, by the way of Lisle, when, in the vicinity of the hotel at which they put up, a part of the garrison going through some military manœuvres drew them to the windows, when the gallantry of the officers broke forth into a variety of compliments, intended for the ears of the English ladies. Goldsmith seemed amused; but at length, assuming something of severity of countenance, which was a peculiarity of his humour often displayed when most disposed to be jocular, turned off, uttering something to the effect of what is commonly stated, that elsewhere he would also have his admirers. "This," added my informant, "was said in mere playfulness—and I was shocked, many years afterwards, to see it adduced in print, as a proof of his envious disposition."

Of Paris, the same lady states, he soon became tired, the celebrity of his name, and the recent success of his poem, not insuring that attention from its literary circles which the applause received at home induced him to expect. A letter of his written from Paris to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at this time, is still in existence, and records his distaste to France, and almost every thing French; hints at the different impressions made on the mind, by traveling at twenty (though he was twenty-seven when formerly in France) and at forty; wishes that the period of their sojourn had expired; and even projects the plot of a comedy, to expose the folly of an English family going to France with the hope of living cheaply. With the same grave kind of humour as exhibited in the anecdote of the ladies at Lisle, and which, on other occasions, was mistaken by such as did not know him for serious discontent, he tells of one of his *bon mots* not being appreciated by his companions. For this letter, which also adverts to the too familiar topic with him of pecuniary difficulty, the reader is indebted to the politeness of Mr. Singer.

"To Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Paris, July 29th, (1770.)

"My dear friend,—I began a long letter to you from Lisle, giving a description of all that we had done and seen, but finding it very dull, and knowing that you would show it again, I threw it aside, and it was lost. You see, by the top of this letter, that we are at Paris, and (as I have often heard you say) we have brought our own amusement with us, for the ladies do not seem to be very fond of what we have yet seen.

"With regard to myself, I find that traveling at twenty and at forty, are very different things. I set out, with all my confirmed habits about me, and can find nothing on the continent so good as when I formerly left it. One of our chief amusements here is scolding at every thing we meet with, and praising every thing and every person we left at home. You may judge, therefore, whether your name is not frequently bandied at table among us. To tell you the truth, I never thought I could regret your absence so much as our various mortifications on the road have often taught me to do. I could tell you of disasters and adventures without number, of our lying in barns, and of my being half poisoned with a dish of green peas, of our quarreling with postilions, and being cheated by our landladies; but I reserve all this for a happy hour, which I expect to share with you, upon my return.

"I have little to tell you more, but that we are at present all well, and expect returning when we have stayed out one month, which I did not care if it were over this very day. I long to hear from you all, how you yourself do, how Johnson, Burke, Dyer, Chamier, Colman, and every one of the club, do. I wish I could send you some amusement in this letter, but I protest I am so stupified by the air of this country (for I am sure it

* Who was meant by the Gentle Naso, does not appear: Cumberland, Macpherson, Major Topham, and others, figure in this supposed catalogue of sale.

cannot be natural) that I have not a word to say. I have been thinking of the plot of a comedy which shall be entitled A Journey to Paris, in which a family shall be introduced with a full intention of going to France to save money. You know there is not a place in the world more promising for that purpose. As for the meat of this country, I can scarce eat it, and though we pay two good shillings a head for our dinner, I find it all so tough that I have spent less time with my knife than my pick-tooth. I said this as a good thing at table, but it was not understood. I believe it to be a good thing.

"As for our intended journey to Devonshire, I find it out of my power to perform it, for, as soon as I arrive at Dover, I intend to let the ladies go on, and I will take a country lodging somewhere near that place, in order to do some business. I have so outrun the constable, that I must mortify a little to bring it up again. For God's sake, the night you receive this, take your pen in your hand, and tell me something about yourself, and myself, if you know of any thing that has happened. About Miss Reynolds, about Mr. Bickerstaff, my nephew, or any body that you regard. I beg you will send to Griffin, the bookseller, to know if there be any letters left for me, and be so good as to send them to me at Paris. They may perhaps be left for me at the Porter's Lodge, opposite the pump in Temple lane. The same messenger will do. I expect one from Lord Clare, from Ireland. As for the others, I am not much uneasy about.

"Is there any thing I can do for you at Paris? I wish you would tell me. The whole of my own purchases here is one silk coat, which I have put on, and which makes me look like a fool. But no more of that. I find that Colman has gained his lawsuit. I am glad of it. I suppose you often meet. I will soon be among you, better pleased with my situation at home than I ever was before. And yet I must say that if any thing could make France pleasant, the very good women with whom I am at present would certainly do it. I could say more about that, but I intend showing them the letter before I send it away. What signifies teazing you longer with moral observations, when the business of my writing is over. I have one thing only more to say, and of that I think every hour in the day, namely, that I am your most

"Sincere and most affectionate friend,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Direct to me at the Hotel de Danemarc,
Rue Jacob, Fauxbourg St. Germains."

Some portion of this impatience to be gone, arose from a gentleman joining the party, to whom he afterwards gave an epitaph in Retaliation.

"Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper,
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser,
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser;
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat,—
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that;
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!
Then what was his failing? Come tell it, and burn ye,—
He was, could he help it? a special attorney."

These lines, with the delicate dexterity shown in sketching nearly all the characters in that production, hint more than they express; at least, when at Paris, they were not so well acquainted as afterwards, and neither the mind nor manners of Mr. Hickey were deemed the most polished—neither was he a favourite otherwise with the party; but being well acquainted with the French capital, served the purpose of a useful acquaintance. Goldsmith, whose foibles he could see without being able to appreciate his genius, had at this time, from several slight disagreements, taken a dislike to him, and wished to accelerate the departure either of himself or the visiter.

The sense of his own imperfections, in a religious point of view, was shown in a way to which allusion has been already made. During the stay of his friends in the French capital, few opportunities having offered of attending the service of the church of England, Mrs. Horneck more than once requested Goldsmith to read the morning service. His reply invariably was, "I should be happy to oblige you, my dear madam, but in truth I do not think myself good enough."

His emulative spirit, or desire to excel in feats of activity, which had gained him some reputation in Ireland, was here productive of rather a ludicrous result, communicated from another quarter. Being with a party at Versailles viewing the water-works, a question arose among the gentlemen present, whether the distance from whence they stood to one of the little islands, was within the compass of a leap. Goldsmith maintained the affirmative, but being bantered on the subject, and remembering his former prowess as a youth, attempted the leap, but falling short, descended into the water, to the great amusement of the company.*

At the end of six weeks, he returned with his friends to England. Soon afterwards, when dining with Mr. (or Counsellor) Ridge, whom, in Retaliation, he characterises as "Anchovy," in St. James's street, he was asked by that gentleman, in allusion to a projected excursion of mutual friends, whether traveling on the continent made up to an Englishman, by its novelty and interest, for the sacrifices which it required of his accustomed habits and conveniences; whether, on the whole, he advised it as a source of instructive recreation. "I recommend it, by all means," was the reply, with perhaps the remembrance of some circumstances which had annoyed him on the journey, "to the rich, if they are without the sense of *smelling*, and to the poor, if they are without the sense of *feeling*; and to both, if they can discharge from their minds all idea of what in England we term comfort."

The design intimated in the letter to Sir Joshua, of remaining some time in the neighbourhood of Dover, for the purpose of literary application, did not take effect, for immediately upon reaching England he received the news of the death of his mother, who had been blind for some years; an affliction he endeavoured to sooth by taking care that it should not be accompanied by want. His inconsiderate conduct earlier in life had no doubt excited a degree of displeasure not unusual in an anxious parent; neither, perhaps, was she pleased that his subsequent life in London offered so little of worldly advantage; but there is no reason to believe that this occasioned any thing like alienation of feeling on the part of either, especially in a man of warm affections, like her son. No particulars of presumed disagreement were necessarily known to his London friends; but an incident, which, were it true, could be considered but as a whim of the moment, and not as indicative of disregard, on his part, excited notice in his familiar circle. It is told by Northcote, in the Life of Reynolds.

"About the year 1770, Dr. Goldsmith lost his mother, who died in Ireland. On this occasion, he immediately dressed himself in a suit of clothes of gray cloth trimmed with black, such as is commonly worn for second mourning. When he appeared the first time after this at Sir Joshua Reynolds's house, Miss Reynolds asked him whom he had lost, as she saw he wore mourning, when he answered, a distant relation only; being shy, as I conjecture, to own that he wore such slight mourning for so near a relation. This appears in him an unaccountable blunder in wearing such a dress; as all those who did not know his mother or her death, would not expect or require him to wear *mourning* at all, and to those who knew of his mother's death, it would not appear the proper dress of mourning for so near a relation; so that he satisfied nobody, and displeased some; for Miss Reynolds, who afterwards heard of his mother's death, thought it unfeeling of him to call her a distant relation."

Circumstantially as this story is told, we may suspect something of the mistake or exaggeration common in so many other stories concerning its subject. Northcote was not then in London, and consequently knew not the circumstances himself; what he afterwards heard may have been incorrectly told, as there seems to have been some indisposition on the part of Miss Reynolds towards Goldsmith, or, after a lapse of forty years, it may have been imperfectly remembered by the relater. A surer guide to his dress at this moment is the authority already quoted, his tailor's account, where it is entered September 8th, in the same terms as the dress worn after the loss of his brother, in 1768, and again for the Princess Dowager of Wales, in 1772, simply as a "suit of mourning." Had it been half mourning on one or other occasion, the difference would no doubt have been expressed. The whim, had it been really indulged, was harmless, not necessarily implying want of reverence or affection; and the story is only noticed in proof of the caution with which anecdotes of him, even from seemingly authentic quarters, should be received.

The relaxation enjoyed in France was, as usual, to be made up by corresponding diligence at home; and he had been little more than a week in London, when the following agreement for another compilation was signed, with one of his publishers.

"*Sept.* 15, 1770.

"It is agreed between Oliver Goldsmith, M. B., and Thomas Davies, of Covent Garden, bookseller, that Oliver Goldsmith shall abridge for Thomas Davies, the book entitled Goldsmith's Roman History, in two volumes 8vo, into one volume in 12mo, so as to fit it for the use of such as will not be at the expense of that in 8vo. For the abridging of the said history, and for putting his name thereto, the said Thomas Davies shall pay Oliver Goldsmith fifty guineas, to be paid him on the abridgment and delivery of the copy; as witness our hands. "OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"THOMAS DAVIES."

From this design he was diverted for a time by another, which Davies, with a view to the politics of the moment, pressed upon him for immediate performance.

The excitement existing in the nation at this period, from the supposed influence of Lord Bute, the unpopularity for a time of George III., and the imprudences of successive ministries in their contests with Mr. Wilkes, added to other unpopular measures, exceeded any thing short of open violence, which had ever been previously witnessed in the annals of the country. This feeling was increased by the low private as well as political character of several members of the government; it was fostered by a strong and able opposition in parliament; and out of it by the contention, from various motives, of such writers as Burke, Johnson, and Junius; of Wilkes, Home, Shebbeare, Murphy, Kelly, and a thousand nameless writers of various ability, whose labours on either side kept the country for two or three years in a state of extraordinary ferment. In these contests, it was natural to revert to the political warfare of the preceding age; the days of Walpole, Pulteney, and Bolingbroke, were retraced for examples; and several pamphlets of the latter writer, as being the ablest, and in some measure most applicable, to the circumstances of the time, were selected by more than one bookseller for republication. These were chiefly the Patriot King, and the Dissertation on Parties; to the latter, as a further source of interest, Davies wished a life to be prefixed, and on this subject Goldsmith was now employed.

It came out in the middle of December; his name was withheld for the moment, contrary to the practice adopted in the biography of Parnell, from an apprehension, perhaps, of being charged with becoming a political partisan, though, after his death, it was affixed to an edition of Bolingbroke's works, published in 1774. No great degree of secrecy, indeed, was sought by the publisher, for Davies, in order to promote the success of his speculation, took care to let the author be known. "The Life of Lord Bolingbroke," says the writer in the Critical Review, "is evidently written by the author of the Life of Dr. Parnell, who has no reason to be ashamed of the performance." The Monthly Review, after many sharp strictures on the work, without mentioning the author in the body of the article, attaches his name to it in the index.

Such a subject was neither easy nor agreeable to handle; yet the memoir is judiciously drawn up. He praises where praise can be given; but of one so objectionable in religion, morals, and politics,—whom he

* In going through the towns of France, some time since, I could not help observing how much plainer their parrots spoke than ours, and how very distinctly I understood their parrots speak French, when I could not understand our own, though they spoke my native language. I at first ascribed it to the different qualities of the two languages, and was for entering into an elaborate discussion on the vowels and consonants; but a friend that was with me solved the difficulty at once, by assuring me that the French women scarce did any thing else the whole day, than sit and instruct their feathered pupils; and that the birds were thus distinct in their lessons, in consequence of continual schooling.—*Animated Nature*, vol. v. p. 276.

characterises truly as one of those "characters that seemed formed by nature to take delight in struggling with opposition, and whose most agreeable hours are passed in storms of their own creating"—"whose life was spent in a continual conflict of politics, and as if that was too short for the combat, has left his memory as a subject for lasting contention," it must have been a matter of difficulty to preserve the natural partiality of the biographer, amid the truth required from the historian. The probable remuneration received for this piece was forty pounds, for, it appears by a memorandum, that in February, 1771, he paid away a note of hand of Davies in his favour for that amount.

The attention drawn to the Poems of Rowley, during the two preceding years, and the recent death of their assumed discoverer, the unhappy Chatterton, created at this time a strong interest among literary men. The question was variously considered by critics of poetical taste or antiquarian knowledge; some were wholly incredulous; and others continued to doubt; while a third party, looking at the merit of the poetry, the quantity produced within a short period, the acquaintance displayed with the language, and events of their supposed date, and the improbability that an imposition so extensive and difficult could be accomplished by a youth of sixteen, of narrow education, and confined to the duties of an attorney's office, were led to the belief of their being genuine.

Among the latter was Goldsmith. Ten years before, he saw at once the imposture attempted to be practised on public credulity in the instance of Ossian, but on consideration of the circumstances just mentioned, believed there could be none in this case; and sometimes stated his reasons in expressions sufficiently strong, though not necessary to repeat here, in the societies which he frequented. One of these occasions was at the dinner of the Royal Academy, when his remark drew forth Horace Walpole to speak of his previous knowledge of the poems and their discoverer, of which he gives a fuller account in the letter he thought proper to write, explanatory of his intercourse with Chatterton, printed at Strawberry Hill, in 1779.

"I supposed," said he, "the pieces were of the age of Richard I.; that impression was so strong on my mind, that two years after, when Dr. Goldsmith told me they were allotted to the age of Henry 4th or 5th, I said with surprise, 'They have shifted the date extremely.'"

After stating the return of the poems, when angrily demanded by Chatterton, and also of his letters, he adds—

"I thought no more of him or them till about a year and a half after, when dining at the Royal Academy, Dr. Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with the account of the marvellous treasure of ancient poems lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic belief in them, for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnson, who was present. I soon found this was the trouvaille of my friend Chatterton; and I told Dr. Goldsmith that this novelty was known to me, who might, if I had pleased, have had the honour of ushering the great discovery to the learned world. You may imagine, sir, we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith; but though his credulity diverted me, my mirth was soon dashed, for on asking about Chatterton, he told me he had been in London, and had destroyed himself."

On a future occasion, conviction of the truth of his opinion of their genuineness, and an equally vehement assertion of disbelief on the part of Dr. Percy, who could not always control his temper, led to a degree of heat that produced a breach between them, soon afterwards however repaired, although a contrary inference may be drawn from one account of the quarrel. "How frail, alas!" exclaims a writer who knew both parties, "are all human friendships! I was witness to an entire separation between Percy and Goldsmith, about Rowley's Poems."*

Afterwards, when he saw a MS. copy of these poems in the possession of a friend of Chatterton, Mr. George Catcott, of Bristol, and expressed a wish to become the purchaser, he proved to be, what was a common occurrence, it is to be feared, without money. A note of hand was proposed; the reply to which is said to have been characteristic: "Alas, sir, I fear a poet's note of hand will not pass current on our exchange at Bristol."

Part of the spring and summer of the year 1771 he passed at Gosfield and at Bath, with Lord Clare, who, having recently lost his only son, Colonel Nugent, found some consolation in the society of the poet. To this visit Dr. Johnson alludes in a letter written to Mr. Langton, in March, that year—"Goldsmith is at Bath with Lord Clare." Mr. John Gray, author, in conjunction with Guthrie, of the History of the World, already mentioned, and of a translation of the Odes and Epistles of Horace, also notices this intimacy in a letter written some months afterwards to Dr. Smollett, then in Italy.

"In poetry we may be said to have nothing new; but we have the mezzotinto portrait of the poet, Dr. Goldsmith, in the print-shop windows; it is in profile from a painting of Reynolds, and resembles him greatly." "To-day, July 9th," he adds, in another part of the same letter, "I observe a new History of England soon to be published by Dr. Goldsmith, all for a guinea. I am told he now generally lives with his countryman, Lord Clare, who has lost his only son, Colonel Nugent."

On his return from this visit, he drew up that amusing piece, "The Haunch of Venison," addressed to his lordship, some hints for which are, as suggested by Mr. Croker, derived from Boileau. No correct date has been assigned it in any edition of his works, the years 1765, 1769, 1770, being stated by various editors, whereas it was not published till after his death. The period of its being written is pretty evident to such as are acquainted with the history of the time by internal evidence alone, chiefly from the allusions made to temporary topics of conversation. Thus, the phrase quoted in the following passage, is from the love-letters of the Duke of Cumberland, whose orthography and style furnished abundant matter for amusement to the newspapers of the day—

"Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And '*Nobody with me at sea but myself.*'"

The writers, who are alluded to in the lines—

"They 're both of them merry, and authors, like you;
The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge*;
Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Panurge*,"

occupied the columns of the Public Advertiser almost daily, during the end of the year 1770, and the spring of 1771. As supposed organs of the ministry, they became topics of conversation, and as such are mentioned by Goldsmith writing at the moment; for their compositions possessed no principle of prolonged vitality, and were not likely to have been resuscitated by him when the occasion that produced them had passed away.

Several variations appear between the first and subsequent impressions, besides an addition of ten new lines, there being in the former one hundred and fourteen, and in the latter one hundred and twenty-four. And as death had removed the author before the period of publication (1776), the MS. copy first furnished to the press must have been one of his early transcripts, and therefore less correct than further research supplied.

The additional lines are—

"Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating."

* * * *

"There 's my countryman, Higgins—Oh, let him alone,
For making a blunder or picking a bone."

* * * * *

"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

* * * * *

"So there I sat, stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round."

* * * * *

And two lines in the original—

"There 's a pasty"—"A pasty," returned the Scot;
I don't care, if I keep a corner for *that*,"

he has converted into four in the amended copy—

"There 's a pasty"—"A pasty," repeated the Jew,
"I don't care, if I keep a corner for 't too."
"What the de'il mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot,
"Though splitting, I 'll still keep a corner for that."

In considering how he shall dispose of the neck and breast of venison, he recalls as proper objects of the gift the names of the authors who found a frequent resource in his generosity. To the general reader these are now become unintelligible, by the first and last letters only of each being printed; a degree of reserve scarcely necessary at any time, and continued perhaps only from the persons being forgotten. No such delicacy was evinced in the first edition, where we find them given at length:—

"There 's Coley, and Williams, and Howard, and Hiff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef;
But hang it!—to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton 's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them!—it would seem like a flirt,—
Like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt."

Wanting genius or industry, these writers have left nothing by which to be remembered, fulfilling the remark of Roger Ascham, applied by Dr. Johnson to many of what he termed his Grub street acquaintance—"Who lived unknown men, and knew not how; and died obscure men, marked not when."

CHAPTER XXI.

History of England—Lodgings at Hyde—Prologue to Zobeide—Threnodia Augustalis—Dr. M'Veagh Macdonnell—Masquerades—Letter from Judge Day.

Early in August 1771, the History of England, agreed for two years before, and the contract for which, notwithstanding complaints of his dilatoriness, seems to have been pretty punctually fulfilled, appeared in four volumes. Like the Roman History it was meant as a succinct and elegant abstract of our known annals; a medium for the statement of facts, rather than an opportunity sought of reasoning upon them. He claims the merit of having read much upon the subject, but does not desire to be considered "a reader of forgotten books," and is indisposed to display erudition upon minute or controverted points, or even to repeat new anecdotes, when all his space was required for matters which were material.

As Hume formed his chief guide, the facts differ little from what we find in that writer. Without wholly discarding reflection, or those pointed observations which give history much of its value, he has contrived to fulfil Dr. Johnson's idea of history, by "putting into his book as much as his book would contain;" and the ease and perspicuity with which this is done, add much to the interest of the narrative. Numerous passages, it has been observed, are transcribed verbatim from the "Letters of a Nobleman to his Son," many of which were marked for transcription by their writer, but their number precludes insertion here; while others are varied merely by the introduction of a few words. This saved him labour, and passed at the moment without observation. The critic failed to discover what he doubtless would have thought redounded to the credit of his researches, and proved a fruitful theme for censure had he been so disposed; while the author, probably willing enough to profit by the oversight of *the enemy*, was not reduced to the necessity of making public the avowal that such materials, though seemingly borrowed, were really his own.

Carelessness in slight circumstances, arising evidently from trusting to memory, is obvious in some of the details. Thus in treating of the civil war between Charles and his Parliament, Naseby in Northamptonshire, the scene of the battle, is mentioned as being in Yorkshire, confounding it no doubt with *Knaresborough*.

Another instance occurs in which, speaking of the siege of Londonderry in Ireland, so nobly defended by the inhabitants and a few soldiers against a large army of James II. in 1689, he mentions one of the chief heroes on that occasion as "one Walker, a dissenting minister," whereas he was a clergyman and afterwards a dignitary of the established church. A private letter from a correspondent in Ireland apprised him of the error, which was corrected in the second edition.

While receiving praise from some for the spirit and perspicuity of his narration, and others, among whom more than one of the professional critics pronounced that English history had never before been "so usefully, so elegantly, and agreeably epitomised," his supposed opinions on government became a theme of reproach in the newspapers. He was accused of being unfriendly to

* Cradock's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 206.

liberty, of wishing to elevate monarchy beyond its proper sphere in a free constitution, and of not giving due credit to some of the leaders of the revolution, and of censuring the conduct of Lord Chief Justice Holt on occasion of the trial of Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins, where the historian makes the judge to have acted "rather as counsel against the prisoners than as a solicitor in their favour, by influencing the jury to find them guilty."

These charges frequently repeated, being at length thought to interfere with the sale of the work, a long answer drawn up probably by the publisher, not the author, was inserted in the Public Advertiser. In this, in allusion to the conduct of the chief justice, the narrow minds and supposed professional prejudices of lawyers, with the little dependence to be placed upon their principles on great national questions, if at variance with their interests, are treated with as little ceremony as Burke afterwards used on several occasions in speaking of the same class in their political relations. The letter is long, and with scarcely sufficient interest, as not being written by himself, to find a place here.

In private letters also, as well as in conversation, he thought it necessary to defend himself from this reputed bias: and the following letter alludes to the imputation thus thrown out. Here we find his political opinions stated without reserve. We have also an account of his literary occupations at the moment, which will be read with interest as exhibiting the too frequent unlucky fortune of our author, who, while endeavouring as he says, to make others laugh, was himself far enough removed from a merry vein.

To Bennet Langton, Esq., near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire.

"My dear sir—Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honour of waiting upon Lady Rothes, and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerc very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle: deep in chemistry and physics.

"Johnson has been down on a visit to a country parson, Doctor Taylor; and is returned to his old haunts, at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant*, a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is a visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The Natural History is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an Abridgment of the History of England, for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers, for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that, as 'Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody. However, they set me down an arrant tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you 'll say that I am a sore whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship, I remain, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Temple; Brick Court,
Sept. 7th, 1771."

By this we find he had again turned his attention to the stage, the reception of the Good-natured Man not being so unfavourable as to alienate him wholly from the exertion of his genius in that department, or time having altered his first determination. Like many authors, when writhing under disappointment of their hopes, he had threatened not to write for it again. Such resolutions, adopted in the agony of the moment, are rarely permanent; the very acuteness of the feeling is against its endurance. The society into which he was thrown, many of them as managers or performers connected with the theatre, the tone of conversation arising from such connections, the seducing popularity derived from a successful piece, and probably the representation of his former comedy which took place for a few nights in the spring of the year, set him to work on "She Stoops to Conquer." It was commenced about the time of his return from his visit to Lord Clare, at Bath, late in the spring of 1771, or even before that time, and finished, as he says in his letter, early in September. This perhaps applies rather to the first rough draught than to the play as completed in its present state, for afterwards it underwent several alterations.

A farm-house, six miles from London, formed the scene of his retirement. Besides this play, much of his Animated Nature, History of Greece, and other compilations were written here, and to this residence Boswell alludes, when he visited it in the following year.

"Goldsmith told us that he was now busy in writing a Natural History; and, that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings at a farmer's house near to the six-mile stone on Edgeware road, and had carried down his books in two returned post-chaises. He said he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the *Spectator* appeared to his landlady and her children; he was *The Gentleman*. Mr. Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, and I went to visit him at this place a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals, scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil."*

The apartment, for it was only one, which he occupied here till the period of his death, though still preserving his chambers in the Temple, was recently visited by the writer. The house is of the superior order of farm-houses, and stands upon a gentle eminence in what is called Hyde Lane, leading to Kenton, about three hundred yards from the village of Hyde, on the Edgeware road, and commands a view of an undulating country directly opposite, diversified with wood, in the direction of Hendon. The spot bears evidence to his taste, for few places near a great metropolis are prettier. The owner of the house and adjoining land does not occupy it himself, but resides in the vicinity, a very honest farmer, Mr. Robert Selby, who holds the property from All Souls' College, Oxford; and with whose father Goldsmith resided. Being then about sixteen years old he remembers the poet perfectly, and with some degree of pride pointed to the room where "She Stoops to Conquer" was written, a convenient and airy apartment up one pair of stairs, to the right of the landing, as we ascended. His recollections of their inmate, as may be supposed of a youth whose time was chiefly employed in agricultural labours, are not numerous, but they are sufficiently distinct and may be worth recording.

It appears that though boarding with the family, the poet had the usual repasts commonly sent to his own apartment, where his time was chiefly spent in writing. Occasionally he wandered into the kitchen, took his stand with his back towards the fire apparently absorbed in thought, till something seeming to occur to mind he would hurry off to commit it as they supposed to paper. Sometimes he strolled about the fields, or was seen loitering and musing under the hedges or perusing a book. More frequently he visited town, and remained absent many weeks at a time, or paid visits to private friends in other parts of the country.

In the house, he usually wore his shirt collar open in the manner represented in the portrait by Sir Joshua. Occasionally he read much at night when in bed; at other times when not disposed to read, and yet unable to sleep, which was not an unusual occurrence, the candle was kept burning, his mode of extinguishing which, when out of his immediate reach, was characteristic of his fits of indolence or carelessness; he flung his slipper at it, which in the morning was in consequence usually found near the overturned candlestick, daubed with grease. No application of a charitable description was made to him in vain; itinerant mendicants he always viewed with compassion, and never failed to give them relief; while his actions generally evinced much goodness of heart, and great commiseration for the poorest classes of society.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, and other eminent men whose names are now indistinctly remembered, occasionally visited him here; once or twice it is believed Dr. Johnson was in company with the former. Among others who frequently spent an evening with him was Hugh Boyd, one of the supposed writers of the letters of Junius, who resided for some time at the neighbouring village of Kenton above two miles distant. The road thither being excessively bad, Goldsmith having once paid him a visit on foot, returned at night without his shoes which had stuck fast in a slough, and anathematising the parish authorities for their negligence, declared he could not again undertake such a journey.

When visiters stepped to take tea, which was not unfrequently the case, the hour for that repast being then early, he had the use of the parlour immediately beneath the room he constantly occupied. Here likewise he had, though rarely, a dinner party, and one is particularly remembered from the circumstance of a violent thunder storm coming on about the hour his friends meant to retire, who, although with several carriages in attendance, were unwilling to depart during its continuance; a dance was therefore got up on the instant by Goldsmith for the young members of the party, and continued till a late hour.

On one occasion he took the young people of the house, among whom was Mr. Selby the relater of these anecdotes, to Hendon in a carriage, to see a company of strolling players; and proved not only very jocular on the road, but in his comments on the performance, which afforded all the party, and more particularly himself by the laughter in which he indulged, infinite amusement.

A view of the house as it then was is in possession of the owner, but since that period it has been repaired and improved. Around the fire-place and on various parts of the walls, as Mr. Selby states in corroboration of what Boswell told us long since, were written over, some of the passages in Latin, and although the room was thus disfigured, he felt much reluctance in erasing, during the repairs rendered necessary some years afterwards, these memorials of an eminent man whose conduct had won the regard of the family.

About three weeks or a fortnight before his death, feeling indisposed, he went to London with the hope of deriving relief, rather from the change of occupation and scene, than from medicine, intimating to the landlady that his absence would be short.—"I shall soon be back, Mrs. Selby, and mean to remain as long as you will permit me; the retirement of your place is agreeable to me."

After his death, Griffin the publisher, who had occasionally visited him at Hyde, came down, and after paying the small sum due for rent, carried off several of his

* Croker's Boswell, vol. ii. p. 177.

* The exaggerated view which excess of benevolence, and possibly the remembrance of unrelieved distresses of his own, induced Goldsmith to take of the conduct of the rich towards the poor, will be seen in the following passage. Yet surely there is something fallacious in the inference he seems to draw: or rather a querulous repining against the order of nature, and those circumstances that belong in common to the condition of man in all countries—against in fact the decree of Providence which has made him as unequal in worldly advantages as in mental capacity—

"There are many of our peasantry that have no other possession but a cow; and even of the advantages resulting from this most useful creature, the poor are but the nominal possessors. Its flesh they cannot pretend to taste, since then their whole riches are at once destroyed; its calf they are obliged to fatten for sale, since veal is a delicacy they could not make any pretensions to; its very milk is wrought into butter and cheese for the tables of their masters; whilst they have no share even in their own possession, but the choice of their market. I cannot bear to hear the rich crying out for liberty, while they thus starve their fellow-creatures, and feed them up with an imaginary good, while they monopolise the real benefits of nature."—*Animated Nature*, vol. iii. p. 8. Ed. 1774.

papers and books, which he claimed as being his property, having previously paid for the one, or lent the other for the purpose of his compilations; the claim, which was no doubt just, seems to have been admitted by his friends, for it appears by existing receipts that he had received considerable sums for works then only in progress.

Towards the end of the year he became acquainted with the late Mr. Joseph Cradock, a gentleman of fortune, residing at Gumley in Leicestershire, at whose house he found an occasional retreat. They appear to have met at the house of Mr. Yates, the actor; and the tastes of Mr. Cradock inclining not only to the performance, for he was fond of private theatricals, but to the writing of the drama, he had altered Voltaire's tragedy of Zobeide, which was represented at Covent Garden on the 10th of December, 1771, and well received. Goldsmith being applied to for a prologue through the medium of the Yateses, the husband being to speak it (though Quick was afterwards deputed to this duty) and the wife to perform in the play, sent that which now appears in his poetical works to the author, then in the country, accompanied by the following note:—

"Mr. Goldsmith presents his best respects to Mr. Cradock; has sent him the Prologue such as it is. He cannot take time to make it better. He begs he will give Mr. Yates the proper instructions; and so, even so, he commits him to fortune and the public.

"For the Right Hon. Lord Clare,
(Mr. Cradock) Gosfield, Essex."

A memoradum at this time, in the books of the successor of his deceased friend Newbery, exhibits him in the unusual character of paying rather than of receiving money; this had reference no doubt to the discharge of a debt contracted to the latter, which has been noticed in a preceding page.—

"1771. Dec. 10.—Cash by Dr. Goldsmith
in part. See C. B. 24—£20 ..0...0.'

The death of the Princess Dowager of Wales, in February 1772, led him at the suggestion of some friends, and in repayment of some obligations of his own which have not been clearly ascertained, to honour the deceased by a poetical lament. He gave it the name of *Threnodia Augustalis*, a term used by Dryden in a poem to the memory of Charles II., and objected to by Dr. Johnson as unwarranted by Latin writers, although deemed by others of sufficient classical authority. It was adapted to music, and recited and sung on the 20th February, in the rooms of Mrs. Corneleys, so long celebrated as a place of fashionable evening resort, Soho square. By the nature of the event no reasonable period could be allowed him for the composition; and it was therefore strung together in haste. He who writes against time, will commonly be beaten by an opponent whom, in poetry particularly, it is more prudent to wait upon than to contend with. Hints were in consequence to be drawn from other poets to supply the exigencies of the occasion, among whom is Collins; an obligation which was thought sufficiently acknowledged thus in the preliminary advertisement:—

"The following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days; and may therefore be considered rather as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius." The music likewise, it appears, was adapted and prepared in an equally short period.

No honours being likely to result from a production so prepared, his name as author was withheld; but to secure a certain degree of favour from the public during its performance, a hint of at least respectable literary origin appeared in the following terms, in some of the journals. "The Threnodia Augustalis, which the evening papers of last night announce to be performed to-morrow evening at Mrs. Corneleys' in Soho square, in honour of the late Princess Dowager of Wales, we are informed has been written for the purpose by *a gentleman of acknowledged literary merit*."

His connection with this piece seems to have been known at first to such only as were concerned in getting it up. Boswell, though in London the following month, makes no allusion to what, if familiar to the circle in which they both moved, would no doubt have been adverted to in the various conversations he records. Mr. Cradock indeed afterwards had a copy presented him by the author; and Mr. Steevens, as we have seen in a foregoing page, was subsequently aware of the writer being Goldsmith. An impression likewise prevails that it first appeared in print in Chalmers's edition of the poets, in 1810, while in fact it was published by W. Woodfall, and sold at the door of the room on the evening of representation. It is likewise noticed in the Critical Review for February 1772; but in 1779 had become so scarce that Evans, the bookseller, in the small edition of the poet's works, collected in two volumes and brought out the following year, could procure no copy for republication.

Excepting the Threnodia, and a small compilation for schools towards the end of the year, he produced little for the press in 1772. It is not to be supposed he was idle. The operations of an author militant, like those of excavators in a mine, may not be less active and industrious, although unexposed to public gaze. Part of his leisure appears to have been occupied by the revision of his comedy still in hand, and in negotiations for its introduction to the stage.

The Natural History, however, as of more immediate pecuniary value, claimed the greatest share of his attention during much of the year, for it appears that he received at midsummer the whole amount of money agreed for with the publisher, amounting to eight hundred and forty pounds. The legal assignment of the work, dated the 27th June, is extant;* it merely reiterates in the forms of law, the agreement given in a previous page. Annexed to it is the following acknowledgment:—

"Received, the day and year already written, (27th June 1772,) of the above named William Griffin, the sum of eight hundred and forty pounds, being the consideration above mentioned to be paid to me. Witness my hand, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

£840.
Witness,—George Corrall."

A gratifying compliment was paid him about this time by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A line in the Deserted Village—

"While *Resignation* gently slopes the way,"

produced a picture personifying that virtue, from the pencil of the president, who, in return for the honour of the dedication of the poem to him, dedicated the print from it to Goldsmith, with this inscription—

"Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past."

"This attempt to express a character in the Deserted Village, is dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith by his sincere friend and admirer,

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS."

An allusion to this picture, admired by many for its expression, occurs in a short poem addressed to Reynolds by Dr. Willis, complimentary to poet and painter.

"'T is thine, oh Reynolds! to possess the art,
By speaking canvass to affect the heart;
See Resignation settled in that eye,
Nature can only with thy pencil vie,"

concluding with—

"And genuine taste may pleasure still acquire,
Whilst thou canst paint and Goldsmith tune the lyre."

An instance of his habitual commiseration for the poor and destitute occurred about this period, which derives additional interest from being related to the writer by the gentleman who was the object of it shortly before his death; this was the late Dr. M'Veagh M'Donnell, a physician known to many in London.

This gentleman, who possessed considerable classical attainments, and whose detailed history would form an interesting page in romance, was descended from a poor but respectable Roman catholic family in the north of Ireland. Having a brother educating for a priest in one of the jesuit seminaries in France, he proceeded thither with the same view at the age of eleven. After a residence there of several years, he and his brother, whose health was rapidly declining, made an effort to regain their native land, but the latter died on reaching London, leaving the survivor destitute of friends or money. Accident threw him in the way of Goldsmith. By him he was protected for a time, and afterwards recommended to a school, as a means of turning his attainments to advantage. Subsequently he studied physic, passed some time in England and on the continent, aiming to establish himself in practice, but without success. At length, according to the account given to his relatives, a brother physician and intimate friend named M'Donnell, a native of Scotland, being taken with a fatal illness, recommended him on his death-bed to assume his name and country as a means of improving his worldly prospects, and adopt, if he could, the Scotish accent. "As an Irishman you have failed, my dear friend, but as a countryman of mine you may succeed."

The injunction was easily fulfilled, where there were none to enquire or to care for any appellation he thought proper to assume; and to the patronymic M'Veagh was added the legacy, not wholly unprofitable, as it turned out, of that of M'Donnell. His residence on the continent brought him to the knowledge of some English families of rank, by whom it is said he was employed in situations of confidence. During the early part of the revolution in France he is represented to have been placed in some trying and dangerous situations, but quitting that country before its more atrocious excesses commenced, established himself ultimately in London. He was a man of strong and original powers of mind, eccentric in address and conversation, though of considerable learning. His manner, though labouring under illness in the interviews with the writer, was extremely vivid and energetic, his memory unimpaired, and his remembrance of the classics, fresh as if just risen from their perusal, bursting into momentary quotation. He communicated or confirmed several anecdotes mentioned in this work. His recollections of the poet, for whose memory he entertained enthusiastic attachment, were noted down in his presence, and as far as relates to him are given as nearly as possible in his own words. The detail of his first knowledge of Goldsmith had been previously communicated to the writer in Dublin, derived from the information of his relatives.

"It was in the year 1772, that the death of my elder brother in London, on our way to Ireland, left me in a most forlorn situation; I was then about eighteen; I possessed neither friends nor money, nor the means of getting to Ireland, of which or of England I knew scarcely any thing, from having so long resided in France. In this situation I had strolled about for two or three days, considering what to do, but unable to come to any determination, when Providence directed me to the Temple Gardens. I threw myself on a seat, and willing to forget my miseries for a moment, drew out a book; that book was a volume of Boileau. I had not been there long when a gentleman strolling about passed near me, and observing, perhaps, something Irish or foreign in my garb or countenance, addressed me, 'Sir, you seem studious; I hope you find this a favourable place to pursue it.' 'Not very studious, sir, I fear it is the want of society that brings me hither; I am solitary and unknown in this metropolis; and a passage from Cicero, —Oratio pro Archia, occurring to me, I quoted it. Hæc studia pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. 'You are a scholar, too, sir, I perceive.' 'A piece of one, sir; but I ought still to have been in the college where I had the good fortune to pick up the little I know.' A good deal of conversation ensued; I told him part of my history, and he in return gave his address in the Temple, desiring me to call soon, from which, to my infinite surprise and gratification, I found that the person who thus seemed to take an interest in my fate, was my countryman, and a distinguished ornament of letters.

"I did not fail to keep the appointment, and was received in the kindest manner. He told me smilingly, that he was not rich; that he could do little for me in direct pecuniary aid, but would endeavour to put me in the way of doing something for myself; observing that he could at least furnish me with advice not wholly useless to a young man placed in the heart of a great

* In the possession of W. Upcott, Esq., whose collection of such things, original letters, and autographs, is by far the most extensive in the kingdom, and exhibits extraordinary diligence in being enabled to bring together so many and such various memorials of the eminent of past ages.

metropolis. 'In London,' he continued, 'nothing is to be got for nothing; you must work; and no man who chooses to be industrious need be under obligations to another, for here labour of every kind commands its reward. If you think proper to assist me occasionally as amanuensis, I shall be obliged and you will be placed under no obligation, until something more permanent can be secured for you.' This employment, which I pursued for some time, was to translate passages from Buffon, which was abridged or altered according to circumstances, for his Natural History.

"I think it was generally believed by his acquaintance," continued Dr. M'Donnell, "that he had graduated at Louvain; that is my impression. Perhaps it may have been Padua, for that university had Irish professors; so had Louvain; also Manheim; and likewise the College of Maria Theresa at Brussels.

"It has been said he was irritable. Such may have been the case at times; nay, I believe it was so; for what with the continual pursuit of authors, printers, and booksellers, and occasional pecuniary embarrassments, few could have avoided exhibiting similar marks of impatience. But it was never so towards me. I saw him only in his bland and kind moods, with a flow, perhaps an overflow, of the milk of human kindness for all who were in any manner dependent upon him. I looked upon him with awe and veneration, and he upon me as a kind parent upon a child.

"His manner and address exhibited much frankness and cordiality, particularly to those with whom he possessed any degree of intimacy. His good nature was equally apparent. You could not dislike the man, although several of his follies and foibles you might be tempted to condemn. He was generous and inconsiderate; money with him had little value.

"I was abroad at the time of his death, and wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me. A blank came over my heart as if I had lost one of my nearest relatives, and was followed for some days by a feeling of despondency. Poor Goldsmith was himself subject to fits of depression, as I heard from those around him.

"After settling in England, I had frequent opportunities of hearing much of my old patron from several of his surviving acquaintance whom I met at the house of Dr. Prendergast, an Irish physician, then resident at Richmond, who had made a fortune in Jamaica. Among others with whom we recalled his character and memory with fondness, were Richard Burke; Captain Higgins, who had been an officer of marines, and is mentioned in the Haunch of Venison, and who, I believe, was Goldsmith's companion when he beat Evans the bookseller; Mr. Hickey, who has a place in Retaliation, a shrewd, quick, careless, but seemingly warm-hearted man; the Rev. Mr. East, once editor of the World; and my old friend Tom English, a man of talents, but also, so often the attendant of talents, improvident, and for which he paid the usual tax of neglect and poverty in the decline of life. He had been, if I mistake not, a college friend of Edmund Burke; at any rate he was patronised by him, and upon the accession of the latter to parliament, English conducted the Annual Register under his direction, or at least those parts which merely required compilation. I do not believe he wrote the historical articles in that work. He never expressly laid claim to them in my hearing, though willing enough, like other persons, to have his friends think well of his abilities; but he has told me that when pressed by occasional pecuniary difficulties, Burke wrote political articles and presented them to him to dispose of for his own advantage. The connection between them was certainly at one time intimate. English would retire to the 'Spaniard,' a favourite house of country resort at that time at Hampstead, or some other tavern in the neighbourhood of London, and remain for some time without intimating his place of retreat, during which, to my knowledge, messengers from the Burkes used to be in search of him. The last time I saw him was at a house in Orange street, Leicester square, about the year 1799, or perhaps a year or two earlier; and there I believe he soon afterwards died.

"I recollect meeting Mr. Cradock, another friend of Goldsmith, at Paris, many years ago, in something of the character of what appeared to me then a distressed gentleman. He seemed a friendly and unassuming man. I had several conversations with him respecting the poet, for whose memory he professed a warm affection. I remember he told me that once when in conversation with him the latter complained much of the attempts made by inferior writers, and by others who could scarcely come under that denomination, not only to abuse and depreciate his writings, but to render him ridiculous as a man; perverting every harmless sentiment and action into charges of absurdity, malice, or folly, concluding with, 'Sir, I am as a lion baited with curs.' These remarks were probably leveled at Dr. Johnson and others of *his friends*, of whose sarcastic remarks on his conversation and manners he could not be ignorant; and it was perhaps one of the strongest proofs of good nature and forbearance, that he submitted not only to the savage reproofs of one who indeed was his superior in some respects, but to the insolence or impertinence of many others far his inferiors either as good men or as able writers."

Goldsmith's patronage of the friendless, proved, on a subsequent occasion, to be less gratefully repaid than in the instance of the gentleman who thus told his story. A native of Ireland, named Griffin, who had likewise been educated in a Roman catholic seminary in France, and had found his way equally destitute to England, hearing probably of the liberal conduct of the poet to his distressed countrymen, applied for his patronage, and by way of making sure of countenance from some quarter, addressed similar solicitations to Garrick. His manner of attacking each exhibited some knowledge of character. To the heart of the manager he hoped to make his way by the channel through which he understood it to be most accessible, that of flattery, and therefore addressed him in a poetical eulogy couched in an extravagant strain, which had its effect. Trusting to the character for benevolence of the poet, he simply told him a tale of urgent distress; requesting as an act of kindness to a distressed countryman, to be introduced into the good offices of the celebrated actor. By their joint recommendation he was placed, at his own request, as teacher in a respectable school, which he soon after robbed, and escaped to the continent.

A favourite amusement of the poet being a masquerade, his name appeared more than once in the newspapers in the list of such as were present, when Kenrick, who seems never to have lost an opportunity of warring against his more gifted brethren, seized the occasion for pouring out his usual ribaldry.

The writer of the lines being very well known, he and the subject of them met shortly afterwards at the Chapter Coffee-house, when the former was in conversation with another literary man. Goldsmith very sharply took him to task for presuming to take liberties with his name and by implication with his morals, in connection with a place of general resort and amusement, conveying an intelligible intimation that, as he had more than once indulged in similar attacks, a repetition of such conduct would be productive of *personal* consequences of an unpleasant description. Kenrick shuffled out of the difficulty lamely, protesting nothing derogatory to his private character was meant; but afterwards loudly complained of being publicly and *wantonly* attacked in the coffee-house by one who (in his modest estimate) was his inferior, and whose writings, conversation, and person, he designated as being fit subjects for ridicule. He likewise took the opportunity of laughing at the mathematical knowledge of the poet, in consequence of a controversy (whether real or fictitious is doubtful) represented as arising on another occasion in the same house, when the latter maintained that the sun was not eight days, or thereabout, more in the northern or southern signs, and being referred to the authority of Maupertuis for a contrary opinion, spurned it, saying with an affectation of authority—"Maupertuis! I know more of the matter than Maupertuis."*

It is remembered likewise that masquerades were sometimes chosen by wags of his acquaintance to single him out under cover of their disguise, seemingly without design, and either by praising other poets and decrying him, by misquoting his verses, and then abusing them, or by burlesque parodies, occasioned him annoyance. One of these, a Mr. Purefoy, whom he did not discover, by continued persecution for an evening, at length drove him fairly out of the house. On another occasion, according to the late Mr. John Taylor, the poet himself having teased a young lady who happened to know him, and giving way to laughter at his own wit, was instantly silenced by her quotation of his line—

"And the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

Connected with this subject, an anecdote of his whim, mentioned by Sir Joshua Reynolds, has been communicated by the lady to whom the reader is indebted for several contributions of a similar kind. Entering his chambers on one occasion, the president found him in something of a revery, yet deliberately walking round the room and kicking a bundle before him in the manner of a foot-ball, of which the nature could not be immediately distinguished. On enquiry, the article proved to be an expensive masquerade dress, which he had been persuaded to purchase, and the occasion having been served, and repenting perhaps of his imprudence in expending on such an article money for which there were so many more pressing demands, he was determined, in his own phrase, "to have the value out of it in exercise."

A sharp attack of illness of a peculiarly painful nature, not long afterward, gave considerable interruption to his literary pursuits; the disease was accompanied by febrile symptoms, for which James's powders, under the direction of Dr. James himself, were administered with good effect; and this success impressed him ever after with great confidence in the efficacy of the remedy.

He retired soon afterwards to the country to re-establish his health, spent part of the summer with Lord Clare, Mr. Cradock, and, it is, believed, Mr. Langton, and visited the Leasowes of Shenstone, of which he gave some account a few months afterward in a magazine. A rumour gained credence at the time, that his illness had been occasioned by the vexation of losing nearly one hundred pounds at play, though there is no good reason to believe that he ever at any time lost such a sum, or that he had it often to lose. More than one such illness beyond doubt was occasioned by severe application to his desk.

Much, however, has been said on this attachment to gaming, as one of the sources of those embarrassments under which he appears to have frequently suffered. The result of diligent enquiry on this head, as far as enquiry can now be carried, gives little confirmation to the belief that serious losses were ever sustained from that cause; an impression to the contrary has indeed been so generally received, that to question it may seem like violation of historical truth, especially after what we are told by one of his acquaintance, Mr. Cradock, if he be correct in his statement. "The greatest real fault of Dr. Goldsmith was, that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket, he would go into certain companies in the country, and in hopes of doubling the sum would generally return to town without any part of it."

It is not meant here to shield him from an accusation induced in some degree by his own inconsiderate, or possibly ostentatious, acknowledgments; for the vice being fashionable, he was vain enough to believe that confessions of losses by such means enhanced his importance by implying there was something to lose. That he was fond of cards as a source of amusement, and exceedingly inexpert in their use, we may believe; that he played at whist and at loo, sometimes perhaps expensively, but more commonly for trifling sums, as is stated by one who frequently enjoyed this amusement in his company, is likewise true; but thousands daily do this without incurring the name of gamester, or sustaining losses of moment.

It should be remarked, likewise, that of all such as venture to speak of his habits, a few only of whom knew him intimately, none state any fact in proof of the existence of such an unhappy propensity, or of specific sums thus expended; and it is improbable that such a practice could have been carried on for years under the eyes of his friends without particular instances coming to their knowledge. Such, if they existed, could scarcely have escaped the prying curiosity of Boswell, who, while he states the general rumour, adduces no fact in its support. Neither has Johnson, in his remarks on the foibles of his friend, alluded to this which he might fairly reprehend as one of the greatest, and which, had it been

* The censures of Kenrick did not pass for much with his cotemporaries. Langhorne the poet, writing to Hannah More, in 1776, says—"I hear you have had the honour to be abused by Kenrick; I think nothing would hurt me so much as such a fellow's praise;—I should feel as if I had a blister upon me."—*H. More's Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 23.

frequent or obvious, must have fallen under his caustic rebuke. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his conversation, afforded no clew to the persons with whom, or to the places and times at which, this passion was said to be indulged. And a surviving friend, when the question was asked whether the common opinion of his being addicted to this practice was well founded, gave the writer this reply. "I do not believe Goldsmith to have deserved the name of gamester; he liked cards very well, as other people do, and lost and won occasionally; but as far as I saw or heard, and I had many opportunities of hearing, never any considerable sums. If he gamed with any one, it was probably with Beauclerc, but I do not know that such was the case. His habits otherwise were known to be expensive, and may account for his difficulties without believing them owing in any material degree to gaming."

In his writings he speaks of this vice in the usual tone of reprobation of a moralist, and in the Life of Nash, uses the very strongest dissuasives from its practice. In this respect, therefore, if the charge be true, he resembled Denham, his countryman and brother poet, who, having written a treatise expressly against this pernicious habit, was nevertheless unable to resist the temptation of indulging in it. Principle and practice we know are often at variance in the strongest minds; and his may not have been exempted from the too frequent infirmity of our nature, that of knowing what is right, but being unable to follow it.

A few further anecdotes of him, from another quarter, belong chiefly to this period. They come from the venerable Judge Day, now retired from the Irish bench, whose hospitalities at Loughtinstown house in the vicinity of Dublin, being enlivened by several anecdotes of the poet, he, at the request of the writer, committed them to paper; and with a few circumstances added afterwards, will appear best in his own words.

"*Loughtinstown House, 20th Feb.* 1831.

"Dear sir,—I first became acquainted with Goldsmith in 1769, the year I entered the Middle Temple, where he had chambers; it was through the introduction of my friend and namesake, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Day, who subsequently became judge-advocate general in Bengal.

"The poet frequented much the Grecian Coffee-house, then the favourite resort of the Irish and Lancashire Templars; and delighted in collecting around him his friends, whom he entertained with a cordial and unostentatious hospitality. Occasionally he amused them with his flute or with whist, neither of which he played well, particularly the latter, but in losing his money, he never lost his temper. In a run of bad luck and worse play, he would fling his cards upon the floor and exclaim, '*Bye-fore* George, I ought for ever to renounce thee, fickle, faithless Fortune!'

"In person he was short, about five feet five or six inches; strong, but not heavy in make; rather fair in complexion, with brown hair, such at least as could be distinguished from his wig. His features were plain, but not repulsive,—certainly not so when lighted up by conversation. His manners were simple, natural, and perhaps on the whole we may say not polished, at least without that refinement and good breeding which the exquisite polish of his compositions would lead us to expect. He was always cheerful and animated, often, indeed, boisterous in his mirth; entered with spirit into convivial society; contributed largely to its enjoyments by solidity of information and the naïveté and originality of his character; talked often without premeditation, and laughed loudly without restraint.

"Being then a young man, I felt myself much flattered by the notice of so celebrated a person. He took great delight in the conversation and society of Grattan, whose brilliancy in the morning of life furnished full earnest of the unrivaled splendour which awaited his meridian; and finding us dwelling together in Essex court, near himself, where he frequently visited my immortal friend, his warm heart became naturally prepossessed towards the associate of one whom he so much admired.

"Just arrived, as I then was, from college, full freighted with academic gleanings, our author did not disdain to receive from me some opinions and hints towards his Greek and Roman histories, light and superficial works, not composed for fame, but compiled for the more urgent purpose of recruiting his exhausted finances. So in truth was his 'Animated Nature.' His purse, replenished by labours of this kind, the season of relaxation and pleasure took its turn, in attending the theatres, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other scenes of gaiety and amusement, which he continued to frequent as long as his supply held out. He was fond of exhibiting his muscular little person in the gayest apparel of the day, to which was added a bag-wig and sword.

"This favourite costume involved him, one morning, in a short but comical dialogue, in the Strand, with two coxcombs—one of whom, pointing to Goldsmith, called to his companion, in allusion to the poet's sword, 'to look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it.' Goldsmith instantly cautioned the passengers, aloud, against 'that brace of disguised pickpockets,' and having determined to teach those gentlemen that he wore a sword as well for defence from insolence as for ornament, he retired from the footpath into the coachway, which admitted of more space and freedom of action, and, half drawing his sword, beckoned to the witty gentleman, armed in like manner, to follow him; but he and his companion thinking prudence the better part of valour, declined the invitation and sneaked away, amid the hootings of the spectators.

"Whenever his funds were dissipated—and they fled more rapidly from being the dupe of many artful persons, male and female, who practised upon his benevolence—he returned to his literary labours, and shut himself up from society, to provide fresh matter for his bookseller, and fresh supplies for himself.

"I was in London when the Deserted Village came out. Much had been expected from the author of the Traveller, and public expectation and impatience were not disappointed. In fact, it was received with universal admiration, as one of the most fascinating and beautiful effusions of British genius.

"His beautiful little 'Hermit,' which, by some persons had been fathered upon Johnson, and reputed to have been given by him to his protégé, to help the Vicar of Wakefield into popularity, was by this time restored to the owner by the public, who had discovered ere now, that he excelled in the art of poetry even his eminent patron.

"His broad comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' was received with scarcely less applause, though his friends Garrick and Colman had many misgivings of its success. His friends, of whom I was one, assembled in great force in the pit, to protect it; but we had no difficulty to encounter; for it was received throughout with the greatest acclamations, and had afterwards a great run.

"I was also among those who attended his funeral, along with my friend John Day, Hugh Kelly, and a few others, who were summoned together rather hastily for the purpose. It had been intended that this ceremony should be of an imposing kind, and attended by several of the great men of the time, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and others. This determination was altered, I imagine, from the pecuniary embarrassment of the deceased poet: the last offices were therefore performed in a private manner, without the attendance of his great friends. He was interred in the Temple burial ground. Hugh Kelly, with whom he had not been on terms of intercourse for some years, shed tears over his grave, which were no doubt sincere. He did not then know that he had been slightly mentioned in 'Retaliation;' nor would he have been so noticed there, could the deceased have anticipated this proof of good feeling. Slight circumstances often separate even the most deserving persons; nor are they perhaps conscious of the worth of each other, until accidental circumstances produce the discovery. I have the honour (in great haste) to be, dear sir,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"Rob. Day."

CHAPTER XXII.

Table-talk and literary opinions—Abridgment of Roman History—Letter from Thomas Paine—Anecdotes at Barton—Westminster Magazine—Comedy of She Stoops to Conquer.

Little of his conversation at this period is preserved, and that little meager and unsatisfactory. The business of Boswell, as he expressly tells us, was with that of Johnson alone; and therefore so much only is given of the remarks of others, as serve to make those of his principal not only intelligible, but forcible and triumphant. Thus, few associates of the moralist appear to advantage in his society, even such as were distinguished by talents, extent of knowledge, and conversational readiness; not because they did not exhibit brilliant powers on the immediate topics of discussion, but because so extensive a record was not within the plan, and frequently not within the power of the biographer, however well disposed his inclination, or accurate his memory, to accomplish.

Neither had he, as we find from the accurate investigation of Mr. Croker, so many opportunities of hearing these conversations, as might be imagined from a cursory perusal of these volumes. Of such moments, indeed, he made the best use; and it is our business not to lament that he did not do more, but to be grateful for his having done so much. Goldsmith, therefore, notwithstanding the latent disinclination towards him, already noticed, fares little worse than Burke, and so many other celebrated men, in being shorn of some of their interlocutory honours; and we may be permitted to regret that no other person among the circle of their acquaintance, excepting in a slight degree Mrs. Piozzi, found time or inclination to add much to Boswell's labours.

One of the opinions hazarded by Goldsmith in conversation, though no where noticed by either of those writers, was a lower estimate of our older dramatists than most persons of poetical taste and judgment now entertain. Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Massinger, and others, he more than once said, were little more than second-rate poets. Even Shakspeare appeared, in his eyes, infinitely lowered by his defects—and once or twice he hinted he was probably estimated beyond his merits; an opinion in which, however at variance with the usual decisions of criticism, Lord Byron, who was not aware of the coincidence, seems to join. This conclusion may have been owing less to the deliberate judgment, than to the wayward humour, and occasionally hasty opinions of both; for both often said in conversation what, the former more particularly, he would have hesitated to advance in public as his settled conviction. Thus, we find no traces of such opinions in his writings. Shakspeare, whenever mentioned, is mentioned with honour; and if the paper, formerly noticed, "A Scale of Poets," written in 1758, be really his, he receives all the praise a judicious admirer can desire. Neither can this degree of praise be considered less equivocal by the lines in Retaliation, written when his taste had been long settled, in allusion to Garrick, where he tells us—

"Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumont and Ben be his Kellys above."

That he honoured his genius, though fully alive to his defects, appears from a criticism written in 1759, where he says, in allusion to the bad taste exhibited in many of the dramas of the age of Elizabeth—

"Nothing less than a genius like Shakspeare's could make plays, wrote to the taste of those times, pleasing now: a man, whose beauties seem rather the result of chance than design—who, while he laboured to satisfy his audience with monsters and mummery, seemed to throw in his inimitable beauties, as trifles, into the bargain. Massinger, however, was not such a man. He seldom rises to any pitch of sublimity—and yet, it must be owned, is never so incorrigibly absurd as we often find his predecessor. His performances are all crowded with incident, but want character, the genuine mark of genius in a dramatic poet."

The comedies of Farquhar and Vanbrugh, particularly the former, rejecting their indelicacies, he considered the best on the English stage.

Of Lord Kames's Elements of Criticism, he said, "It is easier to write that book than to read it." Johnson admitted there was nothing new in the matter, but old things were told in a new way.

Pope found in him, as in all the poets of the past age, and in Lord Byron, and in many of the distinguished names of the present, that warm admiration which his genius, vigour, variety, and harmony, must ever command from every reader of taste. The critical opinions of Warton had failed to render his fallacies, although recent, a fashion, or to convince the judgment of the age he addressed, that the class of poetry to which that of Pope belongs was necessarily of an inferior order, or that popularity formed, after the lapse of a reasonable time, no criterion of merit. Goldsmith estimated his

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genius scarcely inferior to that of Dryden; his judgment and versification, some degrees higher. His character of Addison, he quoted on several occasions, as displaying a profound knowledge of the human heart.

Toward the poetry of Gray he was, as has been already stated, less favourably disposed, though from no unworthy motive; and, without mentioning names, it is indirectly expressed in the Vicar of Wakefield, where we find marked condemnation of redundancy of epithet, one of the admitted faults of that eminent poet. Goldsmith considered this blemish as bordering upon mere expletive—a symptom of want of variety of expression, or vigour of thought—and seems to have written the Hermit in proof of how successfully one man of genius could avoid what he considered so objectionable in others. That ballad is introduced in the novel with the remark, that whatever be its other defects, it is free at least from the one he censures:

"It is remarkable that both the poets you mention (Ovid and Gray) have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects, and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connection—a string of epithets, that improve the sound without carrying on the sense."

His opinion of portions of Gray's poetry, seems corroborated by that of another cotemporary poet, Langhorne, who thus figuratively expresses himself: "How enchantingly beautiful was Gray's Muse, when she wandered through the churchyard in her morning dress! But when she was arrayed in gorgeous attire, in a monstrous hoop and a brocade petticoat, I could gaze upon her indeed; she made an impression on my eye, but not on my heart."

It is said, indeed, if we are to believe Mr. Cradock, who, however, wrote at a late period of life, and whose reports of mere conversations must be received with some caution, that Goldsmith proposed even, we may believe in a jocular moment, to improve the Elegy, —"You are so attached," he is made to say, "to Hurd, Gray, and Mason, that you think nothing good can proceed but out of that formal school. Now I'll mend Gray's Elegy, by leaving out an idle word in every line:

The curfew tolls the knell of day.
The lowing herd winds o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his way
And———"

to which the narrator makes himself very promptly and reasonably object.

He was fond of the amusement of a garden, and when on a visit in the country, commonly passed several hours in it daily. At Lord Clare's he had been permitted to build an ice-house and hot-house on plans of his own; he volunteered to construct one of the former for Cradock, saying that, as he had already built two, it should be perfect, and a pattern for the whole county. To this taste Beauclerc probably alludes, when writing to Lord Charlemont, whom he jocularly urges to return to London, for the following reasons—

"If you do not come here, I will bring all the club over to Ireland to live with you, and that will drive you here in your own defence. Johnson shall spoil your books, Goldsmith pull your flowers, and Boswell talk to you."

"When Boswell," adds Mr. Cradock, "was at Litchfield with Dr. Johnson, he wrote a prologue, to be spoken by some players who were performing there, and this caused a proposal that the comedy of the Beaux Stratagem should be got up in good style by amateurs. 'Then,' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'I shall certainly offer to play Scrub!'"

"Goldsmith used to rally me," continues the same writer, "on my Cambridge pedantry, and I, in turn, hinted an illegitimate education. He truly said that I was nibbling about elegant phrases, while he was obliged to write half a volume." This hint, if ever really given respecting imperfect education, seems scarcely to have been called for, when it is considered, what Cradock did not probably know or remember, that the poet, like himself, had been member of a university.

A question was started, how far people who disagree in a capital point, can live in friendship together. Johnson said they might—Goldsmith said they could not, as they had not the *idem velle atque idem nolle*—the same likings and the same aversions. *Johnson*—"Why, sir, you must shun the subject as to which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke: I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion, and affluence of conversation; but I would not talk to him of the Rockingham party." *Goldsmith*—"But, sir, when people live together who have something as to which they disagree, and which they want to shun, they will be in the situation mentioned in the story of Bluebeard. 'You may look into all the chambers but one.' But we should have the greatest inclination to look into that chamber, to talk of that subject." *Johnson* (with a loud voice)—"Sir, I am not saying that *you* could live in friendship with a man from whom you differ as to some point; I am only saying that I could do it. You put me in mind of Sappho in Ovid."

When conversing at the table of Sir Joshua, on the merits of Otway's Venice Preserved, which Goldsmith highly extolled as one of the tragedies nearest in excellence to those of Shakspeare, Johnson peremptorily contradicted him, asserting there were not forty good lines in the play, and adding, "Pooh! what stuff are these lines—

'What feminine tales hast thou been list'ning to,
Of unair'd sheets, catarrh, and toothache, got
By thin-soled shoes?'"

"True!" replied Goldsmith, "to be sure that is very like Shakspeare."

Few readers or spectators of the tragedy, but will agree rather with Goldsmith than with Johnson.

In a conversation at General Oglethorpe's, Boswell started the question, whether dueling was consistent with moral duty. Goldsmith, turning to him, said, "I ask you first, sir, what you would do if you were affronted?" The reply was, that he would deem it necessary to fight. "Why, then," observed the poet, "that solves the question." Johnson denied that this reasoning was conclusive, but admitted that, as the refinements of society require a man who receives an affront to resent it, so dueling, under such circumstances, becomes a species of self-defence.

The abridgment of the Roman History, contracted for two years before for fifty guineas, appeared early in December. The volume was small, intended merely for schools, and therefore executed only as a matter of trade, not of inclination.

A letter addressed to him about the same period, will be read with some degree of attention, on account of the notoriety of the name of the writer, the well-known Thomas Paine. This period seems to have been nearly the dawning of that spirit of mischief by which he was afterwards influenced, for though now serving in the humble capacity of officer of excise, he sought an opportunity to take the lead in producing among his brethren, whether with sufficient cause or not, the same feeling of discontent with their situation which he afterwards fostered upon a larger scale, against the institutions of his country. His claim to be considered "singularly modest," a quality which appears to have been of short continuance, will amuse the reader. The reputation of Goldsmith induced a variety of similar applications for advice upon, or the revision of, literary works; but in this instance, as the pamphlet had been circulated, and produced all its intended effect, the cause of intrusion seems to have been more an excuse to make his acquaintance than a reference to his opinion.

From Thomas Paine.

"Honoured sir—Herewith I present you with the case of the officers of excise. A compliment of this kind, from an entire stranger, may appear somewhat singular; but the following reasons and information will, I presume, sufficiently apologise.

"I act myself in the humble station of an officer of excise, though somewhat differently circumstanced to what many of them are, and have been the principal promoter of a plan for applying to parliament this session for an increase of salary. A petition for this purpose has been circulated through every part of the kingdom, and signed by all the officers therein. A subscription of three shillings per officer is raised, amounting to upwards of five hundred pounds, for supporting the expenses.

"The excise officers, in all cities and corporate towns, have obtained letters of recommendation from the electors to the members in their behalf, many or most of whom have promised their support. The enclosed case we have presented to most of the members, and shall to all, before the petition appear in the house.

"The memorial before you met with so much approbation while in manuscript, that I was advised to print four thousand copies: three thousand of which were subscribed for by the officers in general, and the remaining one thousand reserved for presents.

"Since the delivering them, I have received so many letters of thanks and approbation for the performance, that, were I not rather singularly modest, I should insensibly become a little vain.

"The literary fame of Dr. Goldsmith has induced me to present one to him, such as it is. 'Tis my first and only attempt, and even now I should not have undertaken it, had I not been particularly applied to by some of my superiors in office.

"I have some few questions to trouble Dr. Goldsmith with, and should esteem his company for an hour or two, to partake of a bottle wine, or any thing else, and apologise for this trouble, as a singular favour conferred on his unknown humble servant and admirer,

"THOMAS PAINE.

"Excise Coffee-house, Broad street,
"December 21, 1772.

"P. S. Shall take the liberty of waiting on you in a day or two."

A correspondent of a very different description drew from him, in reply, a letter in prose and verse, which has all his characteristic humour. His acquaintance, Miss Catherine Horneck, became, in August, 1771, the wife of Henry William Bunbury, Esq., celebrated for the powers of his pencil, and having addressed an invitation to him, in a rhyming and jocular strain, to spend some time at their seat at Barton, in Suffolk, he answered it in a similar manner. The first part in prose has that air of assumed severity, to which allusion has been made, as being liable to be mistaken in conversation for ill humour, particularly in literary matters, where a spirit of rivalry might be supposed to exist. After some mock solemnity of criticism on Mrs. Bunbury's verses, and her advice in playing the game of loo, he feels inspired, he says, at once with verse and resentment:

"First let me suppose what may shortly be true,
The company set, and the word to be LOO;
All smirking and pleasant, and big with adventure,
And ogling the stake which is fix'd in the centre."

The progress of the game, the supposed loss of his money from the advice of the ladies, and his imaginary revenge in bringing them to the bar of the Old Bailey:

"For giving advice that is not worth a straw,
May well be called picking of pockets in law,"

render this one of his pleasantest trifles. It is now printed for the first time in the new edition of his works.

While at Barton, where his society was often sought, as the writer learns from one of the party, who entertains great regard for his memory, his manners were always playful and amusing, taking the lead in promoting any scheme of innocent mirth, and usually prefacing the invitation by "Come, now, and let us play the fool a little." At cards, which was commonly a round game, and the stake small, he was always the most noisy,

affected great eagerness to win, and teased his opponents of the gentler sex with continual jest and banter on their want of spirit in not risking the hazards of the game. But one of his most favourite enjoyments was to romp with children, when he threw off all reserve, and seemed one of the most joyous of the group.

"His simplicity of manners," continued my informant, "made him occasionally the object of tricks of the jocular kind to other visiters of the house. Being at all times gay in dress, he made his appearance at the breakfast table in a smart black silk coat, with an expensive pair of ruffles; the coat some one contrived to soil, and it was sent to be cleansed; but either by accident, or probably design, the day after it came home the sleeves became daubed with paint, which was not discovered until the ruffles also, to his great mortification, were irretrievably disfigured.

"He always wore a wig, a peculiarity which those who judge of his appearance only from the fine poetical head by Reynolds, would not suspect; and, on one occasion, some person contrived seriously to injure this important adjunct to dress. It was the only one he had in the country, and the misfortune seemed irreparable until the services of Mr. Bunbury's valet were called in, who however performed his functions so indifferently that poor Goldsmith's appearance became the signal for a general smile.

"On another occasion, some difference of opinion having arisen with Lord Harrington respecting the depth of a pond, the poet remarked that it was not so deep but that if any thing valuable was to be found at the bottom, he would not hesitate to pick it up. His lordship, after some banter, threw in a guinea; Goldsmith, not to be outdone in this kind of bravado, in attempting to fulfil his promise without getting wet, accidentally fell in, to the amusement of all present, but persevered, brought out the money and kept it, remarking, that he had abundant objects on whom to bestow any further proofs of his lordship's whim or bounty.

"His benevolence was unquestionable, and his countenance bore every trace of it. He was a very plain man, but had he been much more so, it was impossible not to love and respect his goodness of heart, which broke out upon every occasion; no one that knew him intimately, could avoid admiring and loving his good qualities. They accused him of envy, but it certainly was not envy in the usual sense of that word; he was jealous, perhaps, of giving praise where he thought praise was not due; but I am sure, that on many occasions, from the peculiar manner of his humour, and assumed frown of countenance, that what was often uttered in jest was mistaken by those that did not know him for earnest.

"The expression of his countenance is most happily caught in one of the sketches of Mr. Bunbury, which gives the head with admirable fidelity as he actually lived among us; nothing can exceed its truth.

"There are others, by the same gentleman, executed in a sportive vein, and therefore caricatured. The head by Reynolds is a fine portrait, and likewise conveys a good idea of his face; it was painted as a fine poetical head for the admiration of posterity, but, as it is divested of his wig, and with the shirt collar open, it was not the man as seen in daily life. This, however, detracts nothing from the merit of the painting of that great artist and amiable man, whom, from an early period till his death, I had the honour to number among my most particular friends.

"One of the means by which he amused us was his songs, chiefly of the comic kind, which were sung with some taste and humour; several I believe were of his own composition, and I regret that I neither have copies, which might have been readily procured from him at the time, nor do I remember their names."

To this talent for singing Boswell alludes in his journal in 1773—"We drank tea with the ladies (the dinner was at General Oglethorpe's); and Goldsmith sung Tony Lumpkin's song in his comedy 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and a very pretty one, to an Irish tune which he had designed for Miss Hardcastle; but as Mrs. Bulkeley, who played the part, could not sing, it was left out. He afterwards wrote it down for me, by which means it was preserved, and now appears amongst his poems."

On another occasion, when at the house of Sir Joshua and a large party of ladies were present, a ballad singer under the window chanced to sing one of his favourite airs, "Sally Salisbury," and on remarking its miserable execution, he was questioned in a lively manner by one of the party whether he could do it better. The reply was in the affirmative, and on being requested to indulge the company with the song, he immediately complied, and acquitted himself so well as to receive the approbation of all present.

Toward the end of the year 1772, a new magazine, The Westminster, commenced, among the contributors to which were Capt. Edward Thompson, of the navy, author of some dramatic pieces, songs, and The Sailor's Letters, and afterwards Isaac Reed and the Rev. Mr. Babcock. Goldsmith also, it is pretty certain, wrote a few of the earlier articles. These are in the first number, "The History of a Poet's Garden," meaning the Leasowes of Shenstone, and "A Comparison between Laughing and Sentimental Comedy," intended as a preparative perhaps to the appearance of She Stoops to Conquer; in the February number, "A Register of Scotish Marriages," and a notice of the Sleep Walker, Cyrillo Padrovsna. These appear in his Essays, published by Reed, in 1797, though the three former only are given by Bishop Percy in the edition of his works. Little doubt can be entertained of their authenticity, being retained on the authority of Malone and Steevens, as well as of Reed; and the probable reason of the cessation of his communications to that work was the success of his comedy the following month, the moderate praise of it in the magazine, and the introduction at the same time of a few anecdotes exhibiting the jokes practised upon his simplicity.

From the commencement of the theatrical season, 1772–73, he had been anxiously endeavouring to procure the representation of his play, written, as we have seen, more than a year before, at one of the theatres. To those unacquainted with such matters, the affair may seem to have been of easy accomplishment to a writer of celebrity who enjoyed personal intimacy with both managers; but Goldsmith found it otherwise. Friendship by no means implies favour on such occasions; tastes and judgments on dramatic productions may reasonably differ; but the politics of the theatre have the reputation of being subject to as many under and counter influences as those that affect more extended and important interests, and are little less difficult successfully to manage.

The play was first placed in the hands of Mr. Colman, of Covent Garden, who soon intimated verbally a variety of objections to its probable success; and, after a considerable interval, returned the manuscript with his remarks written on the blank sides of the leaves, in contravention, as it seems to have been considered, of the laws of politeness. These the poet did not hesitate to show to some of his friends, by whom they were pronounced unfair, or, in the language employed in the journals, "envious, insipid, and contemptible." It was then submitted to Garrick, who displayed his usual aversion to give a plain and direct answer; for though he did not condemn it, the hesitation to approve was understood as a sufficient indication of an opinion similar to that of his brother manager. In this state of suspense the friends of the author, among whom was Dr. Johnson, applied to Colman again, who, after urgent solicitations, yielded reluctant assent to its being brought forward at his theatre.

The boon thus unwillingly conceded, Goldsmith found it necessary to accept; the season was late; Lent and the benefits were at hand; and these, however successful might be the play, must interfere with the run and productiveness to the managers as well as to the author. All the circumstances of its rejection and subsequent acceptance soon acquired general publicity, and excited unusual interest; several anonymous advocates of the poet insisted that he had been ungenerously treated; that the delay in first returning the manuscript, the period of its subsequent acceptance, and the dissemination of the unfavourable opinion of the manager, were the acts of a jealous, rival dramatist, desirous of its condemnation; and that had he meant it should be fairly dealt by, there was abundant time by the prompt withdrawal of an opera by Kenrick, which was not really meant to be brought forward, to represent it at an advantageous part of the season. Delay for another year was, however, inconsistent with the necessities of the author; neither perhaps was he disposed to put faith in the promises of Colman to bring it on early next season, for he was known to have a comedy of his own in forwardness—(the Man of Business)—and, possessing the power, was not likely to let the production of another interfere with the success of that in which he was so much more interested.

Some blame in this affair certainly appears imputable to the manager; not perhaps for his opinion of the play, if that were a sincere opinion, but for the publicity, injudiciously, if not unfairly, given to it. All the friends of both parties, the performers of the theatre, and a few of the newspapers, repeated without reserve his predictions of its failure; but the author felt and expressed extreme and not unreasonable indignation, that this anticipation should have been repeated by the box-keepers to the servant of the Duke of Gloucester while he was engaging the stage box for his royal highness. To the manager's and his own opinion of the play, Dr. Johnson alludes in a letter to Boswell, dated February 22d 1773.

"Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy which is expected in the spring. No name is yet given it. The chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is made to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. This you see borders upon farce. The dialogue is quick and gay, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable." To the Rev. Mr. White, afterwards bishop of the episcopal church in Pennsylvania, he writes on the 4th of March; "Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy in rehearsal at Covent Garden, to which the manager predicts ill success. I hope he will be mistaken. I think it deserves a very kind reception." Speaking on the same subject some years after the death of the poet (1778), he said, "Both Goldsmith's comedies were once refused; his first by Garrick, his second by Colman, who was prevailed on at last by much solicitation, nay, a kind of force, to bring it on."

Adverting to the same general topic, the probable failure of the play, Northcote, then a young man and living with Sir Joshua, thus writes to his brother, March 24th, 1773.

"Last Monday I went to see Goldsmith's new play, and, quite the reverse to every body's expectation, it was received with the utmost applause; and Garrick has writ a very excellent prologue to it in ridicule of the late sentimental comedies. Goldsmith was so kind as to offer me half a dozen tickets for the play on his night, and I intend to accept of two or three. He is going to dedicate his play to old Johnson."

While negotiations for its representation were going on, the following letters were written. The first explains the pecuniary difficulties of the unfortunate author, by the tone of solicitation for its acceptance which dire necessity alone could have induced him to use; and if it causes regret for the situation of a man of genius, furnishes the true reason probably why, after the neglect and obstruction experienced on the occasion, he permitted the representation at all. The second withdraws the play from Garrick. The originals of both are without dates; but the former was probably written about the middle of January, the latter certainly early in February, 1773.

"To George Colman, Esq.

"Dear sir,—I entreat you 'll relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made or shall make to my play, I will endeavour to remove and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges either of its merits or faults I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion when my other play was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indignation: I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play I can readily satisfy my creditor that way; at any rate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine.

"I am your friend and servant,
"Oliver Goldsmith."

"To David Garrick, Esq.

"Dear sir,—I ask many pardons for the trouble I gave you yesterday. Upon more mature deliberation, and the

advice of a sensible friend, I began to think it indelicate in me to throw upon you the odium of confirming Mr. Colman's sentence. I therefore request you will send my play back by my servant; for having been assured of having it acted at the other house, though I confess yours in every respect more to my wish, yet it would be folly in me to forego an advantage which lies in my power, of appealing from Mr. Colman's opinion to the judgment of the town. I entreat, if not too late, you will keep this affair a secret for some time.

"I am, dear sir, your very humble servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

When it had gained the length of a rehearsal, new difficulties awaited the author. Several alterations had been made by him at the suggestion of friends, but others of more moment now suggested by the manager were rejected as interfering with the main business of the piece; and additional offence was thus supposed to have been given him. Two of the comedians, likewise, (Smith and Woodward,) for whom the characters of Marlow and Tony Lumpkin were intended, declined their respective parts, though their friends, after the unequivocal reception of the play, found it expedient to send forth an apology for the refusal. One of them (Smith) alleged that far from disliking the part of Young Marlow, none in comedy had pleased him more for several years, but the play of Elfrida, in which he was perfect, being refused for his benefit, just then at hand, he had to study a part in Lady Jane Grey, and was thus unable, from the shortness of the notice, to undertake that which was assigned him in She Stoops to Conquer. The other intimated that he had been influenced by the opinion of the manager, who considered it would not reach a second representation; one of his criticisms on the play as alleged, being afterwards quoted, that "it dwindled and dwindled, and at last went out like the snuff of a candle." So essential was the aid of these two performers deemed to a favourable result, that a few friends of the poet recommended on this account, if on no other, the postponement of the performance till the ensuing season. His reply evinced the pride of an author, or no small confidence in the merit of his comic scenes—"I should sooner that my play were damned by bad players, than merely saved by good acting."

"Two others of the Covent Garden* company were therefore substituted for those who withheld their services; but this embarrassment removed, another immediately occurred respecting the epilogue. The first, supplied as it appears by Murphy, theatrical custom prevented from being sung as intended by Mrs. Catley; a second was then provided; and eventually no less than four were written before manager and performers could be satisfied. When we thus learn the caprice and petulance to which men of genius are subject in their intercourse with the theatre, our wonder becomes increased that any should be found to exert their talents in a sphere where they are subjected to so many and vexatious impertinences.

The measure of the mortifications of the author was not yet full. During one of the rehearsals when several ladies of his acquaintance, and among the rest Miss Reynolds, were present, a sally of Tony Lumpkin appeared of questionable propriety, and he proposed to omit it—"Pshaw, my dear doctor," cried Colman, "of what consequence is a squib, when we have been sitting for two hours over a barrel of gunpowder." Such a remark at such a moment was at least ungenerous, appearing to insult by sarcasm what he had endeavoured to obstruct by the possession of theatrical power; and the poet is said not to have forgiven so offensive and ill-natured a sally of wit. By the terms, however, in which he is mentioned in the dedication to the published play, this would not appear to have been the case.

No name, as we have seen, had been given the comedy on the 22d February, and from the frequent remark of Johnson, "We are all in labour for a name to Goldy's play," it seems to have occasioned some perplexity. The first adopted but soon dismissed, was "The Old House a New Inn;" Reynolds proposed the "Belle's Stratagem," afterwards chosen by Mrs. Cowley for one of her comedies, which may have been deemed inappropriate from the stratagem of Miss Hardcastle not being premeditated, but the effect of the mistake of Marlow and Hastings. The present name, a suggestion of the author himself, was fixed upon only three days before the representation, and in some of the newspapers it was announced simply as "The Mistakes of a Night."

While the rehearsals were going on, he addressed the following note to Mr. Cradock, then in town—

"Mr. Goldsmith's best respects to Mr. Cradock—when he asked him to-day, he quite forgot an engagement of a week's standing, which has been made purposely for him; he feels himself quite uneasy at not being permitted to have his instructions upon those parts where he must necessarily be defective. He will have a rehearsal on Monday, when if Mr. Cradock would come, and afterwards take a bit of mutton chop, it would add to his other obligations.

"Sunday morning.

"To J. Cradock, Esq., at the Hotel in Pall Mall."

To the same friend, who had in the mean time returned to the country, he wrote immediately after the representation of the piece, and gives an account of the trouble occasioned by the epilogues, and an intelligible intimation of discontent at the treatment he had received. Both letters are without dates.

"My dear sir—The play has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your epilogue, which however could not be used, but with your permission shall be printed. The story in short is this; Murphy sent me rather the outline of an epilogue than an epilogue, which was to be sung by Mrs. Catley, and which she approved.

"Mrs. Bulkley hearing this, insisted on throwing up her part, unless, according to the custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a quarreling epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the epilogue, but then Mrs. Catley refused after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out. I was then at a loss indeed; an epilogue was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkley. I made one and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken; I was obliged therefore to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing as you 'll shortly see. Such is the history of my stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage; and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall on the whole be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation.

"I am, my dear Cradock,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P. S. Present my most humble respects to Mrs. Cradock."

Under all the disadvantages enumerated, in addition, according to the general remark, to bad actors, bad dresses, and bad scenery, the triumph of the comedy in public favour was complete, as if the town had determined to approve in the strongest manner what the manager seemed disposed prematurely to condemn. Its reception, as we find he confesses, exceeded even the expectations of the author. The first representation took place on the 15th March, between which and the conclusion of the season, in consequence of holidays and benefits, no more than twelve nights, including three for the author, remained to the managers; these however were occupied by the new comedy, and the house closed with it on the 31st May. The author's nights, duly announced, according to the custom of the time, as being "For the Author," were the 18th March, and 12th and 29th of April, by which, according to a calculation of the usual expenses and receipts of the house, he received between four and five hundred pounds.*

The Duke of Gloucester, for whom in consequence of the Royal Marriage Act some public sympathy existed, was present the first night of representation, whether from previous intimation of a passage in the play, does not appear. But when Hastings uttered the speech to Miss Neville, "We'll go to France, for there even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected," it was instantly applied to his royal highness by the audience, and several rounds of applause testified their feeling for his situation.

Such an incident was not likely to pass unnoticed, and might be construed into an attack by the author on what were known to be the sentiments of the king. He was too independent, however, to strike out the passage, although desirous, as he more than once expressed in society, that his majesty might command his play; adding however to the wish, "not that it would do me any good;" and yet perhaps with the hope, if viewed with an eye of favour, of receiving some token of royal consideration. His desire was gratified on the 5th May, the tenth night of performance, when it was commanded by the king and queen; and again in the ensuing season, (November 10th,) but the honour formed all the advantages accruing from these visits. During the summer, Foote acted the comedy at the Haymarket, and it was repeated at Covent Garden frequently before the following Christmas.

Few will hesitate to admit that the success of the play, although the humour may be occasionally broad and some of the situations bordering upon farce, was well deserved. The leading incident of the plot, the mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn, by a trick played off upon the credulity of travellers, is a novel contrivance, yet scarcely more improbable than the various blunders and involvements which comedy frequently exhibits; and if the fact ever occurred, of which it is said there are more instances on record than the mistake made by Goldsmith himself in traveling to school at Edgeworthstown, it is sufficient for the purposes of the dramatist. Several of the characters seem new, or nearly new to the stage. Tony Lumpkin is certainly original, and allowing for some coarseness and the usual degree of comic embellishment, not far removed from nature; Young Marlow has likewise claims to novelty; and Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle differ in several shades from the customary old country gentleman and indulgent mother, familiar to the eye of an audience. The business of the scene is active and diverting, the interest sustained throughout, and the dialogue lively from the equivoque produced by the mistake of some of the characters with regard to their position with others. The incident of the robbery is supposed to be borrowed from Albumazar.

Cumberland in his memoirs gives a minute detail of the preliminary measures of the friends of the author to support the piece. He states that they dined together at the Shakspeare tavern, with Johnson, in remarkably high spirits, in the chair; near him was Goldsmith, the Burkes, Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord, and, as he tells us, "a phalanx of North-British pre-determined applauders under the banners of Major Mills;" that they thence proceeded to the theatre, separated into knots with preconcerted signals when to applaud; and that he was placed as flapper or remembrancer, to Mr. Adam Drummond, who, he adds, was "gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs," to give him the cue, *he having himself declared that he did not know when to give his fire;* and that in this

* Mr. Lee Lewes, who thence by his performance was first brought into notice, and Mr. Quick.

* Friends were not wanting to forward his views by various inducements to attend the theatre for his advantage; the following appeared the third night; it has been remarked that some advertisements announced the comedy on the first performance simply as "The Mistakes of a Night."

"The Mistakes of a Night,
Will set matters right,
As 'tis by all parties agreed;
From this lucky hit,
For once a poor wit
May turn out a Goldsmith indeed!"

"THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

"It is with great pleasure we can inform the public, that the ingenious and engaging *Miss Comedy*, is in a fair way of recovery. This much admired young lady has lately been in a very declining way, and was thought to be dying of a *sentimental consumption*. She is now under the care of *Dr. Goldsmith*, who has already prescribed twice for her. The medicines sat extremely easy upon the stomach, and she appears to be in fine spirits. The doctor is to pay her a *third* visit this evening, and it is expected he will receive a very handsome fee from the lady's friends and admirers."

manner, with Johnson in the front row of a side box also laughing, they carried the play, and "triumphed," he goes on to say, "not only over Colman's judgment, but our own."

The greater part of this story, like that of the alleged matrimonial design of the landlady of the poet upon him, told by the same writer, is believed to be apocryphal.* He is known to be inaccurate in his narrations, he admits even misstatements, and writing from memory at the distance of thirty years after the transaction, with few dates in his volumes, cannot be supposed to remember correctly trifling incidents connected with his occasional associates. He avows that he knew little or nothing of Goldsmith, which is obvious from a close examination of his book; he tells no original anecdote of him, and strangely misrepresents what he had heard from others; as in the story above alluded to, the sale of the Vicar of Wakefield, the sum received for it, and even, what every one of common knowledge on literary matters knew, the name of the bookseller to whom sold.

Wherever the dinner took place, whether at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as Northcote told the present writer, and he is rarely incorrect, or at the Shakspeare, it consisted of but a few persons. Nor can it be conceived why a large party of *North* Britons more particularly should assemble to support the play of one whose friends, personal or literary, were not of that nation, and whose national prejudices he had offended by frequent jokes, and by his known opinions upon Ossian. Mr. Fitzherbert, who is stated to have been one of the dinner party, had died the preceding year. The more immediate friends of the poet really present in the theatre and noticed by the audience, were Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Dr. Thomas Francklin, connected with the Critical Review, and a few more of less note. Cumberland, Kelly, Macpherson, and others, were likewise visible in the boxes, the two former, according to general opinion, as rivals or enemies rather than friends, and as such were assailed in the innumerable squibs and witticisms thrown out on the occasion. Cumberland had acquired unusual notoriety for his jealousy of brother authors of whatever description; it is therefore difficult to believe he attended as the active friend of his most formidable rival, considered in the triple character of poet, novelist, and dramatist; and the success of whose play was loudly proclaimed in the daily journals as a triumph over the "Kellys, Cumberlands, Kenricks, Lenoxes, Griffithses, and other sentimentalists."

The inference that Cumberland means to be drawn from the account he gives, is, that success was the result of the exertions of the author's friends, not of the merits of the piece itself. The sneer with which it concludes, written at so distant a period, when the popularity of the play had long found universal favour, has something of the appearance of ill-nature; and this can scarcely be matter of surprise, when we remember that its career was considered fatal to his own less comic productions; and may be a further reason for believing, that though present at the representation, it was not as the zealous supporter he describes. Goldsmith's friends no doubt attended, as is usual, on the first night of a new piece, willing to promote his success, or counteract unfair opposition. But such advocates can never overpower the public voice, or give currency to productions destitute of merit; a negative or silent rejection is as effectual as that which is positive; none, therefore, will pay to hear what they dislike, or do not approve. Should even a first night succeed by such means, the second or third will show the failure; whereas every succeeding representation of the new comedy served to raise its popularity.† To the comments of an unfriendly critic, the comic dramatist may at all times oppose the mirth of his audience; for time has confirmed the opinion which Dr. Johnson gave at the moment—"I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience; that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry."

A similar idea of the true design of comedy generally, seems to have been entertained by the author himself. Enquiring of Northcote, then a pupil of Sir Joshua, to whom, as we have seen, he had good-naturedly given tickets for the performance on his benefit night, his opinion of its merits, the latter said he could not presume to decide upon the matter. "Did it make you laugh?" "Exceedingly," was the reply. "Then," continued the poet, "that is all that I require."

The greater indifference now shown to theatrical pieces, renders it difficult to give an adequate idea of the general exultation at the overthrow, as it was considered, of the class of sentimental comedies which had for a few years occupied the place of mirth and humour. Though fashion had upheld them for a time, sufficient good taste existed among the people to disapprove when the opportunity offered, of what were termed, "Comedies taken from the Whole Duty of Man, and sentiments from the Book of Proverbs." Goldsmith was loudly hailed as the champion of this reform in taste; he became the theme of conversation, the daily journals rang with his praises or ridicule of his rivals, and complimentary paragraphs and verses were showered down upon the vivacity and humour of his muse.

In proportion to the praises of the successful author, were the ridicule and odium cast upon his supposed enemies, both in prose and verse. Among these, besides the persons already mentioned, were numbered Macpherson, though no dramatist, which may of itself disprove the story of Cumberland, of the play being supported by many North Britons. But Colman, as manager, was selected more especially for the object of censure. Goldsmith's cause was indeed extremely popular, but in taking it up, several of his partisans were probably revenging their own; some willing to punish the ruler of the theatre for past refusals of their pieces; others meaning to intimidate him from such offences in future. The fire of squibs, witticisms, and paragraphs against him, became incessant; his opinion of the play was attributed to extreme jealousy; and if it were not jealousy, it was triumphantly asked, how could any dramatic writer in future, with satisfaction to himself, offer a piece to a person so defective in judgment as Mr. Colman had shown himself, or the town receive it with pleasure at his hands? Either horn of the dilemma was thought fatal to his continuance in theatrical power. His marginal criticisms, which seemed to be well known, were treated with derision; to be despised, it was said, they need only be published; and the author, as the best punishment of his enemy, was recommended to print them with the play, in order that the public might see on whom they depended for the selection of their chief amusement.

So perseveringly was this warfare carried on in every variety of form, that the manager became at length seriously annoyed; he wrote what was considered a penitential letter to Goldsmith, requesting he would "*take him off the rack of the newspapers*," and in order to escape the annoyance in London, took flight in the beginning of the second week to Bath. A victory was thus achieved, to the great satisfaction of the wits of the day; but the author on the publication of the play gave no intimation either of triumph or discontent in the only allusion he permitted himself to make. "The undertaking a comedy," he says, "not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful." This moderation, which indicates none of the permanent resentment attributed to him, was not without its effect. When death had removed all rivalry, the manager, weaned from his sentimental attachments, thus paid tribute to the genius and memory of his old friend, in the prologue to the Chapter of Accidents, 1780.

"Long has the passive stage, howe'er absurd,
Been ruled by names and governed by a word.
Some poor cant term, like magic spells, can awe,
And bend our realms like a dramatic law.
When Fielding, Humour's favourite child, appear'd,
Law was the word, a word each author feared!
Till cheer'd at length by Pleasantry's bright ray,
Nature and Mirth resumed their legal sway,
And Goldsmith's genius basked in open day."

Some imitations of the play have appeared on the French stage; among others, *La Fausse Auberge*, a prose comedy in two acts, which came out at the Italian theatre at Paris, in 1789, and experienced tolerable success.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Fracas with Evans the bookseller—An unfinished novel—Claims upon his charity—The Grumbler—Dictionary of Arts and Sciences—History of Greece.

The applause bestowed upon his comic labours was too great not to draw from less successful candidates for public favour a portion of that abuse frequently incurred by superior merit. A letter of this description appeared in the London Packet newspaper, of the 24th March, which he would no doubt have treated with the neglect such things deserve, and which he had hitherto always shown, but for the injudicious interference of a military acquaintance, one of his countrymen, Captain Higgins, who, with something of the national pugnacity, thought it necessary to involve his friend in a personal encounter in answer to this very silly and very harmless abuse.

An unfinished fragment intended for a detail of the affair, and no doubt meant for publication in lieu of that which afterwards appeared, was found among his papers in the handwriting of an amanuensis.

"As I find the public have been informed by newspapers of a slight fray which happened between me and the editor of an evening paper; to prevent their being imposed upon, the account is shortly this.

"A friend of mine came on Friday to inform me that a paragraph was inserted against me in the London Packet, which I was in honour bound to resent. I read the paper, and considered it in the same light as he did. I went to the editor and struck him with my cane on the back. A scuffle ensued * * * *."

A few new particulars of the assault upon the publisher are thus communicated by a surviving witness, whose recollection of the occurrence is but little impaired by time.

"The circumstances attending the personal contest between Dr. Goldsmith and Evans the bookseller, with whom I lived at the time, are, to the best of my recollection, as follow:—

"A letter signed Tom Tickle appeared in the London Packet, of which Evans was the publisher, reflecting on the person and literary character of Goldsmith, and introducing the name of one of his female acquaintance. Instigated, as it was believed, by injudicious friends, he came to Paternoster Row, accompanied by Captain Horneck, of the Guards,* and enquiring of me whether Evans was at home, I called the latter from an adjoining room, and heard Goldsmith say to him—'I have called in consequence of a scurrilous attack in your paper upon me (my name is Goldsmith), and an unwarrantable liberty taken with the name of a young lady. As for myself, I care little, but her name must not be sported with.' Evans declaring his ignorance of the matter, said he

* In conversation lately with an eminent writer distinguished for research and accuracy, he remarked in allusion to memoir writers, and without being aware of the opinion of the present writer, that many parts of Cumberland's Autobiography were little better than romance. It is painful to think this of any respectable member of the republic of letters, but it is to be feared there is too much reason for it in the present instance. Further reasons for believing the fact in reference to Goldsmith will hereafter appear.

† Several similar accounts to the following appeared in all the daily journals:—

"The applause given to a new piece on the first evening of its representation, is sometimes supposed to be the tribute of partial friendship. The approbation shown on the second exhibition of Dr. Goldsmith's new comedy, exceeded that with which its first appearance was attended. Uninterrupted laughter or clamorous plaudits accompanied his muse to the last line of his play; and when it was given out for the author's benefit, the theatre was filled with the loudest acclamations that ever rang within its walls."

"The vein of natural and easy humour, which runs throughout Dr. Goldsmith's new comedy, is so happily calculated to entertain all degrees of people, that a gentleman well known at the west end of the town is said to have laid a considerable wager, that in four months' time it will have been performed at all the different theatres in Ireland and Scotland, as well as in every great town in England, to which any company of comedians belongs, and with the same degree of applause it has received at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden."

* Other accounts state it to have been Higgins.

would speak to the editor, and stooping down for the file of the paper to look for the offensive article, the poet struck him smartly with his cane across the back. Evans, who was sturdy, returned the blow with interest, when in the scuffle a lamp suspended over head was broken, and the oil fell upon the combatants; one of the shopmen was sent for a constable, but in the mean time Dr. Kenrick, who had been all the time in the adjoining room, and who, it was pretty certain, was really author of the newspaper article, came forward, separated the parties, and sent Goldsmith home in a coach.

"Captain Horneck expressed his surprise at the assault, declaring he had no previous intimation of such a design on the part of the poet, who had merely requested that he should accompany him to Paternoster Row. Evans took steps to indict him for an assault; but subsequently a compromise took place, by his assailant agreeing to pay fifty pounds to the Welsh charity."

The affair gave ample employment to the newspapers for several days. A sense of common danger, on all such occasions, unites a body which almost claims to be irresponsible, not only against the law, but against individuals, who attempt to resent their untruths or provocations; and Goldsmith was assailed for the gross outrage, as it was called, of beating a man in his own house.* Among other things urged against him, was that of having been formerly editor of a Magazine, in which he had no doubt taken as many liberties with others as had been in the present instance taken with him. To the latter part of this accusation, from which, as far as can be discovered, he was quite free, he however thought proper to reply in the following address, printed in the Daily Advertiser of the 31st March, 1773.

"*To the Public.*

"Lest it should be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare that, in all my life, I never wrote or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay in a newspaper, except a few moral essays under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger, and a letter to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

"I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public, most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector has become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from insults.

"How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as the guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom. "OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

One of the jests played off upon him on this occasion was a story, that, having proceeded, after the engagement, with injured eyes and bandaged face, to his friend Dr. Johnson, complaining of the insolence and slanders of anonymous writers in the newspapers, the latter is made to reply, though with a very humble imitation of his sarcastic wit, that if he (Dr. Johnson) had attempted to resent all the slanders vented against him through such channels, he would have had by that time neither eyes to see, nor jaws to eat with. This alleged conversation some of his friends deemed it necessary to meet by a formal contradiction. What Johnson really thought and said on this occasion, is told by Boswell.

"On Saturday, April 3d, the day after my arrival in London this year, I went to his (Dr. Johnson's) house late in the evening, and sat with Mrs. Williams till he came home. I found, in the London Chronicle, Dr. Goldsmith's apology to the public for beating Evans, the bookseller, on account of a paragraph in a newspaper published by him, which Goldsmith thought impertinent to him, and to a lady of his acquaintance.

"The apology was written so much in Dr. Johnson's manner, that both Mrs. Williams and I supposed it to be his; but when he came home, he soon undeceived us. When he said to Mrs. Williams, 'Well, Dr. Goldsmith's *manifesto* has got into your paper;' I asked him if Dr. Goldsmith had written it, with an air that made him see I suspected it was his, though subscribed by Dr. Goldsmith.

"*Johnson.*—'Sir, Dr. Goldsmith would no more have asked me to have wrote such a thing as that for him, than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon, or do any thing else that denoted his imbecility. I as much believe that he wrote it as if I had seen him do it. Sir, had he shown it to any one friend, he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has indeed done it very well, but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his new comedy, that he has thought every thing that concerned him must be of importance to the public.'"

In the press, the play was as successful as on the stage, not less, it is said, than six thousand copies having been sold during this and the ensuing season. It was dedicated to Dr. Johnson, as much from sincere esteem, as in return for the good opinion first formed by him of the piece, and his zealous endeavours to carry it forward to representation: "I have particularly reason," he says, "to thank you for your partiality to this performance." The terms otherwise used on this occasion form a compliment of the most flattering kind. "By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind, also, to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety."

The copyright passed into the hands of Mr. Francis Newbery, who had published the Vicar of Wakefield. An anecdote, connected with its transfer, is thus in substance stated by the same gentleman, whose account of the quarrel has just been given, and who had abundant opportunities of knowing the fact.

Being pressed, by pecuniary difficulties, in 1771–1772, Goldsmith had, at various periods, obtained the advance of two or three hundred pounds from Newbery, under the engagement of writing a novel, which, after the success of the Vicar of Wakefield, promised to be one of the most popular speculations. Considerable delay took place in the execution of this undertaking, and when at length submitted to the perusal of the bookseller, it proved to be in great measure the plot of the comedy of the Good-natured Man, turned into a tale. Objections being taken to this, the manuscript was returned. Goldsmith declared himself unable or unwilling to write another, but, in liquidation of the debt now pressingly demanded, said he should require time to look round for means of raising the money, unless Mr. Newbery chose to take the chance of a play coming forward at Covent Garden. "And yet to tell you the truth, Frank," added the candid poet, in making the proposal, "there are great doubts of its success." Newbery accepted the offer, doubtful of being otherwise repaid, and the popularity of "She Stoops to Conquer" gained, according to the recollection of the narrator, above three hundred pounds more than the sum advanced to the author.

This novel, thus mentioned as rejected, he afterwards read in the family of Mr. Bunbury, and by one of the ladies then present is very well remembered as being taken from the comedy, though the impression remains that it was unfinished. What became of the manuscript, or the name given to it, is unknown. This uncertainty warrants, perhaps, a conjecture, in the absence of more positive information. In the "Omniana" of Mr. Southey, we find the following notice:—"A fraud has been practised in France upon Goldsmith's reputation. At the end of a volume which bears date 1774, is the following title in a list of new books, *Histoire de François Wills, ou le Triomphe de la Bienfaisance, par l'auteur du Ministrie de Wakefield. Traduction de l'Anglais.*"

It is just possible that this may be the novel of which we are told; and that the author, considering it too indifferent to acknowledge, or more probably leaving it incomplete, the conclusion may have been added by another hand, and the facts by some means communicated after his death to the French translator. The original, if it was ever really published in England, will no doubt furnish traces of his pen; and the similarity of title is at least remarkable.

Among the claims upon his charity, those from poor and obscure authors were perhaps least to be resisted, as much from sympathy with all the sons of misfortune as from painful remembrance of his former struggles for existence. Of these applications, often dexterously timed, when by the success of a new play or publication his purse was believed to be replenished, and when, the more to ensure success, a little praise or flattery of his talents was thrown in, the following is a sufficient specimen. It is from a poor man, whose name appears as author of a few indifferent fables in verse; "The Mastiff in Prison," "The Death of the Fox," with others, in allusion to the political events of the day, and printed in the newspapers.

"*On Dr. Goldsmith's Comedy,*—'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'

"Quite sick in her bed Thalia was laid,
A sentiment puke had quite killed the sweet maid,
Her bright eyes had lost all their fire;
When a regular doctor, one Goldsmith by name,
Found out her disorder as soon as he came,
And has made her (for ever 't will crown all his fame)
As lovely as one can desire.

"Oh! doctor, assist a poor bard who lies ill,
Without e'en a nurse, e'er a potion or pill;
From your kindness he hopes for some ease.
You 're a good-natured man all the world does allow,
O would your good-nature but shine forth just now
In a manner, I 'm sure your good sense will tell how,
Your servant most humbly 't would please.

"The bearer is the author's wife; and an answer from Dr. Goldsmith by her, will be ever gratefully acknowledged by his humble servant,

"JOHN OAKMAN.

"Orange court, Swallow street,
Carnaby Market.
"Saturday, March 27, 1773."

Dr. Rowley, a physician of eminence, in habits of intimacy with him, related an instance of generosity bordering on imprudence, to which he was witness.

Having waited upon the poet with a small sum of money, raised for the purpose of rescuing him from momentary embarrassment, one of his countrymen was admitted during their conversation, and related a tale of wo, calculated to work on the feelings of Goldsmith. His sensibility, tremblingly alive to such appeals, knew no restraint from prudence, and snatching up no inconsiderable part of what had been brought for the relief of his own necessities, he put it into the hands of the applicant, and dismissed him.

Such solicitations appear never to have been made in vain, however great the inconvenience to himself, so that his sensitiveness to distress became at times almost morbid. He has been known to quit his bed at night, and even when labouring under indisposition, in order to relieve the miserable; and when money was scarce, or to be procured with difficulty by borrowing, he has nevertheless shared it with such as presented any claim to charity. The effect of such calls upon one of his nervous temperament, may be judged by another anecdote, which, to those not aware of his peculiarities, would have looked like affectation.

* Of the innumerable squibs issued on the occasion, the following is a specimen:—

"THE COMBAT.

"While the printer was busy—to give him a blow,
Unsuspecting, unguarded—how could you do so?
Such a victory gain'd will by all be agreed,
My dear doctor, is *Stooping to Conquer* indeed!"

While playing whist at the house of Sir William Chambers, in Berners street, the party at the table consisting, besides Sir William, of Lady Chambers, Baretti, and Goldsmith—the latter hastily threw down his cards at a critical point of the game, flew out of the room, and, as appeared by the opening of the door, into the street, returning speedily and resuming his seat. Sir William, conceiving that something unusual had occurred, ventured, after the lapse of a few minutes, to enquire the cause of his sudden retreat, trusting it had not been occasioned by the heat of the room. "Not at all," was the reply, "but in truth I could not bear to hear that unfortunate woman in the street, half singing, half sobbing, for such tones could only arise from the extremity of distress: her voice grated painfully on my ear, and jarred my frame, so that I could not rest until I had sent her away." On farther explanation, it appeared that others had likewise noticed a female voice of peculiar character, aiming to sing, but without remarking that mingled tone of misery conveyed to the mind of the poet, and which he had quitted the room to relieve.

He was content likewise to be made the channel of conveyance for the bounty of others, as we find by the following letter of General Oglethorpe, a distinguished and amiable man, at whose table he met much good society, and spent many agreeable hours, and who now, at an advanced period of life, displayed the same love for the good of mankind, in a private way, that he had previously exerted on a more extended scale. After being educated at Oxford, he had served under Prince Eugene, against the Turks, and was afterwards employed to found the colony of Georgia. In this duty, he had gained a species of immortality from the praise of Pope—

"Or, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly like Oglethorpe from pole to pole."

In the rebellion of 1745, he held a command under the Duke of Cumberland, but for some alleged neglect, though acquitted by a court martial, continued afterwards unemployed. He sat in parliament for many years, preserved a taste for literature, and the society of literary and distinguished men, had been a patron of Johnson's poem of "London," when the writer was unknown to him, was hospitable, generous, and friendly. He survived Goldsmith about ten years, dying at the age of eighty-seven. An active interest, by the poet, in the institution of a charitable society, seems to have produced this communication.

"From General Oglethorpe.

"How just, sir, were your observations, that the poorest objects were, by extreme poverty, deprived of the benefit of hospitals erected for the relief of the poorest.

"Extreme poverty, which should be the strongest recommendation to charity, is here the insurmountable objection, which leaves the distressed to perish.

"The qualifying such objects to receive the benefit of hospitals, answers the intentions of the intended society. The design is the immediate relief from perishing; thereby giving time and protection to get proper destinations. And this being admitted into a hospital is a proper destination.

"You were so good as to offer to distribute such sums as should be sent to you.

"At the same time that I am to return you thanks for your charitable offer, I am to send you five pounds to distribute for that purpose, in the time and manner you think proper—which I accordingly herewith send.

"You have seen, I suppose, in the St. James's Evening Post, from September 22d to 25th, the Zoilus that attacked you, treated with proper contempt.

"If a farm and a mere country scene will be a little refreshment from the smoke of London, we shall be glad of the happiness of seeing you at Cranham Hall. It is sixteen miles from the Three Nuns, at Whitechapel, where Prior, our stage coach (man) inns. He sets out at two in the afternoon.

"I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"J. Oglethorpe.

"Graham Hall,
(By Gray's bag) Essex."
[No date.]

His opinion of manuscript works being often requested by literary friends, an approval and letter of recommendation from him was esteemed an advantageous introduction to a bookseller. The following is one of these. The work mentioned was "The History of the Revolutions of Denmark, with an account of the Present State of that Kingdom and People. By John Andrews, LL. D."

It consisted of two volumes, a creditable, and now scarce, though perhaps never a popular performance, got up to satisfy public curiosity, when general attention was drawn to that country by the unhappy circumstances in which Queen Matilda had been involved. It is deficient in the interest and the elegance which Goldsmith imparted to his narratives; neither is it broken into chapters, which contributes so materially to relieve the fatigue of casual or careless readers, and fix attention more thoroughly on epochs, persons, and circumstances. The letter was addressed to Mr. Nourse, the bookseller, and, as appears, with effect, as he became the publisher in the spring of the following year. It is without date, but endorsed April 26th, 1773.

"Sir,—The bearer is Doctor Andrews, who has just finished a work relative to Denmark, which I have seen and read with great pleasure. He is of opinion, that a short letter of this kind, expressing my approbation, will be a proper introduction to you. I therefore once more recommend it in the warmest manner—and, unless I am mistaken, it will be a great credit to him, as well as benefit to the purchaser of the copy.

"I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

"Oliver Goldsmith."

Gratitude for the exertions of the actor* who personated Tony Lumpkin in his last comedy, induced him to consent to alter an old play into a farce, for his benefit—having, on a former occasion, made a pecuniary present to the representative of Croaker† in the Good-natured Man. The piece so chosen, was "The Grumbler;" a translation, by Sir Charles Sedley, of "Le Grondeur," a comedy in three acts, by Brueys. Little variation from the original appears in the English version, the characters being all preserved—but Goldsmith gives them English names, as follow, and compresses the three acts into one.

The Dramatis Personæ are,

Sourby, the Grumbler	(Mr. Quick.)
Octavio, his son	(Mr. Davis.)
Wentworth, brother-in-law to Sourby	(Mr. Owenson.)
Dancing Master, called Signor Capriole, in the Bills	(Mr. King.)
Scamper, servant	(Mr. Saunders.)
Clarissa, in love with Octavio	(Miss Helme,)
Jenny, her maid	(Miss Pearce.)

The plot is sufficiently simple. Sourby, an ill-tempered, discontented man, as his name implies, is the torment of his family, neighbours, and servants, with none of whom can he live on tolerable terms. In the opening of the piece, his son is on the point of being married to Clarissa, the consent of Sourby being chiefly obtained by the lady, who believes he has a design upon her himself, relinquishing her naturally mild character for that of a termagant towards the domestics. The character thus assumed, agrees however so well with his own, that, in defiance of previous arrangements and promises, he determines to marry her himself, a design favoured by her fortune being in his power.

No other remedy occurs to the lovers to avoid his tyranny, than further deception: she therefore assumes a new character—that of an extravagant, giddy woman of fashion, who, in addition to various modes of expense and pleasure, is determined to have, as she tells him, "habits, feasts, fiddles, hautboys, masquerades, concerts, and especially a ball, for fifteen days after their nuptials." Above all, her intended husband must learn to dance; she will admit of no excuse on the plea of years and becoming gravity. In a change of scene, the dancing master arrives. Sourby, as soon as he knows his errand, orders him off, and threatens chastisement—but the former, having his cue, declares he has positive orders from Clarissa to make him dance, and drawing his sword, compels him to do so by force. In the midst of this scene, Wentworth arrives, and Sourby, in a fit of rage with his intended bride for placing him in a situation so unfitted to his years and disposition, renounces her for ever, to the great satisfaction of the lovers, who are consequently rendered happy.

The marks of haste, in adaptation, are obvious. The plot wants sufficient interest, the dialogue point—and, excepting Sourby, we find little attempt at character; even he is rather overcharged and unnatural, but there is an effective scene or two for the comic powers of the actor.

It was represented on the 8th of May, 1773; and, though announced the previous day, and afterwards, as being adapted to the English stage by the successful author of "She Stoops to Conquer," was not repeated. It has never been printed, nor is it likely to be.

Among the literary projects that had taken strong hold upon his mind, was one of a popular "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences." This he hoped to write into notice, if not by the extent of his information, at least by the graces of his style. Yet, the means of acquiring the best information from popular writers were not to be neglected. With this view, he had engaged several distinguished friends to write articles on the subjects with which they were believed to be best acquainted. Other assistance was to be procured from persons of acknowledged merit; and the influence of his own name, as editor, would, he believed, give popularity to the undertaking—forgetting that in a work necessarily embracing much of science, he had made no secret of avowing, that he possessed "a taste rather classical than scientific."

In aid of this design, Dr. Johnson assented to contribute the article on ethics, and would no doubt have added others. Burke had also made liberal promises, among which it was said, according to Malone, were to be an abstract of his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, a paper on the Philosophy of Bishop Berkeley, and no doubt others on political science. Sir Joshua chose his own profession; and a paper from him on painting, however much he had already told in his lectures, must have commanded attention. Garrick had nearly untrodden ground to go over in teaching, or telling, as much of his own art as can be communicated by writing, and which from admitted skill, experience, and literary talents, he could have rendered amusing, if not instructive, to the general reader. Dr. Burney's contribution was likewise to be professional, and the article "Musician" was actually drawn up for the work; he appears to have been personally unknown to Goldsmith, but being applied to by Garrick, agreed to give the benefit of his knowledge to one with whose fame and friends he was well acquainted. The article is supposed to have been sent to the editor,* for though some reference to it exists in Dr. Burney's papers, the piece itself is not to be found. In reply to an intimation from Garrick of the promised aid from this quarter, Goldsmith wrote the following letter:—

"To David Garrick, Esq.

"Temple, June 10th, 1772.

"Dear sir—To be thought of by you obliges me; to be served by you is still more. It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a dictionary useful; still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with any thing of his own. I beg you will also accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"Oliver Goldsmith."

To introduce this project in the best manner to public notice, he drew up a *Prospectus*, with that perspicuity and elegance by which such papers from his pen were always distinguished, though unfortunately it has not been preserved. Bishop Percy praised it as being of uncommon merit, and took some pains through Malone and others, as appears in his MS. correspondence, to recover it by enquiries of Mr. Bott who was supposed to hold his chief papers, though in vain. Boswell also, in a letter to that prelate in 1790, seems to doubt whether it was saved from oblivion. Neither has the present writer been more fortunate, notwithstanding long and diligent enquiry wherever it was likely to be found, though it may not be irrecoverably lost. But the address and eloquence of its author proved unavailing. The booksellers hesitating to second his views, and their aid being

* Mr. Quick. † Mr. Shuter.

* So the writer was informed by Madame D'Arblay, in a very agreeable interview she did him the honour to grant in August, 1831.

essential to the design, no material progress was made in it. The time necessarily required for its completion, the capital to be expended, the system and arrangement to be adopted, all probably appeared to them to require an editor of more regular habits of business than he was considered to possess. Genius in such a work they probably thought less a merit than an incumbrance; while industry and knowledge, method and punctuality, were indispensable to success.

The coldness shown towards a scheme on which he had expended much thought, and some labour, and which promised to prove a source of permanent income, at least for a few years to come, occasioned him considerable vexation, and tended no doubt to that depression of spirits frequently affecting the latter part of his life. Had he lived, probably something of the kind would have been attempted; by its failure we have at least lost some papers which from the talents to be employed upon them could not have been without value.

Encouraged by the success attending the Roman and English histories, he had in the preceding year commenced that of Greece on the same abbreviated plan. When one subject wearied him another was always at hand to be taken up, and the readiness with which he turned his mind to each, gives us an idea of his facility. One volume of the work was now completed, but on the plea of that urgent necessity so often pleaded, and from whatever causes so often felt, Griffin as the agent of other booksellers paid him the copy money in June for both volumes.

Doubts however have been started whether he really had any hand in it, although the whole was printed off at the period of his death, and published about two months afterwards; for these suspicions there was no just cause. Bishop Percy, not aware of his labours in this field, and probably not having read the work, felt disposed to hesitate in believing it his, but several other friends knew how he was employed and saw portions of the manuscript. The following receipt in his own handwriting, for the consideration agreed upon, is still extant. But without this testimony, the internal evidence affords to any one familiar with his manner, sufficient proof of its origin. The same merits and defects, the same occasional peculiarity of phrase, identity of sentiment, elegance of style, and clear narration, mark this as forcibly as any of his writings, while its ease will cheat us into the belief until the trial be made, that we could tell the same story equally well.

"*June* 22, 1773.

"Received, two hundred and fifty pounds for writing and compiling the History of Greece, from Mr. William Griffin, for which I promise further assignment on demand

"Oliver Goldsmith."

The introductory remarks, not less just than admirably stated, discover the writer, for they reiterate thoughts previously advanced in one of his essays, and transplanted into the Citizen of the World, when published in volumes. The concluding figure had been used in the Life of Parnell. "The fabulous age, therefore, of Greece must have no place in history; it is now too late to separate those parts which may have a real foundation in nature, from those which we owe to folly and the imagination. There are no traces left to guide us in that intricate pursuit; *the dews of the morning are past, and it is vain to attempt continuing the chase in meridian splendour.*"

This work is rather more elementary than that of Rome, and considerably more so than that of England, about six hundred and eighty very moderate sized octavo pages being devoted to it up to the death of Alexander. For an elementary work this is perhaps enough. Exclusive of the mass of admitted fable in which its earlier history is involved, the improbability of many of the details of more recent date which juvenile credulity is accustomed to believe, and courtesy has permitted to assume the name of history, are utterly beyond the pale of rational belief. Nay, many of the supposed deeds of heroism, the asserted self-denials, the reputed wisdom, the impossible virtue, the institution of and submission to revolting and impracticable laws, the battles where a few hundred are made to contend with and overcome on all occasions thousands and tens of thousands of enemies, the merits of every description assumed by the Greeks, but never yet seen in any community of men, where we had the testimony of strangers to corroborate their own pretensions, exhibit that strong tinge of oriental exaggeration with which local position made them familiar. Much of what we are thus told, is contrary to the history of man, and therefore contrary to truth; much is owing to their being almost solely their own historians; much to national characteristics as a vain, versatile, boastful people, desirous of claiming kindred qualities with the divinities they worshipped. "Man, plain historical man," in the language of Goldsmith, "seems to have no share in the picture." From this cause, perhaps, and the limits within which he was necessarily confined, he has entered less at large into their civil than military annals.

An anecdote connected with this history, communicated by a gentleman of much literary research, who believes his authority to be good, is at least amusing. It may detract something from its authenticity to remember, that the historian whose name is used on the occasion did not appear as such publicly till after the death of Goldsmith, though the peculiar nature of the pursuits in which he was engaged, may have been known among his literary acquaintance.

While engaged at his desk in composing the concluding portion of the work, Gibbon called upon him in the Temple, when, after the usual preliminary salutations, the poet observed—"You are the very person of all others I wish to see. I am writing a History of Greece, and have been taxing my recollection in vain for the name of that Indian king who gave Alexander so much trouble." Gibbon, amused at his perplexity and inclined to jest with it, or to punish his indolence in not referring to authorities, replied with an inward chuckle, "Oh, I can settle that point in a moment; it was Montezuma." "You are right, no doubt," said the absent poet after a moment's hesitation, as if he nevertheless entertained some doubt, and wrote it down. Gibbon, however, believing that the jest might actually go forth in sober earnest, would not permit it to stand, but seemingly recollecting himself, exclaimed after a short pause, "Oh no, I mistake; I meant to say Porus, not Montezuma."

The carelessness implied by the story receives countenance from what occurred on another occasion, regarding a book and a writer now equally forgotten; yet, the labours of the poet considered, we may find some apology for his negligence in the almost unceasing nature of his drudgery.

Among the necessitous authors who resorted to his chambers for advice or pecuniary assistance, was one who had proved rather a frequent and troublesome visiter. Tired at length of solicitations, or having nothing with which to silence them, he recommended personal exertion as the surest method of obtaining relief, and set his petitioner down to draw up a description of China, with details of the manners of the people, for which a bookseller had proposed to him a sum too inadequate to be induced to take much trouble with it himself. When completed and sent to the printer without his having looked over the manuscript, he was astonished on its coming from the press, to find the emperor of China made a Mahomedan, and India supposed to stand between China and Japan. A few sheets were obliged to be canceled at his expense, but the event afforded an opportunity of dismissing his new ally with disgrace.

An instance of what at first view seems more reprehensible than mere carelessness in treating such books as he possessed, is related by Sir John Hawkins.

"While I was writing the History of Music," says that gentleman, "he, at the club, communicated to me some curious matter; I desired he would reduce it to writing; he promised me he would, and desired to see me at his chambers; I called on him there; he stepped into a closet and tore out of a printed book six leaves that contained what he had mentioned to me."

The fact here stated is probably true, at least the locality is correctly given, as the closet to which allusion is made formed a central apartment between his principal rooms; but the colouring intended to be given to it partakes of the severity of judgment in which that writer was too prone to indulge.* The book thus spoliated is not named, which Sir John could have done, as readily as inform us of the specific number of leaves taken out, had it suited his design so to do; and we are therefore unable to judge of the real extent of the supposed crime of the offender. For it must be remembered, that, as a professed compiler on many subjects, he purchased books often of little value, in order to pull to pieces for immediate objects, or to save the trouble of transcription, and these, when the purpose was served, were no longer of use. We may therefore as justly believe that the book was of little or no value, an old magazine for instance, as the reverse.

Truth, however, requires that all his alleged offences, originating in indolence or negligence, should be stated without reserve; the following instance comes from another acquaintance, and having also been mentioned by Bishop Percy in conversation, is, if it can really form a charge against him, true.

"I particularly recollect, that when Goldsmith was near completing his Natural History, he sent to Dr. Percy and me to state, that he wished not to return to town from Windsor, for I think a fortnight, if we would only complete a proof that lay on his table in the Temple. It was concerning birds, and many books lay open that he had occasionally consulted for his own materials. We met by appointment, and Dr. Percy smilingly said, 'Do you know any thing about birds?' 'Not an atom,' was my reply, 'do you?' 'Not I,' said he; 'I scarcely know a goose from a swan; however, let us try what we can do.' We set to work, and our task was not very difficult. Some time after the work appeared, we compared notes, but could not either of us recognise his own share."*

This excursion to Windsor was undertaken in company with some ladies, one of whom had written some pieces under the signature of Melissa, and likewise Mr. Purefoy, whose name has appeared in a preceding page, and who afterwards communicated some of the particulars to the late Mr. Pennick, of the British Museum. It was literally by the account given by that gentleman, a party of pleasure, where enjoyment was pursued with no ordinary zest.

A second edition of the History of England being likely to be called for soon, he was now occupied in the revision of the first; the error of making Naseby situated in Yorkshire was still overlooked. The following notes written about this time relate to his employment; it may be necessary to notice, in explanation of their being addressed to Mr. Cadell, that Davies having sold part of his interest in the work, the former had become the purchaser.

"Dr. Goldsmith's compliments to Mr. Cadell, and desires a set of the History of England for correction, if interleaved the better."

"Mr. Goldsmith's compliments to Mr. Cadell, begs for an hour or two the use of Millot's History, by Mrs. Brooke.

"*Mr. Cadell, Strand.*"

At what period the following letter was written, does not appear, being without date, but probably about this time, when exulting at the success of his last play. Another similar production as we see, in which it is doubtful whether he had made any progress, is held up to Garrick in prospect, who would appear, by the proposed draught upon him, to have been made occasionally available in pecuniary advances. The reference to Newbery appears to relate also to money transactions which had been productive of disagreement.

"*To David Garrick, Esq.*

"My dear friend,—I thank you! I wish I could do something to serve you. I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two at farthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing. You shall have the refusal. I wish you would not take up Newbery's note, but let Waller tease him, without, however, coming to extremities; let him haggle after him and he will get it. I will draw upon you one month after date, for sixty pounds, and your acceptance will be

* Sir John Hawkins seems to have been, from whatever cause, probably an unhappy temper, extremely unpopular. In the St. James's Chronicle, for 1773, and in other years, are several open attacks upon his "dire malevolence," "hatred of all mankind," spirit of "dark revenge," and "harsh discord of mind."

* Mr. Cradock, in his memoirs. Yet even by this anecdote it appears that Goldsmith afterwards altered or threw out what his friends supplied.

ready money, part of which I want to go down to Barton with. May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart. Ever

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."*

To one of his visits to a favourite resort with Sir Joshua Reynolds, the following allusion occurs in a letter of Mr. Thomas Fitzmaurice, a relative of a noble Irish family, addressed to Garrick, dated August 4, 1773.

"I shall dine at Twickenham to-morrow, and if I should not hear from you to the contrary, I shall set out from thence towards Hampton in my phaeton on Friday morning at nine o'clock; and if I should meet you or her majesty† on the Common, shall be happy to take up one or both in my vehicle, or shall be glad to descend and accompany you on foot to Hampton. *I am just going with Sir Joshua and Doctor Goldsmith to Vauxhall*, which will be my first exit from home this day. I don't find myself the better for my confinement of late. My best compliments, &c. &c. attend the best of queens and her companion, my favourite Mrs. Flasby.

"Yours most sincerely and affectionately, &c.

"THOMAS FITZMAURICE."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Embarrassments—Table-talk—His conversation—Wit.

Imprudence in the management of his pecuniary concerns produced at this time its frequent result, serious uneasiness of mind. To disappointment in the project of the Dictionary, was added failure by a few of his friends in efforts made to secure some provision for him from government; he found difficulty in raising further supplies, and, as a necessary consequence, of repaying sums already borrowed; while the calls of publishers compelled him to labour upon works for which the remuneration had been received and spent. His spirits became depressed, his health impaired, and short starts of irritability to which he had been occasionally subject, increased; a jest would disconcert him, and he was seen to take offence in mixed societies from trifling causes.

As none of his acquaintance were informed of the extent of these embarrassments, they understood not certain inconsistencies, or, as they were termed, absurdities, in his behaviour, assumed no doubt often to throw off unpleasant recollections. From seeming absence or gravity, he would fly to the extremes of mirth and jollity; and, from silence, would commence talking incessantly and inconsiderately on all subjects; just as he was formerly seen, when, by his own account, nearly suffocating with vexation at the reception of his play, singing a song of "an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon." Unwilling to be suspected of wishing to tax the generosity of his friends, or too proud to seem as poor as he really was, a few only suspected his situation; to these he exhibited the assumed gaiety of despair.

About this period one of those friends with whom there existed much mutual esteem (the late Joseph Cradock, Esq.) saw him in London, and in his Recollections has given some particulars which, from corroborating circumstances, are no doubt substantially true. He had come to town out of the usual season for country visiters, in order to place his lady under the care of a popular dentist, and took lodgings in the vicinity of the Temple. With him the poet seems to have used no disguise, and the relation is not without interest.

"Goldsmith," writes this gentleman, "I found much altered, and at times very low; and I devoted almost all my mornings to his immediate service. He wished me to look over and revise some of his works; but with a select friend or two, I was pressing that he should publish by subscription his two celebrated poems of the 'Traveller' and the 'Deserted Village,' with notes; for he was well aware that I was no stranger to Johnson's having made some little addition to the one, and possibly had suggested some corrections at least for the other; but the real meaning was to give some great persons an opportunity of conveying pecuniary relief, of which the doctor at that time was particularly in need. Goldsmith readily gave up to me his private copies and said, 'Pray do what you please with them.' But whilst he sat near me he rather submitted to than encouraged my zealous proceedings.

"I one morning called upon him, however, and found him infinitely better than I expected, and in a kind of exulting style he exclaimed, 'Here are some of my best prose writings; I have been hard at work since midnight, and I desire you to examine them.' 'These,' said I, 'are excellent, indeed.' 'They are,' he replied, 'intended as an introduction to a body of arts and sciences.'

* * * *

"The day before I was to set out for Leicestershire I insisted upon his dining with us. He replied, 'I will, but on one condition, that you will not ask me to eat any thing.' 'Nay,' said I, 'this answer is absolutely unkind, for I had hoped, as we are supplied from the Crown and Anchor, that you would have named something you might have relished.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'if you will but explain it to Mrs. Cradock, I will certainly wait upon you.'

"The doctor found, as usual, at my apartments, newspapers and pamphlets, and with a pen and ink he amused himself as well as he could. I had ordered from the tavern some fish, a roasted joint of lamb, and a tart; and the doctor either sat down or walked about, just as he pleased. After dinner he took some wine with biscuits, but I was obliged soon to leave him for a while, as I had matters to settle for my next day's journey. On my return coffee was ready, and the doctor appeared more cheerful (for Mrs. Cradock was always rather a favourite with him), and in the course of the evening he endeavoured to talk and remark as usual, but all was force. He stayed till midnight, and I insisted on seeing him safe home, and we most cordially shook hands at the Temple gate. He did not live long after our return into Leicestershire; and I have often since regretted that I did not remain longer in town at every inconvenience."

Besides the literary societies of London, he was occasionally known to mingle in circles of higher rank and pretension, though, like Johnson, this was a sphere he neither much sought nor enjoyed. He probably found it, as most men of observation find it, without heart or cordiality. Fashionable society, although sought after by such as know it not, is very far from being the best society in London; it is too frequently parade without pleasure, the forms of intercourse without its substance; where little sincerity is found, and few friendships are formed; and where slight differences in rank become a bar to that intercourse which best exercises the understanding. At Lansdowne house, as the writer has been informed, at the house of Lord Clare, of Lord Charlemont when he was in London, of Beauclerk, Burke, Langton, General Oglethorpe, Garrick, and others, as well as previously at that of Mrs. Montagu, he had an opportunity of forming an extensive acquaintance, but found that his acknowledged talents and celebrity did not always ensure notice from men of distinguished rank, though he was unreserved enough to avow his sense of being overlooked.

"Goldsmith, in his diverting simplicity," writes Boswell, "complained one day, in a mixed company, of Lord Camden. 'I met him,' said he, 'at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man.' The company having laughed heartily, Johnson stood forth in defence of his friend. 'Nay, gentleman, Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him.'"

The feelings of Goldsmith and of Johnson on this assumed—for it can scarcely have been otherwise than assumed—distance or indifference of one who had been himself but recently raised to the peerage, are not unreasonable. It is right that rank should notice and encourage talent, and that talent in return be taught to respect rank; this mutual feeling cannot arise unless there be that degree of intercourse necessary to create it, and rank therefore having the power so to do, should make those advances, without which intimacy cannot begin. If, from the want of this intercourse, a feeling of hostility, as we have sometimes seen, be engendered between such powerful interests, the results, as experience has taught us in other countries, are commonly unfavourable to rank, which can rarely contend successfully with the fierce and sometimes unscrupulous energy of abilities, when excited by a sense of neglect or discouragement. Aristocracy, whenever bitterly assailed by its enemies, has no surer means of subduing them than by condescension and kindness; and no more effectual whetstone to animosity than the appearance of contempt or indifference. But exclusive of the impolicy of men in elevated station, wantonly offending a body that so much influences the reading and thinking part of mankind, there is in it something likewise of bad taste, by the slur thus indirectly cast upon their own origin; for we are willing to believe, and it may not be safe to destroy the illusion, that rank owes its existence in nations to the display of some description of talents.

A few notices of his conversation, nearly all that remain to us of this period, it would be improper to omit.

At a dinner at General Paoli's, where Martinelli, who had written a History of England in Italian, was present, a debate took place whether he should continue it down to that day.

Goldsmith.—"To be sure he should." *Johnson.*—"No, sir; he would give great offence. He would have to tell of almost all the living great what they do not wish told." *Goldsmith.*—"It may, perhaps, be necessary for a native to be more cautious; but a foreigner, who comes among us without prejudice, may be considered as holding the place of a judge, and may speak his mind freely." *Johnson.*—"Sir, a foreigner, when he sends a work from the press, ought to be on his guard against catching the error and mistaken enthusiasm of the people among whom he happens to be." *Goldsmith.*—"Sir, he wants only to sell his history, and to tell truth; one an honest, the other a laudable motive." *Johnson.*—"Sir, they are both laudable motives. It is laudable in a man to wish to live by his labours; but he should write so as he may *live* by them, not so as he may be knocked on the head. I would advise him to be at Calais before he publishes his history of the present age. A foreigner, who attaches himself to a political party in this country, is in the worst state that can be imagined; he is looked upon as a mere intermeddler. A native may do it from interest." *Boswell.*—"Or principle."

Goldsmith.—"There are people who tell a hundred political lies every day, and are not hurt by it. Surely, then, one may tell truth with perfect safety." *Johnson.*—"Why, sir, in the first place, he who tells a hundred lies, has disarmed the force of his lies. But, besides, a man had rather have a hundred lies told of him, than one truth which he does not wish to be told." *Goldsmith.*—"For my part, I'd tell truth, and shame the devil." *Johnson.*—"Yes, sir, but the devil will be angry. I wish to shame the devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws." *Goldsmith.*—"His claws can do you no hurt where you have the shield of truth."

It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London; *Johnson*—"Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man, Sterne, I have been told, has had engagements for three months." *Goldsmith.*—"And a very dull fellow." *Johnson.*—"Why no, sir."

The party talked of the king's coming to see Goldsmith's new play. "I wish he would," said Goldsmith, adding, however, with an affected indifference, "not that it would do me the least good." *Johnson.*—"Well, then, sir, let us say it would do him good (laughing). No, sir, this affectation will not pass,—it is mighty idle. In such a state as ours, who would not wish to please the chief magistrate?" *Goldsmith.*—"I do wish to please him. I remember a line in Dryden—

'And every poet is the monarch's friend.'

It ought to be reversed." *Johnson.*—"Nay, sir, there are finer lines in Dryden on this subject.

'For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.'"

General Paoli observed, that successful rebels might. *Martinelli.*—"Happy rebellions." *Goldsmith.*—"We have no such phrase." *General Paoli.*—"But have you not the *thing?*" *Goldsmith.*—"Yes, all are *happy* revolutions. They have hurt our constitution, and will hurt it, till we mend it by another happy revolution." I never before discovered that my friend Goldsmith had so much of the old prejudice in him.

General Paoli, talking of Goldsmith's new play, said, "*Il a fait un compliment très-gracieux à une certain*

* In the collection of William Upcott, Esq.

† Mrs. Garrick.

grande dame;" meaning a duchess of the first rank.* I expressed a doubt, says Boswell, whether Goldsmith intended it, in order that I might hear the truth from himself. It perhaps was not quite fair to endeavour to bring him to a confession, as he might not wish to avow positively his taking part against the court.

He smiled and hesitated. The general at once relieved him by this beautiful image: "*Monsieur Goldsmith est comme la mer, qui jette des perles et beaucoup d'autres belles choses, sans s'en appercevoir.*" Goldsmith.—"*Très-bien dit, et très-élégamment.*"

Speaking of suicide, Johnson said, "I have often thought, that after a man has taken the resolution to kill himself, it is not courage in him to do any thing, however desperate, because he has nothing to fear." *Goldsmith.*—"I don't see that." *Johnson.*—"Nay, but my dear sir, why should you not see what every one else sees?" *Goldsmith.*—"It is in fear of something that he has resolved to kill himself; and will not that timid disposition restrain him?" *Johnson.*—"It does not signify that the fear of something made him resolve; it is upon the state of his mind after the resolution is taken that I argue."

An opinion of his, hazarded more than once in conversation, was, that vanity constituted one of the chief springs of human action. This was controverted by Johnson and others, yet he may not have been far wrong; for when minutely examined, the love of distinction, let this passion be called ambition, or vanity, or any other name we please, is unquestionably one of the strongest passions in the human breast. He appears not to have been singular in the opinion, though he had not then the means of knowing the concurrence in it of a brother poet. Pope said, "It is vanity which makes the rake at twenty, the worldly man at forty, and the retired man at sixty."

The custom of eating dogs at Otaheite, being mentioned at General Oglethorpe's table, Goldsmith observed that this was also a custom in China; that a dog butcher is as common there as any other butcher; and that when he walked abroad all the dogs fell on him. *Johnson.*—"That is not owing to his killing dogs; sir, I remember a butcher at Litchfield, whom a dog, that was in the house where I lived, always attacked. It is the smell of carnage which provokes this, let the animals he has killed be what they may." *Goldsmith.*—"Yes, there is a general abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre. If you put a tub full of blood into a stable, the horses are likely to go mad." *Johnson.*—"I doubt that." *Goldsmith.*—"Nay, sir, it is a fact well authenticated." *Thrale.*—"You had better prove it before you put it into your book on natural history. You may do it in my stable if you will." *Johnson.*—"Nay, sir, I would not have him prove it. If he is content to take his information from others, he may get through his book with little trouble, and without much endangering his reputation. But if he makes experiments for so comprehensive a book as his, there would be no end to them; his erroneous assertions would fall then upon himself; and he might be blamed for not having made experiments as to every particular."

The character of Mallet having been introduced, and spoken of slightingly by Goldsmith; *Johnson.*—"Why, sir, Mallet had talents enough to keep his literary reputation alive as long as he himself lived; and that, let me tell you, is a good deal." *Goldsmith.*—"But I cannot agree it was so. His literary reputation was dead long before his natural death. I consider an author's literary reputation to be alive only while his name will ensure a good price for his copy from the booksellers. I will get you (to Johnson) a hundred guineas for any thing whatever that you shall write, if you put your name to it."

In allusion to the received opinion of the migration of birds, which an essay of Mr. Daines Barrington attempted to controvert, Johnson observed that the evidence in favour of woodcocks doing so was nearly conclusive. When it was said that some were found in Essex in summer, he remarked that the exception proved the rule; some being found, proved that if all remained many would be found. Goldsmith said, "There is a partial migration of the swallows; the stronger ones migrate, the others do not;" an opinion which, after some fluctuations for and against it, seems now to be pretty generally received among naturalists.

In reply to a remark of Johnson, that birds build by instinct; they never improve; the poet observed, "Yet, we see if you take away a bird's nest with the eggs in it, she will make a slighter nest and lay again." When it was said that this arose from having less time in which to make a second nest, Goldsmith continued, "The nidification of birds is what is least known in natural history, though one of the most curious things in it."

During a dinner given by Dilly, the bookseller, who was a dissenter, to several literary men, the subject of toleration being started, Johnson excited no small admiration by the vigour and ingenuity of his arguments; but an error, and perhaps a little conversational rivalry of Goldsmith, who took part in the discussion, gave rise to one of those sallies of irritability from the moralist, which all his friends were occasionally obliged to endure.

Johnson.—"Sir, the only method by which religious truth can be established, is by martyrdom. The magistrate has a right to enforce what he thinks; and he who is conscious of the truth has a right to suffer. I am afraid there is no other way of ascertaining the truth, but by persecution on the one hand, and enduring it on the other."

Goldsmith.—"But how is a man to act, sir? Though firmly convinced of the truth of his doctrine, may he not think it wrong to expose himself to persecution? Is it not, as it were, committing voluntary suicide?" *Johnson.*—"Sir, as to voluntary suicide, as you call it, there are twenty thousand men in an army, who will go without scruple to be shot at, and mount a breach for five pence a day!" *Goldsmith.*—"But have they a moral right to do this?" *Johnson.*—"Nay, sir, if you will not take the universal opinion of mankind, I have nothing to say. If mankind cannot defend their own way of thinking, I cannot defend it. Sir, if a man is in doubt whether it would be better to expose himself to martyrdom or not, he should not do it. He must be convinced that he has a delegation from Heaven."

Goldsmith.—"I would consider whether there is a greater chance of good or evil, upon the whole. If I see a man who has fallen into a well, I would wish to help him out; but if there is a greater probability that he shall pull me in than that I shall pull him out, I would not attempt it. So, were I to go to Turkey, I might wish to convert the grand signior to the Christian faith; but, when I considered that I should probably be put to death without effecting my purpose in any degree, I should keep myself quiet."

Johnson.—"Sir, you must consider that we have perfect and imperfect obligations. Perfect obligations, which are generally not to do something, are clear and positive—as, 'Thou shalt not kill.' But charity, for instance, is not definable by limits. It is a duty to give to the poor; but no man can say how much another should give to the poor, or when a man has given too little to save his soul. In the same manner, it is a duty to instruct the ignorant, and of consequence to convert infidels to Christianity; but no man in the common course of things is obliged to carry this to such a degree as to incur the danger of martyrdom, as no man is obliged to strip himself to the shirt, in order to give charity. I have said that a man must be persuaded that he has a particular delegation from Heaven."

Goldsmith.—"How is this to be known? Our first reformers, who were burnt for not believing bread and wine to be Christ——" *Johnson* (interrupting him).—"Sir, they were not burnt for not believing bread and wine to be Christ, but for insulting those who did believe it."

On this opinion of Johnson, Mr. Croker has the following note; and Goldsmith's statement certainly agrees better with historical accounts:

"This seems to be altogether contrary to the fact. The first reformers, whether of Germany or England, were certainly not burned for insulting individuals: they were burned for heresy—and abominable as that was, it was less indefensible than what Johnson supposes, that they were burned for *insulting* individuals."

During some further discussion, Goldsmith is stated, by Boswell, in that gratuitous spirit of censure which assumed to judge even of his thoughts, to have "sat in restless agitation, from a wish to get in and *shine*."

"Finding himself excluded," (from the discussion) says that biographer, "he had taken his hat to go away, but remained for some time with it in his hand, like a gamester, who, at the close of a long night, lingers for a little while, to see if he can have a favourable opportunity to finish with success. Once, when he was beginning to speak, he found himself overpowered by the loud voice of Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table, and did not perceive Goldsmith's attempt. Thus disappointed of his wish to obtain the attention of the company, Goldsmith, in a passion, threw down his hat, looking angrily at Johnson, and exclaiming in a bitter tone, '*Take it.*'

"When Toplady was going to speak, Johnson uttered some sound, which led Goldsmith to think that he was beginning again, and taking the words from Toplady. Upon which, he seized this opportunity, continues Boswell, of venting his own envy and spleen, under the pretext of supporting another person. "Sir (said he to Johnson,) the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him.' *Johnson* (sternly).—'Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman; I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent.' Goldsmith made no reply, but continued in the company for some time."—*Croker's edition of Boswell.*

When they met on the same evening, at the club, the apology offered by the one, and the placable spirit in which, as was anticipated by the offender, it would be received by the other, did equal credit to both. The poet appeared to sit silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner. Johnson perceived this, and said, aside, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me," and then called to him with a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith, something passed to-day, where you and I dined—I ask your pardon." Goldsmith answered placidly, "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill." And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away, as usual."—*Croker's Boswell.*

The whole of this scene, though so amicably concluded, conveys a vivid impression of the power, not to say tyranny, which Johnson occasionally exercised over his coterie of personal friends. If they sometimes became impatient of being roughly or unfairly overborne by it, we must not be surprised; for, however great his powers of conversation or argument, few are disposed to submit to a monopoly in that which is considered the joint stock of private society. Goldsmith therefore only did what others probably were as willing to do, had they possessed more courage or less prudence; neither can his remark in this instance be deemed personally offensive, when in two previous efforts to speak he had been overpowered, and Johnson, as we learn, had already been heard for an hour. The recurrence of similar impetuosities of temper on the part of the latter, which it was equally painful to submit to or resent, had often irritated him; and it was in these moments, when giving vent to an excusable dissatisfaction, that Boswell thought proper, instead of the true cause, to attribute it to motives of "envy and spleen."

From others, likewise, it appears he was subjected to mortifications, by occasional impertinence or ill-breeding: some of these were ludicrous enough, some sufficiently provoking, as in the following instance. When talking in company with fluent vivacity, and, as he believed, to the satisfaction of those immediately within hearing, a foreigner who sat near, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, unconscious perhaps of the rudeness of which he was guilty, saying, "Stay, stay, Doctor Shonson is going to say something." An interruption so little complimentary to the speaker, could not be otherwise than mortifying to any one—much more to a man of genius and reputation, whose claims to be heard in general conversation were at least equal to most of his auditors.

Upon this person, Mr. George Michael Moser, a Swiss, and keeper of the Royal Academy, not having forgotten the slight, and having had time to sharpen his wit, he afterwards took a satisfactory revenge. While at dinner at that institution, a speech something similar in tendency, addressed to another person in conversation with the poet at the moment Johnson seemed preparing to speak, was again made by the same offender, when Goldsmith sharply replied, "Are you sure that *you* can comprehend what he says?"

* This speech has been noticed in a previous page as applying to the Duchess of Gloucester.

On another occasion, Graham, one of the masters at Eton, and author of the Masque of Telemachus, sat with Johnson and Goldsmith until he became under the influence of wine. To the former he chiefly addressed himself, and at length said, "You are a clever fellow to be sure, but you cannot write an essay like Addison, or verses like the Rape of the Lock." At length he said, "Doctor, I should be glad to see you at Eton." "I shall be glad to wait on you," answered Goldsmith. "No," replied Graham, "'t is not you I mean, Dr. *Minor*, 't is Dr. *Major* there." Goldsmith was hurt by the slight estimation implied by the answer. "Graham," said he, afterwards, "is a fellow to make one commit suicide."

When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, he found fault one evening in a circle of wits, with Boswell, for assigning to Johnson the honours of unquestionable superiority in literature. "Sir," said he, "you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic."

At the time Johnson agreed to travel to Scotland, Goldsmith observed, says Boswell, that "he would be a dead weight for me to carry, and that I should never be able to get him along through the Highlands and Hebrides. Nor would he patiently allow me to enlarge upon Johnson's wonderful abilities; but exclaimed, 'Is he like Burke, who winds into a subject like a serpent?'"

These remarks, which arose in unreserved conversation, and which, like that on making literature a monarchy, was not in itself unjust, the biographer of Johnson attributes to envy; yet, scarcely satisfied with himself for advancing such a charge, almost in the same sentence inconsistently confesses, "In my opinion, however, Goldsmith had not more of it (envy) than other people, but only talked of it freely." He omits to inform us, that the great subject of his work made a similar confession, though we have it from another quarter.

"I never knew any man but one," says a writer who enjoyed much intimacy with, and felt unbounded admiration for, him to whom he alludes, "who had the honesty to confess that he had a tincture of envy in him." And this person, we are informed, and the fact was thus stated during his life, by Davies the biographer of Garrick, was Dr. Johnson.

The same writer, who admits the good qualities of Goldsmith, omits to tell us that he likewise had equal courage to avow a similar weakness. It may be doubted whether either of these distinguished men really believed they were influenced by a passion which others take such pains to conceal, or expected that their candour should be turned with something of bitterness to their disadvantage. But admissions of this kind are dangerous experiments upon the generosity of mankind. We are all impatient of superiority—too ready and too willing to believe the frailties and imperfections of such as are above us either in rank or in talents. A close enquirer into human nature may perhaps trace in this very feeling something of that envy, or proneness to depreciate others, which we take such pains to condemn.

Literary envy is one of those unhappy infirmities, even of genius, which is at once odious and unprofitable; yet some of the greatest names in our world of letters, such as Dryden, Addison, Pope, and many others, have felt its influence. If it were the envy of a lover towards a favoured rival—of a minister displaced from power—of a general from the command of an army to make room for a successor—or a courtier supplanted by superior intrigue in royal favour, we might understand the passion, because the gain of one may be the loss of another. But it is rarely or never so with the candidates for public favour in literature. Of fame, the great object of pursuit of men so engaged, there is abundance and to spare for all who can prove their claim to deserve it; for the merits of each are seldom so similar as to interfere one with another. Praise cannot be monopolised by any one person. No just ground for jealousy therefore exists where each will receive his due—where in fact the possession is so general, that we might almost with as much propriety envy him the bread he eats as the fame he enjoys. If a writer be dull, he will sink of himself, and therefore save his opponents much trouble in trying to do it for him. If he possess desert, the general voice will award him reputation, whatever may be the hostility or malevolence of individuals. The stream of favour may be obstructed for a time; but come it will, if really deserved—and possibly come, as in several instances, with additional force, by being momentarily diverted from its proper channel.

The envy, which, like the love of play, Goldsmith somewhat ostentatiously thought proper to acknowledge, and of which some unfair advantage has been taken, proved a source of amusement rather than of anger or anxiety, to those against whom it was directed; it produced no overt acts of malevolence, and never went farther, when he found a weak or objectionable passage in cotemporary writers, than the hasty sally, "What vile nonsense is this!" Men who really feel this passion, take care not to own it, and, whenever felt, it is rarely confined as with him, to a splenetic remark in private society, but finds vent in anonymous writing, while the great literary antagonists of former days more manfully displayed their hostility in avowed criticism, or stinging and eloquent satire.

From all of these he was free; neither harsh invective nor unfair criticism can be alleged against him, even when writing under the concealment of contributor to a Review. His forbearance, where the temptation was great, and the chance of discovery small, was not less than the want of it in men of inferior minds.

If a name be given to his prevailing passion for superiority, it would be rather rivalry, or emulation, than envy. It is no doubt true, that, whether in his writings, his conversation, his pecuniary liberalities, his desire of being agreeable in society, his dress, his chambers, and, in minor points, some beneath his notice, and others impracticable of accomplishment, without a universality of acquirements, such as is denied to the faculties of man, he was impatient of being excelled. He was willing to believe he could himself do whatever he saw done by another. If this belief occasionally led him into the commission of absurdities, as we are led to believe by cotemporary testimony, it was also perhaps the source of much of his greatness. On his first entering into literary life, he found the attention of the reading part of the people fixed upon the essays of Johnson, and thence he became an essayist; the novels of Smollett were universally read, and he aimed to be a novelist; Gray, Mason, Akenside, Armstrong, and others, claimed the honours of poetry, and he aspired to be a poet; Hume, Smollett, and Robertson, having acquired high reputation in history, he desired to be a historian; and dramatic writers were so numerous, and many so fortunate, that, believing his own powers not inferior to theirs, he became a successful dramatist. To call honest ambition of this kind envy, is obviously misapplication of language.

The excess alone of this emulative spirit, exposed him to ridicule. A writer in one of the journals of the day (1773) in allusion to this, says—"Now, there is Dr. G—th; not content with his fame in great things, he must have equal credit in small; if you were to meet him, and boast of your shoes being well blacked, the doctor would look down at his own, and reply—'I think mine are still better done.'"

We may smile, likewise, at the attempt he is said to have made in the same spirit to play the orator. When Burke's name was mentioned with all the praise due to his extraordinary powers in parliament, he maintained, not altogether without foundation, that oratory was but a knack, and that almost any one who would take the trouble might in time become an orator. Being asked to exemplify his theory, he tried it on the spur of the moment, but, as may be supposed from such an unpremeditated effort, failed, somewhat to the amusement of his audience.

Another whim of his, that poets are, or should be, the best readers of poetry, although the examples of Dryden, Thomson, Congreve, and others, were adduced to the contrary, is mentioned by Malone.

"Of Goldsmith's deficiency in this respect I can speak from my own knowledge; for several years ago I was in company with him and Dr. Johnson; and, after dinner, the conversation happening to turn on this subject, Goldsmith maintained that a poet was more likely to pronounce verse with accuracy and spirit, than other men. He was immediately called upon to support his argument by an example; a request with which he readily complied; and he repeated the first stanza of the ballad beginning with the words, "At Upton on the hill" with such false emphasis, by marking the word *on* very strongly, that all the company agreed he had by no means established his position."

One of the things, to the knowledge of which he did *not* pretend, was painting; this he avows in the dedication of the Deserted Village, and made the same acknowledgment in conversation with his countrymen, Barrett, the landscape painter, and Barry. The former, who is said to have painted a picture for him, the history of which cannot be traced, spoke of the pleasure he had on more than one occasion experienced in his society; and very warmly praised his benevolence, and lamented his premature death.

With Barry he was less cordial, arising from his intimacy with Sir Joshua, which it was one of the infirmities of temper, so strongly characterising the former eminent and irritable artist, not to forgive in his acquaintance. For a year or two, indeed, they met not unfrequently, and, on one occasion, at the house of Burke, in London, when, a discussion taking place on the arts, Goldsmith said he could not account for poetry, painting, and music, being called sister arts, because he saw little connection between them; he had heard of few who had excelled in one, who knew or cared more than persons in general for any of the others; no man was eminent in any two of them. Poetry, as an effort of mind, he considered so far beyond her companions, as to be in some degree lowered by the association; painting, for instance, was in many respects a mechanical art, though undoubtedly in its highest range requiring great genius for its execution. A painting, however, was but a scene; a poem was composed of a series of scenes, and could enchain the attention, or touch the affections infinitely more than any representation on canvas. Then, a painter might execute, during his life, fifty, or a hundred or more good paintings; while no genius could furnish such a number of good poems; this alone evinced the greater difficulty and superiority of the art.

Barry, at length alarmed for the credit of his profession, grew vehement in its defence, and something dropped from him to the effect that he was astonished at the hardihood of persons venturing to argue upon subjects of which they knew nothing. The discussion dropped, and they had little intercourse afterwards. Barry, however, spoke of him kindly long after his death, praised his good qualities, yet commented freely on his foibles.

Acquitting Goldsmith of the passion of envy in its odious acceptation, it may be nevertheless true, that, having earned literary fame laboriously himself, he was unwilling to share it with such whose claims were either doubtful, or over-estimated by the zeal of private friendship. This has been one ground for the charge of envy. He never, on such occasions, concealed his opinions; and none that are recorded have proved wrong; but in return for his candour or imprudence, sometimes lost a friend or made an enemy.

Thus, when Sir Joshua painted a fine allegorical picture of Beattie in his doctor's dress, with his volume on the Immutability of Truth under his arm, the angel of Truth going before him, and beating down the vices Envy, Falsehood, &c., the principal head in the group was made an exact likeness of Voltaire. When Goldsmith saw this, he remonstrated with the president for placing an inferior writer, however laudable his object, in competition with so great a genius, and pronounced that posterity would call him a flatterer. This came to the ears of Beattie, who, in a letter to Mrs. Montagu, made against him the usual charge of envy.

"I am sorry," he says, among other remarks, "for poor Goldsmith. There were some things in his temper which I did not like; but I liked many things in his genius; and I was sorry to find last summer that he looked upon me as a person who seemed to stand between him and his interest. However, when next we meet, all this will be forgotten, and the jealousy of authors, which Dr. Gregory used to say was next to that of physicians, will be no more."

The phrase, "stand between him and his interest," alludes to an affair, of personal rather than of literary rivalry, very little known. The reputation and general conduct of Beattie, as a moral and able man, had procured him an introduction to, and gracious reception from, his majesty, and this mark of condescension was expected to be followed, as shortly afterward proved to be the case, by the royal bounty in the grant of a pension. To a similar act of favour, Goldsmith had been looking as a source of relief from his difficulties, and was led to believe, probably with some foundation, that the grant to another would interfere with the expecta-

tions he had himself formed. His opinion of the Essay on Truth, from whatever motive given, appears to have been critically just; since, however laudable the design, it has not retained its original hold on public esteem as a first-rate production.

Another supposed instance of his literary jealousy occurred at the house of Sir Joshua, when perusing the poems of Miss Aikin, afterwards Mrs. Barbauld, which he pronounced of inferior merit; a decision then considered unjust. Time, in this instance, likewise, has confirmed his opinion, for, though pleasing, they have taken no strong hold on the regard of readers of poetry. It may be remarked here, as a curious fact, that though the strength of female genius is supposed to lie chiefly in imagination, a quality considered above all others essential to poetry, we have not, in the long list of standard English poets, a female writer who has been thought worthy of admission among the number; while, as novelists and dramatists, there are several of eminent merit. Strength of thinking, of sentiment, and of expression, are perhaps as necessary to good poetry as even what is called imagination; and a large range of observation, with an experience of mankind not always within the reach of women, from their position in society, may prevent their attaining such excellence in that as in other departments of authorship. Madame de Stael, indeed, seems one of those who had vigour and originality of thought for a great poet, had nature furnished her with the other requisites for such a character.

The early part of the summer of 1773 appears to have been spent in London, for we find Beauclerk, in his usual strain of sarcastic remark, thus writing to Lord Charlemont, from Muswell Hill, July 5th.

"I have been but once at the club since you left England; we were entertained as usual by Dr. Goldsmith's absurdities."

Disregard of times, places, and circumstances, and occasionally of persons, arising partly from absence of mind, partly from a simplicity that led him to give utterance to such thoughts as other men conceal, were the peculiarities to which Beauclerk alludes. An instance will illustrate this better than description. When dining with a tradesman in the city, a very opulent man, though exercising the not very exalted calling of a carcass-butcher, he was so impressed by the splendour of the house and table, that, with an air of surprise, he asked him, before several strangers, "How much money he made annually by his business?" One of his odd speeches, characteristic of his simplicity, and quite true in its purport, was more than once repeated. "People," said he, "are greatly mistaken in me; a notion goes about, that when I am silent I mean to be impudent; but I assure you, gentlemen, my silence proceeds from bashfulness."

To a man of fashion, and a wit, oddities of speech, person, or manner, furnish themes for ridicule that all their admiration of genius cannot suppress; and deviation from conventional forms meets from them with little forbearance. It is to this we owe Lord Chesterfield's description of Dr. Johnson; to this also Horace Walpole's impertinence towards him and to Goldsmith; and Beauclerk, while professing himself superior to the prejudices of his class in fashionable life, could not wholly escape a similar feeling. The blunders, therefore, the constraint, or abstractions of a scholar in his serious moods, his irregular mirth, or thoughtless conversation when amused, an unpolished address, bluntness of speech, or smaller breaches of modes which the solitary student does not know, or regards not if known, become with such persons serious matters. They do not discriminate between him who makes the forms of the drawing-room his chief business in life, and him whose occupation it is to amuse or instruct mankind.

So much likewise is expected from the conversation of authors, that they are often denied the license granted to others, of giving free utterance to unpremeditated thoughts; while some of their auditors seem to think slightingly of such as discard reserve, and who aim to be merely easy and natural, perhaps careless, in what they advance. Thus, we sometimes find disappointment expressed at hearing nothing from them, in occasional association, very remarkable; no maxim of wisdom, pungency of wit, or flight of imagination; as if the mass of persons commonly met with in private life, deserved this stretch of mind by the possession of corresponding powers, or had any just right to expect it. Society would be a serious tax upon a popular writer, were he to enter it with his mind wound up like a harp-string, for the gratification of many who are at best idle, though inquisitive listeners. Even if he excels in conversation, it may be prudent not to obtrude it; to be read in books in the morning, and listened to at night in the drawing-room circle, is a greater degree of attention than we are willing to concede to any whose claims are not of very commanding character.

Yet Goldsmith suffered in the estimation of cotemporaries, by the absence of all pretension in private intercourse, by affecting playfulness and familiarity, when perhaps more reserve might have procured the reputation of more wisdom. He was willing to sink something of the philosopher, for the pleasure of being agreeable; feeling satisfied that his writings at least would shield him from any supposed loss of dignity. In general society, where his talents and superiority were admitted without dispute, this might be safely done; but it was imprudent among rivals for literary as well as colloquial fame, a few of whom, as they could not equal the one, were willing enough to depreciate the other. On this point, Boswell was more indulgent, or more just to him than upon others. "For my part," he says, "I like very well to hear honest Goldsmith talk away carelessly." And the poet's opinion of the license, which he claimed in talking, may be gathered from a remark addressed to Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, who is mentioned in Retaliation, in support of an argument of his to a similar effect. "There is a relief to the mind in disburthening itself of all its thoughts of whatever description; men, in writing books, are obliged to please others, but, in talking, they may be permitted to please themselves."

Johnson's view of conversation differed so wholly from this, that he was no more off his guard in speaking than in writing. To the one it was generally a matter of relaxation; to the other an effort of intellectual labour, an occasion of argumentative contest and of triumph. His standard of excellence being high, he brought to it all the vigour of his mind, and as there were few to whom he gave credit for superior conversational powers, we can experience little surprise that the following remarks should be passed upon the more incautious characteristics of his friend.

"The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation is this, he goes on without knowing how he is to get off. His genius is great, but his knowledge is small. As they say of a generous man, it is a pity he is not rich, we may say of Goldsmith, it is a pity he is not knowing. He would not keep his knowledge to himself."

"Of Dr. Goldsmith he said," writes Mr. Langton, but this seems one of those phrases used, not for their truth or accuracy, but for antithetic effect, "no man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had."

"It is amazing how little Goldsmith knows; he seldom comes where he is not more ignorant than any one else." "Yet there is no man," observed Sir Joshua Reynolds, "whose company is more liked." "To be sure, sir," was the reply, "when people find a man of the most distinguished abilities as a writer, their inferior while he is with them, it must be highly gratifying to them. What Goldsmith comically says of himself is very true; he always gets the better when he argues alone; meaning that he is master of a subject in his study, and can write well upon it; but when he comes into company, grows confused and is unable to talk."

In censuring Mr. Thrale for sitting silent on one occasion at a dinner table, Boswell observed that Goldsmith was in the other extreme, for he spoke at all ventures. "Yes, sir, Goldsmith, rather than not speak, will talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant, which can only end in exposing him. If in company with two founders, he would fall a talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of."

"Goldsmith," he said on another occasion, "should not be for ever attempting to shine in conversation; he has not temper for it, he is so much mortified when he fails. Sir, a game of jokes is composed partly of skill partly of chance; a man may be beat at times by one who has not the tenth part of his wit. Now Goldsmith's putting himself against another is like a man laying a hundred to one, who cannot spare the hundred. It is not worth a man's while. A man should not lay a hundred to one, unless he can easily spare it, though he has a hundred chances for him; he can get but a guinea, and he may lose a hundred. Goldsmith is in this state. When he contends, if he gets the better, it is a very little addition to a man of his literary reputation; if he does not get the better, he is miserably vexed."

These observations, scattered over a space of many years, were made, we should remember, in the laxity of familiar converse, when even Johnson, on such occasions, would prove frequently lax and inconsistent with himself, however sharp upon others for the same offence. We can therefore scarcely place implicit dependence upon them as his deliberate opinion, which is to be sought rather in what he has written than in what he has spoken. He considered Goldsmith like Garrick, as in some measure his own property, whom he had therefore a license to attack at pleasure, although he would not allow the same liberty to others; but it may be doubted whether he wished such remarks to be remembered. What we are tempted to say of those we nevertheless admire and esteem in hasty sallies of conversation, often perhaps of erroneous impressions or from slight indiscretions, it is unfair for others to dwell upon and repeat. Every one has felt his opinions often vary respecting the same individual. Were a list shown us after the lapse of a few years, of all the remarks we had made on our best and most familiar friends, we should scarcely believe the record; while such as knew our intimacy and did not make allowance for this species of human infirmity, might consider us either very insincere companions, or our acquaintance exceptionable characters.

Of the inconsiderate tone of conversation thus laid to his charge, and probably in some instances true, it is remarkable that, excepting one or two anecdotes of his emulative spirit, no examples are given to enable us to judge of the fact. We look in vain in such as are preserved, for weakness, or deficient point or vigour. On the contrary, good sense, justness of observation, and a degree of wit characterise so many of his sayings, that we are induced to believe they were far from being unfrequent had there been a friendly hand always near to note them down.

Speaking of Johnson and of his dexterity in getting out of an indifferent argument with success, he said, "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the but end of it."

To the goodness of disposition of the same friend, he has borne testimony in a pointed sentence—"Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness of manner, but no man alive has a better heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*"

He sometimes ventured upon the hazardous undertaking of exercising his wit or humour upon the moralist, and not without success. One of the happiest retorts imaginable, considering the character of him to whom it was addressed, was heard by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Goldsmith, after mentioning that he thought he could write a good fable, and stating the simplicity which that kind of composition required, observed that in most fables the animals introduced seldom talk in character. "For instance," said he, "the fable of the little fishes who saw birds fly over their heads, and envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill consists in making them talk like little fishes." While he indulged this idea, which it may be regretted he did not execute, he observed Johnson shaking his sides and laughing, and immediately continued, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

On another occasion, when Beauclerk was present, Goldsmith talked of a project for having a third theatre in London, solely for the exhibition of new plays, in order to deliver authors from the supposed tyranny of managers. Johnson treated it slightingly, when Goldsmith rejoined, "Ay, ay, this may be nothing to you who can now shelter yourself behind the corner of a pension."

Johnson told the following anecdote himself. "I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poet's Corner, I said to him—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

When we got to Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slily whispered me—

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur Istis."

Another instance of the freedom he occasionally took, though not without suffering in return, is of undoubted authenticity.

While at supper on one occasion, tête-à-tête, at Jack's Coffee-house, Dean street, Soho,* on rumps and kidneys, Johnson observed, "Sir, these rumps are pretty little things, but then a man must eat a great many of them before he fills his belly." "Ay, but," said Goldsmith, "how many of these would reach to the moon?" "To the moon! ay, sir, I fear that exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, sir," says Goldsmith, "I think I could tell." "Pray then let us hear." "Why one if it were long enough." Johnson growled at this reply for some time, but at last recollecting himself, "Well, sir, I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

In classical quotation he was frequently happy, applied to passing characters and circumstances. Thus, according to the late Sir George Beaumont, on first meeting with a military man to whom he took dislike from what seemed to be coarseness, if not ferocity of manners, and on being told that this was a mistake, and that the rude soldier was a man of letters and a scholar, he said, "Then I must be in error, for you know

'Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros.'"

Of his simplicity or absence of mind, several anecdotes were told by the lively men with whom he associated; Beauclerk, Foote, Richard Burke, Garrick, Colman, and others; and these, if even problematical, it may be considered the duty of a biographer not to omit. Professed wits are not celebrated for accuracy of detail; strict matter of fact militates often against a good story; and a very small foundation of fact is sufficient on which to erect a superstructure, which, if not very true, may be very amusing.

Mr. Beauclerk, whose humour turned almost every incident into a subject of ridicule, tells the following story to Lord Charlemont at this period (November, 1773).

"Goldsmith the other day put a paragraph into the newspapers in praise of Lord Mayor Townsend.† The same night he happened to sit next to Lord Shelburne at Drury Lane; I mentioned the circumstance of the paragraph to him, and he said to Goldsmith, that he hoped he had mentioned nothing about Malagrida in it. 'Do you know,' answered Goldsmith, 'that I never could conceive the reason why they called you Malagrida, *for* Malagrida was a very good sort of a man.' You see plainly what he meant to say, but that happy turn of expression is peculiar to himself. Mr. Walpole says that this story is a picture of Goldsmith's whole life."

The blunder, though the meaning was obvious, arose, if it really took place, from the omission of a word or two which might readily occur in the hurry of conversation: "I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida *as a term of reproach;*" but the vein of ridicule evinced in the following passage from the same letter induces a suspicion of the truth of the whole, for the story is equally gravely told. "Johnson has been confined for some weeks in the Isle of Sky; we hear that he was obliged to swim over to the mainland, taking hold of a cow's tail. Be that as it may, Lady Di has promised to make a drawing of it."

From the same witty source the following story found circulation.

When dining with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith found early peas upon the table, which, however, from mismanagement of the cook, proved to be yellow; when some one sitting next him observed, that they had better be sent to Hammersmith. "And why thither?" asked the poet. "That is the way to Turn'em Green." The pun pleased him so much as to be thought worth repeating the first favourable moment as one of his own. An opportunity soon offered or was chosen for this purpose, when Burke, who was equally ambitious of the credit of a good pun, chanced to sit next him; the peas were again, with an air of disapprobation of their colour, recommended the journey to Hammersmith; the question why it should be so was again repeated, when Goldsmith, forgetting his cue, replied, "That is the way to *make* 'em green." Perceiving his error in the want of applause from the company, he immediately added, "I mean that is the *road* to Turn'em Green." Again discovering that the witticism fell pointless, he started up disconcerted and quitted the table abruptly.

Another anecdote, told to Mr. Croker by Colonel O'Moore, is no doubt, as he justly remarks, coloured or indeed nothing more than another version of his alleged jealousy of the ladies in Flanders. As the colonel and Mr. Burke were proceeding to dine with Sir Joshua, they observed Goldsmith, also on his way thither, standing near a crowd, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the window of a house in Leicester square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Burke to his companion, "and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's." Proceeding forward, they reached the house before him; and when the poet came up to Mr. Burke, the latter affected to receive him coolly, when an explanation of the cause of offence was with some urgency requested. Burke appeared reluctant to speak, but after some pressing said, that he almost regretted keeping up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such indiscretions, as he had just exhibited in the square. The poet, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Mr. Burke, "did you not exclaim as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the people must be for staring, with such admiration, at those painted jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was astonished. "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so." "Nay," replied Mr. Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That 's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility; "I am very sorry—it was very foolish; I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."

Of the waggery occasionally practised upon him, the following is an instance, which occurred at the house of Mr. Burke, and has been told in another place, though as illustrative of character, no apology will be necessary for its introduction here. The lady who personated her part so well, was the sister of the lady of General Haviland, who resided at Penn in Buckinghamshire, and whose son married the niece of Burke.

"Mrs. Balfour, who was a woman of lively disposition, is said to have given Garrick the first idea of the *Irish Widow*, in his farce of that name, by a trick played off in a familiar party upon the simplicity of Goldsmith. This lady it seems, for a piece of amusement, personated such a character—just arrived from Ireland, full of brogue and blunders—with wit, rant, and impudence—a little gentility nevertheless—and, added to all, assuming to be an authoress, soliciting subscriptions for her poems. Some of these she read with an affected enthusiasm, which created the greatest amusement to those who were in the secret. Goldsmith—the great Goldsmith, as she called him, her countryman, and, of course, friend, she flattered extravagantly, and repeatedly appealed to him on the merit of the pieces, which he praised with all due warmth in her presence—offered his subscription—and strongly abused the verses (as well perhaps he might) when she retired. This scene, it is said, presented a finished piece of acting, Garrick seized upon the character for representation, and brought forward his piece in 1772, the Widow being admirably performed by Mrs. Barry.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Survey of Experimental Philosophy—Address on the opening of the Opera-house—Retaliation—History of the Earth and Animated Nature—Second edition of Polite Learning—Scarron's Romance—His illness and death.

During the latter end of 1773, and the early part of the following year, his literary labours were sufficiently multifarious to become occasionally distracting to a mind otherwise ill at ease.

Besides writing and carrying through the press the Grecian History, he was engaged in a similar way upon the History of the Earth and Animated Nature, and upon a third History of England, in one large volume duodecimo, for the use of schools, which came out after his death, in September, 1774. He was likewise revising the Enquiry into Polite Learning for a new edition; writing at favourable intervals the poem of Retaliation; translating the Comic Romance of Scarron: and arranging papers, gleaned in part probably for the Dictionary of Arts, into a work in two volumes, commenced long before and mentioned in a preceding page, "A Survey of Experimental Philosophy, considered in its present state of improvement."

The preliminary advertisement of the publishers (Cornan & Newbery) states, that "The first volume of this work was printed off in the life-time of the author; the second after his death; the whole of the copy being put into the hands of the publisher long before that period." Of this there is no reasonable doubt, for it was announced as being in the press three months after his death, although not published till 1776, the delay being probably caused by the necessity of further revision. Several mistakes remain, showing that the writer had consulted rather the books of a preceding age than the practical knowledge of his own; and this accounts for the compilation never having become popular. It has many obvious traces of his pen, and betrays, even in the introductory remarks, what might have been expected from him, more of the tone of the moral than of the natural philosopher.

At the opening of the Opera-house, November 20th, 1773, Mrs. Yates, the actress, who had quarreled with Colman, and had then no engagement in London at either of the English theatres, spoke a poetical exordium written for her by Goldsmith. The following notice of it, the same evening, appears in a letter of Beauclerk to Lord Charlemont. "Goldsmith has written a prologue for Mrs. Yates, which she spoke this evening before the opera. It is very good. You will soon see it in all the newspapers, otherwise I would send it to you."

It is singular, that a piece thus necessarily so public from the place where it was delivered, and pronounced to be "good" by a critic so fastidious as Beauclerk, should not, as he anticipated, have appeared in the newspapers of the day, or in any collection of his works since. Several copies besides that furnished to Mrs. Yates, we may believe were in circulation, by the offer made in the preceding letter of sending one to Lord Charlemont; yet, in the anxiety to collect all his verses after death, these have never appeared; nor are they alluded to in any memoir of him; neither has their existence, notwithstanding diligent enquiry, been ascertained. The only probable explanation seems, that being either withheld for some other purpose by the author, or given by him to Bishop Percy with other papers, it was subsequently lost, as hinted to that prelate by Malone in one of his letters. It is possible, likewise, that if Colman felt offended by allusions to the situation of the first tragic actress of the day being unengaged in the national theatres, the poet may have been willing to propitiate him by the suppression of the whole.

In the bills of the day it is called "A Poetical Exordium." The chief subject on which it touched, was the history of the revival of the polite arts in Italy, and the effect produced by their union with each other; allusions were likewise introduced to the situation of the speaker herself in connection with the tragic drama. The house was more crowded and brilliant than had been usually witnessed on the first night of performance, and the applause loud and universal. Yet, from whatever cause, it appears to have been repeated.

The next exercise of his poetical powers was one which, though seemingly playful, required for its successful execution no ordinary portion of address and ingenuity.

However little disposed to question his genius, few of

* This house was one of their occasional resorts, as well as of Reynolds and others of their friends. Garrick recommended it, from being kept by Mr. John Roberts, one of the singers of Drury Lane theatre, from whose Christian name it is said to have derived its appellation, for when a question arose as to which tavern a party should adjourn to, the common answer was to *Jack's*. It is said to have been, even in 1770, the oldest tavern in London but three, and having continued in the family of the present occupier since that time, is now probably the oldest. At present it is known as Walker's hotel, and the proprietor shows the room which the wits of that age frequented.

† This has been sought for in three or four journals without success; the circumstance is unlike his usual habits, as he meddled not in city matters, or even in general politics.

his friends had given him credit for close observation of mankind, or that insight into individual character which men of the world think exclusively their own. Yet a very ordinary examination of his writings might have convinced them, that no one could have written as he wrote, without enjoying large acquaintance with the ways of life and with human nature. As a set-off to these indeed, they saw his peculiar habits, his occasional simplicity, his benevolence, and his consideration, not always wise or well-timed, for the undeserving. His oddities, in consequence of this good-nature, became what was deemed fair game for professed wits and jesters; and as he had hitherto given no proof of disposition to satire, it was thought this species of mirth might be indulged with impunity. To this mistake we owe the origin of "Retaliation;" one of those felicitous productions, which, struck off amid serious anxieties and various literary labours, leaves the impression of a mind unoccupied and at ease. It arose not from a scene at the Literary Glub in Gerard street, as sometimes said, but from a more miscellaneous meeting, consisting of a few of its members and their friends, who assembled to dine at the St. James's Coffee-house. Thus, Richard and William Burke, Cumberland, Ridge, and Hickney, who have a place in the poem, were never members of the original club; nor was Dr. Douglas, till after the death of the poet.

Much mirth and convivial pleasantry appears to have resulted from their meetings. The late Sir George Beaumont mentioned that whatever was the dinner hour, whether in a private or public party, Goldsmith always came late and generally in a bustle. A peculiarity like this, which is always noticed, is often disagreeable, and certainly never to be classed among the minor virtues, drew attention upon him at table, and became a source of banter to his companions; this led to further observation; his person, dialect and manners, his genius mingled with peculiarities, his negligences and blunders, often no doubt the effects of abstraction, furnished a theme for jocular notice, too tempting to be lost by men drawn together to amuse and be amused; and the remark of some one, how he would be estimated by posterity, first gave rise to the idea of characterising him by epitaphs.

It does not appear that many were written, or none that deserved remembrance, except that by Garrick, of which the following is stated by Dr. M'Donnell, to be an exact copy.

"Here lies Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

Another was written upon him by Caleb Whitefoord, as stated to the writer by the relatives of that gentleman, who is also said to have exercised his pen in a similar manner upon Cumberland. The former forgave the offence with his usual placability, but not so the latter, and they were thenceforward not friends; both these were once in the cabinet of Garrick, though, neither being preserved, their merit was probably inconsiderable.

Cumberland and Cradock have each in their memoirs stated, they were present on the occasion that gave birth to Retaliation. There is, however, no identity of circumstances in their respective relations, which, from the minuteness of detail given by Cumberland, must have been the case had both been present; we are reduced, therefore, to the necessity of believing that one only, or probably neither, were there. The explanation may be this. Writing from memory at the distance of thirty and forty years respectively, and desirous of being thought present at an interesting scene in literary history, they seem to have described what they heard shortly after the occurrence, with what they saw on another occasion at the same place, and to have confounded the circumstances in their recollection. The account of Cradock, as being more general, is on the whole more probable.

Cumberland is too commonly inaccurate to be safely followed; nor are his anecdotes told quite in character. When, for instance, he describes himself as retiring to a side table to write couplets on Goldsmith, and Johnson as snatching them from his hand to read to the company, we may fairly doubt whether this occurred; of all men the moralist had least sympathy with practical jokes, of which this must be considered one of the rudest; neither would he probably read aloud what was thought likely to give pain to his friend. When we find likewise, that Sir Joshua is mentioned as illuminating the epitaph, written by Dean Barnard, with a pen and ink sketch of the poet's bust, "inimitably caricatured," we may be certain of misstatement; for this was wholly foreign to the president's habits, as Northcote observes, and assuredly would not have been done to one whose feelings he was at all times solicitous not to offend. A third statement of his, connected with the poem, is still more unsupported by fact. "Goldsmith sickened and died, and we had one concluding meeting at my house, when it was decided to publish his Retaliation." Whatever such a meeting, if it really occurred, might decide, it had no power to accelerate or retard a production which had then found its way into other hands.

By comparing minute circumstances, it would appear that the affair of the epitaphs was not confined to one evening, and that when first produced, Goldsmith was not present. As he was known to be sensitive, though soon disposed to forget offence, it is not probable he would sit patiently to be made the subject of ridicule to a party some of whom were little known to him, or that others would so far trespass on presumed good nature as to attempt it in his presence, though what was said or written no doubt reached him soon afterward. On the other hand it is equally certain, that "Retaliation" was not read to the club in its meeting. Of the existence of the poem, the greater part of the members were ignorant until its appearance from the press; by whose instrumentality it has not been ascertained, though at first supposed to be from a copy in the hands of Mr. Bott. Two or three others were given to particular friends with strict injunctions to secrecy, until the plan should be so far completed as to admit of being brought out with effect, and turn the laugh not of the tavern party merely, but of the kingdom, against the aggressors. Mr. Burke is said to have had a sketch of a few of the characters; and Mrs. Cholmondeley another copy more complete. Its date likewise has been doubted. The period, however, at which it was written may be ascertained with tolerable precision by the line—

"Our Dods shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture."

The allusion applies to a series of lectures on Shakspeare, commenced by Kenrick, in the great room of the Devil Tavern at Temple Bar, on the 19th January, 1774, and continued weekly for a considerable time. We may therefore assign the month of February, he being unwell in March, as the date of the chief part of the composition; and judging from its nature, we may believe it was not struck off at a heat. To plunge into recesses of character and bring up to the surface what the owner himself is scarcely conscious of, or would willingly conceal, requires time, care, and repeated touching to be accurate. Thus, those he had known the longest, such as Burke and Garrick, are finished in the best manner; while to Dean Barnard, who was of only a few weeks' acquaintance as the poem intimates, he has been unable to assign a distinguishing character.

A production such as this presents no ordinary difficulties to the writer, as he requires for its execution great acuteness and much good nature, keen perception of the shades of character, and deep insight into the human heart. Indiscriminate satire is of no very difficult accomplishment. Neither is much skill required to sketch our friends so gently or generally as to give no offence. But to be at once searching and accurate, to individualise the man from his species, to unveil foibles without violently shocking self-love, and while probing them to inflict no pain; to be faithful yet friendly, witty and discreet; to exhibit minute delicacy of touch, with perfect truth in the painting, so that all the world shall see the likeness, without the original having cause for reasonable offence in the display of his imperfections, is one of those happinesses that high genius alone can hope to accomplish, and this Goldsmith has done. We are not, perhaps, wholly conscious of the difficulty of such an attempt until we ourselves make it. The same felicitous qualities, exhibited in a somewhat different manner, have given Horace a reputation that no time is likely to impair.

Immediate notice was drawn to the characters of Burke and Garrick, as those on which he had bestowed the most pains, and directed the most pointed satire; for to each was given that specific appropriateness, considered essential to the epitaph whether serious or jocular, by which, what is said of one person cannot wholly be applied to another. Burke had incurred his playful indignation by pactising some tricks and relating certain stories to his annoyance; he was likewise a whig, of which body Goldsmith, like Johnson, entertained an indifferent opinion; he was also a leader of the opposition; and, if we believe Northcote, had one day at Reynolds's spoken so freely of royalty as to give offence to Goldsmith. From this cause perhaps we have much of his public, and but little of his private character.

Garrick was a more serious offender. Notwithstanding some pecuniary favours, he had occasionally touched both the pride and interests of the satirist; he had refused his plays; he had shown a disposition to be witty or unduly familiar with him in company, yet in private sometimes exhibited an air of reserve or superiority, difficult not to resent, and of which the poet complained to Reynolds, observing on one occasion that he would not suffer such airs of importance from one who was only a "poor player." An allusion to this conduct, expressed in mild terms, occurs in the lines—

"He casts off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knows, when he likes, he can whistle them back."

To the list of his offences was now to be added the couplet forming the epitaph, and when we remember that it was a gratuitous and pointed attack upon one who gave no provocation, it will be admitted that "Retaliation" exhibits forbearance and good humour.

Two epigrams by Garrick are commonly supposed to have whetted the satire of Goldsmith; but this is a mistake; they followed, not preceded, that poem, as the first sufficiently indicates.* The other, also written subsequently, and not made public till 1776, bears traces of more deliberation and labour, and aims to give the character of the poet with all its foibles and contrarieties. So far it follows the idea of his own character in the poem, and it further imitates Goldsmith in being pungent, without displaying ill nature; it is however much overcharged for a correct portrait; and the idea is not original, but borrowed from Swift's lines on Mrs. Biddy Floyd, where Jove and Cupid unite their skill to form a beauty.

"Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay,—I will make an odd fellow:
Right and wrong shall be jumbled—much gold and some dross,
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross;
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turned to fictions;
Now mix these ingredients, which warm'd in the baking,
Turn'd to *learning* and *gaming*, *religion* and *raking*.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail;
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet,
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name;
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him—to make us sport here."

Sir Joshua Reynolds is drawn with less distinctness and precision than a little more labour would have bestowed, but, like the poem itself, his character was left unfinished. Whether it would have possessed equal spirit with either of the preceding is doubtful, for we can rarely touch, even with the gentlest hand, the foibles of such as we cordially and unreservedly love; and of all whom he knew, Reynolds held the highest place in his affection and esteem, and deserved it by as warm a return of regard. Among several erasures in the manuscript sketch devoted to him, half a line, containing one of the handsomest compliments to the good sense of the painter, remained unaltered—

* *On Dr. Goldsmith's Characteristic Cookery.*

"Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good *meat*, but the devil sends *cooks!*"

"By flattery unspoiled———"

It has been asked why a muse, so delicate and accurate, which, in painting even defe ts, exhibited the tenderness of a friend, did not venture to portray Johnson. One reason probably is to be found in the unfinished state of the poem. He formed an admirable subject, great, varied, and peculiar, marked by strong lines, and, though of rough conduct and a stinging tongue, yet, with so many redeeming qualities of mind and heart, that a finished picture might serve to stamp the poetical character of any writer; and, from long and intimate knowledge of him, none, we are assured, could have done it with such truth and good nature as the Irish poet. An attempt to supply the omission came from an anonymous pen a few days after the appearance of the poem; but between the dauber and the accomplished artist, the distance is indeed vast.*

The following advertisement, in the form of a letter to the publisher, introduced Retaliation to the public—

"Sir,—In some part of Dr. Goldsmith's works, he confesses himself so unable to resist the attacks of hungry compilers, that he contents himself with the demand of the fat man, who, when at sea, and the crew in great want of provisions, was pitched on by the sailors as the properest subject to supply their wants; he found the necessity of acquiescence, at the same time making the most reasonable demand for the first cut off himself for himself.

"If the doctor, in his life-time, was forced by these anthropophagi to such capitulations, what respect can we now expect from them? Will they dine on his memory? To rescue him from this insult, I send you an authentic copy of the last poetic production of this great and good man; of which I recommend an early publication, to prevent spurious editions being ushered into the world.

"Doctor Goldsmith belonged to a club of beaux esprits, where wit sparkled sometimes at the expense of good nature. It was proposed to write epitaphs on the doctor; his country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. The doctor was called on for Retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following poem, which I think adds one leaf to his immortal wreath."

The first edition, as may be supposed from affecting so many distinguished persons, sold rapidly,—the publisher said in a few hours. A second and third impression were called for; and about the middle of June a fourth, which came recommended by an additional epitaph on Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, a facetious writer for the newspapers, whose cross-readings, under the signature of Papyrius Cursor, made him known among the wits of the day. Its authenticity has been doubted, on account of appearing so late, and so many as twenty-eight lines being devoted to one whose merits were not so high as many others despatched in half that space; nor was the manuscript copy furnished to the printer in the handwriting of the alleged author.

Whitefoord has therefore been suspected by surviving acquaintance, though perhaps erroneously, of being himself the writer; if such be really the case, the imitation at least is good, for it contains a few sentiments known to be those of the poet, and while it gives due praise to the individual, alludes to his connection with the daily press in a manner which he himself would probably not have done. It is indeed possible that Goldsmith, who thought favourably of his humour and facetious qualities, may have written them on another occasion, or without meaning they should find place in the poem. They were appended to the edition in question by the following introductory notice, which on the face of it contains, beyond doubt, an untruth in the answer put into the mouth of the reputed writer, who was then on his death-bed:—

"After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received an epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord, from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith, enclosed in a letter, of which the following is an abstract.

"'I have in my possession a sheet of paper, containing near forty lines in the doctor's own handwriting; there are many scattered broken verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds, Counsellor Ridge, Mr. Beauclerk, and Mr. Whitefoord. The epitaph on the last-mentioned gentleman is the only one that is finished, and therefore I have copied it, that you may add it to the next edition. It is a striking proof of Doctor Goldsmith's good nature. I saw this sheet of paper in the doctor's room five or six days before he died; and as I had got all the other epitaphs, I asked him if I might take it. *In truth you may, my boy*, (replied he,) *for it will be of no use to me where I am going.*'"

Early in February, 1774, was first announced for publication in the following month, "The History of the Earth and Animated Nature." The bookseller (Griffin) with whom the agreement for that work had been made, and who, it will be remembered, had sold his share so far back as June, 1772, wished now to become again a proprietor, and with this object the following letter of Goldsmith was written to the purchaser. It is without date, but endorsed February 20th, 1774; and from this we learn that he had thoughts of extending the plan beyond the original limits:—

"*To Mr. Nourse.*

"Sir,—As the work for which we engaged is now near coming out, and for the *ever* payment of which I return you my thanks, I would consider myself still more obliged to you, if you would let my friend Griffin have a part of it. He is ready to pay you for any part you will think proper to give him, and as I have thoughts of extending the work into the *vegetable* and *fossil* kingdoms, you shall share with him in any such engagement as may happen to ensue.

"I am, sir, your very humble servant,

"Oliver Goldsmith."

It did not appear till about the last day of June, when death had removed him from the scene of his labours; and notwithstanding all its mistakes and misconceptions, its errors of fact and theory, the general ignorance of the subject with which, in a scientific point of view, it was commenced, the anxieties and disadvantages under which, during a period of five years, it was carried on, must be regarded as no inconsiderable effort of genius and labour. The term genius, applied to such an undertaking in the hands of most other men, would seem, and no doubt would be, scarcely warranted; but with Goldsmith it was otherwise; his charm lies in his taste in selection, his vivacity in conception, and his elegance in describing. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit;* he literally fulfilled Johnson's anticipation, that "he would make it as entertaining as a Persian tale."

His avowed object was a popular, not learned, work on the subject; a design to treat of the races, habitudes, the instincts and peculiarities of animals in their wild or social state; not a formal or scientific work for the instruction of the professed naturalist. He is, therefore, often inconsiderately censured for not being what he had no intention, and probably had not the requisite knowledge to be; his book was not meant as a system, but one of general and amusing information. A better grounded objection is the existence of several errors in point of fact connected with animals which were within the reach of observation and enquiry; another is the admission of a few fabulous stories of their attributes and their peculiarities, taken from ancient writers. In the former, the apology of Dr. Johnson may be valid, that the subject being of an extensive kind, he could not be expected to make experiments on all facts of a doubtful nature, and therefore might allowably copy such authorities as were generally received; and the same apology may serve for the latter, that, without believing such stories himself, he introduced only what others had stated, trusting to the good sense and general knowledge of the reader to discriminate truth from improbability, where reasonable doubts could be entertained.

The necessary information for the work was not procured without much research; greater perhaps than he received credit for, or than would have been requisite for a professed naturalist, although, as we have seen by his previous connnection with books on natural history, better prepared for the subject than many persons believed. Thus Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, and Pliny; Aldrovandus and Reaumur, Brisson and Buffon; Linnæus, Willughby, and Ray; and many travellers and voyagers, such as Dampier, Ulloa, and many others, are freely quoted; in addition to matter gleaned from a variety of other sources, showing much and miscellaneous reading, which of itself formed no inconsiderable part of his labour. Its great charm is its style; combining that ease, freshness, and freedom, which throw an irresistible attraction over his pages, and render every reader of taste an admirer; while, after a lapse of sixty years, notwithstanding the progress of knowledge and the consequent correction of many mistakes, no book has superseded it with the general reader. It has proved upon a large scale, though less exact and minute, what White's Natural History of Selborne has been upon a smaller; familiar and agreeable, communicating natural knowledge in the easiest manner, and attracting readers who would have been repelled from the study of more elaborate works.

An assertion of Cumberland relative to this work is as questionable as too many of his alleged facts regarding the Irish poet.—"Distress," he says, "drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies nor worthy of his talents. I remember him when in his chamber in the Temple, he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*; it was a sigh such as genius draws when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread." The acquaintance between Goldsmith and Cumberland was slight, and never reached any thing like intimacy; on the contrary, notwithstanding the compliment in Retaliation, they did not like each other. That Cumberland may have called in the Temple is possible, but by his own confession he knew nothing of him personally till the latter part of 1773, and the first volume of Animated Nature was written three years before, and had been long consigned to the hands of the publisher. Neither, had he even shown it as alleged, would it have been done with the dramatic accompaniment of a sigh, implying dislike or contempt for his labour, when it was unquestionable that he placed a high value on the first volume, and was often not unwilling to have it believed that the whole was equally worthy of favour.

About the same time, also, a new edition of the Enquiry into Polite Learning being proposed by the original publisher, nearly a fourth part of the first was thrown out in the revision. Among the omissions are the whole of the fourth and seventh chapters, the latter containing general remarks upon the polite learning of England and France, the translation from Macrobius, now included in his poetical works, and the obvious personal allusion when stating the different aspect which countries assume to one who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and he who walks the grand tour on foot. *Haud inexpertus loquor.* No additions are introduced, excepting a few sentences to connect passages where others have been expunged. For this labour the sum received was, as will be seen, small. It was published after his death, July 28, 1774.

(No date, but early in 1774.)

"Received from Mr. James Dodsley, for improving the second edition of my Polite Learning, and putting my name to the same, the sum of five guineas, as witness my hand. Oliver Goldsmith."

* "Here rests our great doctor, who held it high treason
With wine, punch, or ale, to encumber his reason;
Yet may fairly be classed with the rest of the hive,
While erect in his chair, he's thus buried alive;
Unwieldy with knowledge, and buckram'd in pride,
No mirth could unbend him, no trifler abide;
His sense, when he deign'd some deep thought to unfold,
Spoke by starts or set phrase, like the oracles old;
And his wit (as the sun when the rack rides on high,
With sudden effulgence beams full from the sky,
Then pops in his head, and puts wheat-ears in terror,)
Flashed abroad for a moment, then left us in error;
Unless some new sophistry happen to strike,
Or poor Scotland come in from some quarter oblique;
Then he flash'd like a fury, flay'd alive, tore to pieces,
With hail, wind, thunder, lightning, the storm still increases,
All to ruin a land not worth conquest or keeping,
Or slay some poor insect 'twixt waking and sleeping.
Thus I strike at his fame with which mine will not vie,
As men batter a fort who can't build a pig-sty;
Let his friends all attend to the worst I can say,
They must join in the cavil and call it fair play;
For none get their share from this miserly elf,
Of what all seem'd to value most highly—himself."

Another of his labours now, and noticed in a former page, was a translation of Scarron's comic romance, said by the publisher (Griffin) to have been completed, excepting a few sheets, at the time of his death, though not published till 1776. Some corroboration of his having been engaged upon it at this period, may be found perhaps in the first line of Retaliation:—

"Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united."

For nothing was more probable than the name of a writer celebrated for wit and humour, and whom he was then translating, should be recalled in a sportive effusion of his own; and to this possibly we owe the whole introductory part of that poem. The version offers no particular evidence of his manner, nor does perhaps a close rendering permit it; but a writer in the Monthly Review, no doubt Dr. Griffiths himself, when noticing the work in question, thus intimates a knowledge of his previous translations, though the opinion advanced of their merit is by no means corroborated by what we know to have been done by him in "Memoirs of a Protestant:"—"We have seen translations by Goldsmith in no respect superior to the present performance. The truth is, the doctor was not excellent in this branch of authorship. The new version of Scarron is, however, greatly preferable to the old one by Savage and Brown."

At this moment, if we are to believe Beauclerk, who, however, writes in a strain between jest and earnest, not always to be taken literally, he had shaken off his depression of spirits, or was attempting to do so by the common means, gaiety, which he praises in some of his essays, and no doubt often practised, as the best mode of dissipating care. "Our club," he writes to Lord Charlemont, February 12, 1774, "has dwindled away to nothing. Nobody attends but Mr. Chambers, and he is going to the East Indies. Sir Joshua and Goldsmith have got into such a round of pleasures that they have no time."

One of the modes he adopted for returning such civilities as were shewn him by his acquaintance, was, as the writer is informed by an intimate surviving friend, by a supper given at his chambers, where a curious intermixture of characters, and frequently an expensive entertainment, were to be found. These parties, in allusion to the large and fashionable assemblages at the well known rooms kept by Mrs. Cornelys, in Soho square, he jocularly called his "Little Cornelys."

Occasionally this was changed for a dinner, where the guests were more select. At the last, or nearly the last of these, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua, and several other literary men, among whom was Dr. Kippis, who related the story, were present. The first course was profuse, more than sufficient for every purpose of hospitality; but a second coming on equally liberal, Johnson and Reynolds, who suspected his embarrassments, and wished tacitly to reprehend his extravagance, came to an understanding not to partake of it; the motive being instantly comprehended by all present, the refusal became general, and it was removed from the table untouched, much to his mortification.

His establishment otherwise was not at this time expensive. He retained the apartment at Hyde when desirous of a rural scene or of being wholly uninterrupted; he had the occasional services only of a man-servant (John Eyles) when in town; while his chambers and their contents were wholly entrusted to the care of an elderly female, named Ginger, wife of the head porter of the Middle Temple.

He had for some time seriously contemplated quitting the distractions and expenses of a town life in order to fix his residence wholly in the country; and, to such as were much in his confidence, took pleasure in stating his schemes on this subject, one of which was never to spend more than two months of the year in London. With this view it is said he sold his right in the Temple chambers about three weeks previous to his death; but whether he possessed sufficient firmness to persevere in the resolution of retirement, may be doubted. Of the charms of the country he had indeed a lively sense; but London or its vicinity is so peculiarly the sphere of a literary man, either for its society, its amusements, its information, or advantages of reference, and more particularly when he is destitute of the ties of family, of relatives, or of a native place to retire to, (for he had no thought of going to Ireland,) that a disconnection with it, or even absence for any length of time by one living exclusively by his literary labours, is nearly impossible. Few pursuits require more relaxation than literature. Solitude is necessary to an author, for in solitude must his chief labours be performed; but, the task completed, few delight more in the enjoyment which release from labour brings with it; and none were more disposed to take advantage of such moments than Goldsmith.

Whatever were his determinations, no opportunity was permitted of carrying them into effect, for life and all its anxieties were soon to come to a close.

Having retired to Hyde in the month of March, the recurrence of a painful disease, to which he was subject, (dysuria,) brought on by close application to his desk, added to a feeling of general indisposition, took him back to London. The local complaint subsided, but left behind the seeds of a nervous fever, aggravated no doubt by uneasiness of mind. To relieve some of the symptoms, he had recourse to an emetic on the 25th March, after the operation of which he retired to bed in the afternoon, but becoming worse, sent for Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Hawes, his apothecary, in defiance of whom he persisted in the use of James's powders, a valuable, and one of his favourite remedies, but inapplicable under the circumstances of the complaint; and the result proved as melancholy as it was generally lamented. Public notice being drawn to the event, Mr. Hawes, an intelligent and benevolent man, and one of the founders of the Humane Society, in which undertaking he had engaged the active humanity of Goldsmith,* published a pamphlet, dedicated to Burke and Reynolds, as principal friends of the deceased, stating the particulars of his attendance upon him. To this, in consequence of the remarks made in it upon the remedy being thought detrimental to its popularity, Mr. Newbery, the proprietor, replied in the newspapers, and adduced declarations of the nurse and servants, conveying the opinion of Goldsmith himself (for which, however, there seems no foundation), that the genuine fever powder had not been sent him. From these, and from some private sources, a full account of his illness is derived.

"On Friday the 25th March," says Mr. Hawes, "at eleven o'clock at night, the late Dr. Goldsmith sent for me to his chambers. He complained of a violent pain extending all over the fore part of his head; his tongue was moist; he had no cold shivering or pain in any other part, and his pulse beat about ninety strokes in a minute. He then told me he had taken two ounces of ipecacuanha wine as a vomit, and that it was his intention to take Dr. James's fever powders. I replied that in my opinion this was a medicine very improper at that time, and begged he would not think of it: but I am sorry to say, that every argument used seemed only to render him more determined in his own opinion—which gave me much concern, as I could not avoid thinking that the man whom I had all the reason in the world to esteem, was about to take a step which might prove extremely injurious to him.

"I therefore endeavoured to reason medically with him, and observed that his complaint appeared to be more a nervous affection than a febrile disease. He said, 'he thought so too.' I replied, 'Then, sir, as you have already taken a vomit, which has operated very well, I would advise you to take a gentle opiate, which may be a means of quieting the stomach—as, after the operation of an emetic, it generally produces, for a few hours, refreshing sleep—after which, in all probability, the complaint of the head will gradually go off, as repeated experience has confirmed.' To this he answered, 'I like your mode of reasoning well;' and for a short time he appeared to be convinced, but soon afterwards insisted upon taking the powders."

Protesting against being considered responsible for the consequences, the friendly apothecary took his leave, and sent the medicine. He had however gained permission for a visit from Dr. Fordyce, whom the patient had consulted on previous occasions, and who, having returned from the club in Gerrard street, where the poet said he meant to have been himself had he been well (for it met now on Fridays), saw him in the course of the evening. The powder had been taken in the mean time, and he continued it, notwithstanding the persuasions of the physician. Next day, finding its effects different from those experienced on former occasions, he became impressed with the belief that a spurious medicine had been substituted for the true, and exclaimed more than once to his servants, with hasty petulance, "D—n that Hawes! I ordered him to send me James's powder, and he has sent me some other." A supply was in consequence sent for from Newbery's shop, and its administration entrusted by him to the servants in attendance.

On the morning of the 26th, Mr. Hawes called, but on being told his patient was dozing, did not see him. In the evening he found him low, his pulse small and quick, and with great prostration of strength from disordered action of the stomach and bowels, induced by the erroneous treatment to which he had subjected himself: he had now also, it appeared, lost confidence in the remedy, by admitting to his adviser that "he wished he had taken his friendly advice last night." Dr. Fordyce also saw the critical situation of his patient, and feeling, like Hawes, considerable anxiety for the safety of one whose celebrity in public life, and many good qualities in private, made him an object of interest, desired the latter to see him early the following day, and persuade him, if not better, to see Dr. Turton, whom he likewise knew and esteemed, in consultation.

At eight o'clock on Sunday morning, he was accordingly visited again. He had passed a bad night. The vomiting and diarrhœa continued; and appearing much exhausted, Mr. Hawes proposed at once to call in Dr. Turton—a proposition immediately assented to by the patient, who now seemed conscious of his danger. From this time the physicians met twice daily, in consultation. So strong, however, was his impression of having originally taken spurious fever powder, although what was procured afterwards produced similar effects, that he took a dislike to his apothecary. He told his servants, as they stated to Mr. Newbery, to look for his bill, which amounted to ten pounds, and pay him off. He likewise actually sent for another practitioner in the neighbourhood, who however declined at first to interfere where there was already ample attendance, or judging it only one of those hasty petulancies, increased by the disease, to which he was subject, and of which he was the first to confess the impropriety. The conduct of Mr. Hawes seems to have been unobjectionable. No time was lost in calling in Dr. Fordyce, when further advice became necessary; and, had his published statement varied from truth, the evidence of both physicians was at hand to point out the inaccuracy.

During the following week, the symptoms fluctuated; though never free from danger, so little apparently active disease was present, that Doctor Turton said to him, as Dr. Johnson related, "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be, from the state of fever which you have—is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith answered, "It is not." The functions of the mind, however, were very slightly, if at all, clouded by the disease, and arose less from the degree of fever than from want of sleep. He discoursed occasionally with great calmness—was sometimes cheerful—but being unable to take nourishment, his strength gave way. Recovery, therefore, although doubtful, was not, even to the last, at all improbable; nor was the fatal event in the least anticipated at the moment it occurred.

At twelve o'clock on Sunday night, the 3d of April, he was in a sound and serene sleep—perfectly sensible, previous to falling off—his respiration easy, the skin moist and warm, and the symptoms altogether of a favourable description. A little before four o'clock, the gentleman in attendance, Mr. Hawes not being then employed, was summoned, in consequence of an unfavourable change. He found him in strong convulsions, which, continuing without intermission, he expired about half past four on Monday morning, the 4th April, 1774.

Thus terminated the life of an admirable writer and estimable man, at the early age of forty-five, when his powers were in full vigour, and much was to be expected

* This he states in the postscript to his pamphlet, on the illness of his patient.—"As my late respected and ingenious friend, Dr. Goldsmith, was pleased to honour Dr. Cogan and myself with his patronage and assistance in the undertaking of the recovery of persons apparently dead by drowning and other accidents, now on the point of being established in this kingdom, I think I cannot show a greater proof of my esteem for the deceased than by applying the profits of this publication (if any should arise) to an institution, the design of which was favoured with his approbation."

from their exertion. The shock to his friends appears to have been great, from the unexpected loss of one whose substantial virtues, with all his foibles and singularities, they had learned to value. Burke, on hearing of it, burst into tears. Sir Joshua Reynolds, as Northcote informed the writer, relinquished painting for the day—an unusual forbearance, it was considered, of one who, under all common circumstances, rarely permitted himself to be diverted from the exercise of his art. Dr. Johnson, though little prone to exhibit strong emotions of grief, seems to have felt sincerely on this occasion, for, three months afterwards, he thus wrote to Boswell:

"Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith, there is little to be told, more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever—I am afraid more violent from uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion, that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?" And again: "Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much further. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress."

Sir Joshua undertook to superintend his affairs, until the arrival, from Ireland, of such of his relatives as should be authorised to arrange them. In the mean time, Mr. Hawes was entrusted with the active duties of management—who soon discovered, by the amount of debts, that no advantage was likely to accrue to his family from the little personal property that remained. In allusion to his pecuniary involvements, yet in a tone of tenderness, Dr. Johnson writes, at this time: "He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered. He was a very great man."*

As a means of showing their respect, his friends at first contemplated a public funeral—the pall to be borne by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Hon. Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Garrick. Further consideration altered this design, to a subscription for a monument to him in Westminster Abbey—Sir Joshua, as was immediately announced, to draw the design—Mr. Wilton to execute it—and Dr. Johnson to write the epitaph.

A private interment was therefore adopted, as most advisable under the circumstances. His remains were committed to the Temple burying-ground, in a spot which, after being long forgotten, has been recently ascertained by the enquiries of Mr. Bacon, of the Temple—at five o'clock on Saturday evening, April 9th, attended, as mourners, by the Rev. Mr. Palmer, nephew to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and afterwards Dean of Cashel, in Ireland, Mr., afterwards Sir John Day, the present Judge Day, Mr. Hugh Kelly, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes. After the coffin had been screwed down, it was opened, in order to gratify a lady, an intimate acquaintance, and an admirer of his talents and virtues, with a lock of his hair. His papers fell into the possession of Mr. Bott, his principal creditor.

Tributes, in verse and prose, to his memory, appeared in the journals, for several weeks: several of the number in a strain of lamentation, evidently from such as knew him personally, for the loss of "the good, the ingenious, the honest (and this term was often applied to him in public, as expressive of the candid and unreserved nature of the man) Doctor Goldsmith." "It should be remembered," says Mr. Hawes, who felt a warm attachment to his late patient, "that he was as amiable as a man as excellent as a writer. His humanity and generosity greatly exceeded the narrow limits of his fortune; and those who were no judges of the literary merit of the author, could not but love the man for that benevolence by which he was so strongly characterised."

"When I returned to town," adds another acquaintance (Mr. Cradock), "after his death, I had an interview with his nephew, an apothecary in Newman street, and with the two sister milliners, the Miss Guns, who resided in a house at the corner of Temple lane, who were always most attentive to him, and who once said to me, most feelingly, "O sir, sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis, than apply to any other: we are sure he will pay us when he can."

Among the testimonies of esteem drawn forth by his death, in prose, the following just and not inelegant eulogium, bearing some resemblance, in manner, to what was said by Burke, twenty years afterwards, when characterising Sir Joshua Reynolds, appeared the day after his death, and was supposed to be from his pen. On reference however to the journals of the day, it is found to be dated from Salisbury street, April 5th—and obviously proceeded from one, whether Burke or not, whose attachment was the result of an intimate knowledge of his character.

"In an age when genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of virtue, as well as of its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith, as a shining example to the contrary.

"Early compelled, like some of our greatest men, into the service of the muses, he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct; but knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of fiction than to set off the dignity of truth; and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp no less the man of genius than the universal friend of mankind.

"Such is the outline of his poetical character, which perhaps will be remembered whilst the first-rate poets of the country have any monument left them. But, alas! his noble and immortal part—the good man—is only consigned to the short-lived memory of those who are left to lament his death.

"Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in the pursuit of it; warm in his friendships, gentle in his manners, and in every act of charity and benevolence 'the very milk of human kindness.' Nay, even his foibles and little weaknesses of temper, may be said rather to show the simplicity of his nature than to degrade his understanding; for, though there may be many instances to prove he was no man of the world, most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart.

"One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming a principal part of the happiness of his life, pays this last, sincere, and grateful tribute to his memory."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Maurice Goldsmith—Epitaph on the poet—His character—Rank as a poet and prose writer—Members of the Goldsmith family.

Shortly after the death of Oliver, his eldest surviving brother, Maurice, arrived from Ireland, in compliance with the summons of Sir Joshua. He was, as may be imagined from his history, a plain unlettered man, too homely, it seems, in appearance and manners to command much consideration from his late brother's accomplished friends.

A lady, alluded to more than once for her knowledge of the poet, informs the writer, that, being in a small party in the house of Sir Joshua, when the latter was summoned down stairs, he returned, after a considerable absence, and whispered her that he had been below with Goldsmith's brother, but thinking a little beer or spirits there, better adapted to his taste than tea in the drawing-room, he entertained him in what he considered the most appropriate manner. She, with the usual kindness of her sex, thought this behaviour scarcely becoming in the president to so near a relative of his departed friend.

No will having been left by the deceased, letters of administration were granted on the 28th of June, in the usual law form and phraseology—"of the goods, chattels, and credits of Oliver Goldsmith, late of the Middle Temple, bachelor, to Maurice Goldsmith, natural and lawful brother, and next of kin to the said deceased." In the bond, bearing date the sixth of the same month, he is described as of "Charlestown, county of Roscommon, cabinet-maker," and the sureties are, "Joseph Cruttenden, of Surgeon's Hall, in the Old Bailey, London, Esquire, and William Finch, of the same place, gentleman." No pecuniary advantage, it is to be feared, accrued to him from the journey, in consequence of the amount of his brother's debts. In July, arrangements were made for the sale of the furniture and library, described as being "a large, valuable, and well chosen collection of curious and scarce books," and the catalogue bears out in some measure the latter part of the description. Maurice did not wait the result of the sale, but quitted London in June; and, however homely and unpolished in manners, he appears, from the following letter to Mr. Hawes, written about the time of his departure, not to have been deficient in sense or gratitude.

"*London, June* 10, 1774.

"Mr. Hawes,—In a few hours I purpose leaving town, and now return you most sincere thanks for your kind behaviour to me since my arrival here. I also am thoroughly convinced of your care, assiduity, and diligence, with respect to my brother, Dr. Goldsmith. I am also convinced that, as his affairs were put into your hands by Sir Joshua Reynolds, he could have chosen no one who would have acted with more caution and disinterestedness to him than you have done, for which you have my sincere wishes for the welfare of you and yours. I am, sir, with thanks and respects to your family, your much obliged humble servant,

"MAURICE GOLDSMITH."

The spot chosen by Reynolds for the monument in Westminster Abbey, was an appropriate niche, fortunately found vacant in Poet's Corner, between those of Gay and the Duke of Argyle, and, though first intended to be given to Wilton, was executed by Nollekins, though not till after the lapse of several years. It presents a large medallion, displaying a good resemblance of the face in profile, embellished with appropriate ornaments, beneath which is a tablet of white marble, containing the well-known inscription, by Dr. Johnson. Fault has been found with the Latinity of parts of this composition, though seemingly without sufficient cause; but there appears to be a determination that no modern shall be permitted to write in that language, without being subjected to sharp critical animadversion.

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Sive Risus essent movendi,
Sive Lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc Monumento Memoriam coluit.
Sodalium Amor,
Amicorum Fides,
Lectorum Veneratio.
Natus in Hibernia Fornia Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.;
Eblanæ Literis institutus;
Obiit Londini,
April IV. MDCCLXXIV.

This Monument is raised
to
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philosopher, Historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched,
or
Unadorned by his pen,
Whether to move laughter
or draw tears,
He was a powerful, yet gentle
master over the affections:
Of a genius sublime, lively, and versatile,
In expression noble, pure, and elegant.
His memory will last
While Society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of truth,
And Reading is held in esteem.
He was born in Ireland,
In the parish of Forney, county of Longford,
At a place named Pallas,
29th November, 1731.
He was educated in Dublin:
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

The circumstances attending the reception of the epitaph among the friends of Goldsmith, though familiar in literary history, must not be omitted in the biography of him to whom it relates.

* "Here Fancy's favourite, Goldsmith sleeps,
The Dunces smile, but Johnson weeps."
St. James's Chronicle, April 7—9.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PART I. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1837. NO. 23.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

At a dinner, given by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to several members of the club, in 1776, the epitaph written by Dr. Johnson for their late associate, became the subject of discussion; emendations were suggested for the consideration of the doctor, but the difficulty was, who should have courage to propose them. A *round robin*, such as sailors have had recourse to sometimes when discontented, and when the object was to conceal those who took the lead in stating the grievance, by placing all the signatures to the paper in an equal position, was jocularly proposed and adopted. Dean Barnard drew up a witty address, which was not adopted, as the doctor might think it treated the subject with too much levity. Mr. Burke then dictated the following, which received general concurrence, Sir William Forbes, afterwards the biographer of Beattie, acting as clerk.

"We, the circumscribers, having read with great pleasure an intended epitaph for the monument of Dr. Goldsmith, which, considered abstractedly, appears to be for elegant composition and masterly style in every respect worthy of the pen of its learned author, are yet of opinion that the character of the deceased as a writer, particularly as a poet, is perhaps not delineated with all the exactness which Dr. Johnson is capable of giving it. We, therefore, with deference to his superior judgment, humbly request that he would at least take the trouble of revising it; and of making such additions and alterations as he shall think proper on a further perusal. But if we might venture to express our wishes, they would lead us to request that he would write the epitaph in English, rather than in Latin; as we think the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works are likely to be so lasting an ornament, which we also know to have been the opinion of the late doctor himself."

The names signed around this sample of literary mutiny, were Edm. Burke, E. Gibbon, Josh. Warton, Thos. Franklin, Ant. Chamier, Geo. Colman, T. Barnard, R. B. Sheridan, P. Metcalf, W. Forbes, J. Reynolds, W. Vachell. Sir Joshua consented to deliver the paper, and escaped from so hazardous an adventure pretty well, being desired by the doctor to tell the gentlemen, that he would alter the epitaph in any manner they pleased as to the sense of it, but he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription. Adding also, on observing Dr. Warton's name, "I wonder that Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool;" and further remarking, "I should have thought Mund Burke would have had more sense." Mr. Langton, it appears, was the only one of the company who refused to sign the paper.

A Greek tetrastich also, by the same great writer, honours the memory of his friend.

Τον τυμβον ισοραις, του Ολιβαρου κονιν
Αφεστι μη σιμινθ Ξενε, ποδεσσι πατει.
Οστις μεμηλε φυσις, μουσων χαρις, εργα παλαιων,
Κλαυσε πανταν, ισοραιον φυσιον.

Several metrical imitations* of this have been given, but the following is nearer:—

"Thou beholdest the tomb of Oliver; press, not, O stranger, with inconsiderate foot the venerable dust. Ye who care for nature, for the charms of song, for the deeds of ancient times, weep for the historian, the naturalist, the poet."

Among other verses written upon his death, all of which spoke the language not merely of praise of the author, but of affection for the individual, Mr. W. Woty, already mentioned, and one of his acquaintance since 1760, thus attempted to give him an epitaph.

"Adieu sweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those forced to charm e'en vicious minds, and these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's wo thy heart could always melt,
None gave more free—for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays,
Have sculptured out thy monument of praise;
Yes, these survive to Time's remotest day,
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
Reader, if numbered in the Muse's train,
Go,—tune thy lyre, and imitate the strain;
But if no poet, then reverse the plan,
Depart in peace and imitate the man."

Besides the overflow of elegiac strains in the journals, several distinct poems made their appearance, all bearing testimony to his virtues as strongly as to his literary merits. Among these were "The Tears of Genius; occasioned by the death of Dr. Goldsmith. By Courtney Melmoth." "An Impartial Character of the late Dr. Goldsmith." "The Druid's Monument; a Tribute to the Memory of the late Dr. Goldsmith. By the author of the Cave of Morar." "A Monody on the death of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. Dedicated to Mr. Burke" (by a Mr. Palmer). In July was published by Glover, though anonymously, "The Life of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith," professed to be written from personal knowledge, but the particulars communicated are few and inaccurate.

One exception only to the general voice of praise and regret appeared in a scurrilous epitaph by Kenrick, who, being the first to assail his character, and pursue his literary life with abuse, was induced to continue it beyond the grave by the provocation of finding his name in Retaliation; thus venting on the dead what could have annoyed only the feelings of the living. Indignation, however, was so generally excited, particularly by a supposed attempt to cast upon the deceased the imputation of suicide, though the lines do not fairly bear that construction,* that the alleged defamer, though nearly shameless, became for a time silent.

The person of Goldsmith, as may be conceived from the epithet "little," applied to him on several occasions, was something under the middle size; his limbs, on which he prided himself, sturdy and well shaped; his habits active; and his appearance indicative of that power of endurance, the consciousness of which probably prompted his peregrination on the continent. His complexion was pale, his forehead and upper lip rather projecting, his face round, pitted with the small-pox, and marked with strong lines of thinking. Phrenologists may deem it favourable to one of their supposed points of distinction to know, that their organ of *locality* was in him strongly developed; for it has been observed there are few writers with whom the association of localities and recollections in their writings, is more marked. To the impressions made by these at various periods of life, some of his original compositions were owing; and he alludes, in 1759, to the alleged external mark, as phrenology chooses to consider it, of this peculiarity, in a letter given in a preceding page; "imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eye-brows." His eyes were of gray or hazel colour, and possessed considerable expression; and he always, as has been already stated, wore a wig.

Although not prepossessing on first appearance, the moment he became at ease the native good humour and benevolence of his disposition broke forth in a manner that attracted and secured regard. His address indicated, as might be supposed, from a life devoted to literature, more of the solitary student than of the man of the world. He was willing latterly to amend this disadvantage, by the assumption of a more fashionable air; but as our friends are rarely well pleased when they have not some point in their acquaintance with which to find fault, the attempt to remedy what he was told was a defect, drew down upon him only additional censure. The imputation was too trifling to produce a moment's uneasiness; a man of genius has something of more value to recommend him to society than a polished address; and the estimation of those who, because they do not find the latter, are unable to relish the former, is scarcely worthy of being sought, and rarely of being valued. In manner, and in his associates, he resembled another great poet. "Dryden," as we are told by Pope in Spence's Anecdotes, "was not a very genteel man; he was intimate with none but poetical men. He was said to be a very good man by all that knew him; he was as plump as Mr. Pitt (*the poet*), of a fresh colour, and a down look, and not very conversable."

In food he was commonly moderate, often abstemious, and there is no doubt fancied the latter, as Dryden likewise believed, favourable to composition, more especially when employed on any subject requiring considerable effort of mind; his milk supper after a spare and early dinner, has been mentioned; and in wine, even in convivial societies, when moderate men find some excuse for going beyond their usual limit, he was as little prone to excess. In this respect his practice perfectly agreed with what we find was his theory. "How far," he says, in his Animated Nature, "it may be enjoined in the scriptures, I will not take upon me to say; but this may be asserted, that if the utmost benefit to the individual, and the most extensive advantage to society, serve to mark any institution as of Heaven, this of abstinence may be reckoned among the foremost."

He had, as the slightest peculiarities of eminent men are thought worthy of notice, some particular aversions; one was to mice, another to eels, and a third he has himself informed us of, though the object seems sufficiently harmless. "Many persons, of which number I am one, have an invincible aversion to caterpillars and worms of every species; there is something disagreeable in their slow crawling motion, for which the variety of their colouring can never compensate. But others feel no repugnance at observing, and even handling, them with the most attentive application."

The well-known picture by Sir Joshua, a strong though flattering likeness, yet, from being without the wig, not the man exactly, as he lived, is at Knowle Park, the seat of the Duke of Dorset, near Seven Oaks, in Kent. Another, painted for Mr. Thrale's mansion at Streatham, along with those of Johnson, Burke, and others, and sold at the general auction at that house, was purchased by Mr. George Hayter for the Duke of Bedford. A third, a copy from one of the preceding, belonged to the poet himself, who gave it some time before his death, to a friend, who left it by will to the late Archdeacon Coxe. Upon the sale of that gentleman's effects, in 1828 or 1829, the auctioneer, as the writer has been informed, ignorant of the painter and of the subject of the painting, which probably from neglect presented nothing very attractive to the common observer, catalogued the picture in conjunction with a common hearth-broom, and they were knocked down together for two pounds. Aware, however, of its value, the purchaser sold it for a considerable sum to a gentleman near Salisbury, in whose possession it remains. The copy procured by Mr. Hodson, nephew of the poet, now in the possession of Dr. Neligan, of Athlone, in Ireland, is very indifferently executed; another of similar character which hung for some years in the Wrekin public-house, in Broad court, Drury Lane, which the poet is supposed to have frequented at one period of his life, is now the property of Mr. Bacon, of the Middle Temple. One of the sketches by Bunbury, as has been observed, is an excellent, though not flattering likeness, yet presenting great benevolence of expression, and conveying the best idea of his countenance; two others by the same gentleman are caricatured.

The character of Goldsmith requires little more in the way of elucidation than what the preceding pages furnish. Whatever of grace he wanted in manner, there was no deficiency in those attractive qualities of mind that go to the formation of an ingenuous and benevolent,

* One of these, the best perhaps of the number, runs—

"Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread,
Where Goldsmith's hallowed dust is laid;
If Nature or the historic page,
If the sweet muse thy care engage,
Lament him dead whose fertile mind,
Their various excellence combined."

* "By his own art who justly died,
A blundering, artless suicide;
Share, earth-worms share, since now he's dead,
His megrim, maggot-bitten head."

as well as a highly gifted man. "I have often perceived," he tells us in the Vicar of Wakefield, and he is an instance of the truth of his doctrine, "that where the mind is capacious, the affections are good." "He appeared to me," says Northcote, "to be very unaffected and good natured.' "It was not his nature to be unkind," writes Cumberland, "and he had no inherent malice in his heart." "What foibles he had he took no pains to conceal; the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct."

In the publications of the time in which he lived, allusion is more than once made to him by name, "as the honest and ingenuous Goldsmith." "His disposition of mind," adds Davies in his life of Garrick, whose opinion is worth recording, as the relations of author and publisher,—of expectation on one side and occasional disappointment on the other—sometimes embittered their intercourse, "was tender and compassionate; no unhappy person ever sued to him for relief without obtaining it if he had any thing to give; and rather than not relieve the distressed, he would borrow. The poor woman with whom he had lodged during his obscurity, several years, in Green Arbour court, by his death lost an excellent friend; for the doctor often supplied her with food from his table, and visited her frequently with the sole purpose to be kind to her."

His generosity, indeed, might be termed rather a passion than judicious distribution of the limited means he possessed, while in the eyes of his acquaintance, it appeared thoughtless profusion; chance, likewise, as much as selection, seemed to present objects for its exercise. Inferences to the disadvantage of his discernment were consequently drawn by more wary or less liberal observers of mankind, and at the period of his death it was commonly said that, "though well known as a child of genius, he was not regarded as a man of the world;" and that "the unbounded liberality of his heart afforded no reason for supposing that he looked searchingly into men and manners." This, however, is the mistake of the severer class of judges of their fellow creatures, who confound a really benevolent love for them, with blindness to their faults, or want of observation of their characters, though such is by no means the case; it is the province of a truly great mind only to discern their errors, yet to pity and relieve their wants; and such was that of Goldsmith. His attachments were strong where he professed attachment; and even where he avowed dislike, so peculiarly sensitive were his feelings, that the occurrence of misfortune or distress, in any form, converted him on more than one occasion into an active friend. Remembering these peculiarities, and how frequently in his works of fiction he draws from his own character and recollections, the origin of the sketch given of Sir William Thornhill appears obviously to be from himself.

"He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder, in which the body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others."

Of the defects of such a character, conviction and experience had probably made him aware. for he no where holds it up as one entirely to applaud or imitate. In another of his productions, the Life of Nash, besides many scattered observations to the same effect, we find the following:

"In general, the benefactions of a generous man are but ill bestowed. His heart seldom gives him leave to examine the real distress of the object which sues for pity; his good-nature takes the alarm too soon, and he bestows his fortune on only apparent wretchedness. The man naturally frugal, on the other hand, seldom relieves, but when he does, his reason, and not his sensations, generally finds out the object. Every instance of his bounty is therefore permanent and bears witness to his benevolence."

A frankness of disposition, which led to uncalled-for disclosures, made him the subject of occasional animadversion or censure. "Goldsmith," writes Davies, "was so sincere a man, that he could not conceal what was uppermost in his mind; so far from desiring to appear in the eye of the world to the best advantage, he took more pains to appear worse than he was, than others do to appear better than they are." Whatever emotion arose, seems to have found ready utterance, but the confession of weaknesses, however candid or ingenuous, induced some to question his sense or his prudence; while the opinions he hazarded upon literary men and their books, however honestly entertained, had the effect of making him enemies. Reserve, to such as consult their ease or their interests, seems necessary in our intercourse with mankind; when we have no favourable opinion to give, it may be wise to continue silent unless necessity calls for the disclosure. Of him, however, it might be truly said, that his conversation was but thinking aloud.

Among the higher qualities demanding our regard, was much honest independence of mind, for, like Johnson, he entertained a high idea of the dignity of literature. Thus, he neglected the offer of protection made by the Earl of Northumberland, when, without solicitation or subserviency, a provision might have been secured to ward off the pressure of want. He dedicated the Traveller not to a patron or man of interest, but to his brother; the Deserted Village to Sir Joshua Reynolds; and She Stoops to Conquer to Dr. Johnson. When solicited to write in support of the ministry of the day, whose political principles accorded with his own, we have seen he refused it. At a later period, he may have believed that his reputation should have won some testimony of royal favour, and he probably felt the neglect; but there is no reason to believe that any personal application with that view was ever made by him to persons in power. He would not seek for patronage, but he may not have been unwilling to be sought; what he felt to be due to his merits, he was too proud to solicit as a boon.

Improvidence in pecuniary affairs was his prevailing fault; one of those which, on him as on others, entailed its own punishment. Such a vice of error, in men of high intellectual powers, however leniently viewed by posterity, is rarely forgiven by such as live in their own day, who feel an equal jealousy of having their purses or good opinions taxed in favour of the obvious indiscretions even of clever men; nor has the prevalence of this fault among persons of that class yet won much consideration from mankind. As cotemporaries we see them too nearly; and their portion of human infirmity becomes magnified by contiguity. But it is different, when viewed through the vista of time, and we know their follies cannot recur; the severity of our judgment then relaxes, their finer qualities, which had been shaded for a moment, appear in their native lustre, and, by a generous reaction in the human breast, we are glad to render back with interest that forgiveness of error, or praise of desert, which had been for a time withheld. In such a spirit we now look on this failing of Goldsmith; on which, and on occasional peculiarities of temperament supposed to mark the literary character, we find the following remarks from his pen, written at an early period of his career:—"I fancy the character of a poet is in every country the same; fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future; his conversation that of a man of sense, his actions those of a fool! Of fortitude, able to stand unmoved at the bursting of an earthquake, yet of sensibility to be affected at the breaking of a teacup; such is his character, which, considered in every light, is the very opposite to that which leads to riches."—*Citizen of the World*—Letter lxxxiii.

In a similar spirit, we find another passage in the same work, where may be traced allusions to his character and to some of his personal foibles.—"The truly great possessed of numerous small faults and shining virtues, preserve a sublime in morals as in writing. They who have attained an excellence in either, commit numberless transgressions, observable to the meanest understanding. The ignorant critic and dull remarker can readily spy blemishes in eloquence or morals, whose sentiments are not sufficiently elevated to observe a beauty. But such, are judges neither of books nor of life; they can diminish no solid reputation by their censure, nor bestow a lasting character by their applause."—*Citizen of the World*—Letter cviii.

Viewed as a man of letters, he has long taken his stand as a classical author, in nearly every species of composition which he attempted; he has not only exhibited great variety and excellence, but earned the unusual distinction of being equally admired in poetry and in prose.

As a poet, if popularity be a test of merit—and after the lapse of more than half a century we shall in vain look for a better—Goldsmith takes a high rank. He took for his model the classical authorities of preceding years, regardless of the attempt of Warton, to lower their standard in public opinion, by preferring effusions of fancy to truth of sentiment, the play of imagination to strong sense and vigour of thought. He has thence been said to be of the school of Dryden and Pope, though they can scarcely be said to have founded a school, who but followed Denham, Waller and Roscommon. But if we examine the structure of his verse, it will be found so little to resemble either, that he must be considered to have as few obligations to their rhyme, as Young or Thomson have to the blank verse of Milton. He does not attempt the daring license frequently assumed by Dryden, but with more taste in the selection of words, and more care in his versification, exhibits more power over the softer affections than that great writer; while if less terse than Pope, he has more pathos, nature, and simplicity. There is a charm in his chief poems which we can better feel than describe, partaking something of his personal character; a philosophical tone, an air of amiability, a sympathy with the sufferings of mankind, an easy familiarity of manner not without due dignity, and an identification of his feelings and affections with the subjects, which inspires a certain interest in the writer. It is true he draws little upon invention; recollection readily supplied such materials as his purpose required; and in this, as has been said, he found a follower in a late noble poet, who in a few of his poems has written as much from personal impressions and remembrances as Goldsmith. His sentiments are generally just, his ethical precepts have force and truth, his similes novelty, his descriptions vigour and variety. It is obvious he was a studious observer of nature; what he saw he retained, and possessed such skill to turn to use, as to give many of his scenes a strong air of reality. He has no conceits, no far-fetched imagery, no startling thoughts; neither has he, from the nature of his subjects, any powerful displays of passion with which to surprise or agitate us; but he paints what produces a more permanent impression, those calmer feelings and domestic scenes, which come home to every individual of our species.

He has the further merit in the construction of his verse, of never attempting to produce effect by straining or inversion of language; plain words are used in the plainest manner; he is easy, flowing, and free; never obscure in sense, involved in his sentences, or harsh in expression; he uses no triplets. He has few defective rhymes, and his versification generally, in addition to its polish, possesses condensation and point, yet with an ease that conceals the labour employed on its production. In all that he attempts there is so much of the master, as to cheat us into the belief, that what seems so easily done, it is easy to do.

One of the avenues to the heart of which he makes skilful use, is strong sympathy with our fellow men, particularly of the poorer and unfriended class, in whose cause his verse and his prose were ever ready and eloquent, and which we have seen influenced his conduct as well as his writings. This is always a popular theme, and wins esteem from generous minds, more particularly, when our sympathies are excited by accusations of habitual injustice towards them by the rich: a theory which we know is often untrue; but as he adverts to their condition with all the warmth of a poet, we are willing to forgive the mistakes of the philosopher. When to his other qualities are added such as have been generally conceded to him, pathos, energy, and sublimity; and we remember that he has gratified the more learned and fastidious description of readers by the Traveller, and all classes by the Deserted Village and the Hermit, we shall cease to be surprised at the multiplied editions of his works continually issuing from the press.

Peculiar theories of poetry, or attachment to what are called other schools in the art, have produced some attempts to detract from his merit. Thus one critic dislikes his supposed school, or model, considers his popularity no test of excellence, and tells us to our amazement, that he wants fancy and pathos.* Another

* "His poems I esteem to possess great value, because they are both original, and among the most finished of their kind; but I never can yield to that school of criticism of which Dr. Johnson was the master, that that is a very high kind. Goldsmith was like Pope, a poet rather

(Dr. Beattie) who was himself a poet, expressly tells us in contradiction to this, that he is distinguished for "pathos, energy, and even sublimity."

As an example of a third class of opinions, we may quote Cumberland, who, however, displays something of the temper of a writer conscious that his epic was unread, while the smaller poems of Goldsmith found their way into all hands. "That he was a poet," he tells us, "there is no doubt; but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design, to constitute a first-rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit are all specimens, beautiful as such; but they are only birds' eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too."

What is meant by the phrase "birds' eggs on a string" is not very clear; that he did not write very long poems, we know; that he failed to do so from want of the requisite powers, no one who reads him will believe; and this the critic even appears to admit. But we have positive proofs in the remarks scattered through his writings, and such as fell from him in conversation, that he thought the greater part of modern poems defective, in expanding upon a large number of lines the ideas which, with more skill and wiser ambition, might have been condensed into a few. Thus, in the Vicar of Wakefield, as we have seen, he censures the use of epithets, as introducing a false taste into English poetry, increasing the sound without carrying on the sense. In the selections from the poets it will also be remembered, he characterises Eloisa to Abelard as "drawn out to too tedious a length;" he calls Thomson "a verbose poet;" and, if we may believe Mr. Cradock, he considered even the lines of Gray's Elegy capable of being curtailed with advantage: he praises Parnell's Hermit as being "perspicuous and *concise;*" and his own example proves that he considered expansion fatal to the generality of poetry. Had he believed distinction to await less the strength of his lines than their arithmetical amount, this defect might have been amply remedied, for he blotted out infinitely more than he published. By contracting his limits, he hoped to add to his power; and, if equal severity of pruning had been used by cotemporary and preceding writers, (always excepting Pope and Gray, who carried this species of literary scrutiny sufficiently far,) to their superfluous and indifferent lines, how many would be shorn of their present dimensions?

Bulk, indeed, is the criterion of the tradesman rather than of the critic; it is of value in commerce, though not essential to wit. The claims of the poet to superiority are grounded upon other considerations; such as the judgment shown in the selection of his subjects, and the taste and ability displayed in their execution. If in these we find Goldsmith happy, choosing as themes national characteristics which seldom change, and natural objects which never tire, and treating both with uncommon skill, he must be considered to possess the first requisites of a good poet. A great statesman and also an excellent judge of poetry, (Mr. Fox,) declared there was not a bad line in the Traveller. Lord Byron has been more general and more emphatic in his commendation. "You say," he replies to an observation made on Don Juan, "that one half is very good; you are wrong; for if it were, it would be the finest poem in existence. Where is the poetry of which one half is good? Is it the Æneid? Is it Milton's? Is it Dryden's? Is it any one's except Pope's and Goldsmith's, of which all is good? And yet these two last are the poets your pond poets would explode."

Grandeur of design, stated by Cumberland as another requisite of first-rate poetry, may form no certain test of merit. We have had many epics since the death of Goldsmith, embracing what the foregoing critic considers so essential, namely, "bulk, variety, and grandeur of design" wholly unread and unthought of, not surviving even the year of their birth, and this simply because, though not always ill conceived, they were badly executed. Execution would therefore seem the first requisite in a poem; the plan or "design" appears but of secondary character, if we are permitted to judge from experience, rather than from an erroneous theory. Were it true that greatness of conception, chiefly, is necessary to form good poems or distinguished poets, what shall become of most of the Greek and Latin writers? What of Dryden? What of Pope, Thomson, Dyer, Sommerville, and even Young? What of Lord Byron in Childe Harold? for in none of these, however admirable otherwise, is there what is understood by "grandeur of design." If paucity of verses again be objected to as fatal to the pretensions of poets, what is to become of Collins with his eclogues? Of Gray with his odes? Of Burns with his songs? Of Waller, Denham, Addison, Parnell, and the long catalogue of names which make up the list of English poets whose works want the length, and most of them the merit, of those of Goldsmith?

There are readers and occasional critics of another description. A few who are without rank in letters, appear to be sufficiently conscious of the ease and simplicity of his lines, yet commit the mistake of undervaluing them; and seem to think that what is so exquisitely natural, must necessarily be commonplace.

They have forgotten that standard maxim in criticism, that the perfection of art is to conceal art. But we find there are some seemingly averse to all concealment on such occasions, who find pleasure in witnessing the workman's toils, and in viewing in the finished work the various processes of labour employed by the artist. One of these seems to be Sir James Mackintosh, who gives the preference to Gray, because, as he says, if we rightly construe his meaning, "he was the most finished *artist;*" and whose productions, he adds, "to the eye of the critic, and more especially to the *artist*, afford a new kind of pleasure, not incompatible with a distinct perception of the *art* employed." This opinion prepares us for a bold assertion, and quite as novel as it is bold, in the following passage: "The most celebrated poets of the same period," says Sir James, in one of the journals of his reading kept in India, speaking of Goldsmith and Gray, "were writers unequal in genius, but still more dissimilar in their taste. They were as distant from each other as two writers can be who are both within the sphere of classical writing. Goldsmith was the most natural of cultivated poets. Though he retained the cadence, he softened and varied the style of his master Pope. *His ideas are often commonplace, and his language slovenly;** but his simplicity and tenderness will always continue to render him one of the most delightful of our poets. Whatever excellence he possesses is genuine, neither the result of affectation, nor even of effort; few writers have so much poetry with so little glare."

Were his ideas and language of the description here mentioned, commonplace and slovenly, he could not have retained the rank he has so long held with credit in English verse; for these defects, as they are soon perceptible, would have immediately displaced him into a lower station. The mistake arises from his being so wholly unaffected, that we are led to believe what he tells us must necessarily be familiar or common; yet the slightest examination shows us that his subjects were not in themselves low, nor did he fall below his subjects; he is, beyond most poets, appropriate; whatever he describes, few that have ventured to follow him, of which there are several examples, Crabbe being one of the number, who are not compelled to imitation in thought or in language; and this could not be the case were the one commonplace, or the other slovenly. It is in fact his simplicity, the absence of all glare and effort which are admitted, by the terms of the criticism, or in short his general skill and excellence, that have misled the critic into a decision in which scarcely any reader of taste will concur. Sir James, indeed, was a lawyer and a metaphysician; and to such let us on the other hand oppose the judgment of a poet. Sir Walter Scott, some years ago, in performing the office of reviewer to a volume of poems in a distinguished periodical work, thus writes:—

"In a subsequent poem, Mr. Pratt is informed (for he probably never dreamt of it) that he inherits the lyre of Goldsmith. If this be true, the lyre is much the worse for wear; and, for our parts, we would as soon take the bequest of a Jew's-harp as the reversion of so worthless an instrument.

"This is the third instance we remember of living poets being complimented at the expense of poor Goldsmith. A literary journal has thought proper to extol Mr. Crabbe as far above him; and Mr. Richards (a man of genius also we readily admit) has been said in a note to a late sermon, famous for its length, to unite 'the nervousness of Dryden with the ease of Goldsmith.' This is all very easily asserted. The native ease and grace of Goldsmith's versification have probably led to the deception; but it would be difficult to point out one among the English poets less likely to be excelled in his own style than the author of the 'Deserted Village.' Possessing much of the compactness of Pope's versification, without the monotonous structure of his lines; rising sometimes to the swell and fulness of Dryden, without his inflations; delicate and masterly in his descriptions; graceful in one of the great graces of poetry, its transitions; alike successful in his sportive or grave, his playful or melancholy mood; he may long bid defiance to the numerous competitors whom the friendship or flattery of the present age is so hastily arraying against him."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. iv. pp. 516—17.

"Goldsmith's poetry,"—says Mr. Thomas Campbell, among other remarks on the characteristics which particularly distinguish it,—"enjoys a calm and steady popularity, and presents a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner which may in some passages be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society with pictures of life that touch the heart by their familiarity."

The term descriptive has likewise been applied to his poems, implying something not of the highest order of merit. Yet, in the same sense that the Traveller and the Deserted Village have been called descriptive poems, what is Childe Harold, with all its originalities of sentiment and reflection, and vivid powers of description, but one of the same class? So difficult is it to define good poetry by a name, or to judge of a poem by the supposed class to which it belongs.

To the execution and tendency of his poems, which are more material objects than their class, we have the following unquestionable testimony:—

"I have read," says Cowper, writing to Lady Hesketh in 1785, and as this seems to have been the first perusal, the fact would surprise us but that he professed to be no reader of poetry—"Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village, and am highly pleased with them both; as well for the manner in which they are executed, as for their tendency, and the lessons that they inculcate."

To fix the precise place he occupies among English poets is more difficult, as critics and readers will ever differ in opinion according to their differences of taste. But looking to all his qualities, the wit and delicate satire of Retaliation, the familiar humour of the Haunch of Venison and shorter pieces, the unaffected simplicity of the Hermit, no doubt the finest ballad in our, and probably in any other, language, and the serious powers displayed in his ethical poems, he will take rank among those of the last age next to Dryden and Pope. This place is fairly due to him, whether we look to his variety or excellence, his vigour and extent of thought, or power of touching the heart; for, looking at Gray, Akenside, and any other who lived in his own day, we shall find them all inferior in that combination of qualities necessary to constitute an eminent, and—for in matters of general taste it is impossible to overlook this quality—popular, poet. That he did not write more in that capacity we may regret, though his reasons were sufficiently cogent. By his own account, sometimes expressed jocularly, and sometimes with a tone of bitterness, he

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of reason *than of fancy or pathos;* and his popularity does not appear to me by any means a test, though a favourite test with Johnson, of his transcendent claims. But it seems the style of poetry he adopted, resulted not merely from the character of his genius, but from the conviction of his judgment that it was the best."—Censura Literaria by Sir Egerton Brydges.

* Sir James does not seem to have wholly admired Cowper. He says the talent of writing verse with elegance and harmony, "was rather bestowed on Cowper with a niggardly hand." And again, he talks of "the long deserts over which the poetical passages of Cowper are scattered."—*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 230, 235.

declared he could not live by it; and he declined dying a martyr even to poetry. That he had all the love for his art which clings to the true poet, there is no doubt, and we shall in vain look for a more affecting address to it than in the valedictory lines, not meant to be adhered to, we are assured, had his pecuniary circumstances improved, in the conclusion of the Deserted Village—and which, though adverted to before, will bear repetition—

"And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly, where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss and all my wo,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!"

It seems also to have been forgotten by all who advert to the limited quantity of Goldsmith's poetry, that he died at the age of little more than forty-five, in the vigour of life, when his powers were matured, his imagination heightened, his power of thought strengthened, when much was expected from him, when much we may reasonably believe would have been achieved, and the anticipation of Dr. Johnson realised, that "Every year he lived, he would have deserved Westminster Abbey the more." At such an age, Cowper, who became one of our most popular and prolific poets, was still unknown to the world.

Three natives of Ireland—and the circumstance is not unworthy of remark—stand nearly, if not quite, at the head of our prose literature, as regards their styles, though each as different in manner as he was in genius: these are Swift, in what is called the plain style—Goldsmith, in the middle or more elegant style—and Burke, in that of the higher order of eloquence. With the former and the latter, we have at present nothing to do. But the claim of Goldsmith to take rank as one of the first, if not the very first of the elegant writers of our country, must not be passed unnoticed. Addison indeed is not forgotten. He long and worthily occupied that station; nor should any merit be withheld from him, to the undue exaltation of any other candidate, as his purity, ease, and idiomatic English, deserve all praise. With something less of purity, Goldsmith has, however, equal ease, greater perspicuity, more variety, and more strength: if he conjoin therefore at once, vigour and ease, and impress the reader more powerfully, either by the construction of his sentences or the selection of his words, he may divide at least the palm with Addison, if not seize it from him altogether—a distinction in letters which has been indeed assigned him, by more than one professedly critical writer.

In running over his pages, it will be seen that he is rarely or never to be caught in a long or slovenly sentence. We see none cut short for the sake of mere point, or rounded for its sonorous effect. He is free from every appearance of labour or affectation. The words, which have no resemblance to the "learned length or sound" of those of Johnson, fall into their proper places without seeming effort, and upon the ear with musical cadence. All his earlier, as well as later literary labours, exhibit the same characteristic, so that his style may be considered formed as much by native good taste or a fine ear, as by study, though the latter was not neglected. If there be a shade of difference in his various productions, the Vicar of Wakefield and Citizen of the World appear to be written in the simplest manner. In addresses to the public, in the way of advertisement for his bookseller, he is, as was probably required of him in order to attract readers, smart, epigrammatic, or antithetical. In his histories, and particularly in the first and some other volumes of Animated Nature, he is eloquent, natural, and polished in a high degree. Without rejecting ornament, he is sparing of it. He admits of none that retards for a moment the onward course of his subject; and his language is intelligible to the most unlearned reader. "Taste in writing," he says, in a chapter of the Enquiry into Polite Learning, which was expunged in the second edition, "is the exhibition of the greatest quantity of beauty and of use, that may be admitted into any description, without counteracting each other." By this rule, it may be presumed, his own style was formed.

Goldsmith, as well as Addison, is distinguished more by humour than by wit, though this quality is frequent in both—and by a suavity of manner, that aims to correct our follies through the medium of gentle raillery or persuasion, rather than by satire, or authoritative admonition. They seem like men speaking to men as their equals—neither assuming the lash of the satirist, nor the dictatorial superiority of the philosopher—and this forms one of the reasons why both have secured so strong a hold upon popular favour. If either writer were the subject of strong passions, we should not be led to suspect it by any thing discoverable in their writings: we find nothing of bitterness, of sarcastic animadversion—no invective, no exaggeration of fact in their fictions, no overstraining of character. All is equable, smooth, and natural, with an air of good-nature and moderation that win upon the reader. Both teach the purest morality, in the most engaging manner. Between two such writers, it may be difficult to decide which shall have the stronger claim upon our gratitude and esteem: both have laboured for the correction of our follies, for the inculcation of the best principles—and by the literary, as well as moral excellence of their writings, have thrown no common brilliancy over the popular literature of their country.

"The wreath of Goldsmith," says Sir Walter Scott, "is unsullied. He wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume (the novel) with a sigh, that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature which he so highly adorned."

"There is," says Cumberland, (and no ordinary merit could have extracted such testimony from him,) "something in Goldsmith's prose, that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious. It is clear, simple, easy to be understood. We never want to read his period over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it."

"As a prose writer," says Dr. Anderson, in his British Poets, "Goldsmith must be allowed to have rivaled, and even exceeded Dr. Johnson and his imitator, Dr. Hawkesworth, the most celebrated professional prose writer of his time. His prose may be regarded as the model of perfection, and the standard of our language—to equal which, the efforts of most will be vain, and to exceed it, every expectation folly."

To these may be added, what is sufficient for the fame of any writer, the well-known eulogium of Johnson, who, in the life of Parnell, characterises Goldsmith as "a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best, that which he was doing. A man who had the art of being minute, without tediousness—and general, without confusion: whose language was copious, without exuberance—exact, without constraint—and easy, without weakness."

Were not the decisions of criticism as different as the several writers of it, we should be often surprised at the variations they display. In the opinion formed of Goldsmith's prose, as well as of certain points in his poetry, Sir James Mackintosh again seems to dissent from general opinoin; but we may account for this perhaps by remembering that his own style of composition differs widely from so unaffected a model. *His* defect, in general opinion, is too much labour: he exhibits more than is agreeable of what, in characterising Gray's poetry, he calls the "finished artist." "His prose," writes Sir James, "is of a pure school, but not of sufficient elegance to atone for the substantial defects of his writings, except indeed in one charming novel, in which, if he had more abstained from commonplace declamation, less indulged his national propensity to broad farce, and not at last hurried his personages out of their difficulties with improbable confusion, he would have reached nearly the highest rank in that species of composition."

To this estimate of the prose of Goldsmith, which from all other critics has received the praise of great elegance, let us again contrast, in concluding this account, and in addition to what has been already quoted, the opinion of the late Lord Dudley and Ward, no ordinary authority on such a subject, when likewise exercising the office of reviewer, in the same journal in which Sir Walter Scott records his opinion of his poetry.

"The Irish," said his lordship, "are rich beyond most other nations in natural endowments, and they are daily advancing in education and knowledge. Their great defect is bad taste. This is the rock upon which the best talents among them are wrecked; and this will continue to be the case, as long as they insist upon decoration and sublimity in works which properly belong to the 'middle style.' As a first step toward improvement, we would heartily recommend them to choose some safer and less brilliant object of imitation. If they seek it among their own countrymen, the name of Swift will at once occur; and, in more recent times, they will find in the prose of Goldsmith as perfect a model as any that exists in our language of purity, facility, and grace—of clear lively narration, of the most exhilarating gaiety, of the most touching pathos—in short, of almost every merit that style can possess, except in those comparatively few instances in which the subject calls for a display of higher and impassioned eloquence."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. vi.

Enquiries being frequently made respecting the poet's family, arising from notices occasionally seen in the public journals, the following particulars, exhibiting some of the peculiarities and vicissitudes in life, to which its members were said to be subject, may interest the reader.

The death of the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, his elder brother, to whom the Traveller was dedicated, in 1768, has been mentioned, leaving a widow, son, and daughter. The former visited London in 1777, and became known to Dr. Johnson, Mr. George Steevens, and other literary friends of her brother-in-law, who contributed some pecuniary aid; and Johnson particularly desired she would, on her return, procure authentic materials for the poet's life. Fears having been entertained of the loss of the vessel in which she returned to Ireland, Dr. Johnson was enabled to contradict the report, in the following note to Steevens, dated 25th February, 1777.

"You will be glad to hear, that from Mrs. Goldsmith, whom we lamented as drowned, I have received a letter, full of gratitude to us all, with promise to make the enquiries which we recommended to her.

"I would have had the honour of conveying this intelligence to Miss Caulfield, but that her letter is not at hand, and I know not the direction. You will tell the good news."

Being but slenderly provided for, she afterwards accepted the situation of matron to the Meath Infirmary, at Navan. Her daughter, Catherine, the Rev. Thomas Handcock mentions, in a letter to the late Mr. Cooper Walker, Oct. 7th, 1799, as "possessing an uncommon genius for music. * * * She is as like in her features, to the painting of the poet, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as possible." She wrote a few pieces in prose and verse, which were praised by her acquaintance—taught music some years in Dublin, where she is well remembered—but laboured under the disadvantage of eccentric habits, and unsettled opinions; and, to the great scandal of her surviving friends, who consider it one of the blots in the family, died professing the Roman catholic faith.

Just before this event, Bishop Percy had endeavoured to assist her, by the publication of her uncle's works, as appears by a letter from him to Mr. Hawkins Browne, Nov. 2d, 1802. "When I was last in England I applied to you in behalf of a poor niece of our excellent poet, Dr. Goldsmith, the daughter of his brother, to whom he addressed his fine poem, 'The Traveller,' thinking she was a proper object for some charity at your disposal. You then rectified my mistake in that particular, but most kindly offered to promote the sale of an edition of her uncle's works, which I was then producing for her benefit. This was published last spring by Messrs. Cadell & Davies, in 4 vols. 8vo, to which I contributed materials for an improved account of the author's life, and the publishers gave me 200 copies to be disposed of for the benefit of his poor relations."

Henry, the son, was distinguished for spirit, intelligence, and personal beauty; it is recorded of him, that having broken his leg in some daring feat of activity, and finding, after the lapse of a fortnight, that it was improperly set by the surgeon, he designedly broke it again for the purpose of having this operation more correctly conducted. His subsequent history partakes so much of the changes of fortune said to characterise the family, that it must not be omitted here. A commission being obtained for him in the army, he quitted Ireland for

North America, about the year 1782; but this portion of his history may be told in the words of his constant friend and correspondent, the Rev. Thos. Handcock, in a letter to Jos. Cooper Walker, Esq., Oct. 7th, 1799.

"The only persons of his (Oliver's) family that I know to be now living, are Henry Goldsmith, the nephew before mentioned, late a lieutenant in the 54th regiment; a man who, with an uncommon flow of spirits, possesses a large portion of his uncle's genius. Whilst labouring under the effects of a wound he received in America, during the war there, he was much indebted to the tenderness of a young lady of Rhode Island,—daughter of a rebel family upon whom he had been quartered, and in gratitude married her. Her family offered £6000 with her, on condition of quitting the British service; but he declined it, and her fortune became confiscated in consequence of some vicissitudes in the campaign. After the peace he sold out and settled with her some where in Nova Scotia; where by dint of labour and industry, aided by the friendship of his regiment, then quartered there, he reclaimed a large tract of ground, and erected saw-mills, whereby he had a prospect of affluence; but was once, by an accidental fire, and again by an inundation, reduced to ruin.

"In short, for many years he plunged through unheard of distresses and difficulties, until very lately, when accident made our young prince, the Duke of Kent, acquainted with his person and history; and his royal highness lost no time in raising him, a wife and ten children, considerably above want, as I learn by a letter from Goldsmith within these last six weeks. I had, until I left this country,* received his rent and managed his affairs, and in his distresses he often urged me to sell his interest in the Deserted Village (Lissoy) which I continued to avoid, to his present very great satisfaction."

Some letters of Henry to this gentleman exhibit strong attachment to the scenes of his youth, and a warm, frank, soldier-like spirit, that speaks highly for his personal character. May 28th, 1798, he writes, "I much fear it will never be my good fortune to set me down there (Lissoy), notwithstanding my strong and ardent wish that such an event might take place; indeed, if I shall at any time be able to take my family to Ireland to remain, my desires will be highly gratified. But I must own to you, that I do not think Ireland the most desirable spot of the globe to take a large family to at the present time. I should like to be there myself, that I might once more draw my sword in defence of the offended laws. * * * What do these people want? Is it a total abolition of British supremacy? Or a mitigation of penal statutes? Or is it not their final aim to be constituted a republic like France?"

He took the most anxious interest in the safety of his friend, Mr. Handcock, at this moment of rebellious frenzy and crime. "Many times have I figured to myself, in silent sorrow and anguish, the very scene which you have so feelingly described to me; nay, sometimes I brought myself to conceive the midnight massacre of yourself and all your family. * * * The escape of your little garrison, with your family in the crowd, is a miracle similar to that of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea. Would to Heaven I had commanded the 54th regiment as I once knew it, by your side at the time." * * * One of his sons he describes as a "fine, open, generous-tempered fellow, but idle, volatile, and giddy, like his poor father." Of his paternal property he writes, "With respect to Lishoy, I have determined to let Bond have it in consequence of Colvill's advice, but under such restrictions as cannot, I think, hurt me. I have given up every idea of residing there, but I shall never part with it so long as I can possibly do without, and it shall be one of the articles of my will to remain in my family."

This resolution necessity prevented him from keeping; the result appears in the following communication, 28th November, 1802: "The business of the sale of Lishoy to Bond is at length determined; Colvill got four hundred pounds for my interest in the lease, and I am thereby enabled to get clear of all my embarrassments." Still his heart yearned after Ireland. (Nov. 22d, 1803.) "I do not like the place I am in (Halifax), nor the climate. My heart and soul look to my native country, because there are three or four friends there with whom I commenced my voyage through life, and near whom I do most sincerely wish to end it." Dec. 25th, 1803. "This day twenty-one years, I think I dined with you in Athlone, and perhaps it may not be many years before I eat some of your beef and plum-pudding again. *I wish so to Harry, says Tom.*"

A letter written by him subsequently (20th March, 1808) to the late Mr. Goldsmith, of Stephen's-Green, Dublin, his father's pupil already mentioned, repeats the same lively and affectionate feelings.

"What a number of years, my dear John, have elapsed since I heard of you, or you probably of me! Lately by the arrival of the 101st regiment in this garrison, I have learnt from an officer of that corps, Mr. Anthony Dillon, of Roscommon, that he knew you. It delighted me to hear that you are well, and that one of our name still existed, for I thought that all were extinct except myself. Pray, are you married? To whom? Have you any children? How many? I could ask you almost a thousand questions in a breath.

"Since I left Ireland in 1783 (2) never hardly have you known a man who has met with such repeated shocks of adversity, both by fire and water, particularly by the former, which twice consumed every thing I was worth.

"I am fixed here in the commissariat department, and have a family of nine children, five sons and four daughters. The eldest, Henry, follows the profession of the law; Hugh Colvill is, I hope, ere this a lieutenant in the navy; Oliver is with a merchant at Boston; Charles is a midshipman on this station; and Benjamin a boy. The daughters, Ann, Catherine, Eliza, and Jane, are at home with me, and promise to be all I wish them. Thus, in a few words, have I given you the names and situations of us all. Nothing in this life would please me more than to be settled in Ireland, somewhere near the spot where I first drew my breath, that I might, as my uncle says,

——————'die at home at last.'

"What is become of all the Hodsons, the Isbells, &c. &c.? in fact, I almost forget the names. I do not, however, forget the name of Ballyoughter, where, in my earliest days, I recollect having spent happy hours with your worthy father, Joe, your uncles Walter and John. Yet can still say that—

'My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee.'

"I beg that I may hear from you, and fail not to describe every thing to me you remember."

This gentleman, unable to realise the wish of revisiting his native country, died at St. John's, New Brunswick, in July, 1811. His family still survive. Two of his sons are, as he states, in the navy, officers of merit. Another, who has been since 1814 an officer highly esteemed in the commissariat in North America, has, with the name of his uncle, caught no small portion of his inspiration. In 1825 appeared "The Rising Village, a Poem—by Oliver Goldsmith;" a work of very considerable ingenuity, and peculiarly appropriate to the country in which he resides. Such scenes as it describes must have come frequently under his view, and they no doubt afford scope for the exercise of high poetical powers; but the title, and even his name, are rather disadvantages to the writer, by seeming to bring him into immediate competition with his eminent relative. It was introduced to the public in 1821, by a preface from the bishop of Nova Scotia, and the following is by no means one of its best passages.

"Happy Acadia! though around thy shore
Is heard the stormy wind's terrific roar;
Though round thee Winter binds his icy chains,
And his rude tempests sweep along thy plains;
Still Summer comes with her luxuriant band
Of fruits and flowers, to decorate thy land;
Still Autumn, smiling o'er thy fertile soil,
With richest gifts repays the lab'rer's toil;
With bounteous hand his varied wants supplies,
And scarce the fruit of other suns denies.
How pleasing, and how glowing with delight,
Are now thy budding hopes! How sweetly bright
They rise to view! How full of joy appear
The expectations of each future year!
Not fifty summers yet have blessed thy clime
(How short a period in the page of time!)
Since savage tribes, with terror in their train,
Rushed o'er thy fields, and ravaged all thy plain.
But some few years have rolled in haste away
Since, through thy vales, the fearless beasts of prey,
With dismal yell and loud appalling cry,
Proclaimed their midnight reign of horror nigh.
And now how changed the scene! The first, afar,
Have fled to wilds beneath the northern star;
The last have learned to shun the dreaded eye
Of lordly man, and in their turn to fly.
While the poor peasant whose laborious care
Scarce from the soil could wring his scanty fare;
Now in the peaceful arts of culture skill'd,
Sees his wide barns with ample treasures fill'd;
Now finds his dwelling, as the year goes round,
Beyond his hopes, with joy and plenty crowned."

A member of the family whose heart yearned toward the land of his fathers, though he had never seen it, thus enthusiastically writes to a relative in Ireland, in 1828: "Poor old Ireland! generous, kind, and affectionate, was the parental heart that taught me to revere thee as the birth-place of my father! Would to God that his dust reposed within thy bosom!—Yes, dear Lishoy, though a native of another clime, warmly does my heart and feelings participate in thy welfare and prosperity. Hope swells my bosom; and I look forward with joy and delight to the time when I shall be enabled to tread thy soil, visit thy bowers, breathe the air of Erin's green isle, and wander over the hallowed scenes of sweet Auburn! Yet when that happy period shall arrive, or whether it ever will arrive, is known only to that inscrutable wisdom which governs all things."

Of his elder sister, Mrs. Hodson, and her descendants, and of his brother Maurice, accounts have been already given. Another sister (Mrs. Johnston) is said to have married clandestinely, under the erroneous impression of her husband being the legitimate son of a gentleman of fortune; no provision being made for him by his father, their circumstances proved by no means prosperous; two sons are said to have been drowned in the revenue service, and a daughter is the wife of a respectable tradesman in Dublin.

The history of Charles, his younger brother, of whom some notice occurs in a preceding page, is connected with a romantic incident told in Northcote's Life of Reynolds, by Mr. Laird, a literary man well known a few years ago in London.

While traveling in a stage-coach towards Ireland, in the autumn of 1791, a respectable looking man joined the passengers at Oswestry, who, on some enquiry being made, had occasion to say his name was Goldsmith. A remark followed from a fellow traveller, that if he meant to visit Ireland, the name there would be a passport to favour, from the veneration entertained for the poet by the people. The stranger answered with emotion that he was his brother; and in reply to an observation that only one brother, Maurice, was supposed to be alive, added that his name was Charles; that he was the younger of the family; and having been long absent from Europe, without corresponding with his relatives, was no doubt considered dead; but he was now on his way to Ireland, to see whether any of his kindred yet survived.

In reply to further questions, an early account of his visit to England was given nearly similar to that already mentioned. He had been induced to visit Oliver in London, he said, with the expectation of being provided for, but finding his mistake, had, after some delay, quitted it without ceremony, and embarked a friendless adventurer for the West Indies. In Jamaica, and in some other of the islands, he had ever since resided; had amassed some property by his industry; was married, and had children; and had revisited England alone, to ascertain the propriety of transferring them and his property thither; but wished first to see how his relatives were situated in Ireland, and whether they would know or receive him, if told he had returned as poor as he set out.

* In 1798, during the horrors of the rebellion, when Mr. Handcock was, like many other honest and loyal men, compelled to fly from his residence near New Ross, to escape massacre. This he accomplished with such difficulty, as to preserve no portion whatever of his property, not even wearing apparel, excepting such as his family carried on their persons. He has written a painfully interesting account of his escape, now in the hands of the Rev. Dr. Handcock, of Dublin.

This design, it appears, was carried into effect under circumstances somewhat dramatic, with Maurice, who received his long-lost brother in the warmest manner. Charles afterwards proceeded to the West Indies, brought his family to Europe about 1795 or 1796, and resided for some time in the Polygon, in Somers Town, and, having proceeded to France after the peace of Amiens, narrowly escaped detention there on the resumption of hostilities in 1803. There being then no nearer relative of the poet living, Bishop Percy wished him to profit by the remaining copies of the edition of his brother's works, which continued undisposed of, and wrote to Malone to find him out, whose reply bears date Oct. 25th, 1803.

"Not being able to execute your commission in person, I wrote to my friend Mr. Brindley, of the stamp office, from whom I have received a most satisfactory answer on the subject of your enquiry. He found out Mr. Charles Goldsmith, though he does not now live at No. 1, Dorset Place, and the house has changed inhabitants twice since he left it. Goldsmith waited on Mr. Brindley, and it seems he has been out of England for a year, in consequence of which he never got your lordship's letter. He narrowly escaped being imprisoned in France. His present abode is at No. 19, Southampton street, Pentonville, Islington. He said he would write soon to you, and seemed much pleased at the prospect of deriving some emolument from his brother's works, whom Mr. B. says he much resembles in person, speech, and manner."*

The family of Charles consisted of two sons, Henry and Oliver, and of two daughters; one of the latter married a native of France, and is now resident in England; the other is supposed to have died unmarried. One of the sons, the late Mr. Northcote informed the writer, applied to him for an introduction to the stage, which he had thoughts of pursuing as a profession, and received a letter in furtherance of his views to Mr. Charles Kemble, but the design appears to have been relinquished. The death of one of these gentlemen is thus announced in a Jamaica newspaper, Oct. 25th, 1828.

"Died, at Belmont, in St. Ann's, on the 21st October, 1828, in the 32d year of his age, Oliver Francis Goldsmith, Esq. This young man, thus taken, in the prime of life, from the bosom of an adoring family, was the nephew of our late poet, Dr. Goldsmith. He possessed all those talents and virtues which can render a man an ornament to society, and long will his irreparable loss be deplored by an affectionate wife and children, and a large circle of relations and friends."

The fate of the other, Henry, has not been ascertained; but a person named Goldsmith, and claiming to be a nephew of the poet, died in the cholera hospital, in Bristol, in 1833; he was in a state of destitution, and may have had no just right to the honour he assumed. A few letters on this subject appeared in one of the daily journals, (Morning Herald,) and some pertinent remarks were added on the negligence of the authorities of the Temple, in not marking by some memorial the resting-place of so celebrated a writer.

Since the above was written, a letter, corroborating the principal facts, has been pointed out by a friend, in a periodical work of merit and extensive circulation, (The Mirror,) from one who knew the family of Charles Goldsmith.

"As I was personally acquainted with Charles Goldsmith, the younger brother of Oliver, the poet, I am enabled to furnish a few particulars in addition to those of Philo, contained in No. 573, of the Mirror. Charles, on his coming to this country from the West Indies, had with him two daughters, and one son, named Henry; all under 14 years of age. He purchased two houses in the Polygon, Somers Town, in one of which he resided; here the elder of his girls died; I attended her funeral; she was buried in the churchyard of St. Pancras, near the grave of Mary Wolstonecroft Godwin. Henry was my fellow pupil; but, not liking the profession of engraving, after a short trial, he returned to the West Indies. At the peace of Amiens, Charles Goldsmith sold his houses, and with his wife and daughter, and a son born in England, christened Oliver, he went to reside in France, where his daughter married. In consequence of the orders of Bonaparte for detaining British subjects, Charles again returned home by way of Holland, much reduced in circumstances, and died, about 25 years since, at humble lodgings in Ossulston street, Somers Town. After his death, his wife, who was a native of the West Indies, and son Oliver, returned thither. Charles Goldsmith had in his possession a copy from Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of his brother; and I can vouch his resemblance to this picture was most striking. Charles, like the poet, was a performer on the German flute, and, to use his own words, found it in the hour of adversity his best friend. He only once, I have heard him say, saw Oliver in England, which was during his prosperity. "R. Roffe."

The late Mr. Cooper Walker, of Dublin, endeavoured to assist another female relative of the poet, by procuring for her the situation of housekeeper to the royal Irish academy, but from some unknown cause failed. The following is one of her letters to him:—

"*Rushport, Elphin, June 19th*, 1793.

"Dear sir,—From your goodness on former occasions, and kind attention to me, I take the liberty of requesting the honour of a line from you, to inform me what your opinion is in regard to the academy house, whether I may have hopes of being housekeeper to it. I blush to give this trouble to a gentleman who is almost a stranger to me in every respect except my misfortunes; but I trust I have an advocate in your humane heart. I have informed you, sir, of the Bishop of Killaloe's goodness in handing in my memorial, and also the kind reception it met with from the members then present. May I presume to beg that you will be so kind as to recommend me to Lord Charlemont, which would forward the business much, and infinitely serve me.

"I am, dear sir, with the highest respect, your much obliged humble servant,

"Esther Goldsmith.

"To Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq.
Eccles street, Dublin."

THE END.

* From the MS. correspondence in the possession of Mr. Mason.—By a subsequent letter to the Bishop of Malone, it appears that he received a letter from Charles, and turned over to him 60 copies of the poet's works which remained unsold, out of the 200 granted by the publishers.

From the Englishman's Magazine.

THE LEYDEN PROFESSOR AND THE LIVING MUMMY.

Of all the quiet towns reposing in the brightness of a Dutch sun, Leyden is the fairest and the quietest. Seldom is the stillness of her broad and poplar-planted streets disturbed by sounds more startling than the music of a wandering barrel-organist, or the measured tread of some stately dignitary of the university passing from one class-room to another, and heavy with the weight of learning. She is an *alma mater* worthy of the gravity of Holland, and the *genius loci* is distinctly visible throughout. The very canals look more unconscious of motion, and more impressed with the propriety of silence, than any where else. On the poorest house, the fact of "lodgings to be let," is indicated by the classical phrase, "*cubicula locanda*;" and the old lady who conducts you through the apartments, has an air about her, as if she were well versed in Herodotus, and not unacquainted with the doctrines of Pythagoras. Even the man who sells roasted chestnuts at the corner of the street looks as if he were a decayed scholar; and, such is the influence of that erudite atmosphere, you cannot help addressing him with considerable trepidation, lest a subdued smile should rise to his lips, at your ignorance of philology, betrayed during the transaction of purchasing from him a few stivers' worth of his fruit. Calm, and stately, and solemn, are the students; and yet more calm, more stately, and more solemn are the professors: to them the rest of the living and busy world is a nonentity, or a vague and far off dream. It is with the past alone that they are conversant—the languages, the modes of thinking, the habits, and the events of the past. Of the present they know nothing, or only enough to teach them to despise it. Wrapped up in the mantle of antique lore, they are like reanimations of the long-bearded dead, moving about in the sunshine of the actual world, but with memories brooding upon departed ages, and a total apathy towards the things with which they are now surrounded. The business of my story makes it necessary for me to bring my reader into more immediate contact with one of these strange individuals, as he existed in the town of which I speak about a century ago.

Elevated on a small platform, and comfortably deposited in an old-fashioned, high-backed, venerable-looking elbow chair, sat Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech, at one end of the *theatrum anatomicum*, or hall of anatomy, in the university of Leyden. He was in the act of holding forth, in very Ciceronian and full-mouthed Latinity, to some thirty or five and thirty grave and Dutch-built *alumni*. Professor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech was a man who was generally believed to have more knowledge in his little finger than the Bodleian library has on all its shelves. He was about five and fifty years of age, and of the middle height—the obesity of his person, though not remarkable for a Dutchman, was such as in any other country would have been thought considerable. He wore an ample bushy brown wig; but what principally distinguished him from his brother professors, was a pair of green spectacles, which he very rarely laid aside. Doctor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech had never been farther than five miles from Leyden in his life. The *theatrum anatomicum* was his home and country; the preparations and curiosities it contained were his felicity by day and his dream by night. He was not only the professor of anatomy, but the *custos rerum naturalium*—the keeper of that splendid museum, in which all that the earth contained of wonderful was to be found, from the gigantic crocodile who stood looking at you with his jaws wide open, as if he were still alive and anxious to devour you, down to the smallest specimen of a Batavian frog, preserved in spirits, in a phial hermetically sealed.

Alas! did I say, "*all* that the earth contained of wonderful?" Grievous is the error I have made! There was *one* thing the museum wanted, and to procure which was now the object of the professor's life. About fifteen years previous to the time of which I speak, a learned stranger from Gottingen visited Leyden. He was, of course, conducted through the museum by its never-to-be-too-much respected keeper. Proud was the professor of this opportunity of pointing out its riches, and of inspiring with awe the learned stranger from Gottingen. Judge, then, of Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech's horror and astonishment, when the learned stranger from Gottingen turned up his his nose at the whole, and merely remarked, with a sneer, "You have not even an Egyptian mummy!"

Plain as it was that envy alone was at the bottom of this conduct, it was, nevertheless, but too true that the *theatrum anatomicum* of Leyden—the incomparable *museum rerum naturalium*, did *not* possess a mummy. It was an appalling fact—and the more appalling that it had hitherto been overlooked. Had the learned stranger from Gottingen taken from the nail on which it hung, the poisoned arrow of Java, and plunged it in the side of Professor Von Broech, he could not have inflicted on him a more deadly injury than by thus pointing out the deficiency of that collection which had been to him, from his youth upwards, every thing—father, mother, wife, children, and relations.

A sore discontent and a sort of settled melancholy took possession of the mind of the illustrious professor; the gigantic crocodile sunk into insignificance, and the Batavian frog preserved in spirits could not preserve Von Broech in his. He wandered through his *theatrum anatomicum*, but the lustre of its curiosities had faded. A vision of the pyramids of Egypt floated before his eyes; he sat him down upon the pedestal of a skeleton elephant, and meditated upon mummies. That hall, which had been to him richer than the palace of Aladdin, was disenchanted—the roc's egg was wanting. How was it possible for him to have existed so long without the procuring of that which now appeared the great end and aim for which existence was given? To the excited imagination of Von Broech, a mummy concentrated in itself all that is delightful to the eye, the memory, and the intellect. How invaluable seemed its associations! how full of poetry its wondrous hieroglyphics! how teeming with illustrations of natural history its precious balsams and spices! how great the light which their chemical union and artificial application threw upon ancient science! how interesting the display of Egyptian

industry, afforded by the immeasurable foldings and curious texture of the stuff which envelopes and preserves the body!

The more Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech reflected upon all these things, the more did his deep longing to possess the treasure increase. No time was to be lost. A mummy must be immediately imported from Egypt. Orders to that effect were despatched through the medium of one of the first mercantile houses of Amsterdam. But the fates were unpropitious, and disappointment of the cruelest kind was in store for the sanguine Tobanus. The first ship which took on board for him an Egyptian mummy, was shortly afterwards blown up: the two next foundered at sea. The tidings of these successive calamities almost broke his heart, and he communicated them to his affectionate students with tears in his eyes. Not yet conquered, however, our professor at length procured a special messenger, whom he forwarded to the land of the Nile, entrusted with full powers to treat for the finest mummy contained either in the great pyramid, or the catacombs of Memphis. But again were his hopes dashed to earth! The special messenger fell into the hands of a horde of predatory Arabs, who carried him off to the desert, where they sold him for a slave, and he was never heard of more.

This fresh calamity brought on a fever on Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech, during the delirious fits of which he imagined that his own limbs were mummies rolled up in a thousand ells of balsamic papyrus, studded with hieroglyphics, and consecrated for ever to Isis and Osiris. He regarded them with proportionate veneration, and could hardly be induced to move them, much less to allow any one to touch them. During his convalescence, an idea occurred to him which he eagerly grasped at. As he could not procure a mummy from Egypt, why should he not make one for himself! why should he not resuscitate in modern Europe an art now extinct? As the professor of anatomy, he had always a choice of subjects at his command. He had materials too in abundance for embalming and enfolding; and thus possessed of these, and all other requisite appliances, why might he not, with patience and perseverance, come to rival the artists of an earlier day? The new-born hope reinvigorated his whole constitution; and, resolved at all events to make the trial, it was not long before he might have been found every evening, from dusk until after midnight, engaged at his new occupation, in the *theatrum anatomicum*.

For a time every thing went on exactly as he could have wished. The process of disemboweling was rather tedious, especially as the subject he had to work on was, of course, Dutch. But Tobanus persevered; and having stuffed into the body a plentiful supply of spices, he proceeded to wrap it up with due attention to what he considered the science of the art. He thus succeeded at length in compounding a mummy, which, to his too partial eye, appeared not one whit inferior to any of those of the race of Pharaoh. His pride and happiness, however, continued but for a few days. At the expiration of that period, there was a something saluted the olfactory nerves, which forced the *alumni*, as soon as they entered the *theatrum anatomicum*, to stuff their handkerchiefs to their noses, and to assume an expression of countenance which plainly indicated to the learned professor that his mummy was betraying itself in a manner peculiarly insulting to his knowledge of the art of embalming. There was no alternative; the labour of weeks had been lost; the mummy was faithless; it had abandoned itself to corruption, and must be turned out of the museum. With a heavy heart did Tobanus order it to be removed. He determined, however, to risk the experiment again. Some corpses might have less putrefactive tendencies. He tried another, but in a few days the smell was as great as before, and the handkerchiefs as much at the nose as ever. Another, but the *alumni* smelt it out—another, but the odour was the worst of all.

Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech began to despair. Yet, when he reflected on the tremendous nature of the fact, that the *museum rerum naturalium* of Leyden was without a mummy, he could not bring himself to believe that it was the will of Heaven that it should always continue so. He meditated on the causes of his own failure, and the more he meditated, the more he was confirmed in the conviction, that it was not owing to any want of skill upon his part, but to the preposterous obesity which is the great characteristic of the Dutch, whether dead or alive. Von Broech looked at his own portly figure, and felt satisfied that it was impossible *he* could ever become a mummy. By a judicious extension of this *argumentum ad hominem*, and by making the observation that he was not by any means beyond the average size, the real state of the case appeared to him to be, that Holland was the very worst country on earth for a compounder of mummies, and that ancient Egypt, on the contrary, whose inhabitants were, by all accounts, a lean people, was the very best. He could not afford to travel all the way to Egypt for a lean subject, but on weighing the matter in his own mind, he came to entertain the belief, that something of the sort he wanted might be met with nearer home, and especially in France, where it was well known that *soup maigre, grenouilles*, and sour wine, was the common sustenance of the lower classes.

As soon as he was fully possessed with this belief, he was seized with an earnest desire to visit France, from whence he might bring back the only desideratum of the Leyden museum. It is true, he had never in his life been farther from that town than his own *luyst hous*, which was just five miles along the Amsterdam canal; but now the great interests of science and of the *theatrum anatomicum* demanded an extraordinary exertion, and he felt that he could not entrust the all-important business to any one but himself. His resolution being finally taken, he assembled the anatomical students in order to communicate to them his intention. At the moment at which we first introduced him to the attention of the reader, he was in the act of delivering his valedictory address.

Upon this occasion he was more than usually eloquent. Seated, as we have said, *in cathedrâ*, and listened to with the most profound attention by the five and thirty grave and substantial Dutch students who had, for several seasons, been enjoying the benefit of his anatomical demonstrations, he entered fully into the history of his mummy-directed labours. He began with the learned stranger from Gottingen, and ended with the last abortive mummy, which had been removed from the museum. He then adverted to the cause why Leyden could not, in the nature of things, produce a mummy; and with this part of his address the Dutch *alumni* seemed peculiarly gratified. He went on to state, that it was his fixed resolve that the stain which at present attached itself to their museum should nevertheless be wiped away; and that, though he despaired of procuring any subject lean enough in that country, he did not doubt of meeting with one in France, which, as they all knew, was peopled by a race of men of far less solid proportions. "With this view," concluded the illustrious Von Broech, "I am about to proceed thither. I shall leave you for a brief space, only to return to you enriched with what I have laboured to obtain for the last fifteen years. There is not a university in the world to be compared with that of Leyden, and there shall not be a mummy in all the *sarcophagi* of Egypt superior to that which shall belong to you."

The *alumni* were evidently affected at the conclusion of Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech's address. Dutchmen seldom shed tears; but they walked home even more slowly than usual, and smoked out their pipes without speaking another word that day.

Next forenoon there was a more than usual assemblage on the quay, as the Rotterdam *treckschuyt* was about to start. Several of Von Broech's brother professors, and almost all his pupils, had come to see him off. As the erudite and venerated man stepped into the boat, a shadow fell upon their faces, for they felt that one whose whole existence had hitherto been devoted to their *theatrum anatomicum*, was about to proceed into a far country, and to undertake a difficult, it might be a hazardous, enterprise, purely for their sakes and the love he bore that ancient and renowned seat of learning. They waved their hands to him, as well as it is in a Dutchman's nature to wave a hand, which is generally at the end of a short and rather dumpy arm; and having done so, they returned to their own chambers to await the event in silence.

The chimes of the Binnen-and-Buyten Stad, of Rotterdam, were proclaiming the hour of six, P. M., on a fine summer evening, as the Leyden track-boat came slowly in sight. Very different, in point of bustle and animation, was the scene on the banks of the Maas from any which was ever witnessed in the sedate university-town, of which we have just been speaking. The quays at Rotterdam were all alive with the bustle of traffic. Merchants, brokers, captains, sailors, porters, beggars, children, and many others of all sorts and sizes, both native and foreign, hurried backwards and forwards, or walked leisurely up and down, discoursing apparently upon matters of weighty moment.

Among this motley assemblage, appeared two individuals, in close conversation, whose air and gait, as well as the numerous and respectful salutations they constantly received, indicated to the most careless observer, that they were persons of no little consequence. They were, in fact, the most opulent and distinguished merchants in Rotterdam; and, in that town, the only species of aristocracy which is either understood or acknowledged, is the aristocracy of wealth. It is not to be wondered, therefore, if Mynheers Jan Van Daalen, and Tobias Van Vleiten, conscious of their surpassing riches, looked with considerable superciliousness on the surrounding crowd, through which they moved, among them, but not of them.

Notwithstanding their superciliousness, however, neither of our opulent merchants had been blessed with any thing like a commanding presence, or at least any thing which, out of Holland, would have been considered such. Van Daalen measured little more than five feet in his stockings—while, to counterbalance this deficiency of stature, it was matter of doubt whether he was not fully as broad as he was long. But, like Sancho Panza, of precious memory, Van Daalen prided himself not a little upon his rotundity; and that it might lose none of its imposing effect, he constantly wore a magnificently powdered wig, which, like a white cloud, overshadowed the upper half of his person, while in his right hand he carried a finely-polished Spanish cane, considerably taller than himself, surmounted with a large and richly-painted porcelain head. During a life of nearly sixty years, the world had gone well with Van Daalen. He was the secret owner of several ships, which traded regularly from Cadiz to Lima, and other ports in the Spanish main; and his speculations were commonly so successful, that the worthy burghers of Rotterdam often saw, with longing eyes, great bags of gold and silver coin delivered at the door of his warehouse. He was, on the whole, as good-natured and as little selfish as a wealthy Dutch merchant could reasonably be expected to be. He had married early, and was now a widower, his wife having died in giving birth to his only child, Wilhelm Van Daalen.

The outward man of Mynheer Van Vleiten presented a strange contrast to that of his companion. He was at least six feet high, and his person was as spare as it was lengthy. His complexion was dingy and sallow; and his sharp, prominent nose projected like a wedge from his dried-up and hollow cheeks. His large, dull, gray, fish-like eyes, floated beneath a brown wig, which fitted close to his head. He wore a long cinnamon-coloured frock coat, which, notwithstanding the warmth of the evening, was buttoned from the chin to the knee, thus exhibiting the unnatural thinness of his lengthy figure, in one unbroken line. The buttons on this cinnamon-coloured coat were the only redeeming point in Van Vleiten's costume: they consisted of double ducats—and, as they glittered in the evening sun, many a poor fellow, labouring hard for a few stivers, could not help breaking, in his own mind, the tenth commandment, whilst he looked at them. Van Vleiten had spent many years of his life in Batavia, where he had realised immense wealth in the skin trade; and its hot, unwholesome climate partly accounted for the very bilious and exsanguineous hue of his own cuticle. Loss of health, however, is a price which few have the good sense to refuse to pay for the acquisition of wealth. On every post day, Van Vleiten had made large remittances from Batavia to Rotterdam, where his funds lay at good interest, and whither he himself at length determined to follow them, accompanied by his only daughter, the heiress of her dead mother's beauty, and her living father's wealth—Wilhelmina Van Vleiten.

Herr Van Daalen and Herr Van Vleiten being thus, according to the Dutch phraseology, the most "substantial" merchants in Rotterdam—although the epithet seemed to apply, more appropriately, to the dumpy Van Daalen than the fleshless Van Vleiten—it had occurred to the former that a union between the two families would be mutually desirable and advantageous. His son, Wilhelm, was just four years older than Wilhelmina.

He was a young man of good parts and sprightly manners; and, as he had always exhibited an aversion to the drudgery of a mercantile life, his father had at length consented to buy him a commission in the army, in which, having already seen some service, there could not be a doubt that he was a very likely person to win the heart of the fair Vrow Van Vleiten. Van Daalen accordingly set his heart upon the match; and, if it be correct to disclose their secret, we may hint that the young people, as soon as they became sufficiently acquainted with each other, did not long for it less eagerly than the old gentleman.

In his meditations, however, on the mutual advantages to accrue from this alliance, Van Daalen had overlooked one little circumstance—namely, that the sum total of his own fortune was five hundred thousand ducats, whereas that of Tobias Van Vleiten was at least seven hundred thousand. This little circumstance did not escape the attention of the latter, as soon as the scheme of the intermarriage of the families was propounded to him. He immediately pointed out to Van Daalen that the bargain he proposed to strike was not such as would, for a moment, be listened to on 'Change; and as he had made so much money by less likely means, he could not be brought to see why he should lose at least two hundred thousand ducats by his daughter. Van Daalen, however, was not a man to be repulsed in a moment. He renewed the attack again and again, and though Van Vleiten remained inflexible, his friend did not yet altogether despair of making him listen to what he considered reason. The conversation which we have already stated these two worthy merchants to be engaged in, when they made their appearance on the quay, at the Maas, was devoted once more to this momentous subject.

"My dear Van Vleiten," said Mynherr Daalen, "only consider——"

"Mynherr Van Daalen," answered Van Vleiten, with more than his accustomed sternness, while his glassy eyes grew a little brighter than usual, "I shall consider no more about it: five hundred thousand ducats are a very pretty sum, but seven hundred thousand are prettier by two sevenths. We are both solid men, but, till you have made up your lee-way by two hundred thousand ducats, you cannot rank yourself upon a par with me." So saying, he pointed significantly at his half dozen noble East Indiamen at anchor in the Maas.

Van Daalen looked towards them with a sigh, and he might have looked longer had not the Leyden track-boat just then stopped at the quay, and he and his companion stood together at some little distance to see the passengers step ashore. Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech, with his green spectacles and peculiarly scholastic appearance, was the first who attracted their attention. It happened that in proceeding to the hostel, where he intended to spend the night, the learned Tobanus had to pass very near where the two merchants stood. The moment his eye fell on Mynheer Van Vleiten, he started like one who had seen a spirit.

"O Isis and Osiris!" he muttered to himself in Latin, "What do I behold? either a living mummy, or one who waits only till respiration ceases, to pass at once into that blessed state. Here is the visible interposition of Providence, which, out of its regard to the *theatrum anatomicum* of Leyden, intends to save me the fatigue of my proposed journey!"

Considering how the mind of Von Broech was possessed with only one idea, and had been so for the last fifteen years, it can scarcely be matter of surprise that the long anatomy of Van Vleiten, who looked more like a huge cinnamon stalk just imported from Batavia than a human being, suggested to our professor the belief that Egypt had, at length, surrendered up one of her children for his use and behoof.

"Der Duyvil!" said Van Vleiten to his friend; "why is that pair of green spectacles fixed so intently upon me? Let us move off."

The two merchants moved off accordingly, and walked on for upwards of a quarter of a mile. They then turned, for the purpose of retracing their steps; but they had no sooner done so than, to their utter astonishment, the same individual, with the green spectacles and bushy brown wig, met them in the face! All parties stopped.

"*Salvete illustrissimi!*" said Van Broech; but receiving no answer, he continued, after a moment's pause, "or would you rather that I should address you in the vernacular? Unworthy as I am, I am Doctor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech, the guardian of the sciences of the United Netherlands, the duly appointed and installed professor of anatomy and natural history in the illustrious academy of Leyden; and I now have the surpassing happiness," he added, looking full at Von Vleiten, "to see before me a person destined to increase the fame of our university, and to add to the permanent glory of the United Netherlands."

Mynherr Van Vleiten, somewhat soothed by this last declaration, requested that the learned Tobanus would be a little more explicit in his information.

"Most willingly," answered the professor; "but what I have to say must be communicated in private."

"If then you are really what you announce yourself to be," replied Tobias, whose curiosity began to be excited by this unexpected rencontre, "you may call upon me to-morrow at my own house, between the hours of twelve and two. Any one will inform you where Herr Van Vleiten resides."

"I shall not fail," said Von Broech, bowing profoundly, and casting many a longing look after the opulent merchant, as he carried his thin configuration away along the Maas, accompanied by his fat friend, Van Daalen.

Brief were the slumbers which that night visited the eyes of Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech. The great aim of his life was at length, he believed, about to be accomplished. Cadaverous as he looked, he did not conceive it possible that Van Vleiten could continue long in the land of the living, and he would not allow himself to doubt that he should be able to prevail upon him to bequeath his body, for the important purposes of science, to the *theatrum anatomicum* of Leyden.

Scarcely had the steeples of Rotterdam rung out the hour of noon, ere Tobanus presented himself at the stately mansion of Van Vleiten. To the still farther heightening of his delight, he was ushered into an apartment furnished in the most sumptuous oriental style. Not only did Turkish ottomans, and Egyptian vases, and urns of Arabian incense, and Chinese mandarins, nodding their nicely-balanced heads from porcelain pedestals, adorn the room, but the walls were covered with an Eastern paper, on which were painted, in gorgeous colours, many of the most wonderful natural and artificial productions of that rich quarter of the globe. More conspicuous than all, and in the centre of the room, stood a colossal Indian idol, which Van Vleiten had brought with him from Batavia, and which Tobanus at once recognised for a figure of the "Great Vishnu." This was the very abode where he who was destined to become the most illustrious mummy of modern times ought to reside. Von Broech was in raptures, and his hope strengthened into certainty that the name of Van Vleiten was destined to descend, with his own, *in sæcula sæculorum!*

The opulent merchant made his appearance in the same dress he had worn the day before, and, if possible, looking more lank and thin than ever. Joy sparkled through the green spectacles of Tobanus as he gazed upon his emaciated figure, and already saw him, in imagination, dead, and exsiccated among the repositories of the museum.

"Fortunate man!" exclaimed the erudite professor, without waiting for the usual little ceremonies by which a conversation is generally opened—"Fortunate man! happy was the hour in which thou wert born, and happier, far happier, will be that in which thou shalt die! Let me ask you one question. Have you yet made your will?"

"Sir!" said Van Vleiten, not a little astonished at this mode of address. "I *have* made my will; but I cannot conceive of what importance that circumstance should be to you—a perfect stranger."

"A codicil! a codicil!" cried Tobanus, earnestly, "you must add a codicil to that will."

"To what effect?" asked Van Vleiten.

"To the effect of ensuring your preservation for centuries—nay, for thousands of years! To the effect of making science your debtor, and posterity your friends! To the effect of procuring yourself a name and a being that shall never perish, and a perpetual residence in the most illustrious museum of the United Netherlands!"

Van Vleiten opened his dull eyes to their full extent.

"If I rightly understand you," said he, "you mean to inform me that you are in possession of that far-famed secret, the *elixir vitæ*, by which the body is preserved inviolable against the attacks of disease. Pray be seated. If your learned researches have made you acquainted with this profound mystery, I shall indeed be happy in having attracted your regard."

"Heaven forbid!" answered Tobanus, "that any professor of the unviersity of Leyden should devote his attention to so vain and profitless a pursuit—a branch of the black art, and an engine in the hands of the evil one! No, Mynherr Van Vleiten, I am indeed possessed of the secret of preserving the body from decay, but not until the immortal spirit has quitted its earthly tenement; and the testamentary legacy which I wish you to bequeath to Leyden and to me, is your own person, in order that the one thing needful may thereby be added to our incomparable museum, namely, ——"

"Impertinent scoundrel!" interrupted Van Vleiten, bursting into a fury that deprived him of all self-command, "do you dare to ask that I—the most substantial merchant of Holland, a counsellor of the Indies, and a Bewindhebber of Rotterdam—shall allow my body to be given over to dissection, for the gratification of your depraved appetite, or the benefit of your paltry academy!"

"Most worthy sir!" replied Tobanus, with great coolness, "you totally mistake my meaning. Only look at your own configuration; like the venerable Greek sage, γνῶθι σαυτόν, and then tell me whether, with these bloodless limbs of yours, you would not make the very worst subject for dissection ever laid upon the table of our *theatrum anatomicum?* I have a higher and nobler destiny in view for you. The rich tawny hue and well-dried proportions of your rare exterior shall never be invaded by the rude knife of the surgical demonstrator. All I propose is, by a slight process of disemboweling, and the injection of a sufficient quantity of cloves, ginger, pepper, and hot spices, to perfect the work already nearly finished to my hands—to prevent the possibility of any putrescent odour ever escaping from the juiceless aridity of your dry but still life-like body; and, in short, to hand you down to all ages, a faultless specimen of a mummy!"

"Of a what?" cried Van Vleiten, hardly able to speak for passion.

"Of a mummy!" pursued Tobanus, with enthusiasm: "a mummy, compounded like unto the mummies who are the descendants of the Pharaohs. By many a generation yet to come, thou shalt be acknowledged for one of the children of Sesostris. The plebeian appellation of Tobias Van Vleiten shall be sunk for ever, and thy bloodless arteries, cartilages, lymphatics, nerves, bones, and skin, shall rejoice in the more dignified and historical name of Amenophis, or Tethmosis, or Pherun, or Cheops, or Amasis; or, perhaps, even the splendid cognomen of Osiris itself!"

"Go to the devil!" ejaculated the enraged Van Vleiten. "Insolent impostor, begone!" and so saying, he seized the head of a nodding mandarin, which he hurled at the august pericranium of Doctor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech. Tobanus stooped, to avoid the unwonted missile, which, glancing over his shoulders, unfortunately fractured the nose of the "Great Vishnu" in the centre of the room. This disfigurement of his favourite idol almost drove Van Vleiten distracted, and making a spring towards Tobanus, he would, in all probability, have done something deadly, had not the illustrious professor, perceiving his intention, effected a rapid retreat towards the door, and leaving one of the skirts of his coat in the hands of Van Vleiten, hastened from the house with greater expedition than he had ever been known to use in his life before.

As soon as the professor had conveyed himself far enough from the impending danger, he began to reflect, with no little surprise and sorrow, on the strange unwillingness to yield to his high destiny which had been manifested by the wealthy merchant. But Tobanus had lived long enough to know that a lofty purpose could be achieved only by the most undaunted perseverance. He resolved that *per aspera ad astra* should now be his motto. He felt it borne in upon him, as it were, that Van Vleiten was to be the mummy for which he had sought so long; and being determined not to lose sight of his prize, he returned to the vicinity of the Bewindhebber's mansion at nightfall, and after a short search, was fortunate enough to obtain lodgings immediately opposite. Here he resolved to watch, *incog.*, the outgoings and incomings of Van Vleiten, in hopes that something

ere long, might cast up, which would turn the scale of fortune in favour of the science of the United Netherlands.

Meantime, Van Vleiten, who was by no means of a strong constitution, had suffered considerably in his health from the over-excitement of the scene with Von Broech. The subsequent exhaustion had tended to increase the symptoms of a lethargic complaint to which he had been long subject, and he now often dozed profoundly for hours together, at times when most of the other inhabitants of Rotterdam were actively engaged in their daily occupations. The fair Wilhelmina tended her father with affectionate solicitude, and though no danger was apprehended by his medical advisers, she was, nevertheless, unremitting in all the little offices of filial love. A good daughter, they say, makes a good wife, and Wilhelm Van Daalen believed in the truth of the maxim, with all his soul. But, alas! the chance of his ever becoming the husband of Wilhelmina seemed now farther removed than ever, for his father, instead of increasing his fortune, had suffered some severe losses, by one or two recent ventures. The lovers, however, swore eternal fidelity, and Wilhelm, having obtained three months leave of absence from his regiment, went to pay a visit to an old and wealthy maiden aunt, at Leyden, in the vague hope that she might possibly be prevailed on to offer, in his behalf, a few golden arguments to Van Vleiten.

"By the sword of Marlborough!" said Wilhelm, as he kissed Wilhelmina's hand, at parting, "we must either prevail on these old people to consent to our happiness, or else we must just throw ourselves into each other's arms, and sink or swim in the wide world, as many other excellent young persons have done before us."

Nothing remarkable occurred for about ten days after the departure of Wilhelm. A fortnight, however, had not elapsed, when, one night, our friend Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech was awakened out of a profound sleep, by an unusual noise in the street immediately under his windows. He rose, and on looking out, what was his consternation to behold that the house adjoining that of Van Vleiten was in flames, and that the fire was already extending to the mansion of the latter!

"Sacred powers!" exclaimed Tobanus, "should he be burned to ashes in his bed, what then will become of the future mummy of Leyden!"

The thought was overwhelming—and hardly taking time to put on his green spectacles, and wrap a loose dressing-gown round his portly person, he hastened down to the street. Here he found every thing in the greatest confusion; but he had only one object in view, and that he determined to effect at whatever personal risk. Forcing his way through the crowd, he entered the house of Van Vleiten, the door of which he found wide open. A number of domestics and others were collected in the hall, but such was the panic which the fire had created, that not one of them would venture up stairs to ascertain the fate of their unfortunate master. Tobanus eagerly enquired the way to his bed-room, and it was pointed out to him. The house was full of smoke, but he rushed on, and having ascended to the bedroom floor, he speedily found the apartment he was in search of. He flew to the bed, and there, as well as the smoke would permit, he discovered the apparently lifeless body of Van Vleiten, stretched out in listless unconsciousness.

"Suffocated! by the great ibis!" cried Tobanus. "In five minutes more he might have been reduced to a heap of cinders, but now he is the property of the United Netherlands, and must be carried off by me for the sake of this and future ages."

So saying, he wrapped the body of the most substantial merchant of Rotterdam in a blanket, and lifting it on his shoulders, proceeded down stairs. The fire having by this time gained ground, every body had left the house, and in the street greater confusion prevailed than ever, so that no notice whatever was taken of Tobanus when he came out with his flannel burden, and quietly slipped across the street to his own lodgings. Here, however, no time was to be lost. Having clothed his person somewhat more decorously than his haste had hitherto permitted, he carried out his invaluable prize by a back door, in the gray dawn of morning, and hastening to the nearest canal basin, he fortunately found a track-boat which was to start for Leyden at five o'clock. He retreated to a quiet corner of the cabin, and laying down his burden beside him, he never moved from his seat until he felt the boat once more rub against the quay of his beloved Leyden.

The professors and students of that famous university were soon made aware of Von Broech's return, and also of the success which had attended his expedition. They received from him, in the course of the day, a special invitation to meet him that very evening in the *theatrum anatomicum*, when he undertook, so confident was he of success, to go through the process of compounding his mummy before the eyes of them all. Expectation was on tiptoe. Nothing was talked of but Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech, and the wonderful revival of that ancient science which was to be achieved by him.

By seven o'clock, P. M., the *theatrum anatomicum* began to fill. Students and professors, all with grave and earnest faces, walked in and took their respective places. Here and there several small groups might be seen conversing seriously in an under voice. On the demonstrator's table lay two bodies, one of which had been already partially dissected and lectured upon; the other was entirely wrapped up and concealed in a blanket. Gums, and ointments, and spices, and cerements, and various surgical instruments of curious shape, were arranged in due order beside it. At length the private door was thrown open, and Tobanus himself entered the hall. He was greeted with a simultaneous burst of applause, which he received with a quiet dignity, implying a subdued consciousness that it was not altogether undeserved. To the applause succeeded silence the most profound, and Tobanus, without as yet uncovering the body, spoke somewhat to the following effect:

"Gentlemen, you see before you the consummation of the labours of many years. Within the folds of this blanket lies the being destined to supply the only desideratum now existing in our incomparable museum, and to pass down in the mummy state to all ages, another proof of the triumphs of Dutch science, and of the matchless superiority of this university over all others. I need not recount to you, gentlemen, the difficulties and dangers I experienced, before I succeeded in securing this invaluable body; but I may briefly mention that they were enough to have appalled the stoutest heart, and that nothing but my invincible desire to advance the permanent glory of the United Netherlands could have enabled me to overcome them."

The applause was here renewed, and Tobanus again bowed with dignity.

"I shall now, gentlemen," he continued, "proceed to expose to your expectant gaze this body, so un-Dutch-like in its proportions, but so admirably fitted, by the tenuity and sun-driedness of all its limbs, for the purposes to which it is destined. I will venture to say that no one now present has ever beheld a corpse so predisposed to mummyism, if I may use the expression, as that which I shall forthwith disembowel in your presence."

As he thus spoke, Tobanus carefully removed the blanket, and the long, lank, cinnamon-stalk-like figure of Van Vleiten, surmounted by a white night-cap, which he had worn in bed, and which Van Broech had omitted to remove, was fully submitted to the view of the professors and students of the Leyden University. Every one leaned forward in his seat, and fixed his eyes upon it, as if he would have devoured it at a gaze. For a minute or so, not a whisper was to be heard, and Tobanus had already lifted one of his surgical instruments, and was about to commence operations, when a young man suddenly threw himself over the benches, and rushing up to the table, caught hold of the doctor's arm, exclaiming vehemently—

"Heaven and earth! what is it you are about to do? By the sword of Marlborough! that is Tobias Van Vleiten, the richest merchant in Rotterdam, and my father-in-law that was to be!"

"Young man," answered Van Broech, with that dignity of demeanour he had preserved throughout, and at the same time disengaging himself from the grasp of Wilhelm, "who this person was during his life-time, or what name may have belonged to him, it is unnecessary now to enquire: the soul has already left its mansion, and the empty body is about to pass into a new state of existence, and to receive the far nobler name of Amenophis, or Tethmosis, or Cheops, or——"

"A truce with your unintelligible jargon!" interrupted young Van Daalen, "the worthy Van Vleiten must have died suddenly, and you must have stolen his body, for by no other means could you possibly have become possessed of it. It is ill-gotten property, and I demand its restitution."

A murmur of dissatisfaction here arose throughout the *theatrum anatomicum*. Wilhelm was a stranger to all the students, except the one with whom he had that evening accidentally visited the hall, and they were exasperated at the charges he made against the character of their professor, in which they conceived the whole university to be implicated. "Order!" "Silence!" "Shame!" "Turn him out!" resounded from all quarters.

"I shall not budge from this spot," said Wilhelm, "until the body of my deceased and respected friend be delivered up to me."

"Gentlemen," cried Tobanus, a good deal agitated, "the cause of science is at stake! I call upon you for your assistance."

Instantly all was confusion. At least a dozen of the *alumni* rushed up to Van Daalen, and were in the very act of laying hands upon him, when, all at once, a long, low, deep groan echoed through the room. Every one stood stock still, and silence was restored in an instant. The groan was renewed! it came from the dead body of Van Vleiten! All eyes were bent upon it. The corpse slowly rose, and sat up on the table on which it had been stretched. A pair of dull glassy eyes opened, and fixing a wild vacant stare—first upon the half-dissected body which lay beside him, and then on a skeleton which hung dangling by a cord from the roof—fell back again on the table, with another groan.

"Sacred powers!" exclaimed Van Daalen, "he is not dead! Back! back! he may yet survive, if the proper restoratives be applied. I beseech you, let us carry him to the open air: my aunt's house is not far off—he must be removed thither. You commit murder if you hesitate."

Matters were now much changed—and though Tobanus himself stood motionless, the very picture of despair, several of the students did not hesitate to give their aid to Wilhelm, who wrapped the blanket once more carefully round Mynheer Van Vleiten, and had him carried off immediately to his aunt's house. Here the opulent merchant was put to bed, and the best medical assistance instantly obtained. Animation was soon restored, and the physician declared that the patient had been suffering merely under a severe lethargic fit. Intelligence of the fire at Van Vleiten's house, which had fortunately been extinguished before much damage was done, and the mysterious disappearance of the owner of the mansion, was conveyed to Leyden that very night. The fears of the affectionate Wilhelmina, regarding her father's safety, were allayed as speedily as possible, and she immediately set out for Leyden, to assist in his sick chamber.

It was some time before Van Vleiten fairly came to himself, or recovered from the fright he had sustained. For several days, he could not be persuaded that the process of embalming had not actually taken place, and that he was not at least as much of a mummy as a living being. He declared that he could never get the better of the dreadful sensations he had experienced when he first opened his eyes in the *theatrum anatomicum*, and beheld the frightful objects that presented themselves to his bewildered gaze. By constant care and excellent nursing, however, he at length manifested symptoms of confirmed convalescence; and he was no sooner reinstated in his own house than he intimated to the delighted Van Daalens, that, as he conceived he owed his life to the intrepid interference of Wilhelm, he did not think he could do less than bestow upon him the hand of Wilhelmina.

It was a merry day in Rotterdam, when the respective heirs of the two richest merchants it contained, were united in the holy bands of matrimony. From that day, Van Vleiten, to his own astonishment, grew fatter and fatter, until at length he became only a little less corpulent than any of his brother burgomasters—while, on the contrary, the unfortunate Tobanus Eleazar Von Broech grew rapidly leaner and leaner. And though he continued to haunt, for some years longer, the *theatrum anatomicum*, he dwindled at length into such a shadow, that, had there been another professor at Leyden, equally versed in the art of embalming, Tobanus himself might have been compounded into a mummy, for the great cause of science, and the glory of the United Netherlands.

Adventures of a French Sergeant,

DURING HIS CAMPAIGNS IN

ITALY, SPAIN, GERMANY, RUSSIA, &c.

FROM 1805 TO 1823.

PREFACE.

The important events that have occurred in Europe for the last thirty years, have been already described by a host of able writers, and we are still constantly acquiring a more intimate knowledge of the causes of those commotions and revolutions that change the fate of kingdoms. The military occurrences of the late war have also been described by officers of rank and talent; and if our knowledge of the general features of a campaign be in any respect deficient, it must arise less from the want of materials to judge by, than from the conflicting statements of observers placed in opposite situations, or from the feelings of the writers belonging to rival nations. When national vanity is excited, candour is apt to disappear.

The work now submitted to the public, is very different from the formal narratives of military historians, for though it describes a variety of interesting adventures, and the campaigns of many years, it is nothing but a plain, simple, and unadorned statement of the incidents that fell immediately under the writer's eye. He pretends not to unfold the secrets of cabinets, or even the plans of a campaign; but he describes minutely the scenes that presented themselves during his diversified career, and gives a most novel and original account of the discipline, conduct, and opinions of the soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the French army, from 1805 to 1823. Among the great variety of interesting topics, the reader's attention will, in all probability, be chiefly excited by his lively description of the prison depot at Cabrera, and the singular mode of life led by the prisoners: his account of the massacre of the protestants in the South of France, in 1815, of which he was on the point of becoming one of the victims; his narrative of the escape of Murat from Toulon to Corsica; of Murat's stay in that island, his expedition to re-conquer his kingdom, and his melancholy end in Calabria.

The following is a brief summary of the sergeant's career:—Robert Guillemard was born at Sixfour, near Toulon; he was drawn as a conscript in 1805, and soon after sent on board Admiral Villeneuve's fleet. He was present at the battle of Trafalgar; and was supposed to be the man who shot Lord Nelson. After the action, he became secretary to Villeneuve, accompanied him on his return to France, and saw him *assassinated* at Rennes. Guillemard was now ordered to Paris, brought into the presence of Bonaparte, and examined respecting his knowledge of the circumstances attending the admiral's death. He then joined the army in Germany, was present at the siege of Stralsund, returned to France, fought a duel at Lyons, in which he was wounded; and then, on his recovery, marched again to Germany, fought at Wagram, under the command of the celebrated Oudet, who was mortally wounded in a nocturnal rencounter with the enemy. The sergeant then marched to Spain, was made prisoner by a band of peasants, and sent to the island of Cabrera, where six thousand of his countrymen were detained; after a detention of several months he escaped to the coast, joined the French army then besieging Tortosa, distinguished himself during the siege, was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and received the *then* much valued cross of the legion of honour.

He again joined the army in Germany, in 1812, fought in the Russian campaign, was engaged in the battle of Borodino, after which he was made an officer by Napoleon in person; in the evening after this battle he was wounded in a skirmish with the enemy, taken prisoner and sent to Siberia. He remained in Siberia till 1814, when he was allowed to return. At the time of Napoleon's return from Elba, he was serving in the Duke of Angoulême's army in the south—and saw the massacre of the protestants at Nismes. Soon afterwards he assisted Joachim Murat (king of Naples) in escaping from Toulon to Corsica, and accompanied him on his expedition to the coast of Calabria, where Murat lost his life. He was sent to Spain in 1823, and shortly afterwards discharged from the service.

This brief outline sufficiently indicates the variety of incidents that are described; and it is believed that the tone of the narrative, though simple and unassuming, will not diminish the interest of the subject.

CHAPTER I.

1805. Reasons for publishing these Meme'rs—My Family—Departure for the Army.

It was with grief that I first left my native spot; the remembrance of it has accompanied me in all my distant marches, in following the flight of our eagles, and in my captivity; I have always returned to it with renewed pleasure; and now that I am settled in it for the remainder of my days, my imagination, by a strange contrariety, for which I cannot account, transports me incessantly to far distant scenes. After reaching the termination of so many travels, I renew them again in fancy; I traverse France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, and Spain; I feel transported to the barren rocks of Cabrera, to the interior of Siberia; I see again the friends of my youth, the companions of my toils, and see them such as then we all were, brilliant with hopes and vigour. I think I am still present at those immortal battles, which seemed to us to secure the eternal duration of the great empire, to maintain the splendour of which we were so proud in co-operating; methinks I hear the words of that king of kings, who was only the first soldier of his army, and who shared in our toils as we shared in his renown. I was then proud of my lot, and would say to myself—*I also was one of the grand army!* But suddenly, again, my reflections take another turn, and I see that the dazzling illusions, with which more than once in my life I had a right to flatter myself, have altogether disappeared amidst the solitude of a wretched village.

It is there, that, contrasting my former hopes with my actual situation, I involuntarily recur to my recollections of the past, and compare them with the recollections of those who have described the events of our times. How is it that they have often not seen things as I did? Is it because we consider things with a different eye, according to the rank we hold in society? How happens it, that in reading the memoirs of so many men who have held high situations, I have never found in their narratives of facts the particulars that have appeared to me most important, and that I have often recognised neither the facts themselves, nor the actors? Surely the history of the period cannot be exact, when such differences exist between the opinions of the writers, and the view taken of it at the time by the majority of cotemporaries, more fitted to appreciate the nature of the facts than to describe them. To render these materials complete, it is necessary that the recollections of all classes should be examined; and whilst so many generals, from their luxurious mansions, are addressing to their companions in arms an account of the events which they directed, cannot I, a simple soldier, from the bosom of my humble retreat, add the last touch to these pictures of the past, and render them more fit for the popular eye, by illuminating them with the shades of colour through which my rank and situation enabled me to regard these important events? Shall I receive less attention, because I am the first soldier who has raised his voice? I leave to others the pretension of writing history; I give nothing but memoirs, formed from the notes I never omitted to take during the whole course of my service, and for their faithful correctness I vouch. Since I am to speak in the first person, I may be allowed to tell who I am, and to go back a little prior to my own time, that I may notice the circumstances of my native village.

Sixfour is built on a little mountain of a sugar-loaf form, which rises about a league from Toulon, in the midst of a plain studded with hamlets. Fifty houses falling to pieces, and an old church, which seem to form but one mass with the rocks by which they are supported, compose the humble village in which I was born. It was a sort of town in old times, it is said; but it daily loses its inhabitants and the stones of its houses. The former remove into the plain, attracted by the hope of leading a less laborious life; the latter roll into it, borne away by their own weight, and precipitated by time, which will soon have totally annihilated Sixfour, where people deign neither to build new houses nor to repair the old.

In this part of the country there formerly existed a chapter of canons, who were driven from their asylum by the gust of 1793, and did not return till the calm of 1814. An excellent ball ground, formerly frequented by the amateurs of all the villages for more than six miles round, is now abandoned as a play ground to children, or to a few old men, who go hither in winter to warm themselves in the sun; every thing, in fact, seems to indicate that in less than thirty years the village will be wholly deserted. Yet its position, and the character of its inhabitants, are not without charms in the eyes of those who deem of some value a beautiful situation, a healthy air, and frank cordiality of manners. These three qualities are combined at Sixfour; its inhabitants are simple and kind-hearted. If numberless ridiculous stories circulate in the neighbourhood, respecting their credulity and unsuspecting simplicity, nothing has ever been alleged against their moral character. The prospect from the village is most magnificent; in front is a vast extent of the Mediterranean, with the white rocks that form its coasts, occasionally broken by country seats, olive trees, and fine groves; on one side is Toulon, with its mountains in the form of an amphitheatre, its forts, the movement and bustle of its dockyards and arsenal, and its beautiful roads covered with ships and vessels of every species. Farther on to the left is the pretty little town of Ollioules, (at the entrance of the mountain passes of that name,) as if springing up amidst arbours of orange and lemon trees, which grow in the very centre of a semicircle of volcanic mountains.

My father, Pierre Guillemard, was mayor of Sixfour before and after the revolution, and during that event; his father and grandfather had occupied the same post, which seemed, indeed, to have belonged to the family for ages, as well as the business of a public notary, which had been handed down from father to son ever since the time of Henry III., as may be seen in the registers of the place, which are still extant in the office of M. Aycard, the notary of La Seyne; some of the documents are dated so far back as 1576.

My father, like many others, who have not boasted of it in after-times, and who would take especial care not to confess it at the present day, saw with pleasure the first symptoms of the revolution, without being able to foresee its results. Yet he occupied the first, or, more properly speaking, the only magisterial office in Sixfour; he was wealthy, for his business and personal property brought him in rather more than three thousand francs a year, a considerable fortune in our part of the country; but my father was not a selfish, interested man: he was delighted at the establishment of an order of things which seemed to ameliorate the lot of the great mass of his countrymen, without interfering much with the interests of the minority. All our neighbours (and every one is a neighbour in a village containing but fifty houses) were possessed of the same sentiments; and even our worthy old *curé*, M. Berenguir, applauded, in 1789, the noble firmness of the commons, and the disinterested conduct of the great majority of the clergy. He seldom failed to spend his evenings at our house, where were also assembled the politicians and best informed people of the place. The journal of Ducos was read and talked of at their meetings; and sometimes they even entered into a somewhat animated discussion till ten o'clock; but they almost invariably ended by concurring in the opinions of *Monsieur le Maire*, and by separating as well pleased with each other as they were with the news they had just learned. The canons were the only persons whom this state of things could not please. As fat, and as well provided for, as their numerous brethren in other parts of France, it did not require a great effort of foresight on their part, to see that they had much to lose and nothing to gain by a change; hence they did not feel quite gay, nor did they come to see us, but they endeavoured, by increasing their good cheer, to compensate

themselves for the privations they began to fear for the future.

These particulars were told me long afterwards, for I was too young at the time they occurred to pay the smallest attention to them. I remember, however, that my elder brother (who was eight years older than me, and intended as a successor to his father in the office) read the newspapers, and took part in the political discussions, which my sister Henriette and I often enough interrupted by our noisy sports and childish quarrels.

Though our worthy curate, M. Berenguir, had taken the oath required by the constitution, he was forced to conceal himself, and afterwards to seek an asylum in foreign countries. My father provided him with the means, took a passage for him on board a Genoese schooner going to Leghorn, obtained him a passport, and lent him some money; for this excellent man was not wealthy, and divided the trifling revenues of his living among the poor of the country. When these two old friends bade each other adieu, they agreed that the ruling powers were adopting somewhat violent means to procure the regeneration of France, and, without venturing to communicate their mutual fears, they formed sincere wishes for their speedy re-union. The canons had long before this deserted their chapter, and gone elsewhere to seek their fortunes.

Some time after the *curé's* departure, the whole commune of Sixfour was denounced by Freron to the convention, as guilty of the most violent *moderantisme*. The first thing done was to throw into prison the mayor, and a dozen peasants, the greater part of whom firmly believed that it was purely through mistake, as they could not make out what was meant by a charge of moderation. It was found easier to guillotine them than to make them understand the matter. My father was reserved for the same fate, but fortunately had not yet undergone it, when the ninth Thermidor restored him to liberty, and to his former functions. A long and painful imprisonment had injured his health, without in the smallest degree changing his disposition. He came back to Sixfour, to preside over affairs, to draw up his legal writings, and take care of his property, with the quietness that had hitherto distinguished every action of his life; and those who in after times had occasion for his services, never perceived that the injustice of which he had been the victim had in any respect altered his philanthropy and kindliness of disposition. I shall not mention the services he rendered, for they do not belong to my subject; nor need I say, that he met with nothing but ingratitude—that is the natural order of things.

All these things had taken place long before, and every thing was very quiet at Sixfour; I had reached my eighteenth year, when my father was called one day to draw up the marriage contract of Mademoiselle Rosalie Rymbaud, with my old companion Jauffret, a son of one of the richest individuals in Sixfour. If I notice this event, (which is altogether of a private nature, and perhaps not very interesting,) let the reader pardon me, and be re-assured I shall not often be guilty of this fault. But, at the age I have attained, one looks back with so much pleasure on the scenes of his youth.

The Rymbaud family possessed a very pretty country seat in the neighbourhood of Ollioules. It was there that the marriage was celebrated, and there I accompanied my father. I had often seen Miette Rymbaud, the younger sister of Rosalie; but I saw her then for the first time, with the eyes of a youth of eighteen. Miette was seventeen. She had received a more careful education than what is usually given to the young ladies of our province. To this she added the natural talent which is more common among the inhabitants of the south than knowledge. I was placed at a table between her and her brother, who was a year younger, and intended for the navy. I had been his companion in boyhood, and sought now to renew our intimacy; I really loved him then, as I loved every one connected with Miette. As for Miette herself I spoke little to her; but the embarrassment I felt near her was not without some hidden charms. We separated at a late hour; I withdrew enchanted with the events of the day, and thought I had begun a new existence.

Our connection with the Rymbaud family became more intimate from this moment. They did not disapprove of my inclination, since they did not seek any opportunity of preventing me from seeing Miette. But I was still very young; I had no profession, and had never even thought seriously of choosing one. An inclination very natural to young people who frequent sea-ports, had turned my ideas towards the navy. My uncle, Bernard Eyguier, had served in it from his infancy; he had been master's mate for more than fifteen years, when he was appointed assistant lieutenant. All the accounts he gave of his cruises, and the countries he had visited, along with the valuable curiosities he was always bringing from them, inspired me with a strong desire of following him, and of becoming a sailor also. This desire became still stronger, when my friend Rymbaud was appointed a midshipman, and entered on board a frigate. I went several times on board to dine with him and his companions. The authority which these young men, scarcely out of their boyhood, possessed over grown up men, their gaiety, their future prospects, the dangers to which they were exposed, and, more than all, the elegance of their uniform, made me bitterly regret that I had not sooner embraced a profession for which I thought myself so well fitted. With what pleasure I should have hastened to M. Rymbaud's country house, on returning from a long voyage or an engagement!—how the account of my dangers would have interested Miette!

But I was nineteen at the time, which was somewhat late to enter upon a profession which ought to be embraced in very early life, for life in it wears rapidly away. However, in spite of my father's repugnance, I was entered on the books of the sloop of war, the Rhinoceros, and authorised to remain on shore, that I might be enabled to pass my examination as a midshipman of the second class. I studied incessantly, and joyfully anticipated the happiness I should feel, when, for the first time, I should appear before Miette with a sword by my side.

This flattering perspective, and these dreams of happiness, were very cruelly disappointed; the examining officer could not come to Toulon at the appointed period, the examination of the young men intended for the navy was put off for six months, and in the interval, having attained my twentieth year, I was called upon the conscription.

I still retained the hope, that my number would not be among those appointed to set out. I had taken one of the last of my class, and thought myself secure, but I had reckoned without the council of revision. Almost all the numbers that were to form the contingent, had fallen to young men belonging to wealthy families, or to relatives of men in place; the greater part was set aside; one man, with broad shoulders, and a Herculean form, was discharged as consumptive; another, with the sharp eye of a lynx, was discharged as short sighted, and my number was called. It was in vain that I endeavoured to excuse myself on account of my physical constitution, which was not very strong at that time; it was absolutely necessary that the contingent should be filled, and Robert Guillemard, of Sixfour, was solemnly declared by the council of revision, to form part of it, and received, in consequence, an order to be in readiness to march on the 1st of May, 1805, to join the corps that should be assigned to him.

My father wished to purchase a substitute; but they were extremely dear at that time, and the purchase would have made a considerable breach in his fortune, at a critical moment; hence I would not hear of it, and prepared for my departure. It was not without a very painful emotion, that I prepared to leave my country, my family, and Miette above all. I at last opened my heart to her, at the moment that I was about to lose her, perhaps for ever; she found how dear she was to me. She loved me and told me so; we flattered ourselves with the hope that some fortunate event would enable us speedily to meet again; we promised each other inviolable fidelity, and formed all kinds of plans for the future; one year, or eighteen months at the utmost, I was to be absent from her, but after that period I was to return to Sixfour, obtain her from her family, and our days would glide away in peace, and with increased charms from the remembrance of our separation: I have, in after times, formed many other projects that were not more successful than these; but none made me ever spend such happy moments.

The conscripts of my class assembled at Toulon on the 1st of May, 1805, and I was appointed, along with a hundred and nineteen of my companions, to a regiment of the line, whose depot was at Perpignan. At the moment of our departure, the colonel made us a very fine speech upon our zeal for the service, and the ardour with which we flew to the defence of our country. This address had very little effect upon me, and I thought that if all my companions were the same, we deserved little praise for our enthusiasm; but these reflections I kept to myself, and presented, as the saying is, a stout heart to ill-fortune. Meanwhile, all the newspapers, and all the proclamations of the head of the government, spoke of nothing but the emulation of the young conscripts, who, on all sides, took arms of their own accord, presented themselves before they were called, and covered every road on their march, to join the different corps to which they were appointed. I confess, that I was at first rather ashamed at finding myself so cold amidst the general enthusiasm, the extent of which, however, I was soon enabled to appreciate, as I afterwards found the means of appreciating so many other kinds of zeal, with which an army and a nation become inflamed, without even thinking of the matter.

My brother and some of my friends accompanied the detachment as far as Ollioules, where we separated after breakfast—they to resume their peaceful occupations at Sixfour—I to begin the trade of a soldier, and that military pilgrimage which, after the lapse of twenty years, was to bring me back to my native village, covered with wounds, without fortune, and despoiled of every future prospect.

At our first halt, I was quartered along with three other conscripts of the detachment. My surprise may be easily imagined, when I heard my companions in the evening bitterly regretting their country, complaining in no very measured terms of the law that forced them to leave it, and already forming plans of desertion. One of them, who was my bed-fellow till we reached the depot, was called Moutet, of Hyéres, a merry, fat soul, whom the conscription had caused the first sorrow of any kind he ever had felt in his life. I thought, when I heard him talking, that he would not remain more than a fortnight in the service; yet he is in it at this moment. The nature of their conversation did not much agree with the colonel's address, the language of the newspapers, or the proclamations of the government. "Here are four of us in one detachment, (I said to myself,) who do not share in the general enthusiasm; I should never have suspected it, but thought I stood alone." Assuredly there were many more. Moutet's discontent and mine were shared by all our fellow conscripts, whatever their circumstances or fortune might otherwise be. The same repugnance at their first departure, was characteristic of all the young men who left their homes; and it was a foolish hoax to boast of their courageous zeal. But, to tell the truth, this dislike insensibly disappeared; they gradually accustomed themselves to the service and to military habits; and the soldiers at last (to use their own language) looked to the eagle of their regiment as their village steeple, their company as their family, and sometimes their captain as their father. It is easy to find the clue to this inconsistency, in a national character keenly susceptible of new impressions, fond of change, enthusiastic in the love of glory, and which must have been necessarily allured and fascinated by the varied and ever moving scenes of military life.

Our detachment gave me a proof of what I have stated. The regret of the conscripts daily became less as we advanced farther from home, and gaiety came in its stead. We formed intimacies and friendships. As we all belonged to the same department, we remembered that we had occasionally met at the fêtes of the different villages; we always delighted to speak of these things, and this pleasure began already to be unalloyed with bitterness or regret. Besides, should not we be glad, on our return home, that we had seen the world, that we had been in active service, and that we could relate the battles in which we had been engaged?

We were commanded by a lieutenant about forty years of age, by two sergeants and four corporals. They had all been long in the service. The lieutenant and one of the sergeants had been in the expedition to Egypt, and the narratives they gave us of their adventures there, made us more than once forget the length of our marches. They treated us with great mildness, and endeavoured to inspire us with predilection for military life. Care was taken, in those days, to give the charge of young conscripts to none but those who had seen active service; for in the army, as in every other profession, he who has done nothing displays his superiority only by arrogance

and petty vexations, so that those who are under him detest not only the individual but the orders he issues.

We reached Perpignan on the 15th May, and, after being reviewed by the major, were enrolled by the quarter-master in different companies. Shortly afterwards we put on uniforms, and began to be exercised twice a day by non-commissioned officers and corporals. Fortunately, I soon got rid of this, for a month sufficed to make me expert in the manual exercise, and I only went on parade with my company, which marched for Port-Vendres with the battalion to which it belonged, towards the end of September, that is, about four months after I entered the corps.

We had garrisoned this little sea-port only a few days, when some transports and frigates came to anchor before it; our battalion was embarked, but not without murmuring, for the French soldier always exaggerates the privations and sufferings of the sailor, and never sees his element changed but with the utmost repugnance. In spite of our murmurs, we were forced to put, as the saying is, our feet in the shoe. Our officers, who, doubtless, knew what to make of it, assured us that we should only be a short time on board, and that we were only going as far as the coast of Brittany, where we were to join a camp about to be formed there. We soon saw how much truth there was in this. On the 3d October, at daybreak, we anchored in the bay of Cadiz, where was assembled a splendid French and Spanish squadron, commanded by Vice-admiral Villeneuve. The second in command was the Spanish admiral Gravina, already known by his brilliant actions and distinguished bravery. On the same day, our battalion left the transports to go on board the vessels of the fleet; my company was sent on board the Redoubtable, a seventy-four gun-ship, commanded by Captain Lucas.

The navy, which had hitherto presented so many attractions to me, seemed to me but a painful and disgusting trade, when I found myself on board as a soldier; I could feel no interest in any thing around me, in objects which I was only to see for a moment, and which must for ever remain foreign to the service to which I belonged. Every manœuvre made on board made me regret more bitterly that circumstances had kept me out of a profession to which I was attached for a moment only that I might more fully experience all its inconveniences.

Young Adolphe Rymbaud had been on board the *Redoubtable* some time before my arrival; I was delighted with meeting him, which I had no reason to expect. I should have been highly gratified to have had a long conversation with him, to have talked of Sixfour and of our early years, and of the members of our two families; but I soon perceived that he felt a certain constraint when I addressed him, that he was extremely cold and reserved towards me, and that without seeking openly to avoid me, he seized the slightest opportunity of changing his place when I was near him. Hence, our intimacy was not great. Yet Adolphe had an excellent heart; and assuredly he could not have forgotten the friend of his infancy; but he had already adopted a portion of the pride and arrogance of a naval officer. It would appear that, at the beginning of the revolution, the cold reserve and stately pride of our ancient nobles had sought shelter in this gallant and accomplished corps. A midshipman of eighteen speaks in the most contemptuous terms of familiarity to a gray-haired boatswain, respectable by his toils, his zeal, and his long services; whilst a staff-officer in the land service, even a general, never fails to show the soldiers that respect, that sort of consideration, which Frenchmen never submit to lose but with the greatest difficulty. Whence arises this indifference? It is doubtless because every post in the army is within the soldier's reach, because all the different ranks form but one chain, every link of which he may run through in succession; and that an officer never forgets that nothing prevents the soldier whom he is addressing from one day becoming his equal. But sailors and their officers form two classes for ever separate and distinct; an insurmountable barrier rises between them, which never can be passed by him who has once formed part of the crew. The revolution, which has opened such a vast career to the brave spirits of our armies, has done little or nothing for the advancement or happiness of the common sailor. For one moment only were officers taken from among them; that was when the French nobility deserted. These plebeian officers are not those who have contributed the least to the glory of the French flag. Since that period the special schools have always supplied the navy with officers; and the rank of boatswain has been the highest point of the sailor's promotion.

CHAPTER II.

1805. Battle of Trafalgar—Death of Nelson.

I was beginning to get tired of my situation; as were my companions, and nothing indicated that a speedy change would occur. It was said that we were to sail for the channel, to protect the landing of the troops in England, which every body talked of at the time; but an English squadron, known to be commanded by Nelson, blockaded Cadiz, and prevented us leaving the bay; and there was a report that Vice-Admiral Villeneuve had received express orders to come to action. On the 20th October, however, there was a vague rumour in circulation that we were to leave our position next day, and attack the English. The frequent signals made by the Bucentaure, (the admiral's ship,) the meeting of all the captains of the fleet on board it, and the manœuvres and preparations of the different vessels, indicated that these reports were not without foundation.

In fact, on the 21st of October, at ten in the morning, the combined fleet left Cadiz to offer battle to the English. It consisted of thirty vessels, of which ten Spanish ships occupied the left flank. Six frigates, French and Spanish, formed the wings of this splendid fleet, and had orders to assist the vessels that required it during the action. Our line occupied more than a league in extent, and towards twelve o'clock had come up within cannon shot of the English squadron, which was nearly of equal strength.

The two fleets manœuvred for more than an hour, for the purpose of choosing their positions and terminating the preparations for a battle that was henceforth inevitable. The Redoubtable was in the centre, and a little in front of the French line, which by the admiral's last orders had been formed in a semicircle. Immediately in front of him was an English three-decker, carrying a vice-admiral's flag, and consequently commanded by Nelson. This vessel occupied in the English fleet the same position which the Redoubtable did in ours. All at once it made signals, which were instantly answered, and advanced with full sail upon us, whilst the other vessels followed its example. The intention of its commander was evidently to cut our line by attacking the Redoubtable, which presented its flank, and discharged its first broadside.

This was the signal for action. The English vessel returned the fire; and at the same moment there began along the whole of the two lines a fire of artillery, which was not to cease, except by the extermination of one of the two squadrons. Already cries of suffering and death were heard on the decks of the Redoubtable. By the first discharge, one officer and more than thirty sailors and soldiers were killed or wounded. This was the first time I had been in action; and an emotion I had never felt till now made my heart beat violently. Fear might form an ingredient in the feeling; but it was mingled with other sentiments which I could not account for. I was grieved that I was kept in a post where I had nothing else to do but to fire my gun upon the enemy's deck. I should have desired a more active duty, to be allowed to go over the ship, and to work one of the cannons. My desires were soon gratified. All our topmen had been killed, when two sailors and four soldiers (of whom I was one) were ordered to occupy their post in the tops. While we were going aloft, the balls and grape-shot showered around us, struck the masts and yards, knocked large splinters from them, and cut the rigging in pieces. One of my companions was wounded beside me, and fell from a height of thirty feet upon the deck, where he broke his neck.

When I reached the top, my first movement was to take a view of the prospect presented by the hostile fleets. For more than a league, extended a thick cloud of smoke, above which were discernible a forest of masts and rigging, and the flags, the pendants, and the fire of the three nations. Thousands of flashes more or less near continually penetrated this cloud, and a rolling noise pretty similar to the sound of continued thunder, but much stronger, arose from its bosom. The sea was calm; the wind light, and not very favourable for the execution of manœuvres.

When the English top-men, who were only a few yards distant from us, saw us appear, they directed a sharp fire upon us, which we returned. A soldier of my company and a sailor were killed quite close to me; two others, who were wounded, were able to go below by the shrouds. Our opponents were, it seems, still worse handled than we, for I soon saw the English tops deserted, and none sent to supply the place of those who must have been killed or wounded by our balls. I then looked to the English vessel and our own. The smoke enveloped them, was dissipated for a moment, and returned thicker at each broadside. The two decks were covered with dead bodies, which they had not time to throw overboard. I perceived Captain Lucas motionless at his post, and several wounded officers still giving orders. On the poop of the English vessel, was an officer covered with orders, and with only one arm. From what I had heard of Nelson, I had no doubt that it was he. He was surrounded by several officers, to whom he seemed to be giving orders. At the moment I first perceived him, several of his sailors were wounded beside him, by the fire of the Redoubtable. As I had received no orders to go down, and saw myself forgotten in the tops, I thought it my duty to fire on the poop of the English vessel, which I saw quite exposed and close to me. I could even have taken aim at the men I saw, but I fired at hazard among the groups I saw of sailors and officers. All at once I saw great confusion on board the Victory, the men crowded round the officer whom I had taken for Nelson. He had just fallen, and was taken below covered with a cloak. The agitation shown at this moment left me no doubt that I had judged rightly, and that it really was the English admiral. An instant afterwards the Victory ceased from firing; the deck was abandoned by all those who occupied it; and I presumed that the consternation produced by the admiral's fall was the cause of this sudden change. I hurried below to inform the captain of what I had seen of the enemy's situation. He believed me the more readily, as the slackening of the fire indicated that an event of the highest importance occupied the attention of the English ship's crew, and prevented them from continuing the action. He gave immediate orders for boarding, and every thing was prepared for it in a moment. It is even said that young Fontaine, a midshipman belonging to the Redoubtable, passed by the ports into the lower deck of the English vessel, found it abandoned, and returned to notify that the ship had surrendered. As Fontaine was killed a few moments afterwards, these particulars were obtained from a sailor, who said he had witnessed the transaction.

However, as a part of our crew, commanded by two officers, were ready to spring upon the enemy's deck, the fire recommenced with a fury it never had had from the beginning of the action. Meanwhile, an English eighty-gun ship placed herself along side of the Redoubtable to put it between two fires; and a French ship of the same force placed itself abreast of the Victory, to put it in the same situation. There was then seen a sight hitherto unexampled in naval warfare, and not since repeated—four vessels, all in the same direction, touching each other, dashing one against another, intermingling their yards, and fighting with a fury which no language can adequately express. The rigging was abandoned, and every sailor and soldier put to the guns; the officers themselves had nothing to provide for, nothing to order, in this horrible conflict, and came likewise to the guns. Amidst nearly four hundred pieces of large cannon all firing at one time in a confined space—amidst the noise of the balls, which made furious breaches in the sides of the Redoubtable—amongst the splinters which flew in every direction with the speed of projectiles, and the dashing of the vessels, which were driven by the waves against each other, not a soul thought of any thing but destroying the enemy, and the cries of the wounded and the dying were no longer heard. The men fell, and if they were any impediment to the action of the gun they had just been working, one of their companions pushed them aside with his foot to the middle of the deck, and without uttering a word, placed himself with concentrated fury at the same post, where he soon experienced a similar fate.

In less than half an hour our vessel, without having hauled down her colours, had in fact surrendered. Her fire had gradually slackened, and then ceased altogether. The mutilated bodies of our companions encumbered

the two decks, which were covered with shot, broken cannon, matches still smoking, and shattered timbers. One of our thirty-six pounders had burst towards the close of the contest. The thirteen men placed at it had been killed by the splinters, and were heaped together round its broken carriage. The ladders that led between the different decks were shattered and destroyed; the mizen-mast and main-mast had fallen, and encumbered the deck with blocks and pieces of rigging. Of the boats placed forward, or hung on the sides of our vessel, there remained nothing but some shattered planks. Not more than a hundred and fifty men survived out of a crew of about eight hundred, and almost all these were more or less severely wounded. Captain Lucas was one of the number.

It was five o'clock when the action ceased. I went over the ship, where every thing presented a prospect of desolation. Calm despair was painted on the countenances of those who had escaped from this terrible scene, where I had just made my military *debut*. Amongst the dead I saw the ill-fated Rymbaud, the friend of my infancy; at the utmost he was not more than eighteen. His sword had been broken in his fall; he was wounded by a chain-shot in the right breast, and fell against the wheel of a cannon; the disordered state of his features indicated that his sufferings had been great. His disfigured remains inspired me with painful reflections, and brought to my mind a host of bitter recollections. I left the spot, and, I must confess, felt my eyes filled with tears. I had not yet been able to acquire that indifference which the soldier displays from a constant habit of witnessing similar scenes.

In the evening, English long-boats came to take away the remainder of our crew, to be divided among the vessels of the fleet; and I was taken on board the Victory. There I learned the death of Nelson: he had been wounded on the right shoulder by a ball, which penetrated obliquely, and broke the spine of the back. When taken to the cock-pit, he ordered his surgeon, Mr. Betty, to inform him of his situation without concealment or ceremony. He learned, without the least emotion or regret, that he had only an hour to live, called for his captain (Capt. Hardy), and after enquiring about the situation of the two fleets, expressly forbid him to let the English fleet know of his death, and directed the vessels to be brought to anchor as soon as the action was over, on the very spot where it was fought. Captain Hardy promised to obey his orders implicitly, but he did not like to assume the responsibility. He made signals that the admiral was dead, when Lord Collingwood took the command, and did not judge proper to come to anchor, which, perhaps, might have been dangerous on account of the gale that came on that night.

The death of Nelson was regarded by the English as a public calamity, the bitterness of which could not be allayed by the victory they had obtained. The sailors deplored him as a father; the officers as a commander, whose talents had caused the glory and prosperity of their country, and whose place would not for a long period be filled by an admiral of equal merit. He whose loss is regretted by an entire nation, he whose death is deplored by old sailors, usually little susceptible of sentiments of attachment, should necessarily inspire some interest, even in an enemy; hence, as a man, I could not help sharing in some degree the affliction that prevailed on board the Victory; while, as a Frenchman, I had reason to rejoice at an event that had delivered my country from one of her most dangerous enemies. At any rate, from the moment in which he received his wound, and the position of the wound itself, I could not doubt for a moment that I was the author; and I have ever since been fully convinced of it. But though the shot that had brought down this admiral had rendered a service to my country, I was far from considering it as an action of which I had a right to boast. Besides, in the general confusion, every one could claim the honour; I might not be believed; so that I was afraid of furnishing my companions with a subject of ridicule, and did not think proper to mention it to them; nor to the French officers I saw on board the Victory. It was in this manner that, more than once in the course of my life, carelessness and false shame have deprived me of advantages I might have justly claimed.

A very strong gale arose in the evening, blew through the night with extreme violence, and soon scattered the wrecks of our vessels which covered the sea. We did not learn the particulars of the action till next day. Five French vessels were unable to come into action: the greater part of the Spanish ships would not fight; and the rest of the fleet sustained with the most distinguished courage the attacks of an enemy now become superior in number, for the whole of the English fleet were engaged. The Spanish three-decker, the Santissima Trinidada, commanded by Admiral Gravina, was sunk after an obstinate resistance against three English vessels; the admiral was taken up wounded, and died some time afterwards at Cadiz. When he saw all the masts of she Trinidada shot away, he exclaimed: "I was lately in a ship, I am now in a fortress, and shall not abandon it till it sinks under me." This he did.

The Aigle, a French 74, fought also against three English ships, lost almost all its crew, was taken, and was stranded during the night upon the Spanish coast, where both French and English were drowned together. The Indomptable foundered at sea, with fifteen hundred wounded men on board, not one of whom was saved. The Intrepide, commanded by the brave Infernet, was also sunk, after a terrible resistance to several vessels who came up successively to cannonade it. Infernet was picked up, along with one of his sons, and was taken on board an English vessel, where he astonished the officers by his language, equally remarkable for its freedom, bluntness, spirit, and originality. The Achille, in which was a detachment of the 67th regiment, was set on fire during the action. The English, who were fighting it, cleared off; and of eight hundred men, who formed the crew, not more than twenty found an opportunity of escaping. When all hopes of stopping the progress of the flames were gone, and death seemed inevitable, to avoid waiting for it, several officers blew out their brains; others threw themselves into the flames, that were consuming the fore part of the ship, several sailors went to the store-room, gorged themselves with brandy, and by the most complete drunkenness endeavoured to throw a veil over the disaster that was about to terminate their existence. Towards six o'clock in the evening the fire reached the gun-room, the vessel blew up, and every thing disappeared. Upon any other occasion, the unfortunate crew could easily have been saved; but without troubling themselves about their fate, the two fleets in their vicinity thought of nothing but their mutual destruction.

I need not enumerate all the vessels that perished. It is sufficient to state, that the combined fleet was totally annihilated, and that it fought with such obstinacy that of all those that were engaged in action the English could only save, I believe, one single vessel: the rest all perished at sea, on the coast, or by fire. The day after the action, they brought on board the Victory, Vice-Admiral Villeneuve, who had displayed so much intrepidity, talents, and patriotism. The English received him with the marks of respect due to bravery and merit in misfortune. He was wounded in the right hand, and seemed quite terror-struck at his defeat, and careless of the respectful attentions that were shown him. The same day, he caused an enquiry to be made if there were any non-commissioned officers among the French prisoners on board; not one was found. He then asked for a military man of any rank, who could write easily what he should dictate; I offered myself. After a short examination, he told me that I should act as his secretary till further orders, and ordered me to come daily to the chamber that had been allotted to him.

CHAPTER III.

1806. Departure for England—Return to France—Death of Villeneuve—Interview with Napoleon.

In the evening of the 22d, the Victory set sail for England, with the rest of the English fleet. The voyage was long and painful, especially to the French prisoners, some of whom already knew the guard-ships that awaited them. The duty I had to perform near Admiral Villeneuve, spared me many inconveniences to which the rest of my companions were exposed, and procured me more respect from the enemy. I saw him regularly every day; and I often passed the whole twenty-four hours in writing various parts of a long memorial, which he intended to publish, on the battle of Trafalgar. The very first day, he dictated to me a summary of the whole transaction, which was immediately transmitted to Cadiz by a flag of truce.

He communicated little with the English officers, and his chagrin was far from diminishing; sometimes, however, after having been busily employed for several hours in making me recommence several times the substance of letters he wished to write, or in writing passages of his memorial, he seemed desirous of relaxation by inciting me to speak on subjects foreign to the task we had been performing. When he learned the province I belonged to, he often spoke to me of Toulon, where he had commanded the fleet, of all the neighbouring places and even of Sixfour, the position of which he remembered perfectly.

On the 27th November, the Victory arrived at Plymouth, and set sail next day for London; but the French sailors and soldiers who had been taken prisoners at Trafalgar, were previously transported to the guard-ships that were in the roads. The officers received passports to go to live on their parole in various small inland towns; and our admiral was sent to Arlesford, in Devonshire. He was granted the permission of taking me with him, along with his servant Prieur.

The admiral's first object was to address the transport board, to be allowed to return to France for the purpose of demanding a trial, offering to give his parole that he would return, if he was not exchanged in the interval. His petitions, and various other measures, produced no effect at first, and were not even honoured with an answer. At last the members of the transport board broached a host of difficulties which would prevent them, they said, from accepting his proposal. New demands and letters came from the admiral. More than five months were passed, incessantly asking a favour to which he attached the highest importance. The length of time taken up by answers, the opposition that was continually springing up in different forms, in proportion as others were conquered, visibly embittered his mind, and rendered his temper sombre and capricious. His mental sorrows doubtless affected his wound, which was not getting better, but which should, in other circumstances, have been closed long before. However, at the moment he began to despair of obtaining the object of his ardent solicitation, Mr. Chilcott, the agent for the prisoners at Arlesford, received orders to give him a passport to go to Plymouth, and to require him to sign an engagement, by which he promised to return in three months, if the French government did not provide for his exchange. Prieur and I were included in the same engagement, and marked in the admiral's passport. Our preparations were made immediately; and in three days we were at Plymouth, where a cartel waited only for the admiral to weigh anchor, and sail to a French port. We went on board without delay, and got under weigh in the course of the day.

We landed at Morlaix on the 7th May, and set out the next day for Rennes, where we arrived on the 10th, and put up at the Hotel du Bresil. The air of France seemed to give a serenity to the admiral's mind I had not yet seen it enjoy since I was attached to his service. He still suffered much from his wound, and attempted to write himself; but he was forced to dictate several letters to me. I have not forgotten the smallest expression of the one I am about to notice. Several events of later date have called back my attention to the language, and have made me suspect that they were directly connected with them: it was as follows:—

"To Rear Admiral Lucas.

"I have been in France only two days, my dear admiral, and have this moment learned a piece of ne ; that has given me great pleasure—it is that of the n- ward your bravery has just received; and the flatter ia and the well-merited expressions employed by the he of the government in announcing the recompense. Ir every commander of a ship had acted as you did at Trafalgar, said he to you, the victory would not, for a moment, have been doubtful. Assuredly none knows this better than I do; and I am happy that I contributed in rendering you this justice, in the short account I drew up immediately after the action. It remains for me to fulfil a very painful duty, to point out those whose conduct destroyed the effect of my arrangements, and brought about the destruction of our squadron, and the humiliation of the French flag. My own justification,

the honour of France, and, above all, the honour of the navy, imperiously require me to surmount my repugnance to call for severe measures, where I would be most desirous of calling for nothing but honours and rewards.

"Perhaps you may have received sailing orders before this letter reaches you; but as I intend to call you as a witness in the trial I am about to demand, and to corroborate my charges against those who have produced this disaster, be so good as to do your utmost to remain a few days longer in Paris, where I shall soon have the pleasure of embracing you. I am, &c.

"*Rennes, 11th May*, 1806."

The admiral, in fact, intended to remain only two days in Rennes, and to set out on the third day for Paris, where I was to accompany him. These two days were passed without any incident occurring worthy of notice. The admiral went out little, reflected a great deal, and I scarcely ever left him. The few arrangements required for our journey were made, the trunks were put on a post-chaise the admiral had bought, and at daybreak the next morning we were to set out.

On the afternoon of the same day, there arrived at the hotel four individuals with moustaches, in very decent plain clothes, which they did not seem accustomed to wear; in other respects, their accent and manners, and, above all, their copper complexion, did not allow me to think for a moment that they were Frenchmen. One of them asked me a host of questions, of an indifferent nature at first, and then connected with the admiral. He seemed greatly surprised when I said that we were to set out next morning, and enquired very minutely about the admiral's habits, and the arrangements of his apartment. This circumstance struck me afterwards; at the moment I saw nothing in his enquiries, but the natural curiosity which makes a man desirous of learning the smallest particulars connected with an individual whose actions have been distinguished; and I answered all his questions, which, as I said before, I thought wholly without consequence.

When this individual had no more questions to ask me, he left me immediately, returned to the hotel about half an hour afterwards, and brought with him an individual whose appearance struck me forcibly. The latter was a Frenchman; at least a strongly-marked pronunciation indicated that he belonged to our southern provinces, and I even thought I could distinguish the accent of Ronergue. He seemed to be about forty-five; short, rough, with a gray powdered head, a short and pointed queue, mean features, a sharp and piercing look, a complexion indicative of the habit of drinking to excess, and spindle legs—such was the man whom I saw afterwards, by whose repulsive and vulgar look I should, independent of other circumstances, never have forgotten. He surveyed me at first from top to toe, then asked me, in a commanding tone, the same questions put to me by the first individual, and added a number of his own. He asked me if I was very sure that the admiral would set out next day; I said I was. He then left me, walked for a moment with the man who had brought him, and spoke to him in a low tone with much gesticulation. They were joined by the other three, who all showed him the utmost deference and respect. They left the hotel together, returned in an hour after, went up to their rooms, had long conferences, and finally separated.

As the admiral was to rise at daybreak, he went to bed at ten o'clock. Prieur slept at the post-house, where the carriage was, and he was to come for us in the morning so as to prevent delay. I assisted the admiral in undressing; he retained me a few minutes, and finally dismissed me by telling me to keep a light in my room, to draw the door on me only, and call him in the morning as soon as Prieur came. I retired to a chamber in the story above, where I was lodged; and ten minutes afterwards was in a profound sleep.

I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise, which I thought came from the admiral's apartment. It increased, the noise of voices was heard, and then came cries of pain, that left no doubt of the occurrence of some catastrophe. I sprung from my bed, and only taking time to snatch the light, and a sabre the admiral had bought me at Morlaix, I rushed in a moment along the staircase that led to his room, and heard very distinctly the precipitate steps of several persons running off. I doubled my speed, and immediately under me perceived the individual who had spoken to me the evening before, skulking off towards the ground floor. I have since reflected that there was no change in his dress, and that he had not been in bed. Something urged me to pursue him, but my first impulse led me to the admiral's room, the door of which I found open. I advanced a few steps, and saw the unfortunate man whom the balls of Trafalgar had respected, stretched pale and bloody on his bed, with the coverlets scattered on the floor. He was pale and livid, breathed hard, and struggled with the agonies of death. He recognised me, attempted in vain to rise, tried to speak some broken phrases, but the only words I could make out were those of *commissary* or *secretary*, and he breathed his last before I could even think of procuring him the smallest assistance. Five deep wounds pierced his breast, yet no weapon, no arms of any kind were near him. I called, and rung the bell with all my force. In a moment the master of the hotel, and the travellers who occupied it, filled the apartment; the confusion was very great, and the first, the only idea entertained was, that the admiral had been assassinated. Yet the same day I saw, with as much surprise as sorrow, the admiral interred without pomp or ceremony; and, what was strangely inconsistent with the language of the night before, I heard every one say that he had himself shortened his days, and terminated his life by five stabs of a poniard. Every time that I wished to express what I thought on this subject, they refused to listen to me, or talked of something else. I could not obtain any intelligence when I enquired about the little man and his four attendants. The people of the house refused to give me any information concerning them, and would never pay the smallest attention to my suspicions. I have myself been much astonished since, that I did not push my enquiries further, and that I did not attempt to give notice to the public magistrate; but if the reader reflects on the little experience I had acquired at this period, and the suddenness of my departure from Rennes, he will easily account for my account. Besides, the death of Vice-admiral Villeneuve affected me so deeply that I was incapable of reflection for several days. I deplored him as the victim of a crime for which I could imagine no adequate motive. I regretted him as a benefactor; I am persuaded that he would have been mine, and I am at least indebted to him for not being detained ten years on board the English guard-ships. This event should have had great influence on my future fortune; but I am persuaded that I owed my life, or at least my liberty, to the idea that was formed of my want of importance.

On the day of the admiral's death, the seals were placed on his effects and papers, which were sent I know not where. For myself, I next day received from the commissary an order to join the depot of my regiment, which happened to be at Paris. I set out the same day, and reached my destination on the 19th of May.

Some days after my arrival, at the roll-call at ten o'clock, the sergeant major ordered me to leave the ranks and go with him to the major's. I saw there a colonel, who, after ascertaining that my name was Guillemard, told me to follow him. He entered a very handsome carriage, at the gate of the barracks, but he found it necessary to give me a formal order, as well as to make me a sign before I mounted also. I was not without anxiety about the consequences of an adventure that began in such an extraordinary manner, and the rigorous silence which the officer observed was not fitted to tranquilise me. The rapidity of our motion increased my agitation still more, for, to tell the truth, this was the first time in my life I had been in such a splendid carriage, and I did not even know the conveniences of a hackney coach except by report. But I had no time to make long reflections. After traversing a spacious square, we stopped in front of a vast palace, guarded by several military posts. This was the Tuileries, which I did not yet know. We alighted, and the colonel made me enter into a guard-house, where he told me to stay. The vague fears I had felt at first, increased every moment. I waited in this way for more than two hours, not knowing whether I was free or under the charge of the post, consisting of soldiers belonging to the guards, who in fact paid very little attention to me. At last, a young colonel of engineers entered hastily, and cried out, "Guillemard!" I replied, "Here," and followed him. After passing through various apartments, we entered a hall, where my guide told me to wait. In about half an hour (I am not very certain of the exact time, for I confess I was quite out my element,) he half opened the door by which he had disappeared, made me a sign, and I entered a cabinet, where he remained standing and uncovered, a few paces behind another individual busily writing. I was also standing, and much embarrassed with my looks, but no body thought of these but myself. After several minutes, the person who was seated rose abruptly, and said to the officer, "Leave us." He retired, with a profound bow. This word, and the gesture that accompanied it, with the respect shown by the officer, instantly struck me with the idea that I was in the emperor's presence. He turned towards me, and, notwithstanding my confusion, I recognised a countenance whose features and expression were then deeply engraved in every soldier's thoughts. After casting a rapid glance at me, "What is your name," said he. At the moment I had almost forgotten my own name, and was so confounded that I opened my mouth without being able to articulate a word. He repeated his question in a tone of kindness that gave me the force of stammering out, "Robert Guillemard." "Were you at Rennes with Admiral Villeneuve?" "Yes, general." I did not then know that he was styled sire. "What do you know about his death?" "A great deal," replied I, with a confidence that increased every moment. He was struck with surprise, and ordered me to relate all the particulars of that event. The account I gave was doubtless not very eloquent, but it was authentic, and very circumstantial. While I spoke, the emperor walked slowly up and down the cabinet, with his arms folded. He several times stopped to listen to me with more attention; but he stopped abruptly when I spoke of the five individuals whom I thought guilty of the admiral's death, and when I attempted to describe the man who seemed to be their director, he suddenly stopped me, and enquired, "Should you be able to know him again!" "Yes, general." The emperor stamped on the floor, and walked over the room with an angry aspect. He rung the bell, and said to the officer who came, "Call Decrès." I was then taken to the hall in front of the emperor's cabinet. In about a quarter of an hour I saw a rear admiral enter, who was immediately introduced. I was soon after introduced myself, and saw that it was the minister of the marine.

The emperor, whose physiognomy had assumed a more sombre expression, ordered me to repeat my account; the moment I had finished, he turned to the minister, and said: "You have heard what he says, let an enquiry be instantly made—see Fouché, and let these men be tried." The minister began to urge that official documents proved that I was mistaken. But the emperor would not let him conclude, and said to him: "It is enough—do as I tell you." The minister withdrew, and the emperor made me a sign that I might retire. When I reached the door, he said: "From what part of the country are you?" I stopped and answered, "From Sixfour." "Near Toulon?" "Yes, sire," said I this time, for I had heard the minister. "Ah—ah, I went there during the siege, to observe the English positions. It is quite a signal post, a complete eagle's nest. What is your father?" "He is the notary and mayor of the village," said I, assuming a look of importance. "How long have you been in the service?" "Thirteen months." "That is not much—but it's no matter—you may go."

I retired enchanted. I had no doubt but I should be made a corporal the same day, a sergeant the next, and should be pushed from rank to rank by the last look of the emperor. The only advantage, however, that I derived from this interview is the recollection of it that I retain. The brilliant hopes with which I flattered myself for a few days, were overthrown by the emperor's occupations, when he was on the eve of entering into a war with the fourth coalition.

It is not long since I read the work of Dr. O'Meara. He relates that in his conversations with Napoleon at St. Helena, the latter spoke very fully of the admiral's death, and explained how he had killed himself by five stabs of a poniard. I am far from contesting the veracity of the Irish doctor; but certainly Napoleon had greatly changed his mode of thinking, or had totally forgotten the particulars of my narrative, which, however, seemed to convince him at the time, and produced the strongest impression on his mind.

Three or four days after this examination, I met on

the Boulevards the individual of Rennes. He wore a dark blue uniform, with a red collar, embroidered with silver. He passed quite close to me without seeming to remark me. I would have much wished to have met him there before I had been called before the emperor. I was undecided during the whole day whether I should mention it to one of my officers. Next day I went to the major's, but he was not at home; I went again, but he had company, and could not see me. Perhaps my good genius inspired me with the idea of not pushing any farther my enquiries into the subject.

Till this period I had reflected little. The events I had witnessed, of little importance in themselves, had made on me only that slight impression that glides over the minds of young people. I knew neither men nor affairs; but the violent shock given me by the battle of Trafalgar, the disastrous end of a man eminent by his rank and talents, and my singular interview with the emperor, were all events that were not fitted to leave me in a state of indifference. I was deeply affected, could think of nothing else, and my reflections enabled me to appreciate the system of social order. In fact I had, in the space of a few months, seen the fortune of England compromised by the death of Nelson, shot by a common soldier; an admiral, whose conduct and misfortunes merited rewards, assassinated in the centre of France with impunity; a minister making useless efforts to discover murderers who made no attempt at concealment; and the emperor himself ceasing, after a few days, to think any more of a matter that had seemed to interest him so strongly at first. Yet the death of Nelson was to remain without effect; the whole of France was to believe in Villeneuve's suicide; and the truth, which Napoleon had learned from my mouth, was to lead to no result. This was the first time I had seen such things; and I henceforward adopted the habit of judging only of what I saw with my own eyes, and appreciated at their proper value the statements of historians, and those conventional truths that are so easily palmed on the public.

These grave thoughts completely altered my views of life and manners; notwithstanding the caprices of fortune I had just witnessed, I determined to brave its rigours, and laid out for myself a rule of conduct having in view my military promotion. I saw but too much, in after times, how chance blindly determines our lot, whatever our resolutions or intrinsic value may be.

CHAPTER IV.

1807—1808. Stay in Italy—Siege of Stralsund—Wischendof—Valdejo—Duel.

It was rare, at this period, for the soldiers who were fit for service to remain long at their depot, and our departure was already talked of. It was still rarer for them ever to return to Paris after they left it. Hence I profited by the opportunity now in my power, an opportunity that might never again occur, of seeing this capital of the world. I explored it in every sense, and saw all that a soldier can see. Unfortunately there existed at that time neither *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin, Hermite de la Guyanne, Hermite du Marais*, nor the *Rôdeur*; how much fatigue and how many journeys these gentlemen would have spared me, by pointing out all that is worthy of a stranger's attention, without ever forgetting the conversations of porters and the refinements of the ladies of the fish-market!

During the few months I remained at the depot, visiting every part of the city in turn, spending the Sundays at the barriers, fighting sometimes, and yet studying pretty attentively my military duties so as to hope for promotion, the year's levy had received sufficient instruction and discipline to join the army. On the other hand, though the French army had entered Berlin after the battle of Jena, war was still going on with Russia and Prussia. None of us would have been sorry to be engaged in it, and it was with pleasure that we saw a detachment, of which I formed a part, ordered to join our regiment in the north of Italy. But, before my departure, and during my stay at Paris, I had several times received news from home by conscripts who came from that part of the country. Miette was still handsome, the conscripts said, and inconsolable for my absence, according to her own letters. My father was as active and kind as ever, which was very evident, by the small remittances he continued to send me pretty regularly; my brother and sister often talked about me to the good women of the village, but my poor mother was daily declining, and had lost all hope of ever seeing me again. In other respects, Sixfour was still the finest place in the world.

We set out to join our regiment on the 20th November, and after forty days' march reached the little town of Rovata, four leagues from Brescia, where were stationed the staff and the *compagnies d'elite*. I was placed on my arrival in the light company of the first battalion. The centre companies were scattered in about twenty villages, at various distances from each other, and had little communication with each other, or with the staff; and the regiment was never assembled, except to perform those grand manœuvres which the viceroy of Italy came often to see performed in the plain of Montechiaro, by the two divisions under his command. The various regiments of which they consisted, received the order the evening before, and set out from their quarters during the night, that they might reach by daybreak the place of meeting, where more than twenty thousand men were assembled.

The prince always inspected the troops before he began to execute manœuvres, and examined with the greatest care the smallest particulars of the soldier's situation. He stopped pretty frequently in the ranks, enquired of the soldiers about the state of their linen, shoes, pay, and clothing, listened to them with patience, replied with kindness, and set their grievances right. I twice saw the princess, his wife, along with him at these reviews, and passing through our ranks by his side. The grand manœuvres and mock fights then began, and were not terminated till night, apparently as much for his own instruction as for ours. After treading, in every sense, the arid and stony plain of Montechiaro, we returned to our quarter, where we scarcely ever remained eight days without being ordered again to the same ground. Except some trifling exercises, we passed the intervals in the most complete idleness.

We passed in this manner the early part of 1807. The regiment formed at that time a part of Molitor's division, and of the corps of observation of the grand army.

At the beginning of April, that division received sudden orders to march to Trente, where it was to receive further instructions. After marching along the banks of the beautiful lake of Garda, and passing through the city of that name, and the towns of Lonado and Peschiera, we arrived in a few days at the capital of the Italian Tyrol, which we found full of troops. Here we made a pretty long stay. At length an order of the day informed us that the division was henceforward to belong to the fourth corps of the grand army, and was to march to Magdeburg. We quickly marched over the German Tyrol, Bavaria, Saxony, and a part of Prussia. We made forced marches, and more than once set out some hours before sun-rise, marched all day, and did not arrive till late at night at the town where we were to halt, and where we stopped only a few hours. At Lansburg, I remember going into a coffee-house with some of my companions, and finding a French newspaper; we laughed heartily at reading in it that Molitor's division was traveling post. It was right: but as we said at the time, *our shoes were our post-chaises*.

These fatigues, which in fact were very great, seemed to me at the moment to be the *ne plus ultra* of a soldier's sufferings. The campaigns I saw afterwards, particularly that in Russia, greatly altered my ideas on the subject. But how rapid soever our movements were, often made in bad weather and along wretched roads, very few soldiers remained behind, owing to the reception we met with in the countries we traversed. The provinces conquered by France, and those which had the honour of being its allies, had long been accustomed to maintain the French regiments that passed through their territory, or who came to garrison it; the practice seemed almost as natural to the inhabitant as to the soldier: the latter took possession of his quarters as if he had been at home, was surprised if dinner was not ready at his arrival, and enquired if by chance he was not expected. The host made excuse, gave him up his best room, and provided him with the best accommodations he could afford; and the next day the soldier met, ten leagues further on, the same attention and obsequiousness, whilst the inhabitant received a new guest equally troublesome with the one he had the evening before, and whom he treated in the same manner. In the countries beyond the Rhine these things went on, not during weeks or months, but during a period of twenty years.

We justly thought that the renown of our arms obtained for us a reception always full of good will and cordiality, often even mingled with marks of the warmest affection and of real enthusiasm. The recollection of our victories, might naturally produce the latter feeling; but resignation to necessity had often the greatest share in the attentions that were paid to us. This we were enabled to appreciate when, after our defeats, we passed through the same countries, which we had so often traversed when on our march to new conquests.

We arrived at Magdeburg at last, in the beginning of July, and learned that the fourth corps was ordered to punish Sweden for its aggressions, and take possession of the city of Stralsund and the rest of Pomerania.

The regiment had a few days repose at Magdeburg, received its camp effects, and was wakened by the drum beating to arms at two o'clock in the morning, on the 7th of July. A suspension of arms had been entered into with Sweden, and expired on the 14th, at mid-day: the same day our corps, consisting of the divisions Loison, Grandjean, Boudet, and Molitor, of a Bavarian corps, and some Italian regiments, and a part of the Spanish corps of Romana, entered Pomerania, and were concentrated on Stralsund, under the command of Marshal Brune. When the different corps had formed their junction, they connected their operations, and marched on the city. About mid-day, our division entered Pomerania by Damgarten, a village not far from Stralsund, and in a few hours we perceived the steeples of the place. Some light infantry soon appeared, but dispersed at the first discharge of musketry. In a short time a large body of English and Swedes, commanded by the king of Sweden in person, seemed desirous of offering some resistance, but they were driven back, and pursued as far as the foot of the ramparts, after a contest of several hours, in which we lost but few men. Gustavus Adolphus commanded the enemy; we were led on by General Boudet.

The French army soon fixed its camp, and the labours of the siege began with great activity, in spite of a continued and very sharp firing from the enemy; numerous redoubts and entrenchments in every direction covered the environs of Stralsund, and began already to extend very near the ramparts in the beginning of August. At that period a chain of the enemy's posts was still placed all round the city, at about a hundred paces from the fortifications; in front of each was a French post, and between them sentinels of each nation, so close to each other that they could have shaken hands.

On the 5th August, I was on guard during the night, and formed part of a post of twelve men, commanded by Sergeant Moutet, my first companion after joining the army. An aide-de-camp came from the marshal to order him to march as soon as he heard the signal given by a cannon-shot fired from the camp, to advance upon the post in front of him, inform the men they must retire into the city, and to fire on them in case of hesitation. All the posts surrounding the city received a similar order, and advanced the moment the cannon-shot was fired at four o'clock in the morning. When the Swedes saw us approaching, they hastily ran to their arms; but Moutet told them to retire, exactly in the tone he would have used in addressing a picket of his own regiment. They seemed at first to understand what was meant, but did not seem decided till they saw we were preparing to fire on them, which we did while they were retreating. At the same moment, the numerous posts round Stralsund executed the same movement; shots were heard on all sides, and continued without intermission, gradually approaching nearer to the place, in proportion as the advanced guards of the enemy retreated.

We soon saw the drawbridges let down to allow the garrison to come out and repel our attack, while several of our regiments had already taken up positions, and were preparing to support us. The second battalion of the 67th, commanded by the intrepid Jacquemet, marched with shouldered arms, in a close column, exposed to a shower of balls that thinned their ranks, and advanced as far as one of the gates of the city, where an aide-de-camp brought the orders to halt, and sent them in another direction. Several battalions were then disposed

as light infantry: we fought in the space included, a few hours before, between the enemy's posts and the place. This spot had not yet suffered the devastation that is inseparable from a siege and a camp, and was covered with charming country houses, English gardens, elegant pavilions, flowers and verdure. In one moment every thing was changed; the dead bodies of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Swedes, and the wounded of both armies, dyed with their blood this spot so agreeable a moment before; and the turf was trodden down in every direction, and was strewed with remnants of cartridges.

At one o'clock the enemy had abandoned their posts, and retired into the city, after losing a great many men. We had pursued them as far as the foot of the fortifications; several of their artillery-men had been killed at their guns on the ramparts by our light infantry; and I was myself put the next morning in the order of the day of our corps, and made a corporal, for having killed one of them at the moment he was going to fire a cannon.

Seven or eight wind-mills were enclosed in the space we had just taken possession of. Whilst the contest was going on, an officer pointed out one to me, and ordered me to take four men with me and set fire to it. We were forced to drive in the door, and were preparing to execute our orders, when we were surprised by the appearance of a woman, about thirty years of age, making a piteous lamentation, followed by two children from five to six years of age. She stretched out her arms in a tone of supplication, and threw herself at our feet; she spoke with a great deal of action, and her animated language and sobs could leave me no doubt as to her meaning, though I did not understand one word of what she said. Assuredly she was imploring me not to destroy this mill, which was perhaps the sole support of the family. It would have been a consolation to me to have made her understand the regret I felt in executing a cruel order, of which I was only the passive instrument: to have told her that it was not in my power to dispense with my orders, and that if I did not obey, other soldiers would soon do it in my place. I wished to persuade her to retire as speedily as possible towards the city, and to take away all she could. But I could not make her understand me; I collected in a corner of the mill some wood and straw, set fire to it, and it soon spread to the building. The poor woman's despair was then at its height. She rolled herself on the ground in convulsions, and wished to throw herself in the flames. Her children raised a terrible outcry, and hung round their mother. But there was fighting going on close to us, balls whizzed round the mill, and several cannon shots from the ramparts went through the building with a terrible crashing; I then laid hold of her, and in spite of her resistance, hurried her rapidly past various parties of our skirmishers, led her beyond the most advanced, to the interval that separated the two armies, showed her the city, and continued to follow her with my eyes till I saw her enter with her children among the enemy's skirmishers.

For some days after this skirmish, our labours were still continued, and our entrenchments extended as far as the foot of the fortifications. Several battalions worked at them night and day, exposed to the fire of the besieged; whilst others under arms were ready to support them, and to oppose any sortie the enemy might attempt to make.

Amidst all this confusion and noise, there still were moments occupied in pleasure and in sports, which Frenchmen seek and find in every situation. The fête of St. Napoleon was celebrated by races, games, dances, and extraordinary distributions. In our regiment, in a theatre hastily erected between the two battalions, our non-commissioned officers performed plays. Without lustres, without curtains, without decorations, but not without spectators, we performed with universal applause, the *Fourberies de Scapin*, followed by the *Retour Imprevu* of Regnard, and the whole terminated by a cantata on the siege of Stralsund, written by one of our sergeants major, set to music by the leader of our band, and sung by the finest voices, and accompanied by the whole musical strength of the regiment.

The same day I was the object of a ceremony, that I cannot pass over without notice. In recompense of my conduct in the action of the 6th of August, I had been proposed to the masonic lodge of the regiment, and my reception was fixed for the day of St. Napoleon; it took place accordingly, with all the splendour circumstances admitted, in a hut about fifteen feet in length and six in breadth, where there was no room to stand up, but which served as the temple notwithstanding. After having made my journeys, which were not very long ones, undergone the trials by fire and water, and the usual tricks, received the signs, words, touches, and other forms, the adjutant, who was our orator, addressed me a very fine speech, in which he explained to me the sublimity of the character I had just obtained, by creating me a child of the true light, and all the happiness that I should thereby derive. I was afterwards present at the dinner, and it may be easily imagined how delighted I was on hearing myself called *brother* by our colonel and the rest of the officers. I retired quite enchanted with masonry, became a zealous partisan of the institution, and long believed that it had some meaning.

Meanwhile, our labours in carrying on the siege were finished; and we began to place pieces of heavy artillery in the redoubts, and there was some talk of an assault, when on the 20th August, after a severe fire on our skirmishers, which had continued all night, the latter perceived in the morning that the sentinels on the ramparts had been relieved, and that the most profound silence reigned in the place. The colonel of the 67th made some of his men swim over the ditches, ordered them to haul down the drawbridge, occupied the gate with a detachment, and sent the marshal information of what was going on. A short time after this, some regiments entered the city and found it abandoned. The garrison and the greater part of the inhabitants had retired to the Isle of Rugen. The English had long before this left the Swedes to take care of their own defence. Marshal Brune sent the inhabitants a proclamation, inviting them to return to their houses, which they hastened to comply with.

On the 7th of September, a descent was made during the night upon the Isle of Rugen; and almost without resistance, the governor of Stralsund, the garrison, and a large body of officers, were taken prisoners. It is well known that peace with Sweden was the consequence of this event, which was followed by the disgrace of Marshal Brune, who had signed the preliminaries in the name of the French armies.

It was not till a fortnight afterwards that the fourth corps left the camp, where we already began to be tired with our situation. It rained incessantly after the taking of Rugen. Our huts had been covered with rye straw, cut while green, and long since dried up, and no longer affording us sufficient shelter. We got nothing but very unwholesome food: thousands of worms, produced by the moisture, destroyed our bread, covered our clothes, and swarmed in the cut and half rotten straw which served us to lie upon. At last an impatiently looked for order of the day announced to the different corps the quarters they were to occupy, and they almost all set out at the same time. Some foolish wit, or rather some evil-disposed person, thought proper to terminate this short campaign in a dramatic manner, by setting fire to the camp the very day we abandoned it.

On our march to Wismar in Mecklenburg, the town assigned to our regiment by the order I have just spoken of, we saw nothing but misery and desolation, the inevitable consequences of a siege or the stay of an enemy's army, till we reached the frontiers of Pomerania. Reibnitz, Damgarten, and the few villages we passed through were almost deserted, and we scarcely felt courage to ask the inhabitants for what we were in need of, they had been long before so completely ruined by requisitions and the passage of troops.

Rostock, the first town we came to in Mecklenburg, and all those we afterwards saw, presented us a very different aspect. All military men who have been in this fine country always remember with pleasure the affability of the inhabitants, and their gaiety, which is somewhat French in its tone; they love the regularity of its small towns, the neatness and taste displayed in the furniture, and the arrangement of even the least wealthy houses; but it is with particular emotion that they recollect the reception we met with wherever we went, and the attachments which every man in the army, from the general officer to the meanest soldier, formed with the amiable females of Mecklenburg.

These pleasures awaited us at Wismar, with which we were enchanted, but where I was not to remain long. Three or four days after our arrival, perhaps twenty detachments of six, ten, twenty, or thirty men, commanded according to their numbers by an officer, non-commissioned officer, or corporal, received at the same time orders to occupy the villages in the neighbourhood of Wismar, and the charge of guarding the coast, in case of an attempt at landing on the part of the English, who had a fleet cruising in the Baltic. I was sent with a detachment of eight men to Wischendorf, a village on the seashore, four leagues from Wismar, and consisting of a very pretty chateau, surrounded by a dozen little houses that belonged to it. I need not say that my soldiers were quartered in the village, and that the commander of the detachment was lodged in the chateau. I was received with much politeness and attention, but with a coldness I should not perhaps have perceived had it continued, and had it not formed a great contrast with the frankness and cordiality shown me a few days after, and kept up towards me during the whole of my stay at Wischendorf. After several interviews with the inmates of the chateau, a sort of intimacy began to arise between them and me. Instead of taking my meals in my room, where I was attended by a servant, they intimated that they would be flattered by my joining the family, and I accepted the invitation with pleasure. I doubtless owed it to the education I had received, that the humble uniform of a corporal was admitted to the table of a German lord. Mr. Hartmann, the baron of Wischendorf, was about fifty years of age, had a fine countenance, and a manner full of grace and dignity. He had been a long time in the army, was a strong admirer of the French nation, of its literature, of its character, and military exploits, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. He had a handsome fortune, of which he made a noble use, and spoke our language with great ease and always with pleasure, as did his wife, his son Charles, and his daughter Frederica.

The large and handsome library of the baron was at my service, and I passed many pleasant hours in it. They were far, however, from possessing the same charms as the company of Charles and his amiable sister, our hunting parties, our journeys in sledges over the snow, and, above all, our evening parties: the voice and the piano of Frederica, the narratives of battles given by M. Hartmann, and the accounts I gave of France, and the dangers I had already encountered, often prolonged them to a very late hour.

It is necessary for me to remember the resolution I adopted, and the promise I made to the reader, not to write on what merely relates to myself, in order to resist the recollections that crowd on my mind, and to pass over in silence the most agreeable period of my military life. I feel the more regret at this, that I am forced to notice only in a very cursory manner the expression of my gratitude, and the affection I shall always preserve for that amiable family.

My duty called me every three or four days to Wismar, but I always came back the same day, for I was always eager to be at Wischendorf. One day I had been detained later than usual, and I was surprised on my road by the approach of night; I hurried forward, and was not more than a mile or two from the chateau when I saw before me a soldier stretched out on the snow. As I approached, he implored my assistance, and told me that he had fallen from his horse, that he suffered great pain from his leg, which he believed was broken; he added that he had become insensible the moment he fell, but had recovered his senses through the severity of the cold, though he was unable to rise up. His horse was at a short distance; I tried to catch him, but could not succeed. I came back to the wounded man, whose language indicated that he belonged to the Spanish troops commanded by Romana. I took him on my shoulders, and carried him to the chateau, where he was received with a cordiality which I expected. He was a cadet serving in a cavalry corps. The village surgeon declared that his leg was only dislocated; and, in fact, in a few days afterwards, Valdejo (that was his name) was going about. His horse had been brought back by a peasant.

Our new guest passed eight or ten days along with us, during which he received from the Hartmann family the most assiduous care and the most delicate attentions. He said again and again that but for my assistance, he should inevitably have died on the highway, from the effects of the cold during the night after the accident.

I should, perhaps, have forgotten this adventure, as well as many others of no greater importance; the recollection of Valdejo himself might have been effaced

WALDIES' SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PART I. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1837. NO. 24.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

from my memory, like that of many others with whom one daily meets upon active service, where one contracts a sort of intimacy which ceases at the moment of separation :—but chance, which had brought me into contact with him, that I might do him a service, made me meet him at a later period, that he might do me a service in his turn.

I need not mention the regret I felt on leaving Wischendorf after a residence of three months. The corps to which I belonged performed a variety of manœuvres, by which the regiment was marched backward and forward to Stralsund, Barth, Rostock, and, in fact, traversed in every direction Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and a part of Prussia. In the beginning of the year 1808, a camp of instruction was formed in the neighbourhood of Stralsund, almost on the same ground which we occupied during the siege. In autumn, we resumed our quarters, our journeys, and the mode of life we had led the winter before; but, in the beginning of 1809, Molitor's division, to which our regiment still belonged, received orders to march, and we soon learned that we were to go to Spain.

In traversing a part of France, we discovered how proud it was of the victories of the grand army. *Fêtes* were given us in every town where we halted; our officers were invited to balls and public dinners. At Besançon the gate by which we entered was changed into a military triumphal arch; the magistrates of the city came out to meet the regiment, and a crown of laurel was placed on our eagle.

At the end of April we arrived at Lyons, where we were to remain till next day. It was Sunday, the greater part of which I devoted to the examination of the second city in France, for I had only slept in it on my way to Italy. I went in the afternoon, with some of my companions, into a grog-shop at Brotteaux. It was full of men belonging to the different corps, particularly of soldiers of the departmental company. When we entered, a very keen discussion had arisen between the latter and some men of our battalion. They were bitterly reproached with the honours they received in every town, and doubts were thrown out concerning the honour which the regiment had acquired in the different actions in which it had been engaged. I had the weakness or the vanity to wish to persuade our opponents that we had done as much as others. Upon this my friend Savournin, sergeant in the battalion, a native of Provence, like myself, and pretty hot-headed withal, cried out, "Even if we had done a great deal less than others, we should at any rate have been of more use than the departmental companies." This was quite enough for these quarrelsome fellows, whose only object was evidently to raise a dispute. I vainly employed a great deal of moderation to prevent a duel, which might become an army question, and lead to interminable quarrels. The more desire I showed of making peace, the more insolence was shown by the other party, and the more impetuosity by Savournin. At last the quarrel rose to such a pitch that there were no means of settling it, and in a quarter of an hour after we were on the ground ready for action, six against six. I have always felt too much repugnance to this sort of things, (in which the truly brave are rarely seen,) to give any particulars of this. Suffice it to say, that in half an hour after I was taken to the hospital with a pretty severe wound. Savournin, on his side, was also wounded, but slightly. I do not mention the much greater injury we did to our opponents. I learned next day that the regiment had received orders that altered its destination.

CHAPTER V.

1809. Colonel Oudet—The Philadelphes—Death of Oudet.

A fortnight had already elapsed since the departure of the regiment, and my regret at not being able to accompany it had been increased, by learning that it was retracing its steps, and marching again towards that Germany, the French soldier's land of promise; but I was pretty well recovered, and I felt myself fit to march, and join my regiment; so I asked the chief surgeon of the hospital for my discharge, which he did not make me wait long for, as he delivered it to me next day, the 18th March. Four soldiers, who left it the same day, were sent with me to New Brisack, where the commissary was to give us further orders. Previous to my departure, I had received news and money from my family, and I had a very agreeable journey, which was much enlivened by one of our companions, an old pioneer, who had survived the wars of the revolution. His never-ending accounts of battles never fatigued us. They were given in such an original and natural way, he mingled such strange reflections with them, that the most terrible circumstances, when told by him, often made us burst into a roar of laughter, while he never for a moment lost his own imperturbable gravity. I was generally quartered along with him, and almost every day, without perceiving the lapse of time, he captivated till midnight the attention of our *peasants*—the name he gave to our host, and to every man not in the army, whatever his rank or fortune might be. War was, in his opinion, the grand object of civilisation; to be able to read and write out a list of a troop, the *ne plus ultra* of knowledge; and the honorary sabre he had received at Marengo, a reward far above all orders, or marks of distinction.

We reached New Brisack on the 6th of April; it was there that I separated from my companions, as we were sent off to join our respective corps. Mine was quartered at Ortenburg, in Bavaria, and I accordingly set off for that place. I marched, without halting, as far as Freiseigen, where I resolved to take some rest.

I had scarcely taken possession of my quarters, when I was told of a soldier who had been there for more than a fortnight, and whom they spoke highly of. I felt but little interest in this; I requested to be left quiet, and to be awakened when dinner was ready. When I went down stairs, the soldier I had been told of was already at table; he turned round when he saw me coming in, and, to the great surprise of our hosts, he rose with great precipitation, and embraced me. It was my friend Savournin, in the uniform of a sergeant major.

During dinner, he informed me that, on his way to join our corps, he had halted at Freiseigen, where he had been urged by some of his old companions to leave it, and to enter a supplementary regiment that was forming at the time, and was to be called the *new ninth* of the line. This corps, recently formed, and with a number of posts not filled up, presented a prospect of promotion which he thought it his duty not to refuse. He concluded by urging me to imitate his example. How strong soever my desire was of rising higher than a corporal, I felt great repugnance to leave my regiment, for, in fact, we soldiers had formed a habit of considering our regiment as our family. But what Savournin told me of the colonel of the ninth, shook my resolution. He described him as a commander desirous of having round him officers and non-commissioned officers, whose knowledge would distinguish his regiment, and be of personal use to him on a day of battle. He told me also that, as the colonel knew how to appreciate services, and was fond of rewarding them, there was every prospect of promotion under his command.

This conversation, which continued till a late hour, made me reflect upon my prospects, and my mind was next day absorbed with the subject, whilst I was looking at the soldiers of the new regiment at their exercise. From the number of new epaulets and shoulder-knots, it was easily seen that plenty of promotions had been made; and all this strengthened the advice given me by Savournin. At that moment the colonel left the burgomaster's house, which was in the grand square, and came up to the different companies that were performing the manual exercise. He was about thirty years of age, of an open and mild, yet martial physiognomy, with a look indicative both of penetration and good nature. His appearance put the seal to Savournin's endeavours. My resolution was formed in an instant; I took advantage of the first moment the colonel was left alone, went up to him, and told him frankly that the account I had received from my friend, the appearance of his men, the impression that he had himself made on my mind, and, lastly, the hope of proper promotion, induced me to ask him for the honour of serving under his command. The singularity of this address, and perhaps the praise I had mingled with it, fixed the colonel's attention. He took me aside, asked me about my education more than my services, about general studies more than the soldier's school; and, being satisfied with my answers, he said to me at length: "Young man, you shall be 'harbinger' in my regiment; no other post is at this moment vacant; but in a short time, if your conduct be correct, I promise you that you shall not be forgotten." I accepted the offer with gratitude; the colonel engaged to get my change of regiment approved of by the minister of war; and that very day I was installed into my new post at the head of a company.

I soon began to think that my days of trial were over, and that the future would be favourable to me. A new campaign had been opened against Austria; the grand army to which we belonged marched with enthusiasm to new triumphs; it was commanded by Napoleon in person. Our regiment was composed of new elements, and aspired to the honour of speedily becoming old in the esteem of the army, and this noble feeling was kept up by our young colonel with a skill that was well fitted to bring about great results. I became his favourite, and, as always occurs when a regiment is newly formed, the non-commissioned officers were almost all employed in writing, he made me his private secretary. This employment attached me still more to him; and I confess that there was something seductive and irresistible in his way that completely fascinated my mind. The sentiment of admiration I felt for him became still stronger, when I represented in my own fancy this young commander on the battle field—every thing in him announced one of those men whom nature seems to have formed for command.

I might give you a more finished portrait of Colonel Oudet, at least gratitude claims it of me; but I am also aware of the renown he obtained, and the reports that were spread of his conduct; I do not wish the justice I render him to have any influence in spreading fables already but too widely circulated.

When we left Freiseigen, the whole regiment was impatient of reaching the theatre of hostilities. We met at Osterhoven the first French troops. During the eight days we remained in that town, we fraternised with several regiments, which were all animated with the same spirit. In those times we marched to battle with a feeling of confidence and of national dignity inspired by fifteen years of victory.

I passed a great part of my time at the colonel's, and had an opportunity of remarking that he enjoyed the same influence over every one that approached him as he did over me and the officers of his own regiment. He was constantly receiving visits from officers of rank, and all showed him profound esteem, and often a degree of respect and deference, for which he was indebted to his superior merit rather than to his rank.

One day I had remained later than usual in the room where the colonel usually sat, when two persons came to see him; they were all three in the next room, which was only separated from mine by a thin partition, so that I could hear all that was said. My attention was first called by hearing Oudet embrace one of them, and address him by the names of colonel and friend, and express his joy at meeting him after such a long absence. The second stranger said very little at first, but when his companion had finished, spoke in a low voice to the following effect: "Colonel Oudet, our friend Chautard was passing through Olmaring, not far from this; I informed him that you were in the neighbourhood, which I learned in my capacity of officer of the staff; I requested him to introduce me to you; I felt the most urgent necessity of seeing you, and your friend seized with avidity an opportunity of embracing you.

"You have not been in the army for some time, and have, perhaps, not remarked all the progress made by the institution you founded seven years ago. The *Philadelphes* prosper and increase; their leaders are at this moment far distant from the army. The *areopagus* has

decided that, in your capacity of founder of the order, you ought to resume the *censorship*. We are desired by them to express to you their desire."

I was greatly struck with this, to me, extraordinary address, and listened with redoubled attention.

Colonel Oudet seemed surprised at this commencement, for it was a moment before he replied—"Gentlemen," said he, "the areopagus honours me more than I merit; there are, in its own bosom, officers of higher rank than mine, and who are well qualified to preside over the institution. I have been but lately recalled to the army, and do not know its elements sufficiently well to take charge of such a heavy burden; I should fear to commit errors, to compromise the safety of the members; I cannot accept the honour they present to me."

Upon this the staff officer and Colonel Chautard urged him very strongly; though I could not make out all they said, it was evident that they were members of an association instituted for the destruction of what they denominated tyranny. I was much embarrassed for them, for Colonel Oudet, and for myself, who thus suddenly became entrusted with their secrets. I recollected that more than one conspiracy had failed through accidents similar to the one that put me so near them; and without wishing to have any responsibility in the whole of this business, my anxiety became greater and greater.

Oudet long resisted the bold appeals of his friend, and the brilliant perspective with which the staff officer attempted to fascinate him. At last their obstinacy restored him to his wonted firmness and decision, and he told them with a moderation, skill, and nobleness of manner that left them scarcely a word to say in reply—"That at the period when he had founded the society of *Philadelphes*, between a few young men, it was an association of friends that he had formed; that enthusiasm had secretly increased afterwards, while despotism had sprung up in the consular government, and the *Philadelphes* had dared to form the project of overthrowing that power, and of restoring France to its republican liberties. At that period, one day might have restored liberty, since one man only was to be destroyed; but five years of a most extraordinary reign, and of glory wholly unparalleled, had altogether changed the ideas of the French. Political parties had been extinguished: almost all the soldiers of the republic were sincerely faithful to the imperial eagles; every man saw in the present war the expiring struggle of the coalition, and the indication of a durable peace,—the assurance that our country was about to make, under the ægis of a great man, the trial of its powers of industry and commerce, which it had been accumulating during a period of twenty years. In this state, what Frenchman could believe that he was called upon to destroy so many hopes, by overthrowing the established government? Doubtless, (concluded Colonel Oudet,) I am a republican, and will die a republican: but I can sacrifice my wishes to the happiness of my country; its glory is secured—its repose is about to commence. Would we stain its glory and endanger its repose by new agitations? The principles of the revolution will spring up in prosperity, and our children will one day establish, without a struggle, that liberty which we could not secure except by shedding torrents of blood. My friends, let us be capable of making a greater effort than the courage of conspiring, that of renouncing projects of which the very success would be disastrous to France."

Colonel Chautard attempted to urge the binding nature of the oaths of the *Philadelphes*. Oudet reminded him that the *Philadelphes* did not in his time take such oaths as he alluded to; that duties change with times and circumstances, and resolutions with the progress of years; that an association of students does not bind a man for the whole of his life. They spoke of Brutus and Cato. He replied that the world had now no need of such ferocious virtues as these ancients displayed. They talked of republics, and mentioned the name of Sparta. He ridiculed the Grecian republics, with the exception of Athens. The liberty he wished for, was one accompanied by all the blessings of civilisation, all the charms of the arts, all the riches of commerce and of science.

Finally, they asked him what was his reply to the proposal of the areopagus—"Tell them," replied he, "that my love for my country forces me to stand firm by the standard of the head of the government, when his march is in all respects favourable to our country; but that if, in future days, he became a despot, I would be one of the first to raise the cry, 'Rise, lovers of your country.'"

The conference broke up, and Colonel Oudet went out with the two officers. I took advantage of his absence to retire; these individuals, so far as I know, never came again.

For some days after this incident, I remarked that an air of thought and anxiety was mingled with the colonel's wonted pleasing smile. I was afterwards told, by a Corsican major retired from the army, that reports were spread among the troops that Oudet was at the head of a secret association. I have been told that a lady, at that time possessed of great beauty and influence, asserted that the staff officer I spoke of had carefully spread this belief in the army, for the purpose of forcing the discontented to show themselves. At the very time he was taking advantage of their credulity, it is said that he obtained a secret interview with the emperor, and discovered to him all the plans of the association. Napoleon listened with great anxiety to every thing that was reported of Oudet. When he was told of his refusal to join the party, and ascertained that it was sincere, he resumed his serenity of countenance, and said, with a smile, that the association *was nothing more than a club of college companions*. But he too fully appreciated the merit of such conduct to allow it to remain unrewarded. In fact, a month had not expired when the colonel was promoted to the rank of general, the very evening before the battle of Wagram; yet the regiment had been doing nothing but marching and countermarching since the opening of the campaign, and had not even been engaged in the bloody engagement of Essling.

This unlooked-for promotion seems to me to be a sufficient proof that the emperor had been informed, as I learned afterwards, of Oudet's refusal. I was even then satisfied of the falsehood of the report circulated of his participation in the plans of the secret society at that period: and every thing combines to show the error of those who have maintained that he was completely disgraced at that very time. Perhaps I have already said too much upon this part of Colonel Oudet's life; but so many reports have been spread in the army about his conduct, after the battle of Wagram, that I have thought it my duty to state the above mentioned particulars, which chance brought to my knowledge.

The new rank he had just obtained, was a sure sign of the promotion that would be made of every man of merit in his regiment, because, previous to the battle of Wagram, General Oudet had not been employed on services conformable to his rank, and because he still continued to command the *ninth*. These arrangements, the numerous promotions going on among the superior officers, the concentration of the army, every thing announced an approaching engagement. It was the battle of Wagram.

It is not to be expected that I can give the particulars of this action, which was fought on the 6th of July, 1809. Besides, all that I know of it is limited to a very few things. In these grand movements, when generals can scarcely tell whether they are on the right or on the left wing of the army, what can a non-commissioned officer know? All that I can say is, that, on leaving the Isle of Lobau, and in the plain at whose extremity Vienna is situated, our regiments were crowded upon each other like men of the same column, and that on the day of the battle I was present at the most brilliant review I ever saw in my life.

In the morning, the emperor rode along the lines, and was hailed with loud acclamations by the soldiers; but the splendid staff that surrounded him, and the enthusiastic shouts that burst forth at his approach, pointed him out to the enemy, and exposed him to great danger, till an order was sent to the troops not to hail him as he passed along.

It is well known how the emperor allowed the enemy to make several attempts on his flanks, till about ten o'clock in the morning, when he ordered a grand movement upon the Austrian centre, which decided the fate of the battle. Our regiment was in the left wing, which was commanded by Massena; it was against it that the enemy made their strongest attacks, when they wished to cut us off from our communications with the Isle of Lobau. We had to sustain and drive back several charges of cavalry, that caused us the loss of a great many men. Our colonel was twice wounded. He was wounded in the thigh with a lance, and forced to leave the field of battle for a few minutes; but the moment he was dressed, he came back to resume his post.

The action had terminated; it was early in the day, and we were close to the gates of Vienna, which had for several days been in the hands of the French; we expected we should enter it ourselves in the course of the day, and enjoy the repose we had so much need of, when the regiment received orders to move forward on the right beyond Ebersdorf, to secure the movements of a part of the army, and to follow the enemy in their rapid retreat. We armed ourselves with patience, and set out. Night began to set in. We were to meet on our march with two or three regiments that had been called off from their positions, to whom we were to transmit orders to march back, and combine their movements with ours; but they had set off before we arrived, and we did not come up with them. Night had come on; though we were full of confidence, as the enemy had been in full retreat since the middle of the day, yet we marched forward with the usual precautions. It was about eleven o'clock; we had just left the plain, and were entering upon some broken ground that was slightly hilly, when, on turning round a tuft of trees, we were hailed by several Austrian advanced posts, and all at once received a very sharp fire from every direction. We soon recovered the shock; our colonel displayed equal coolness and judgment, and led us on to the charge in the direction from which the hottest fire had come. We overthrew without difficulty the battalions placed on this spot, and continued our march forward; but a skirmish was not enough for us, others of the Austrian troops assembled to support the first; we were soon surrounded on all sides, and discovered too late that we had fallen into the very midst of a division of the enemy's army. They formed round us a wall of fire and bayonets, which we fruitlessly attempted to break through. Twenty times were we thrown back upon the hollow ground where we had been surprised. The colonel hoped that the noise of our firing would bring up the regiments that ought to have occupied the same position as ourselves; but they had joined the main body of the army, and we remained isolated. Meanwhile, every discharge of musketry brought down whole ranks, and we were called upon to surrender. It was then that, formed in a square, and covering the eagle with our bodies, we heard Oudet exclaim, "On the day of a grand victory, in which it had the glory of concurring, the ninth regiment will not dishonour its eagle by surrendering. My lads, we will all conquer or die—*Vive l'empereur!*" This rallying word we each of us shouted with fury, we rushed upon the enemy, who gave way; but we were again thrown back upon the little wood where the enemy's troops rested. In a few moments, the greater part of those whom the great battle had spared, were cut down in the ambuscade. Some few of us still stood by the colonel, who was covered with wounds, and seemed no longer animated with the hopes of safety, but merely with the necessity of dying worthily. Not one of the enemy dared to approach us. Our fire had almost ceased, and we received in silence and resignation the shots that were fired at us at a distance of only twenty paces; the colonel then took the eagle of the regiment, pulled it from the staff, and, after making a small hole in the ground with a pioneer's hatchet, put into it our rallying signal, to prevent it falling into the enemy's hands. On the same spot, and at the same moment, I fell senseless on the ground—I was wounded by a musket-shot in the breast.

The coldness of the morning air revived my senses for a moment. When I opened my eyes, I saw the dead bodies of my companions around me. Two entire battalions of the regiment lay dead beside me, and the colonel was in the midst of them. The Austrians had retreated, and the silence around me was only broken by the groans of the dying. I again became insensible, and had not fully recovered my recollection, till I was taken to the *ambulance*. At daylight several regiments had hastened towards the spot where they had heard firing during the night; but all the assistance they could give was to save the wounded, and this, unfortunately, was not a hard task, for the greater part had lost all their blood during the night, and expired towards morning.

The assistant surgeon who dressed me, assured me

that my wound was not dangerous, and that I should soon get over it. As the same thing is said to every wounded man, to those even who are on the point of expiring, I had no great reason to be satisfied on this account; but the tone in which it was said, and his manner of dressing me, and more than all, a certain presentiment, which I felt on more than one important occasion, made me trust in his words; hence my wound did not make more impression on me than a similar event usually does on a soldier's mind.

The day after I was sent to the ambulance, it was visited by the emperor, accompanied by Massena and two or three general officers; he was a quarter of an hour in visiting our ward. A calm and satisfied look shone on his countenance; he had no sword, and had under his arm his hat full of gold coin. He stopped at every bed, said something to every patient, enquired about his wound, and before going further, threw on the bed two or three Napoleons, according to the patient's rank. When he left our ward, we made an effort to rise up on our beds, in spite of the sufferings we felt, and saluted him with acclamations which he received with a smile of kindness and good will, casting a last glance round the hall before he went out. It was thus that the emperor inspired the soldier with enthusiasm.

On the same day, Savournin came to see me; our third battalion, to which he belonged, had remained with the main body of the army, and had not been engaged in the ill-fated action of Ebersdorf. My friend was profoundly afflicted at the disaster our regiment had sustained. As soon as I embraced him, I mentioned my regret at the colonel's death. "He is not dead," said he, "but there are small hopes of saving him. He is in an adjoining ward, covered with wounds, and surrounded by his own men. I have obtained leave to attend upon him, and have only left him for a moment, for the purpose of seeing you."

On the third day, Savournin came and informed me that the colonel was dying, and that no hopes remained. I would absolutely see him; Savournin called a soldier, and they two assisted me in getting up, and supported me as far as his bed. He knew me, as I perceived by the painful smile on his countenance; I saw but too clearly, at the very first glance, the truth of Savournin's statement. Colonel Oudet was losing his blood by a wound in the breast, which had broken open again that morning; and it was in vain that he had till this moment tried to conceal his weakness and his sufferings: his strength declined every moment, and the marks of dissolution already began to disguise the beauty of his martial figure. He seemed to recover for a moment; I was standing beside his bed; he stretched out his hand to me, and, as I pressed it, several men of the *ninth* collected round us, he made a last effort to address us, and said: "My fellow soldiers, I shall not have time to recommend you to the emperor; I hope that he will learn your conduct, and will fully reward it. This is my consolation on leaving you." He added some unconnected words, and expired. By the universal regret expressed by those present, on this melancholy occasion, it was easy to discern what were the colonel's merits, and the affection borne to him by his regiment.

I was led away, or rather carried back to my bed. Savournin was full of sombre despair, and left me without saying a word; I scarcely thought of retaining him, I was so painfully affected at the melancholy scene I had just witnessed.

The next day, at the hour when the sad ceremony was to be paid to my colonel, I crawled to the window to see him carried by. He was to be buried in the garden, belonging to the house that served us as a hospital. The persons present were all soldiers, most of them wounded. Whilst they were lowering him into the grave, the company crowded round; my eyes were fixed on this motionless group, when all at once some unforeseen event seemed to throw it into confusion. They rushed towards one spot, and I saw some one carried away. My uncertainty was not of long duration, for I learned in a few minutes afterwards that Savournin, rendered desperate by his sorrow at the colonel's loss, and perhaps disgusted with a life in which all his best founded hopes vanished one after another, had thrown himself on the point of his sword, beside the grave of Oudet.

Thus I lost at the same moment a friend and a protector; I was again thrown back among the crowd, without hopes of reward for my past services, without being able to flatter myself with meeting another commander who would do me justice. I had reckoned on the future so confidently, that I remained for some time completely discouraged, and foresaw not that any event could ever place me in a position equally advantageous. Besides, I knew, as every one else did, that our commanders treated us as they were themselves treated by the emperor; success was all in all in the army; courage in misfortune was held of no avail; and as ostentation made promotion and reward to be publicly distributed to every regiment, immediately after an engagement, the absent had seldom any share.

CHAPTER VI.

1809—1810. Entrance into Spain—The guerrillas—Arrival at Cabrera.

I very soon perceived that the surgeon had not deceived me, when he said that my wound was not dangerous, for it healed without difficulty; I was fully convalescent in a month, and would certainly have been so much sooner, had not the deaths of the colonel and my friend, and my anxiety about my future lot affected me with a deep melancholy, and a moral uneasiness that delayed my cure. The ambulance to which I belonged, was twice sent to different villages, and consequently I had been removed with the rest of the wounded to considerable distances, which produced a violent shock upon my health. I was at Etzertorff on the 15th of August, and began to rise and walk about. I was put on full rations, and was informed that I should receive leave to quit the hospital in a few days.

The regiment that I had left to enter into the 9th, was at Getzendorf, three leagues from the village where I was; it had lost a great many men at the battle of Essling and Wagram. The colonel and major, ten or twelve officers, and the half of the non-commissioned officers and privates, had been killed. The vacancies were already beginning to be filled up; and a major of the young guard had just been appointed colonel. I knew not where was the surviving battalion of the 9th, whose buttons I had not yet put on; I knew nobody in it; I had no protector there, and was ignorant even if its wrecks would still continue to form the skeleton of a regiment, or would not shortly be dispersed among the different corps. I was, it is true, put on the rolls of the ambulance as belonging to the 9th; but I felt no inclination whatever to join it; and at any rate I resolved to take a walk over to Getzendorf, which I was permitted to do by the head surgeon. I saw the colonel, told him under what circumstances I had left the regiment he commanded, and showed him my desire of entering it again. He asked what company I had belonged to, and told me to come back in an hour. On seeing him again, I perceived that the enquiries he had made concering me were far from being unfavourable. He told me that there were still two posts of harbinger vacant, of the five that were killed at Wagram, and that I should enter in this capacity, among the light company of the second battalion. He gave me, for the director of the ambulance, a letter pretty much in the style of an order, desiring him to send me to his regiment, as soon as I left his care.

A soldier sees too many events for them to produce a very durable impression on his mind; even that produced by the memorable skirmish of Ebersdorf, began gradually to be effaced from my memory; and in the end of August, I joined my corps, and assumed my functions of harbinger. These were not very troublesome, in a country where the soldier was lodged, boarded, and almost entirely maintained by the inhabitants, received no rations or allowances, and was whole months without receiving a farthing of his pay. Hence our accounts did not occupy much of our time; our exercise occupied us but a short time, and in comfortable quarters the polite attentions of the Germans, and particularly of the German females, made us soon forget all our fatigues. The different regiments were soon placed again on their full war establishment, the men perfectly equipped; and the army, recovered from its fatigues, became proud and audacious, full of devoted obedience, and of that thoughtlessness of the future then justified by so many victories.

The peace which had just been signed between the two sovereigns, and the report that was circulated of an alliance that was to render it perpetual, increased the good intelligence in which we lived with our guests. Towards the end of 1809, the army made a few movements, and some corps changed their positions; we occupied successively a number of villages in the environs of Vienna, and found every where the same reception, the same eager attentions.

We felt the more inclined to enjoy the comforts of our situation, as we were well assured that we should not enjoy them long. Besides, even comforts would soon have seemed insipid to us; people accustomed to such long and frequent marches necessarily became soon tired of repose. This, doubtless, Napoleon knew, for he was always ready to break the monotony of a life that might have seemed to us too uniform, and to supply us with objects of novelty and amusement. He doubtless thought we should see Spain with pleasure, and determined on sending us thither.

On the 15th November, in the evening, the regiment received orders to march; on the 16th, at five o'clock in the morning, I was already on the road, with my companions the harbingers, under the command of a non-commissioned officer, for the purpose of preparing quarters on our march. It would appear, that the delicate attention was paid us, of shortening the pain of our adieus with the kind-hearted Austrians and their amiable partners, whose recollection was deep in our minds for two or three days' march.

The list of the places we were to march through, did not go so far as Spain; but the direction we took and the political affairs of the time left us no doubt on the subject. At any rate, we cared no more about going to Spain than any where else; but as we had set out for it, we wished to go thither. We had been on the way to it seven or eight months before, but we had been countermarched for a short time, to win three or four battles and take a capital.

We took double marches, and halted only a few times to be inspected; and after marching through Austria and Piedmont, and traversing the south of France, we entered Spain by the valley of Aran, in the beginning of January, 1810. We had passed through Orange, which is no more than twenty-five or thirty leagues from Toulon. This neighbourhood, the air of Provence, the dialect of the inhabitants, awakened my affection for my native spot, which I had not seen for four years; I could have been there in three days, passed as much there, and, after embracing my family and friends, still have joined my regiment before it entered Spain—and assuredly I should have been at my post on the day appointed. It may be easily imagined how desirous I was of such an occurrence. During the two or three days, in which we traversed Upper Provence and the Comtat, I suffered greatly from my painful reflections. But I knew too well the state of things, even to dare to ask permission to take a journey that would have afforded me so much happiness, and which would, as I thought, have increased my zeal for the service. The colonel would have been unwilling to take upon himself the responsibility of granting me leave at such a moment, and it was too late to ask it from the minister of war. I was obliged to give up the idea, but it was not without great sorrow. My friends perceived it: for several days together their jokes and gaiety I could not endure; I took no share in their always spirited conversation; I did not mix with them at all, but walked a short distance behind them, a prey to my own melancholy reflections.

By the wretched state of the roads, and the filthiness of the villages and the inhabitants, more perhaps than our march through the Pyrenees, we perceived that we had crossed the frontiers. France and Spain are joined together like the two halves of those masks, called *night and day*, the one black, and the other white, without any intermediate shades. The bad humour of our hosts, rather than their language, soon told us that we were in an enemy's country; they pretended that we were carrying on an unjust war against their country. This we had nothing to do with; soldiers are not fitted for meddling with such sort of things.

After crossing the Pyrenees, we remained for sometime at Puertolas where we learned that the third corps, commanded by marshal Suchet,* was master of almost

* Then commander in chief in Spain; he was made a marshal and Duke of Albufera after this period.—*Editor.*

the whole of Arragon, and of a part of Catalonia; and we flattered ourselves with the idea of aiding to take the remainder.

On the 15th of January, the regiment received orders to march; we passed through Arragon by short marches, crossed the Ebro at Alborga, and remained a few days at Galba. The general opinion was that the marshal was preparing to besiege Valencia, and that we were to form a part of the troops employed. A few days after our arrival at Galba, an order of the day informed us that about four thousand men belonging to our corps had met, between El Povo and Terruel, the Spanish corps of general Villa Campa, and had defeated them, after an engagement, where the latter suffered a great loss. This we were not surprised at: to tell us at this period that a French corps had met the enemy, was saying enough; the rest was a matter of course.

We left Galba a few days after hearing this news, persuaded that we were going to support and follow up the successes of the troops ahead of us. As the country we passed through had been already occupied by the French, I went forward along with the harbingers of the two battalions, accompanied by an escort to prepare quarters for our respective companies. The morning of the day at which we were to arrive at Terruel, my companions had already been gone half an hour before I reached the guard-house, our usual place of meeting. I was obliged to set out with only two soldiers of my company, who were along with me; and we hurried forward in the expectation of speedily coming up with the other harbingers. The little we had heard of the war in Spain, and the guerrillas, gave us no desire of marching in such small numbers; we had already met some peasants, whose answers informed us that our companions were far ahead of us; and in spite of our strong desire of continuing our journey, we were obliged to halt about eight o'clock, at a wretched tavern on the road, to take some refreshment. At nine o'clock we were again on our route; my two men were about a hundred paces in front of me, and I was hurrying forward to join them, when I heard some shots in front. I rushed forward, and was soon able to distinguish, at the turn of the road, about thirty persons shouting violently, and in the greatest confusion. I stopped for an instant to examine what could be the matter, when seven or eight individuals left the crowd, and hastened towards me. I had not time to think that I was about to be attacked, when I was struck, disarmed, and led, or rather dragged, towards the main band, in the midst of whom I was thrown with violence. The first object that struck me, was one of my soldiers horribly mutilated, and with his head separated from his body: the other with his clothes torn to pieces, bloody, and covered with wounds, still struggled against the blows that were showered on him, and which seemed to be given so as to make his sufferings more lingering. I was soon exposed to similar blows myself, and some strokes of the butt-end of a musket were the commencement of the treatment reserved for me; I expected nothing but death, when suddenly one of the individuals pronounced some Spanish words, which made the rest retire a few paces; he came up to me bluntly, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and asked me in very good French, if I did not recognise him. I had not had much time to look at him till this moment. I did so now, and after a moment's hesitation I remembered having seen, and even having been acquainted with him, but where or under what circumstances I could not recollect. It was only necessary for him to mention his name, to recall them to my mind in a moment. It was Valdejo, the young Spanish volunteer of the corps of Romana, to whom I had been of service when I was stationed at Wischendorf, in Mecklenburg.

We did not remain ten minutes, after the skirmish I have just mentioned, on the spot where it had taken place. I should have liked that these guerrillas had stopped a little longer, as I was certain that the advanced guard of our regiment would be up in two hours, and might deliver me. Valdejo ordered it otherwise; he commanded his men to march; they left the high road, threw themselves to the right, through fields at first, and then entered upon a wretched path, which led I knew not where. We had left on the road the body of the soldier who had been killed. The other, who for a long time was exposed to the inhuman cruelty of our guides, was covered with deep wounds, and could scarcely keep up with us; but they now began to pay some attention to him, and to spare him from further suffering; they even halted in a wood to dress his wounds. Valdejo, notwithstanding the marks of friendship he had shown me, did not think proper to restore my arms, but marched alongside of me, at the head of his little band. He repeatedly expressed to me, how happy he felt in having met with me, for he said, that if I had fallen into the hands of any other partisan chief, I should have assuredly been massacred. He informed me, that some time after the return of Romana's corps to Spain, he felt disgusted with the army, in consequence of the ill treatment he met with from his captain, had obtained leave to quit his regiment, and had retired to Tierga, a village in Arragon, where his family had large estates; but that in a short time the aspect the war assumed, the desires of his relations, and especially of his uncle the priest, had prevailed on him to enter anew upon the career of arms, and that he was one of the officers of the partisan leader Porlier, whom he was preparing to join. He assured me that I might be tranquil about my safety; that, so far from allowing the smallest injury to be done me, he was ready to do for me every thing in his power; but at the same time, his devotion to his country imperiously forbade him to give me my liberty; that he would, consequently, leave me at the first depot for prisoners we should meet on our route, where he would take care to procure me all the comforts that he was able.

After marching till four o'clock in the afternoon, we halted at a solitary farm-house to pass the night. The inhabitants came several times and thrust their fists in my face, and would not have been satisfied with this, had not Valdejo got at last seriously angry, and threatened to draw his sabre in my defence. My soldier died the same evening from the effects of his wounds.

We again set out the next morning at daybreak. Valdejo informed me, that unless unexpected circumstances occurred, we should sleep at La Puebla, where he hoped to meet Porlier and the main body of his troops, that was, if the march of the French army had not forced them to move in another direction. We followed for several hours a well-beaten path. About ten in the morning, we found on the road the hat of a French non-commissioned officer, covered with mud, and with the plate torn off. A little farther, we saw the epaulets of a light infantry officer, a gun-stock, and the bandrol of a cartridge box cut in two by the stroke of a sabre, and stained with blood. The band stopped a moment to look at these things, and then continued their march. We had not gone thirty paces farther before we saw, stretched across the path, the body of a French soldier, mutilated in a manner equally indecent and horrible. Two others were hanging on trees, and bore the marks of cruel and protracted torments; a fourth, with his head cut off, was hung up by one of his feet. If the Spaniards who escorted me, could not refrain from displaying the ferocious joy they felt at such a sight, it was entirely impossible for me to repress a burst of horror and indignation, for which I was on the point of being massacred. Valdejo had again a great deal of trouble to save me from the ferocity of his companions. These things announced to me a melancholy lot for the future, and I thought with deep depression of mind, upon all the misery that awaited me, when I should be delivered up to Spaniards who had no former connection with me, and who would consequently treat me as they were in the habit of treating every Frenchman whom chance placed in their merciless hands.

In the evening we reached La Puebla, where Porlier came to meet us with some of his officers; here I encountered further danger, from the guerrillas themselves, and from the mob who followed them, and vented their opprobrious epithets at me. I was protected, as I had hitherto been, by the friendship of Valdejo; and I was even treated, on his account, with a sort of good will by the officers of his corps. He remained two days at La Puebla, during which I lodged with him and scarcely ever left his side. On the second evening he informed me, that he was ordered by Porlier to go to Palma, on a secret mission, that he would set out next morning with four men only; and that I was to go with him to form part of the depot of French prisoners of war at Majorca.

We took mules and a guide. Valdejo paid liberally wherever we went, and displayed a gaiety and good humour, which he fruitlessly attempted to make me share in. We slept on the first evening at Alventosa, on the second, at Almonacir, both miserable villages, as poor and as filthy as all those I had already seen in the filthy kingdom of Spain, and where, though we paid a high price, we could not obtain any thing eatable, at least for a Frenchman. At Castelon de la Plana, a small seaport, which we reached on the third day, Valdejo wished to take advantage of a settled southwest wind, and immediately bargained with the captain of a pink, that was about to weigh anchor, to convey us to Palma, and we arrived at that place the next morning at daybreak.

Whilst Valdejo was busy in fulfilling the objects of his mission, he advised me to walk about and visit the town, always attended, however, by two of his men. I learned that all the French prisoners who had lately been in this place, had been sent to Cabrera, a small island in the neighbourhood, and that there remained in Majorca only a few officers on parole. I had plenty of time during two days to visit the town, which is handsome and well built. It was not till the second evening that Valdejo, who since our arrival had scarcely shown himself at the inn where we lodged, informed me that he was to set out again for the kingdom of Valencia the following evening, and that he would come beforehand and accompany me on board a brig, that was to set out at ten o'clock in the morning, to convey provisions to the prisoners of Cabrera, whom I was to join.

The expectation of my departure awoke me earlier than usual. Valdejo had settled the business he came on, and had received a supply of money. We took a parting breakfast, as plentiful as delicate, and at the close he would absolutely make me accept some doubloons; but I thanked him for his kind offer, and showed him that I had still plenty of money, as I had not been plundered by his soldiers. We then went on board the brig, into which I put some provisions, which I thought right to take with me in case of need. My Arragonese friend seemed to part from me with regret; and, for myself, I had too much reason to be satisfied with his conduct towards me, not to assure him how desirous I was that some opportunity might arise of reciprocating the favours I had received; we promised each other that in case the chances of war brought us again into contact, we should do each other every service in our power, that was not inconsistent with our duty and our fidelity to our colours.

I was given in charge of the captain of the brig, who was to convey me to my destination: at half past ten the vessel weighed anchor, and at two in the afternoon we were in sight of Cabrera.

When we approached the coast, we saw the rocks on the shore crowded with people; I could soon distinguish the persons individually, who had their eyes fixed upon us, and seemed to follow our movements with anxious care. I examined them in my turn, without being able to account for the scene before me; at last a sudden impulse which struck me with astonishment and stupefaction, told me that the men before me were Frenchmen, whose lot I was come to share. Many of them were quite naked, and as black as mulattos, with beards fit for a pioneer, dirty and out of order; some had pieces of clothing, but they had no shoes, or their legs, thighs, and part of their body, were bare. The number of these new companions of mine I estimated to be about five or six thousand, among whom I at last saw three with pantaloons and uniforms still almost entire; the whole body were mingled together on the rocks and the beach, were shouting with joy, beating their hands, and following us as we moved along. I supposed that the arrival of provisions was the cause of their running to the shore, but other objects soon called my attention; the ground a little way from the shore was covered with groups of huts, pretty much like those we are wont to have in our camps, but neither so regular nor so clean. In front of one of these rude constructions, on a pine tree, about fifteen feet high, crossed over at top by a bar, was attached a man completely naked, and making the most violent efforts. For what reason had he been put there? This was one of the first questions I resolved to ask on my arrival at Cabrera. I shall explain it a little further on.

The brig came at last quite close to the shore, and was fastened to a rock, and a plank was put out for us to land. About twenty prisoners only were allowed to come on board, while a file of thirty Spaniards were drawn up on the shore, and were ready to fire on any of the rest who should make any sign of coming too near. The provisions were landed on the shore by the prisoners who were allowed to approach; I also landed, and in

about an hour after the brig was under weigh, and was speedily out of sight.

An immense semicircle was formed round the spot where the bread and meat had been deposited. Ten or twelve persons were in the centre; one of them had a list in his hand, and called out successively for the different divisions to come forward, and likewise cried out their respective numbers. Three or four men then came forward, received the rations allotted to their mess, and carried them away; the private divisions were then made among themselves. I should not give a just idea of the manner in which the distribution was made, by saying that the utmost order and regularity prevailed; it was more than order, it was a kind of solemn and religious gravity. I doubt if the important and serious duties of ambassadors and ministers of state have ever in any country been fulfilled with such dignity as was shown on the countenances, and in every movement, of the distributers. Bread seemed to be a sacred object, the smallest morsel of which could not be secreted without committing a heinous crime; the smallest pieces which had been broken off in the conveyance were gathered with care and respect, and placed on the heap to which they belonged. I was busily engaged in surveying this singular ceremony, and took no share in it myself; I did not know whom I was to apply to for rations, which I had an equal claim to with the rest; hence I was soon left alone, for every one went off with his supply. This, however, I was not much concerned at; I had four loaves in my knapsack, two pounds of salt beef, and a bottle of rum; with these I could do till the next distribution of provisions. I wandered up and down the shore with a staff in my hand, and my knapsack on my back, and I was thinking of walking into the interior of the island, when I was addressed by some of the prisoners, and in a few minutes surrounded by a considerable crowd. The distribution of provisions had been a matter of too great importance for them to pay attention to me at first; but it would seem, after the staff of life, what they loved most was to hear news of their native land. I was overwhelmed with questions about the situation of various regiments, but above all of the state of France, and the affairs of the Peninsula. I told them all I knew. Several times, when I was speaking of our late victories, my voice was drowned by shouts of joy, mingled with expressions of courage, national pride, and vengeance.

All at once, an individual rushed through the crowd, crying out, "It is Guillemard!" forced his way to me, and eagerly embraced me. I had some difficulty in recognising him; it was Ricaud, a sergeant in the 9th regiment, like me one of the survivors of the action of Ebersdorf. He had no shirt, and wore pantaloons of sail cloth, cut off at the knees, and leaving his legs bare; a piece of a very scanty waistcoat, and shoes made from a collection of soles, tied round the ancle with strings—somewhat like the sandals worn by the ancients—completed his costume.

As soon as I had no more news to tell, the circle was broken up, and the crowd dispersed. Ricaud took me by the hand, and led me to a sort of a hut about three feet high, which he occupied along with three others, and invited me to sleep there till I had procured a place for myself. We took supper in front of the hut; I gave Ricaud and his companions the provisions I had brought, which we partook of along with a part of what they had received. We conversed for a long time; night came on, and we lay down on a small spot of dry grass that formed the floor of our dwelling, into which we could only enter one after another, with great difficulty, by creeping on our bellies.

I was very tired, and soon fell into a sound sleep, but it did not last long. Towards midnight, torrents of cold water poured down on my face and body, and made me start up with alarm. A storm prevailed over the island; the thunder rolled without intermission, and a heavy rain, mingled with hail, poured upon us, while a furious hurricane blew over the island. The roof of our hut was made of grass and reeds, and could not hold out long against such an attack; it was soon pierced through in every direction, and the hut itself became a puddle, in which we lay engulfed. The oaths of my companions were soon added to the war of the elements. To our infinite misfortune, the hut had been made to hold no more than four, and we were now five in number, and could not move without hurting each other. When discontent prevails, any pretext is laid hold of; one of my hosts abused Ricaud, and reproached him for having invited a stranger who had increased the inconvenience of their situation. The latter gave him a sharp reply, and tried to make him hold his tongue. They swore at each other for a while, and would not have stopped there, had they been able; but the hut was not high enough for any one to rise up, even on his knees, and it was impossible to get out till the man nearest the hole had crept out. After a great deal of noise, it was settled that they were to fight next day. The rain ceased, and we again fell asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

1810. Prison depot of Cabrera.

The sun had just risen, when Ricaud roused me to request I would act as his second. I was not in one of those beds from which one rises with reluctance. Our dressing arrangements were soon made, and as we had entered our hut the evening before, head foremost, and were unable to turn ourselves, we crawled out one after another, feet foremost, resting upon our heels and elbows.

After drinking some rum with Ricaud and his antagonist, I tried to bring about a reconciliation; but they told me that it was of no use, and both declared that the thing must be done. I was too well acquainted with military customs to make any attempt at combating a reason so peremptory. Besides, I had no great fears of the result of the duel; I presumed that the shadow of a sword, sabre, or pistol, was not to be found in the whole island; and I fancied that these worthies were going to have a game of fisticuffs, in imitation of the ancient Romans, to whom they already bore so much resemblance. But I soon saw that a determined mind will always find means to accomplish its purposes. Before setting out, Ricaud said that as he was the person insulted, he had the choice of weapons, and wished to fight with *scissors*. "You know," said Lambert, a corporal of a regiment I have forgotten the name of, "that I am unacquainted with the point, so that if we wish to fight on equal terms, let us draw *the razor*." This sadly puzzled me, for I had no idea of the matter. Ricaud was determined to have the scissors; Lambert would not give up the razors, so that they were forced to draw lots, when the latter gained his point.

He left us and returned in about a quarter of an hour with a pair of English razors. During his absence Ricaud had instructed me concerning the manner in which they were going to fight, and the kind of duels that daily took place at Cabrera. Sometimes they fixed the halves of scissors at the end of long sticks, and used them as swords; at other times they used knife blades, razors, and sometimes even awls, and sail-makers' needles.

We took two sticks about an inch thick, and three feet long, and prepared to fix the razors on them. But as we had not what was necessary for the purpose, we went to the bazar to buy some articles. This was the market for the prisoners. It was situated at a spot honoured with the name of the Palais Royal, surrounded by ten or twelve huts, and containing as many stalls, some in the open air, others with a slight covering, with one end fixed to the ground, and the other supported by two poles. Here were sold bread, some salt fish, scraps of cloth, thread, needles, wooden forks and spoons; the various produce of the industry of the prisoners; pepper, twine, and other articles in the smallest quantity, for one could buy a single thread, a scrap of cloth no bigger than one's hand, and even a pinch of snuff, three of which cost a sous. I remember a Polish officer who owed nine pinches, and the shopkeeper refused to give him any more credit.

We bought two bits of twine, and after fixing on the weapons, we hastened to the cemetery. It was on a hill about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Palais Royal. Since the arrival of the prisoners at Cabrera, they had uniformly chosen this spot as a place of rest for those who had sunk under their misery, or who had fallen by the hands of their companions; it was there that they also met to settle their differences in single combat.

When we reached the ground, I again, for form's sake, spoke about making the matter up. When I saw they were determined on fighting, I told them that as I was the first cause of the quarrel, it was for me to uphold it, and take Ricaud's place. Neither he nor his adversary would agree to this, and I saw myself forced at last to give them up the weapons, which I had carried till now. Ricaud threw off his waistcoat; and as Lambert had nothing but pantaloons on, he was soon ready. They put themselves in a fighting attitude, and both displayed great coolness and courage. Lambert was much the stronger of the two, and my friend required all his skill to parry the thrusts that were aimed at him; the razor flourished round his head and shoulders without intermission, and struck him at last on the chin. He made a furious thrust in return, but fortunately it did not reach its object fully, though it made a pretty scratch on Lambert's nose. We rushed between them when blood began to flow; we separated them and made them shake hands; as their wounds were not of much consequence, we all returned to breakfast together in front of our hut.

I began to feel a great liking for Ricaud, who had offered me with the most cordial frankness every little service that was in his power; I was desirous of becoming acquainted with the island, which I was probably destined to inhabit for a long space of time; and after breakfast we set out to visit it together.

Cabrera is nothing but a calcareous rock, about a league long, the very irregular coasts of which form two little bays, one situated on the north, the other to the south. At the entrance of the former was an old dilapidated castle, whose roof had long been destroyed; yet some French officers, who had passed some months at Cabrera, had made some of the rooms fit to be inhabited; and at the period of my arrival a Spanish priest, who was sent by his government to take care of our souls (of which they seemed infinitely more anxious than about our bodies), had fixed himself in it, and said mass every Sunday.

The whole island is covered with rocks and hillocks, and some of those in the centre rise even into considerable hills. It may be well imagined that the vegetation is not very rich: it is like that of all the petty isles in the Mediterranean. The mastick tree, the carob tree, the myrtle and the honeysuckle, occupy the clefts in the rocks; and these, along with the pine trees, which grow wherever there is sufficient depth of soil, are almost the only vegetable substances that shade the earth in this sterile island. There was a pretty handsome pine wood at the east end of the island, but it was daily disappearing, on account of the demand for wood to build huts with.

In other circumstances I should have been delighted in visiting several caves that Ricaud had pointed out to me; one of them contained stalactites of a most singular form; another, called *the honeysuckle cave*, is in a most picturesque situation. But we could not walk a step without meeting with some of the prisoners, and what I saw of their mode of life, which was about to become my own, inspired me with thoughts directed to very different subjects than the views of Cabrera; I already began to cease replying to Ricaud's conversation, and scarcely listened to his accounts; I walked beside him absorbed in thought, reflecting on the fate of the six thousand Robinson Crusoes before my eyes, thrown upon a desert island, without arms or tools of any kind, and having nothing to look to but their inventive industry, and the native energy of Frenchmen. I was informed that the whole colony had but one hatchet, and one saw made out of an old iron hoop. The hatchet belonged to a sailor, and the saw to a corporal of a regiment of foot. They hired them out at the rate of three halfpence a day, and a deposit, to those who had occasion for them; and it was by their aid that the greater part of the huts in the island had been constructed. These huts were placed in the middle of the island, in front of the little port, and those of the soldiers of the same corps were grouped together. In size and shape they all seemed to me to be greatly superior to Ricaud's dwelling. In front of some of them were little gardens enclosed with fences of pine branches, and containing flowers and culinary vegetables. In general, however, I thought that they might have been made a great deal better; I said so to Ricaud at once, and told him that I would begin to show him some proofs next day.

In fact, I hired the hatchet and saw, and, assisted by some of my fellow prisoners, I set about constructing a hut, which occupied me eight entire days; but it quite astonished them when completed; one could stand up in it, and the walls were four feet and a half high, and

were constructed of a double row of branches, firmly entwined together, with all the interstices filled up with grass and a clayey sort of earth, which I had found out in a cave in a distant part of the island; in making the roof I employed rushes, so well arranged and so firmly bound together that not a drop of water could penetrate within the hut. By a singular piece of good fortune, I had found on the shore a plank, about three feet long and two broad, quite uninjured, and I resolved to put up a shelf in our hut to hold our provisions. On the south side I made a hole about half a foot in diameter, for the purpose of giving light and air, and, when required, it could be stopped up with a handful of grass.

I was obliged to go repeatedly all over the island in search of the objects I was in need of; but in conveying them home I found assistance I had never thought of. An ass had been allowed for the use of the prisoners to convey the provisions of those who were encamped farthest from the shore. Martin, as we called him, wandered and browsed peaceably over the island, and was always ready to lend his back to burdens, sometimes to a club. However, he was highly esteemed for his patience and valuable services; and among the six thousand owners of this common property, few would have dared to ill use him without exciting the anger of their companions; he was of important use to me, and greatly shortened my labour.

On the day that I began my hut, some of the prisoners had informed me that, as I was a non-commissioned officer, I became, from the moment of my arrival, a member of the council, and they gave me an account of the origin and objects of the institution. When the French prisoners were first sent to Cabrera, they were accompanied by their officers, who preserved all their authority, a very necessary thing among men embittered by misfortune, exasperated by ill usage, quarrelsome, and always on the point of fighting among themselves. But they always preserved the same deference to their officers, submitted to their decisions, and offered no resistance to the punishments inflicted on them. The officers and non-commissioned officers were soon sent to England. The prisoners were left without control, but were prevailed on by some of their number, who saw the excesses that were daily committed, to choose among themselves a council to judge of their disputes, punish disorders, and provide for every thing connected with the good order and harmony of the colony. The sentences pronounced by this sort of court were without appeal, were almost always very severe, and were put in execution as soon as delivered.

Three days after my arrival, I was called upon to take my place in it; the sittings were held in the open air, near the Palais Royal. We were twelve in number, and sat on stones arranged in a circle; an immense crowd waited round us to hear our decisions, and to put our sentence into execution if necessary. We had to try a soldier, who was accused of stealing a piece of bread from his companion; this was the greatest and most unpardonable crime that could be committed at Cabrera; even betraying any one attempting to escape, though it excited more horror, did not usually receive a punishment so cruel; nothing could save a bread-stealer, who, the moment he was condemned, was stoned to death by the surrounding crowd. We heard the accusers and the accused, the witnesses, and his counsel, for he had one, who, according to custom, endeavoured to prove him as pure as snow. Evidence of the crime was given, and the council were preparing to give their votes, the mode we adopted in all our meetings. They seemed to me nowise disposed to indulgence, while I thought it very cruel to cut off an unfortunate being for stealing a piece of bread not weighing two or three ounces. It was in vain that I reflected that every thing is relative, and that this theft, so trifling every where else, might, in our position, expose the loser to die of hunger, and therefore deserved an exemplary punishment; I could not bring myself to vote against the culprit. I spoke in favour of the accused, who was very young; I mentioned his good qualities, which his advocate had talked of loud and long, and I concluded by asking, as a personal favour, that the council would incline towards mercy, at this the first time that I took part in their proceedings. I was so fortunate as to succeed; the criminal was only condemned to be exposed twenty-four hours on the pillory. The reader, perhaps, remembers that one of the first objects that struck my attention on approaching the island, was a man tied to a pine tree; this was what they called the pillory, the punishment they allotted to all crimes that were not capital. The criminal was tied up on this tree completely naked, left without food, and exposed to the sun and weather for the term of his sentence, which was never less than four hours, nor more than twenty-four.

When I saw the miserable condition of the prisoners on my arrival, I was astonished that more frequent attempts to escape were not made. But I was soon convinced that the almost absolute impossibility of success was the sole cause, and that they had not given up the idea of leaving this wretched spot, till they had seen a series of bold and well-combined attempts fail one after another. This did not prevent me resolving to look out myself for every opportunity of escape, as I was firmly persuaded, that whatever might be the result of my efforts, my lot could not be much worse. I determined to make my escape the constant object of my thoughts, and of all my actions, and to live, in short, only for the attainment of this object. I soon ascertained that I must give up the idea of attempting it by myself. I thought that too many individuals in the secret would be dangerous, and that it would be quite enough if I opened my mind to three or four of my companions. I had cast my eyes on Ricaud, but I was desirous of seeing more of him before I opened my mind. On the day that the council met, I particularly remarked two young men who were members of it, Darlier of Ollioules, and Chobar of Marseilles. On the following days, I tried to become acquainted with them; I thought from the very first glance, and was soon firmly convinced, that they were the very men I required. They were both sailors, and were likely to be enterprising, firm, and decided, like all their class, and indeed no one could doubt of this when he saw their open bold look, which at once announced joviality and hardihood. Their similarity of qualities, and the same turn of mind, which led them to make sport of every occurrence, had long made them acquainted, and they were seldom seen apart.

As soon as my hut was finished, I invited them to breakfast, along with Ricaud. It may be easily imagined what sort of delicacy and display our repast presented; but it was not less gay on that account. It was after drinking off the small store of rum which I had kept for this solemn occasion, that I mentioned to my guests the ideas that had occurred to me. They were pretty coldly received at first, even by Darlier and Chobar, who had several times made unsuccessful attempts to escape. They related to me a host of plans of this kind, which had been formed by them or their fellow-prisoners, but which had all failed at the moment of execution.

I omitted to mention, that an English brig, carrying twenty carronades, and two Spanish gun-boats, lay off the port. It was only a short time before, as Chobar informed me, that some French officers, who were then prisoners at Cabrera, formed the plan of boarding the brig, and had swam to it one night during a storm; but the first who reached it were naked, unarmed, and benumbed with cold, and no sooner reached the deck than they were cut down by the English, whom they expected to surprise. Several attempts of the same kind had been made on the gun-boats, but they were equally unsuccessful. Since then, the strictest discipline was preserved on board these vessels; and at all hours, by night, as well as by day, boats were moving about the port, and sailing round the island.

All these accounts did not lessen my desire of escaping, nor make any change in my resolutions; I made my companions see that it did not follow that a thing was impossible because it was extremely difficult; that at any rate I had no idea of laying down a precise plan of escape, but that we ought to be on the watch for every opportunity that might present itself, try to make opportunities, and lay hold of them without hesitation. I spoke long, and I believe spoke well, for I brought them round to my opinion.

It was settled at once that we should all four live in the hut I had just constructed; that each of us was to reflect seriously on the means he thought likely to forward the object of our desires: that we should daily communicate our ideas to each other, till we had found something satisfactory; that night and day one of our number should be constantly walking on the shore, to see if chance should throw something favourable in our way, and that he should be relieved every four hours. We also agreed that I was to seek acquaintance immediately with the Spanish priest, Damian Estebrich, the chaplain to the prisoners, and to endeavour to become intimate with him. We had nothing to hope from him, but I thought this precaution could do us no harm, and might give rise to some circumstance favourable to our cause.

The execution of our plan was begun instantly. Chobar, Darlier and Ricaud brought the few things they had to my hut, and the latter began his round, which we had agreed upon to carry on without one minute's intermission. As for me, I went next day to hear Señor Estebrich at mass. He could easily notice me amidst the solitude that reigned in the dilapidated hall, which he had transformed into a church. I could not help thinking that either this man must be full of an ardent zeal for religion, or in consequence of irregular conduct has been exiled hither by his superiors; but this (thought I) I shall soon learn.

When mass was over, I went up to him, and conversed with him as he withdrew, till he came to the spot he had fixed on for his residence. He congratulated me on the manner in which I already began to speak Spanish, asked me how I had been made prisoner, and detained me till he was about to sit down to table, when he signified to me that my presence was inconvenient, but invited me to come and see him sometimes, and to think of my spiritual safety. I left him, determined to visit him again, but perfectly satisfied with what I had seen. Señor Estebrich was not a priest, but a true Spanish monk, choke-full of fanaticism, gluttony, and the most shameful ignorance.

A month elapsed without making any change in our situation; nothing had occurred we had imagined practicable to get away. Our supply of provisions, which should have been brought us every four days, sometimes did not come for twenty-four hours after; and the greater part of the prisoners were without sustenance, and made fasts not prescribed by Señor Estebrich, and which were sometimes of three days' duration, for several of them eat up their rations during the first two days. They then lived on roots and wild plants, and were conveyed in great numbers from their huts to the cemetery. Some of the resources they had found, on their arrival in the island, were now almost entirely exhausted. At the time I came several of them were accustomed to swim in the morning to some of the small isles that are off Cabrera, and examined them so carefully that they returned back in the evening with a small cargo of oysters and crabs, which they took to the bazar for sale. Others went in the same way to a small isle that had formerly merited the name of Rabbit Island. If they found any traces of rabbits, that had survived the general destruction made of them by the original natives of Cabrera, they watched beside the burrow; and if they were obliged to watch three days, as their prey must either come in or go out, they had the patience to wait and seize upon their victim. At this period a rabbit was an object of high importance, particularly when the Spaniards seemed to have forgotten us. Eatables of all kinds then rose to a shocking price, whilst every thing not eatable was considered of no value. I remember seeing a very fine gold watch sold for half a pound of bread. There was no credit given in those times, and it was assuredly not amid such scenes that a debt of fifteen hundred francs had been contracted for a quantity of pieces of bread of an ounce in weight, the vouchers for which I myself saw presented to the council of administration of a particular corps, which paid them without hesitation.

My companions and myself took care to have always more than one day's provisions in advance, and this surplus we endeavoured to increase by every means in our power, so that we might have a supply in case we were so fortunate as to escape; and this hope made our privations less painful.

Meanwhile, every one was busy at Cabrera; we had tailors, shoemakers, public criers, artisans in hair, bones, and tortoise-shell, and some who cut out with their knives little figures of animals in wood; and about two hundred men, the wreck of a *dragoon regiment*, raised in Auvergne, were quartered in a cave, and made spoons of box-wood. The latter had *only one* pantaloon and one uniform among the whole corps, and these articles seemed ready to leave them very speedily, and were delivered successively to one of their number appointed to

receive their provisions. All the articles I have enumerated were sold at low prices, to the crews of the brig and gun-boats, and to some Spaniards, whom our singular mode of life, or the hope of making a good speculation, attracted to our settlement.

But the most abundant articles with us were professors of all kinds. One half of the prisoners gave lessons to the other half. Nothing was seen on all sides but teachers of music, mathematics, languages, drawings, fencing above all, dancing and single-stick. In fine weather, all these professors gave their lessons at the Palais Royal, quite close to each other. It was quite common to see a poor devil half naked, and who had often not partaken of food for twenty-four hours before, singing a very gay air of a country dance, and interrupting it from time to time, for the purpose of saying, with infinite seriousness of demeanour, to his pupil dressed in the remains of a pair of drawers: "That's right, keep time with your partner, wheel round, hold yourselves gracefully." A little farther on, a teacher of single-stick was showing off his acquirements, and endeavoured to excite the emulation of his pupil by such phrases as—"That will do; I am satisfied with you, if you go on with the same success, in less than a fortnight you may show yourself in company." A scrap of paper, about as large as one's hand, was placed as a sign, and the most eminent of all our professors had no better.

I was also desirous of doing something; but I had no notion of either giving or receiving lessons. After reflecting a great deal, I thought that on account of the want of occupation in which many of the prisoners were placed, a theatre must be eminently successful, and I was astonished that no one had thought of it before. Indeed, some scenes had been performed, but it was in the open air, and had not been thought of as an object of speculation. My ideas were quite grand compared to such things. I resolved on being, at one and the same time, if necessary, author, actor, director, and machinist, and to make my companions partners in my labours and the fruits of it, which were to be employed in accomplishing our favourite object.

I could not think of establishing my theatre in the old castle, which was shut every evening, and where, in fact, it would not have been allowed by the hypocritical Estebrich; I thought of a vast cistern that was falling to pieces, with the pipes long ago broken off, and part of the roof fallen in. I was lowered into it by means of a cord I had bought on purpose, and I found about a foot of water, or rather mud, at the bottom. The first thing to be done was to clear it away, and this was the most troublesome part of the whole business. I wished at first to make a pump, but I soon gave up the idea. I had still sixty francs, and prevailed on Señor Estebrich to get me four leather buckets from Palma; I made a ladder, hired four prisoners at two sous each per day, and got the cistern dry on the third day of our labour. To season it, I made a huge fire of pine wood, got sand and stones conveyed to it during a whole day, and made an elevation that extended about a third of the cistern, intended for the stage; I procured some ochre and red lead; I daubed the walls yellow, with a red border; hung all round garlands of leaves, which I also made use of as a screen between the stage and the spectators, and I finished my labours by writing, not indeed on the curtain, for I had none, but on the bottom of the stage, *Castigat ridendo mores.*

I had long before this fixed upon the play with which my troop was to commence their operation. It was the *Philoctète* of Laharpe. I had formerly played the character, and still remembered it, as well as fragments of a variety of plays. I wrote them out as well as I could, and when I forgot the lines, I filled up the vacancy in prose. Darlier engaged to play the character of Ulysses. Chobar that of Pyrrhus, and a pioneer of the line, with a stentorian voice, and no small portion of sense, assumed the character of Hercules. At length, a public crier went through the camp, and gave notice that the same evening *Philoctète* would be performed, with the after-piece of *Marton et Frontin.* I had transcribed this little piece pretty correctly, and performed it along with Chobar.

About three hundred persons could find room in my cistern, and, as I had put the places at two sous, it was completely crowded; the company descended into it by the ladder I had made; and a confidential man was placed on the first step to receive the money, which he put into a little cloth bag that was tied round his neck. The theatre was lighted up by torches of pine wood, borne at different distances by the attendants of the theatre, and they lighted fresh ones in proportion as the others were consumed. All the allusions to our situation in the tragedy were noticed, with a tact that would have done honour to the taste of a more brilliant assembly. At the debut:—

"Nous voici dans Lemnos, dans cette île sauvage,
Dont jamais nul mortel n'aborda le rivage,"

we were covered with shouts of applause; and I thought they would bring down the roof of the cistern when I pronounced this line—

"Ils m'ont fait tous ces maux; que les dieux le leur rendent."

I was obliged to repeat it, and to stop for some time, to allow the agitation of the audience to be calmed.

Such a successful beginning was well calculated to encourage us; I laboured incessantly, and wrote out several plays that I recollected, and we performed them all in their turn. Our funds increased amazingly, as well as our general comforts. We left half of our profits to the general fund, and divided the rest. Ricaud had already procured himself decent clothing. I had already bought a curtain for my theatre; I had obtained ropes, nails, a hammer, and even a hatchet, for which a Spaniard had made me pay a most exorbitant price; all these objects were intended to aid us in our theatrical arrangements, but they could also be of use in our grand project, which we had not lost sight of; every evening we carefully locked them up in our hut. I was very desirous also of obtaining some arms, a sabre at least, for each of us; but I tried in vain, and did not press this matter much, for fear of becoming suspected; so that our tragic heroes were forced to be satisfied with wooden sabres.

The whole colony felt an interest in our dramatic success: for, after the second performance, I always allowed twenty of those who had not the means of paying to receive a free admission; but during the month of September a calamity befell the island, which carried off a great number of our fellow-prisoners, and suspended, for several days, work of every kind, lessons, and amusements. The provisions did not arrive on the day they were expected; but this misfortune had occurred so frequently that it did not create much surprise; the next day, at the usual hour, the starving prisoners covered the heights and the shore, expecting every moment to see the long-wished for vessel. Their anxiety continued increasing, the day passed over, and night came on, while their hopes became fainter and fainter. There was nothing heard but one universal cry of horror and indignation against the Spaniards, who had resolved, said the multitude, to leave us to die of hunger. On the first day of the scarcity, the small store of provisions in the hands of the shopkeepers had been consumed. On the second night, more than a hundred and fifty persons died of madness or inanition. The third day came, and the prisoners crawled again to the shore; our looks were anxiously directed to the sea; but at twelve o'clock nothing had yet been seen.

The council had assembled, and resolved that a deputation should be sent to Estebrich, that he might communicate our distress to the English brig and the gun-boats, and that he might find out some means of relieving us. I went to him, along with Ricaud, and found him at dinner, with a dish of meat, and half a stuffed goose that looked very inviting. He heard us without masticating a bit the less, and concluded by offering us a glass of wine, and promising that he would go in a moment and see what could be done. We carried this intelligence to our companions, and, in half an hour, we saw Estebrich, with his surplice on, his square cap on his head, and a crucifix in his hand, leaving the fort, and advancing towards us chaunting the litany to all the saints. He came to persuade us to make a procession with him, to supplicate Heaven to have pity on our distress, and to send us the brig with the provisions. Some prisoners yielded to his request, perhaps, in the hope of obtaining from him some little temporal aid; and he was speedily at the head of thirty individuals, who collected the little strength they had remaining, and began to repeat the *ora pro nobis.*

Meanwhile the council assembled a second time; the most violent proposals were first advanced; and we ourselves really began to believe that the Spanish government had condemned us to die of hunger; and we saw no means of escaping the sentence, nor even of prolonging our lives two hours longer. An Italian non-commissioned officer made a proposal that was unanimously rejected with horror. Another member opposed and even succeeded in dispelling the idea of the fate that we thought reserved for us. He was persuaded, he said, that the provisions had been delayed by some unexpected accident, that we should assuredly receive them next day, and he proposed to make use of the only resource that remained to support the strength and courage of the prisoners till then, by killing our poor ass. Some may doubt the fact, but even in our cruel position Martin had some advocates; his services (it was said) were of the greatest utility to the greater part of the prisoners; and, besides, the share that would fall to the lot of every individual would be quite inadequate to enable him to wait till next day. It could not possibly do so. Notwithstanding the soundness of these arguments, they were scarcely listened to, and Martin was almost unanimously condemned to die.

The procession was now over, and had brought no relief. Two men were sent off to seek for the victim that was to be sacrificed to our common preservation. Martin was found browsing quietly, at a short distance, and was led into the midst of the crowd, quite unconscious of his approaching fate, and probably thinking of performing his ordinary service. Ten minutes after he was condemned, he was dead, flayed, cut up, and pieces of his flesh were roasting over the coals, or were employed in making soup for those who had somewhat more patience. Two ounces were distributed to every three men, including the bones and intestines.

A misfortune never comes alone. Storms are frequent at Cabrera; on the night after this disastrous day, a more violent one burst upon us than we had hitherto experienced. For more than an hour the wind, the rain and the hail were so violent, that several huts were destroyed. Notwithstanding the strength of our roof, it was pierced through in several places; torrents descended from the heights where the cemetery was placed, hollowed out profound ravines in their course, and carried off, in one mass of confusion, quantities of earth, shrubs, pieces of dead bodies, and dead bodies entire, which they rolled into the very midst of our camp. At sunrise it was found that about three hundred of our fellow-prisoners had sunk under their sufferings, or had been drowned in their huts, and the collections of water that had been formed round them.

As on the preceding days, we were almost all on the shore by daybreak. This time we at last discovered a sail, and soon recognised it to be the brig; it came to at nine o'clock, and landed us provisions for eight days.

The important cause of the famine we had been exposed to, was nothing less than a dispute which had arisen about the provision accounts, between two contractors, one of whom wished to have the other's place. Military authority was invoked, and the English general who commanded at Palma was very scrupulous in the performance of his duties, and had determined that the dispute should be settled before any more provisions were sent, quite indifferent to the risk which ten thousand Frenchmen were in, of being starved to death in the interval.

This interruption in the supplies of the colony was the last it was exposed to during my stay. We soon recovered from our privations, began again to lay in a stock of provisions, and recommenced our dramatic performances. There were amongst us about twenty women, French, Italian, and Spanish, who had followed their husbands or lovers after they were made prisoners, and who were almost all sutlers. Some of these modern heroines were young and handsome. With some trouble I engaged two of them to join our troop, and our performances attracted such crowded audiences that we were constantly forced to refuse entrance to many, and to remove the ladder when the theatre was full.

Meanwhile I had been more than eight months on the island, and we had not the smallest hope of escape; I began to feel discouraged, though we still persevered in our vigilant watching by night and day, as heretofore. Each of us had several times presented plans of escape, more or less hazardous, but we had been obliged to give them up as impracticable.

CHAPTER VIII.

1810—1811. Escape—Receives a decoration, and is made a sergeant—Return to France.

I was one evening performing the *Dissipateur* of Destouches; Chobar was on guard, and did not come to the theatre; I was at the last scene, and looked down towards the prompter to ask his aid, when I saw his place occupied by Chobar: "News," said he in a whisper, and in a very tremulous voice, but his face glowing with joy and impatience. I do not know how I had the strength to recite on the stage the little that remained for me to say; I ran over it as quickly as possible, hastened out with Darlier and Ricaud, and joined Chobar, who was impatiently waiting for our arrival. He informed us that about nine o'clock a boat, with three men, had made several tacks between Rabbit Island and Cabrera, that it had at length come to our coast, and had been drawn ashore. Chobar had concealed himself behind a rock, had seen the three men light a fire, take their repast, and lie down under the side of their boat, where they would pass the night, and probably start again at break of day.

Our resolution was soon taken; we agreed upon a plan instantly, and it was put in execution in every particular, with as much exactness and good fortune as if the circumstances had been prepared for us. So soon as noise had ceased in the camp, we set out, loaded with provisions for more than four days, a keg of water, and ropes of various sizes. We were obliged to go round a long way to avoid passing near the camp, and before we reached the spot to which Chobar conducted us, three quarters of an hour elapsed, which seemed to us intolerably long; there was a fresh breeze from the southwest, and if we had had our choice of the thirty-two points of the compass, we could not have pointed out one that was more favourable to our designs. The night was cold and dark. When we approached, we distinguished, through the darkness, the black form of the boat between us and the glimmering light of the horizon; we slackened our pace, and scarcely breathed, or touched the sand that creaked under our feet. We moved to leeward of the boat, perceived the three sailors asleep wrapped up in their cloaks: as every thing had been settled beforehand, we had only to point out, by a motion, which of the men each of us was to take charge of; in a few minutes they were gagged with handkerchiefs, bound together, and placed in the bottom of the boat, which we had set afloat, and with which we went to Rabbit Island. We landed there, and explained to our prisoners that we were determined on escaping, and that we should be forced, for our own safety, to leave them in the position we had put them in, but that they would certainly be extricated in the course of the morning by Frenchmen or Spaniards, who could not fail to perceive them. Without further remarks we took them, one after another, pulled off their cloaks, their thick pantaloons, and Catalonian caps. In exchange for their cloaks, we dressed them in the fragments of our uniforms; we left them some provisions, seventy francs in money, which was more than the value of their boat, and after wishing them every sort of prosperity, we embarked and gained the open sea.

We fortunately possessed a real treasure, which we had preserved till now more carefully than the apple of our eye—this was a small compass, belonging to Darlier, which he had constantly carried with him till the period we had formed our association. We soon found that as the coasts of the kingdom of Valencia were about fifty leagues to the S. W., and that we were driving towards them with the wind right aft, at the rate of six knots an hour, we could therefore easily join the French army on the following night, provided they occupied the coast. How the latter case might be, we could not say, and this somewhat damped our joy; but at any rate we were firmly resolved to be cut to pieces rather than to be taken back to the horrid desert of Cabrera.

At daybreak we were on the open sea, sarcely able to discover in our rear the heights of the island, which seemed like distant clouds; the wind still blew in the same direction, and with the same force. About four in the afternoon, we thought we could perceive the coast of Spain; in fact, we saw its outlines on the horizon as the sun sunk low, and were soon enabled to distinguish the houses, trees, and rocks, along the shore. Night came on, and we still moved on with the same rapidity towards a coast that none of us had any knowledge of; we knew only that the whole of this part was full of breakers, so that it was very dangerous to go near the shore.

It was somewhere about eleven at night, when we discovered, about a mile ahead of the boat, a range of white houses, lights in various directions, and the masts of several vessels. We thought it must be some small port, and in our uncertainty whether the coast was occupied by our countrymen, we resolved to avoid it. We therefore tacked a little more to the north, and left it on the larboard side; we also took in a sail, and as many reefs as we could of the other, to slacken our progress, and to enable us to make the land without danger. After half an hour's sailing, we were not more than a cable's length from the shore, and we perceived that good fortune was on our side from beginning to end of our enterprise, for we came to a fine beach of sand and gravel, that presented not the slightest appearance of danger. After sailing along it for a few minutes, to choose a proper spot, we hoisted our sail, and the boat ran in and grounded so near the shore, that we landed with water only to our knees.

After we had set foot on shore, our first impulse was to embrace each other, and to congratulate ourselves on the good fortune that had hitherto followed our every step. But one engrossing thought soon struck each of us: what were we to do—which way should we go? We thought it right to wait till daylight before determining any thing on the subject, with the hope that some unexpected incident might enable us to learn the position of the French army. We therefore walked towards the interior, crossed a high road that ran parallel to the shore, and after wandering some time, discovered a retreat among the rocks, where we could safely pass the night. It may be easily imagined that we were worn out with fatigue and want of sleep. After taking some food, we threw ourselves on the sand, (one of our number still keeping watch,) determined to end our perils so soon as morning appeared.

I had taken Ricaud's place on guard for more than an hour; it was broad daylight, and I was thinking of awakening my companions, to talk with them on our prospects, when I saw two men on the road conducting seven or eight mules. I left my retreat in a moment, and ran forward so as to get before them; I then came into the road, and advanced carelessly towards them. On my way I planned what I was to say to them; I spoke the Catalonian dialect pretty well, and it has great resemblance to the Provençal; our boat was also fortunately in the same spot where we had landed, and seemed ready to set sail again. I told them that we had set out two days ago from Palma to go to Trivica; but had been taken by a squall at sea, and forced to drive towards the west, and that the same wind still prevented us continuing our voyage; that we had been driven on the coast the night before, and were quite out of provisions; that my partners had set out for some farm-house to look for provisions, and that I was waiting for them to set sail again. I concluded by asking them where we were, and what news they had heard.

All that I had said was plausible enough for them to believe it implicitly. They told me that I was about a mile from Vinaros, a small seaport, where we should find whatever we were in want of; this was the village we had seen the evening before. I walked with them for a few minutes, and they spoke of every thing but the subject that I cared about. They came to it at last of their own accord. They informed me that *the French demons* were carrying on the siege of Tortosa, a town six leagues from Vinaros, and that it had probably surrendered at the moment we were talking.

I remained with them only a moment longer to ascertain in what direction Tortosa lay, and then left them, under the pretext of waiting for my friends, whom I expected every moment. As soon as I lost sight of the muleteers, I made my way towards the rocks, and having informed my companions of all I had done, we made our way through the fields, towards the northwest, where I was told Tortosa was situated. After a very fatiguing walk for an hour, during which we were several times forced to make our way through hedges and leap over wide ditches, we came to a road that seemed to lead to our destination, and we followed it. How close soever we were to the French army, we were afraid of meeting some of the guerrillas, who would have examined us, and discovered what we were. This fear was soon dispelled: we perceived a drove of oxen in front of us, conducted to the camp by a French detachment commanded by a sergeant. We made ourselves known to the escort, and continued our route together. About three o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the neighbourhood of the camp, and saw crowds of harbingers and messmen who came to receive their rations. I examined them all, and soon found out the harbingers of my own battalion. When I approached them, the harbinger of the grenadier company called out roughly to me, asked what I wanted, and ordered me to go about my business. "What do I want?" said I to him—"indeed! I want like you, nothing more than the provisions of my company." I was immediately recognised, and nothing was to be heard on all sides, but roars of laughter at my dress, questions about my adventures, and congratulations on my fortunate escape. We returned to the camp together. Another had taken my place; but I was put on the list, and was to obtain the first vacancy.

The next day I received two months' additional pay, and this, with the remainder of the money I had derived from my theatre, formed a sum that would enable me to be secure from want for a long period. It was with great joy that I threw into a ditch the clothes of the Spanish sailor, which I had worn for three days, and that I again put on my uniform. I had the honour of being presented to the general who commanded our division; he had the goodness to enquire of me the particulars of my escape, and the manner in which the prisoners were treated at Cabrera. I soon met Ricaud, who had been received back by his regiment as joyfully as I was by mine, and he was immediately employed on duty. The two young sailors received routes to return to France.

What I had suffered at Cabrera had not exactly increased my love for the Spaniards, and I had for a long while past been anxious to show them my mind. I was, moreover, determined to make up for the time I had lost, and to get up above the rank of harbinger; and I was ardently desirous that the siege should terminate in an assault, or that the garrison would at least have the goodness to make a sortie. Without being too sanguine, one might reasonably hope that such wishes would be realised. They were so very speedily.

I arrived at the army on the 25th of December, 1810; on the 30th, our works were advanced as far as the ramparts of Tortosa. It seems that the besieged began to think their situation dangerous; for on the 26th they asked for a capitulation. Our general sent back their flag of truce, without paying any attention to their proposals. They came back several times, and were never even admitted. It was this severity that doubtless enabled us to see the garrison closely. On the morning of the 28th, it feigned a sortie on one point, and, at the same moment, bore with almost its whole strength on that part of the camp occupied by our division, which was under arms in less than a minute, and advanced in good order to meet the enemy. I was in the light company, and not being in the front line, I was not obliged to remain by the eagle, the usual place of the harbingers. This purely accidental circumstance gave me an opportunity of seeing my friends, the Spaniards and the English, much closer than I could have done in the ranks.

The light company acted as skirmishers, while the division advanced to charge the enemy. The besieged remained firm for about a quarter of an hour, when they began to give way, and seemed desirous of gaining the ramparts. Our approach soon put their ranks into the utmost confusion; different corps were mingled together, and formed a confused mass, which rolled amidst the dust and smoke towards the gates of Tortosa. Along with a few light troops I broke through their ranks, but I was almost immediately surrounded, and pressed on all sides by the enemy in their flight, and I found it out of my power to clear my way amidst the crowd. I had lost sight of my companions, who were separated from me, and their return cut off by the runaways. Meanwhile the balls and cannon shot from our army made vacancies in the mass, amidst which I still continued to move forward, bayonet in hand. It became thinner and thinner as we approached the town, as every one moved towards the gate, which he thought he could pass through soonest, and with the least danger.

My ardour increased when I saw the feather of an English officer, who was as anxious as the rest to get to a place of safety. I came up to him, and he acted

rightly in instantly telling me, in broken French, that he surrendered; a moment longer he would have been too late. After receiving his sword, I told him to follow me; he seemed to hesitate, when he saw that I was marching towards the town; but I said two words to him that made him make up his mind; he ought at any rate to have reflected that I was his best security, and that he would have to begin the matter over again with the first Frenchman he met; I therefore made him march beside me, and the desire I had of keeping him secure contributed to delay my progress. But I wanted to make another prisoner: when I approached the gate immediately before me, I came up with a host of runaways, who were rushing towards it; I was now followed by about a dozen of our men, who had joined me, and I was quite close to the gate, when a Spanish officer was going to set foot on the drawbridge, when I rushed forward, put my bayonet to his breast, and pushing him towards the parapet, ordered him to give up his sword, which he did without resistance. I ordered him to march before me along with the English officer, who had been a quiet spectator of the scene. The whole was done in much shorter time than I have occupied in relating it; moreover, my first prisoner must have been conscious that I would shoot him the moment he left my side. I hastened to return to the camp with my two prisoners; several balls from the ramparts fell at our feet, and a shower of others soon followed. I had scarcely moved a few paces before a Spanish officer, pursued by our light troops, and running towards the gate, came exactly in front of me: I was in the luck of taking prisoners. As I saw some Frenchmen coming up, whose presence would hold in check the two officers I was leading captive, I leveled my gun in the stranger's face, and called out to him to surrender; he threw down his sword, which I picked up, and made him march back with the other two. Amidst a shower of balls we came up with the division which was returning to the camp, and I had the happiness of presenting to our colonel the three prisoners I had taken, and to deliver him their swords.

After expressing his satisfaction, he ordered me not to leave him. So soon as the regiment had returned to camp, and he had dismounted from his horse, he told me to follow him with my three prisoners. We went to see the marshal, by whom we were immediately admitted; the colonel presented me to him and told him in a few words, and without any remark, what he had the goodness to call a brave action; he spoke to a man who knew the world. The marshal reproached the three officers in an ironical manner, and then asked me how I had taken them. "At one of the gates of Tortosa," I replied. He said little to me, but what he did say was so flattering, that I was puffed up with pride and satisfaction, and thought myself more than rewarded for the little I had done. He added that he would next day put me in the list of those who were to receive the cross of honour, and concluded by asking me if I had any favour to ask from him. "Yes, marshal," said I, unable any longer to keep down the enthusiasm raised by the praise he lavished on me;—"Yes, I have a favour to ask of you." "What is it?" "That I be allowed to mount the first to the assault when you storm the town." "Certainly, you may depend upon it, my brave fellow," said he, after a momentary pause, during which I thought that he looked at me with some astonishment.

I waited with great impatience and emotion for the moment when we should be ordered to take Tortosa, but I was sorry to see that the garrison did not seem determined to wait for an assault; they made further attempts to obtain terms of capitulation, but they were rejected like the former; and on the 2d of January, 1811, without any assault being made, a regiment of our division seized one of the gates, and after an action of half an hour's duration, penetrated into the town, which was immediately occupied by the French army. The garrison, consisting of eight thousand men, was treated with a generosity which it certainly had no right to expect, and which it was far from deserving. The men were made prisoners of war, and sent to France with an escort.

The third corps soon gained other advantages, in which I was destined to have no share. A few days after the capture of Tortosa, I was taken ill with a violent fever, brought on doubtless by my long sufferings at Cabrera; I was sent to the hospital, and was several days between life and death. But I would absolutely come out the day that I learned my decoration had arrived; I received it from the colonel on the parade—it was the most powerful emotion of pleasure I ever felt in my life. Such sensations cannot be experienced twice. This honour was rarely granted at that period, and was almost a sure guarantee of promotion for those who added some acquirements to their bravery, of which it was the certain characteristic. On the same day I was also made a sergeant; this rank is the first in the military aristocracy, that leads at once to a commission. How many hopes did not this double favour raise in my breast! I was then very far from thinking that it was the boundary beyond which I was not destined to pass.

Notwithstanding my zeal and sincere desire of justifying, by my future services, the reward I had just obtained, I was forced to return to the hospital; I would not stay in it long; I languished on without getting better, and our chief surgeon declared that the only chance of saving my life was to breathe my native air for some months. Leave of absence for three months was asked for and speedily obtained, as the marshal felt interested in my fortunes. On the 18th of February I set out, along with a detachment of wounded men that were going to the frontiers; and in a month afterwards I reached Toulon.

CHAPTER IX.

1811. Visit my native village.

After an absence of four years, I revisited my native village and my family. I had already traversed a considerable part of Europe; I had escaped from several bloody battles, and dangers of innumerable kinds; and I had therefore a great deal to relate, though I told nothing but the simple truth. My family received me with the warmest affection, and my friends and acquaintance with every mark of respect and good-will. It was known that my stay among them could not be very long, and they accordingly lost no time in welcoming my return, for I was daily the object of their varied and kind attention.

I often recall with pleasure this period of my life, brief though it was, but every moment of it reminds me of scenes of quiet and happiness. Many military men must have felt this charm; after the fatiguing marches and tumult of a campaign, when one has contracted the austere and blunt habits of active service, this absolute quiescence, and these delicate attentions, produce an effect on his mind of which the peaceful and domesticated citizens, unaccustomed to powerful emotions, can form no idea. Nothing, it seems to me, resembles these moments so much as the period of convalescence, during which all that we see or feel seems novel, and we think ourselves entering again into a world whose every sensation presents a charm we never felt till now.

The day after my arrival, I received a visit from M. Bernard, the husband of my first love, of my dear Miette, who came along with him. I had loved her too dearly to see her without emotion; but my heart had been tried by so many violent emotions since my departure, so many troubles and anxious cares, that my love was considerably blunted. The presence of Miette, now become the wife of another, did not affect me so painfully as I should have formerly thought; her presence recalled to my mind the circumstances of my boyhood, and the dreams of happiness which had been dashed away by the conscription. I involuntarily compared the peaceable life I might have enjoyed with her, with the noisy and dangerous career that was in reserve for me; but after all, these thoughts, though somewhat sad, did not affect me very painfully. Meanwhile, I thought she was greatly altered; she had one child, and was on the eve of having a second. Her complexion had lost its brilliancy, her shape was now without grace, and household duties had long before this occupied the time formerly devoted to reading and agreeable accomplishments. M. Bernard was about six and thirty years of age, and had a situation in the navy victualing board at Toulon. He was one of those individuals who have no characteristic features, of whom we can say neither good nor harm. He was neither handsome nor ugly, was tolerably good humoured, sometimes aiming at wit and gaiety, though a great calculator, two qualites seldom combined; such was M. Bernard. Upon the whole, he did not seem to me the man that would have suited Miette; but this was perhaps the effect of some remains of love and prejudice on my part.

They requested me to go the next day to the country to dine with M. Rymbaud, who was very desirous of seeing me. This worthy man was getting advanced in years; he had never been very nimble, and at this moment, in spite of the skill of M. Leclerc, the chief surgeon of the navy, he was kept by palsy in his arm chair, and drawn in it to take the air in his garden, thence back to his drawing-room and bed-chamber. He could not refrain from crying when he embraced me. I reminded him of his poor Adolphe, my friend, who was killed on board the Redoubtable at the battle of Trafalgar. During my short stay in the neighbourhood, I frequently revisited this worthy family, whose affection has always been dear to my heart.

I had been at Sixfour about a month, and divided my time between my own family, and frequent visits to Toulon and the surrounding country, when one evening, while we were at supper, we saw a sailor-looking man come in, deeply sun-burnt, and all in rags. He soon went round the table, and was successively embraced by every one of the family; it was my uncle Eyguier, whom I had not found at my arrival, and who, they told me, was a prisoner of war at Malta, whilst I was a prisoner at Cabrera. After being received by every one of us with the kind and open cordiality of our villages, he informed us that he had escaped from Malta on board a Sardinian vessel, whose captain he had formerly known, and that he had been obliged to leave behind all his property. Though the particulars of his escape seemed to me very interesting, I do not think them sufficiently connected with my subject to relate them here; but the reader will not, perhaps, be sorry to learn the motives which, independent of his love of his country and desire of resuming his profession, had induced him to brave a thousand dangers to effect his escape to France.

About forty officers, of whom my uncle was one, almost all natives of Provence, and belonging to the navy, were prisoners of war at Civita Vecchia, a small town in the centre of Malta. They were destitute of every kind of amusement, received no newspapers, did not visit the inhabitants of the country, and passed their time in the most complete idleness, yet they, nevertheless, succeeded in finding several means of killing time. The principal of these was the institution of a masonic lodge, which they entitled the *Lodge of the Friends in Captivity*. They had received a great many members, and had given frequent dinners; and they were preparing to give a brilliant fête to some English freemasons they had become acquainted with at La Valette, the capital of the island; but they were ignorant of the fête that was preparing for themselves. Long before this time, the priests and monks, who form at least a fourth part of the population of Malta, thundered forth their anathemas against these masonic meetings, to which they ascribed a long drought that afflicted the country, and an epidemic disease that had just appeared. The day of the fête had been designated as the proper period to put an end to these calamities, by setting fire to the hall of the meeting while the members were at dinner, and by murdering those who should attempt to escape. Poniards and faggots, and other instruments of intolerance, were prepared; and the peasants of the neighbouring villages were duly convoked, and were to assemble at the spot on the day and at the hour appointed. Our unfortunate countrymen saw no company, and were not very attentive to their religious duties, so that they suspected nothing, and went on as usual. There are good people every where, say the Normans; some charitable soul informed the English governor of what was going on, who gave immediate information of the fact to the freemasons, and forbade them to hold their meeting, which they obeyed accordingly. But the peasants did not like to be called upon for no purpose; they drove in the doors of the lodge, carried all the furniture and ornaments to the principal square, and there burned them with great ceremony, whilst the clergy were making a procession, and purifying, by their ablutions, the house that had been the theatre of the masonic abominations. The French were hooted at and insulted by the populace, but they had the prudence to keep themselves out of sight for some days.

My uncle Eyguier was known to be the grand master of the lodge, and had been especially marked out for the brutality of the mob, as being the head of the

infernal band. From this moment he could never appear without being insulted by the peasants, or even without being exposed to the most imminent dangers. After enduring this treatment patiently for a long time, he determined on making an attempt to leave this abominable country, and he fortunately succeeded.

We could scarcely conceive such ignorance and barbarism to exist among a people so near to the most civilised regions of the globe. But my uncle informed us that education was in this country put exclusively in the hands of ignorant clergymen, and our astonishment was at an end.

A few days after his arrival, he was fit to present himself to the maritime prefect, who gave him the command of a gun-boat. I visited, along with him, almost all the vessels that formed our Mediterranean fleet, and the sight of them increased my natural pride, and made me attach more value to the name of Frenchman, of which we were then so vainglorious. No where could crews be seen animated with a more determined courage, a body of young officers more skilful or braver, than was shown by the squadron of Toulon at that period. I consider it my duty to add, that the excellent state of the fleet I have just noticed, was due to the attention, unwearied activity, and unbounded naval skill of Vice-Admiral Allemand, from whom, however, the command had just been withdrawn. His successor received express orders from government, never to engage in action with the English vessels that were cruising near the port, and who were in fact continually in sight. Such an order must have naturally disgusted the officers under his command; but they knew their commander too well, and the scrupulous attention he paid to his most trifling duties, to flatter themselves with the hope that an order of this nature would ever be disobeyed.

My father sometimes went with me to Toulon, and I felt a very pleasurable sensation, when I saw him put on an air of importance, when the sentinels, as we passed them, presented arms to me on account of my decoration. It may be easily imagined, that I was proud of it. This distinction was then rare; for there were scarcely eight or ten individuals who had it, in a whole regiment. I believe there were only three thus honoured in the whole fleet at Toulon, except some admirals and officers of rank; and I was the first who had hitherto appeared at Sixfour. I have found so many since my return, that I have been forced to conclude that the number of men who have distinguished themselves has been greatly increased within the last few years.

As may be imagined, my furlough came rapidly to its close. In fact, I scarcely perceived the progress of time. But my health was perfectly restored, and my interest and my duty urged me to depart. When the last day came, I went to present my furlough, and ask the commissary for a route. My regiment, which I had scarcely thought of for the last six months, had not been losing its time in the interval. After being engaged in several actions, in Catalonia, it left Spain to join the grand army, and was at this moment at Inspruck, in the Tyrol.

On leaving my family and friends, I compared the sensations I now felt with those I had experienced six years before, on a similar occasion. My manner of thinking was greatly changed. Assuredly I felt regret for those I left behind; but it was very different indeed from what I felt on my first departure. Then, deep depression of mind left me no source of consolation, and held out to me no happiness, but in my native village and a peaceful life. Now—encouraged by some gleams of success, fascinated by patriotism and the *esprit du corps*, and full of hope and zeal, I rushed towards the future, which seemed to call me, and smile upon my anticipations.

As at my first departure, I was accompanied for some leagues by my brother, my uncle Eyguier, and a few friends. The former was desirous of going farther with me, but his father's office, of which he did almost all the business, did not allow him to be absent long. Meanwhile, I left my family in prosperous circumstances, and they were able to give the means of traveling comfortably; but I had become an excellent pedestrian, and determined on going forward on foot.

I went, therefore, for the third time, to see again that Germany, where so many laurels had been gathered by my countrymen. It was said that we were going to have another war with Russia; but, though there had never been but one season for our armies since the revolution, it was generally thought that the campaign would not be begun before the ensuing spring, so that I had plenty of time to join my corps. Hence I was in no haste, I stopped several days in different towns on my route, and did not reach my regiment until the month of October. I entered in the company commanded by M. Moutet, who was drawn by the conscription at the same time with me, but who had been more fortunate.

CHAPTER X.

1812. Russian campaign—Battle of Borodino.

We spent the winter pretty quietly in the city of Inspruck, where we were frequently exercised, which seemed to indicate the approach of war. In fact, as spring came round, it was reported that war was going to be declared against Russia, and we made long marches and short halts, on our approach to the imagined theatre of hostilities. In the month of June, we were on the Vistula, forming part of the fourth corps of the grand army, commanded by Prince Eugene (Beauharnois).

At the beginning of July, we learned that war was declared, that the army were crossing the Niemen, that the emperor's head-quarters were at Wilna, and that we were to enter Poland, where the presence of our eagles excited enthusiasm, and promised independence. We entered Lithuania, and were probably the first part of the army who met those hordes of savages, called Cossacks—for we drove before us the Russian corps of General Platoff, consisting chiefly of these wandering tribes. The first time their pulks charged us with *houras*, the singularity of their appearance, their strange dress, and a semblance of intrepidity that was greatly aided by the enomous length of their moustaches, surprised us at first; but when we saw them almost instantly turning their backs the moment the first shot was fired, and retreating in disorder, we knew what they were worth.

It was thus that we entered Russia, still driving these Cossacks before us, like sheep. We then saw the first regular masses of the enemy's troops, and our movements began to be connected with those of the other corps of the French army. We were too far from head-quarters to be engaged in the first battle that took place, and had only very partial and unimportant engagements with the Russians, though victory was always purchased by a great loss of blood: but as this was the usual course of business, we paid little attention to it, and looked forward only to the day when, under the emperor's eye, we should decide the success of the campaign in a great battle. Certain that the result could not escape from our grasp, and that the further the Russians fled before us, the easier our triumph would become, we pushed forward into their deserts with the fullest security. We were accustomed to enter foreign capitals, and already spoke of the Muscovite city, as people who expected to be there without delay; and when we learned the bloody battle of Smolensko, we had no other regret than that we had not been present—but the more important battle of Borodino was not to be fought without our aid.

On the 5th September, we reached, in our pursuit of the enemy, the heights in the neighbourhood of Borodino. On the same day, we heard the report of a sharp engagement on our right. The fire of musketry and artillery was kept up until ten o'clock at night. We learned next day, by a sergeant of the 57th, who had come to see his brother (the adjutant of our regiment), that the emperor had ordered the division of Compans to attack a redoubt which served as a sort of advanced post to the enemy's line—that the Russians had defended it with the utmost determination, but the 61st had at last entered the redoubt, where the artillerymen had been killed beside their guns—and that this advantage was mainly attributable to the march of the 57th on the enemy's left. The second battalion of this regiment had been terribly cut up; its worthy commander, Colonel Laboulaye, was killed, along with many officers, and more than half the non-commissioned officers and soldiers.

"The emperor came," (added the sergeant) "to our bivouac this morning at daybreak, and was able to convince himself, by the appearance of the ground around the redoubt, strewed with *green-coated corpses*, (as he said himself,) that the enemy's loss was infinitely greater than ours."

Pleased with having embraced his brother, whom it had been out of his power to see for six years before, and with a slight repast we had prepared for him in a hurry, this brave sergeant left us to join his eagle. "The moment approaches," said he to us on leaving, "when we are going to have a skirmish in more numerous company than usual."

In fact, the movements made by both armies, to concentrate their forces, gave us reason to believe that a great battle was about to be fought. We were certain of it in the afternoon, when the emperor himself visited all the Russian outposts, which had fallen back behind the little river Kaluga, and when we saw, in the enemy's camp, a bishop and all his clergy making a procession through their ranks.

A little before six o'clock, on the 7th, there was read, in the centre of every company, an order of the day, showing that our impatience was known to the emperor, for it began with these words: "Now comes the battle you have so much desired!" At six o'clock, the cannon on the right gave the signal for action, and the whole army moved forward. The Russians had fortified several points, which it was necessary to carry, one after another. Almost in front of us, rose that famous redoubt which was so vigorously defended, and the storming of which has been considered as one of the greatest exploits our army ever performed. We were there.

In the afternoon, the French army occupied the field of battle, and all the positions held by the enemy in the morning. At the moment we were about to take up a position, the regiment marched forward again, and we marched in columns along the lines of the army, moving from left to right. We had been moving forward for more than an hour, when a small detachment of lancers came from the direction of the *burned village* (Semenowskoi), and galloped past our right flank. The regiment halted and put itself in battle array: it was the emperor. The colonel went up to him, and seemed to be receiving orders, after which Napoleon rode rapidly along the front of the regiment, stopping long enough, however, to express his satisfaction at our conduct in attacking the redoubt, and to make some promotions. I carried the eagle which the colonel had ordered me to take when the officer in whose hands it was, was killed in a charge against the Russians. I lowered it as the emperor approached, and after saluting it, he cast a glance towards me, reined in his horse, and said to me, "I have seen you before, sergeant?" "Yes, sire, after the death of Admiral Villeneuve." "I remember you—where did you obtain your decoration?" "At Tortosa, for taking three officers from the enemy." "He is an ensign," said he to the colonel, who followed him, and he rode on. The regiment again moved forward. The officers of the nearest companies came to congratulate me on my promotion, and the colonel said to me as he passed on, "Ensign, you will be appointed this evening." Thus I had finished my career as a non-commissioned officer, and was about to begin one of a quite different nature.

We marched towards those points where we still heard the firing of cannon. The battle was over; but the Russians made a last effort along their whole line to cover their retreat—perhaps also with the design of keeping possession of some of the heights, and of covering the high road to Moscow. The colonel doubtless followed the orders he had received, in hurrying us forward, along very difficult ground that had been cut up already by the movements of thousands of soldiers. When he saw the same sort of ground along our whole line, he thought fit to move much more to the left, so that he might gain the direction he wished by making a circuit. While we were executing this movement, a Russian corps, which had remained firm until then, was driven back by the divisions on the left, and came exactly in front of us. They thought we had come to cut off their retreat, and in fact we ourselves thought at first that this was the colonel's object, but the disparity of numbers was too great to keep us long in error. We instantly thought of cutting our way through this corps, while the Russians could not retreat, except by passing through our ranks. The engagement began on both sides at the same moment, by firing in platoons. A number of our men and the colonel himself were killed. The major, who took the command, made us rush forward to charge the Russians with the bayonet. Amidst the confusion, embarrassed by the fall of the men around me, and wounded by two thrusts of a bayonet, I fell, but made a violent effort to prevent the eagle falling into the hands

of the enemy, who rushed on me, and threw it over the heads of several ranks of them to a group of our soldiers, who had already cut their way through. This was all I could do. Crushed under the feet of the Russians, overwhelmed by numbers, unable to draw my sabre, I could not get up, but was borne along by them in their retreat, while the remains of our regiment rallied in their rear.

The heat of the action had entirely absorbed my mind, and I had thought of nothing but of doing my duty. It was not until I approached the Russian bivouac that my misfortune all at once presented itself in full to my mind. At the moment I had just been appointed an officer, but before taking possession of my rank, at the close of a great victory, thus to lose all the fruits held out to me by a decisive campaign! Overwhelmed by numbers, and crushed to the earth, I had found it out of my power to die like a brave soldier, yet I had scarcely received a wound! These ideas tormented me during the night.

At daylight, the Russians joined the corps of Kutosoff, and gave up their prisoners to the Cossacks, who stripped us without mercy. We were sent back to the rear of the army, and three days afterwards entered Moscow, almost stripped to the skin. The governor of the city ordered the most indispensable part of our clothing to be restored to us—and, after giving us the most violent abuse in presence of the populace (by one of his officers, who spoke French,) because we had left our own country to ravage his, for no cause whatever, he sent us to a barrack that served us for a prison. As far as I could judge, in traversing the city with a soldier's indifference, Moscow was larger than Lyons, and had several streets filled with palaces. It was adorned with a host of churches and public monuments. The approach of the French army must have necessarily called to the Russian camp every man capable of bearing arms, and forced the greater part of the remainder to retire from the city, for profound silence reigned every where, and nothing was to be seen but a thin and miserable population moving about. We were sad enough on taking possession of the barracks assigned us; but we had scarcely been there twenty-four hours before we were assembled in great haste, and Cossacks drove us before them out of the city, and marched us towards Wladimir. Their precipitation seemed to us a good omen, for it indicated, as we thought, the arrival of the French, and gave us hopes of a speedy deliverance.

Meanwhile we continued our march, and moving farther into the country, we heard no more about the victories of the French army. The march of the Russians was somewhat singular—for all the corps we met for two or three days were evidently in full retreat, which gradually disappeared, the farther they went from Moscow. But after the first three days' march, we met with nothing but troops going down towards the city. We concluded from this, that a great assemblage of troops was taking place in the neighbourhood, and that a decisive battle would be fought. Although we were prisoners, we formed the plan of conveying some useful information of the enemy's disposition to the emperor's head-quarters. We held council on our march, and resolved that twenty of our number, chosen by lot, should make an attempt to escape that very evening. They took advantage of the time when our guards were putting us into the ferry-boat, to cross the river Kliasma, near the village of Bunkovaia; and at a fixed signal they ran off to the fields with all the speed they could muster. Several Cossacks rode off to pursue them, and pierced the least active with their spears; but the rest gained a neighbouring wood, where the Cossacks could not follow them. I never learned whether any of these brave men ever reached his destination. This act of self-devotion was considered by the Russians to be a revolt, and they treated us with more severity during the remainder of our journey from Moscow to Wladimir.

I confess that I was so wholly occupied with thinking of the situation of the French army, and the hope of a speedy deliverance, that I scarcely paid any attention during the first part of our journey, to the countries that we traveled through; but in fact they were little different from the country we had marched over for two months before. Thick forests in the distance—sandy heaths along the road—every where rough and fatiguing plains, furrowed by profound ravines. Such was the country we passed through. It was like Lithuania, Poland, and three fourths of Upper Germany—a wretched country, where every thing yet remains to be done to bring the soil under cultivation; and after all it will never be worth the soil of the poorest department of France. But my indifference ended when we had marched five days, and traveled forty leagues; and when I perceived that we should not in all likelihood be restored to liberty for a long period, and that we were going to be banished to some of the distant provinces, I no longer believed, like the rest of the prisoners, that peace would soon be made; and, preparing for the worst, I endeavoured, but fruitlessly, to learn where they were taking us to. On the sixth day after we left Moscow, we arrived at Wladimir. Almost all the inhabitants of the place came out to meet us, and received us with cries of joy, which, as may well be imagined, were not altogether agreeable to the prisoners; but none of us became the victims of their joy, as so frequently happened in Spain.

Wladimir presents a very remarkable prospect. The city is situated along several little hills, the summits of which are occupied by churches. Gardens innumerable embellish the city, in a more picturesque manner; and all around the present walls rise the ruins of the ancient city, in an immense plain that spreads out to the west, and along a surface of more than three leagues. It was amidst these ruins that our conductors enclosed us during two nights, the coldness of which made us suffer greatly; but on the second day, the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and soon heated us with his rays, so that we recovered strength to resume our journey.

We left the banks of the Kliasma, and entered upon a detestable road that leads to Kasimof, on the Oka. When I say a detestable road, no idea can be formed in France of the sort of road in question. The highways in Russia, in proportion as one enters into the interior, are not formed, as in the rest of Europe, of beaten, solid earth, either paved or raised into a causeway. The people have neither had the time, the means, nor the materials necessary for accomplishing such a work, in a country which is almost under water; and in making their roads, they have made use of the forests of firs that cover the country, and through which indeed the greater part of them have been made, by the aid of fire. Wooden piles are driven into the earth at each side of the intended highway: on these piles are thrown beams of wood, across which is placed a floor of trees rolled close together, and with their bark still on.

It is on these rough roads that the foot traveller fatigues himself to death, and that he who risks going over them in a carriage is so terribly jolted as to cause him to spit blood. Besides this, these log-roads are kept in such bad order that the traveller is often exposed to the risk of remaining whole days in the marshy spots, where the beams have become rotten, or have been broken by wagons.

The country between Wladimir and Kasimof is sandy, and difficult to travel in. There is nothing remarkable in it but the village of Constantinovo, wholly occupied by potters. From this spot to Kasimof the country is broken by barren hills. Our journey was not regulated by settled distances, and we did not every evening find a village, in which we could pass the night. In fact, the Cossacks who conducted us, knew no more of the geography of the places, than simply to follow the road before them, and fall in with the hamlets that they met on their way; they never knew the name of any place, and I believe this was what made some of our men say on their return, that the greater part of the Russian villages had no names. However this may be, we had marched so diligently that we reached Kasimof six days after leaving Wladimir. We again became the objects of popular curiosity, but the eagerness to see us was not so great as it had been farther back. The population of Kasimof is commercial; the city was formerly called Gorodizets, and contains more than three thousand shopkeepers; its situation on the Oka is very remarkable. In various parts of it are seen the ruins of mosques built of bricks of enormous size, to which the inhabitants attach a host of superstitious feelings. I could enlarge upon the remarkable things to be seen in this almost Tartar place, were I not afraid of appearing tiresome to the greater part of my readers.

We remained three days at Kasimof. In the evening of the third day, we were divided into two detachments. The one, consisting of about a thousand men, was sent towards the south; it was to ascend the Sua, as far as the plains where that river approaches within a few leagues of the Choper, which falls into the Don; the detachment was to remain in the immense region inhabited by the Cossacks. The other consisted of about nine hundred men, and was ordered to descend the Oka as far as Nig-Novogorod, and thence to follow the Volga to Rozan. I was in the latter detachment, and was not without anxiety concerning the place of our final destination. Before we were separated from our companions, to guard whom was sent the whole band of Cossacks, who had escorted us to Kasimof, I endeavoured to obtain from them some intelligence of our future prospects. They pointed out the north to me, and said *Siber*, a word I could make little of; but by frequently talking to them on the subject, I got something more explicit, for they said *Sibiry* to me; and I thereby understood that we were condemned to the Russian galleys—to Siberia, in a word. As soon as my companions learned the news, and the best informed had told the rest what sort of a place the war prison of the Russians was, they became completely discouraged. They all talked of the labours of the mines, and the sufferings of those condemned to work in them, for they thought that this was to be their lot. I remembered perfectly all the most remarkable circumstances contained in various books of travels through Russia, and related them to my companions, imagining, with a foolish simplicity I have often laughed at afterwards, that we should see assembled on one spot all the curiosities they describe.

Meanwhile, after the first impression of sorrow, which we felt on learning that we were going to Siberia, speedily succeeded thoughtlessness of our situation, and even gaiety, the never-failing companion of our countrymen. We continued our journey with less trouble or fatigue, for our mode of traveling now became very convenient; we were embarked on a kind of rafts, under the charge of some very good hearted Russians, and we rapidly descended the Oka, a river as large as the Rhone, which flows between high banks of calcareous stone, above which wave forests of birch and pine. We had fires on board; provisions were abundant; and we scarcely perceived the cold that had lately set in, when, on the sixth or seventh day after leaving Kasimof, we arrived at Nig-Novogorod. We had thus taken an immense turn to the south, for the purpose of avoiding the log-made roads that lie between Wladimir and Novogorod, which were then impassable, and likewise to give more facility to the escorts that were to go with us, and to allow of the return of the Cossacks to their own country.

All the prisoners taken at the battle of Borodino, amounting, as I have already mentioned, to about two thousand men not wounded, had been sent to Kasimof. Among them were a great many officers belonging to the different corps, who were more plundered by the Cossacks than the rest, on account of their epaulets and decorations, and their rank was not acknowledged till we went into the interior, and by the French alone. The Russians had had no time to pay attention to them, and they would have remained confounded in the ranks, had we not belonged to the best disciplined army in the world. Their rank was acknowledged, and they preserved all the authority they could still exercise in a state of captivity; and, amongst men whom the absence of every competent judge might easily tempt to the assumption of rank and authority, there was but one man who attempted to abuse the confidence of his companions. His name was Aillaud, and he was a private in a regiment of horse-chasseurs. He took advantage of the education he had received, and the forced disguise to which we were all condemned in our turn by the rapacity of the Cossacks, and the munificence of Rostopchin, and gave out that he was a captain; but in about eight days' time, while we were at Wladimir, he was recognised by one of his old companions, a prisoner like the rest of us, and so laughed at, that I never saw from that day a more docile or obedient soldier. For myself I told how I had been made an ensign by the emperor, and no doubt rose of the truth of my recital. The respect of the soldiers I saw during my captivity, was the only advantage I ever derived from the rank I had momentarily attained.

During the first days of our journey, whilst we were trying to ascertain to what corps we each of us belonged, and endeavouring to form friendships with our fellow prisoners, I had for a considerable time marched beside a young man whom I soon recognised to be an officer of

rank. It was Colonel Laplane, who had been one of the first to enter the redoubt with general Montbrun's cuirassiers, and had unfortunately charged the Russians at the moment they were falling back on Kutusoff's corps, and had been taken prisoner. He was immediately taken before the Russian commander in chief, by whom he was brutally treated; and the Cossacks, imitating the conduct of their leader, stripped him as soon as Kutusoff had turned his back. Colonel Laplane was the proposer of the attempt, made by twenty of our companions, to inform the emperor of the concentration of the Russian army towards Moscow. He had been scarcely acknowledged in his proper rank before he exerted a salutary influence over the prisoners, and this influence was gradually extended even over the escort itself. As I was one of the first who had sought his conversation, and aided in making his rank be acknowledged, he showed me a great deal of attachment, and we became extremely intimate. But we were always afraid of being separated, reckoning that in proportion as we advanced farther into the country, the prisoners would be divided into detachments smaller and smaller. The colonel knew how to turn this danger aside. On my side I made every effort to remain in the same detachment with him.

It was not without difficulty that, at Nig-Novogorod, where our party was divided into three detachments of about three hundred men each, ordered in different directions, we succeeded in getting ourselves included in the one that was going to Kazan; the other two, before they descended towards the south, received orders to set out without delay; though the season was far advanced, and the north winds blew without intermission. For ourselves our quarters were pretty good for prisoners, and we remained six weeks at Nig-Novogorod, tiring with our questions every one that came near us, for we were eagerly desirous of learning some news of the French army; but we could learn nothing, and were always ready to console ourselves with the saying, "No news, is good news." During our stay in this place winter began. The sky had been invariably clear till about the 10th of October, when it became dark and foggy; the snow fell in immense quantities, and when it ceased, intense frost set in, and in a few days stopped the course of the streams and rivers.

In about twenty days' time, the weather became serene again; the cold, though sharp, was not so painful as it had been at first, and we were told that winter had set in. We were then informed that as soon as the sledges were ready, we were to set out for Kazan, under the charge of a small body of men, who had brought down the iron of the imperial founderies to Novogorod by water, and would take advantage of the first favourable moment to return. The horses which had been employed in remounting the sledges on the Volga, had been frost-shod, and were to pull the prisoners and their escort over the snow, as well as a great quantity of goods.

We left Nig-Novogorod on the 25th of November. None of us had ever witnessed such a sight. We all forgot that we were prisoners, to enjoy ourselves as travellers in sledges. This was no longer a sort of journey such as those I had taken at the castle of Wishendorf, on the shores of the Baltic, but an immense concourse of pilgrims moving through deserts of snow. I shall not detain the reader by describing this mode of traveling, which proved as agreeable to us as the log-made roads were detestable. We were huddled together without distinction in those carriages with skates, which the Russians call kibick, and we followed out the beaten path, which was sometimes on the banks of the Volga, and at other times in the very middle of the bed of the river. It was not, however, till towards the end of our journey, that we traveled upon the Volga, for the ice and snow that covered it had not till then acquired a suitable degree of firmess. At night we entered the villages, where we were quartered in large caravanseras.* Taking every thing into consideration, we were not very ill off, and were only unhappy through our anxiety to learn where our strange journeys were to end.

At length, on the 5th of December after crossing a very flat country, which seemed to me, however, to be agreeable, because it was sprinkled with clumps of trees, we arrived at Kazan, the appearance of which was altogether a novelty to us. When I perceived it, I remembered that it was formerly considered to be beyond the limits that separated Europe from Asia. It has preserved a truly oriental aspect. Its inhabitants are a mixture of Armenians, Mahomedans and Tartars. We only stopped at Kazan a few days, when our party was again divided; about one hundred and fifty were ordered to Oremburg and Osa, towards the south, and the remainder to Perm and Ekaterinburg to the northeast. I was counted over among the latter, for it may be well imagined that we were not called over by name. Colonel Laplane was likewise one of the number. We continued our journey in sledges. Our numbers were again reduced at Perm, and we amounted to no more than seventy on setting out for Ekaterinburg.

Perm is the last town in Europe that is to be met with in that direction. It is situated in a mountainous country, which already forms a part of the Ural mountains, which are more celebrated than their lowness of elevation would make one suppose; but they form the real divisional line between Europe and Asia. After climbing for a day and a half the easy ridges that cover the surface of the country, we descended towards Ekaterinburg. It is a very fine town, with the houses covered with iron plates, a mint, and a government office, for the general direction of the mines of Perm, Kazan, Oremburg, and Siberia.

Here, in consequence of an agreement entered into by the crown agent, and the agent of M. Demidoff, one of the richest men in Russia, we were for the last time separated from each other, and formed into little detachments of about ten men each, which were sent to each of the mines of that powerful iron-master. Colonel Laplane had become the leader of us all, and his authority had been acknowledged by the Russians themselves, who had at length shown him a part of the respect due to his rank. He learned at Ekaterinburg that the forge of Nishnei Taguil, about ten leagues to the north, was conducted by a Frenchman, and requested to be sent thither with nine men, among whom he included me; and his request was granted without hesitation.

We set out for Nishnei Taguil, which we reached on the 31st of December. This was the termination of our journey, which had thus continued from the river Mosqua, and, deducting the time we spent at Nig-Novogorod, had lasted two months and a half, during which we had traveled five hundred leagues—and France, Paris and Sixfour were still six hundred leagues beyond our point of departure! What an immense space separated us from our homes! When could we undertake to go over the distance again? Who in the wide world could feel an interest in our fortunes, and come to seek us in such a remote region? Should we be forgotten, like the exiles of Kamschatka or Tartary, who during the whole period of their banishment received no order from the Russian government but the one that drives them back a thousand leagues from the court? Still, were we certain that the French armies were victorious, we should feel some consolation among the painful labours to which we had no doubt we should be condemned!—But at Kazan, we were told that the French had been completely defeated at Moscow, which they had seized by surprise, and burned on their retreat; and at Ekaterinburg nobody thought of the war at all, but considered it settled long ago. The news we had heard at Kazan gave us great uneasiness; but the emperor and the grand army could not be defeated, we said, at the very moment they took possession of the Russian capital; and we would not believe the rest of the story. We were more vexed and impatient at the indifference of the people of Ekaterinburg than we were with the erroneous notions of the people of Kazan. Alas, for a very long and melancholy period, we were destined to hear no news either of our companions or of our native soil!

CHAPTER XI.

1812. Siberia.

On our arrival at Nishnei Taguil, we were received by one of the foremen of the forge, who gave us a house, where we were to wait for the orders of his masters.

The next morning we were agreeably surprised by the entrance of M. Mazin, a Frenchman, the sub-director of the works, who had arrived during the night from a journey in the neighbouring country, and could not rest a moment quiet, since he learned that ten Frenchmen had been sent to work under his command. He gave us all a most pleasing reception, asked us what province we belonged to, and said something to each about his district or native town. He had been long resident in the province of Colonel Laplane, knew several members of his family intimately, and had even received favours from them. It may be easily imagined that on this occasion, so far from France, he seized with avidity the opportunity of displaying his gratitude. He presented the colonel, whom I accompanied to the head manager of all the works, and obtained unrestricted liberty for us, and all the comforts that could be procured at a forge, where, in fact, every thing was in the utmost abundance. A Russian servant was ordered to wait on us, and M. Mazin gave us a very pretty little house, well warmed, and immediately adjoining the church. Our eight companions were put into the least fatiguing workshops belonging to the forge, with orders to make them as comfortable as possible. Their situation was as happy as it could be in Siberia, and they were soon at the head of various departments of the works. They were private soldiers; it never came into their heads that it was improper for the colonel and me to be exempt from labour, and in fact they would have thought themselves disgraced had we been forced to work. Every thing was therefore as fortunate as we could expect.

Nishnei Taguil (which means *Lower Taguil*, to distinguish it from Verknei Taguil, or *Upper Taguil*,) is an iron-work on the river Taguil, which flows, after changing its name, in different parts of its course, into the great river Ob. It belongs to M. Demidoff, along with nine other forges or founderies situated near it, where the ore is melted that is brought from the Ural mountains. Nishnei Taguil is the centre of M. Demidoff's establishments, and the most productive counting-house and iron-work belonging to the Ural mountains which are in the hands of private individuals. Orders emanate from it to the forges of Seldinskii, Vouiskii, Nishnei, &c. &c.

The river Taguil is dammed up in this place, and spreads out into a pond over the surface of the plain, by whose waters the machinery of the works is moved, and all kinds of articles in iron manufactured, such as bells, tools of every kind, iron pots, &c. &c. The water rushes from the top of the dam, and sets in motion innumerable hammers and wheels along the long line of factories.

On each side of the workshops rise the houses that form the *zavode*, to use the language of the country; for the crowd of houses round iron-works is not called a town (*gorod*), but keeps the name of the forge (*zavode*). Our present residence contained nine thousand inhabitants, all employed directly or indirectly in the works. On the most prominent spot was a fine house, kept for the use of the proprietor, M. Demidoff, when he came to visit the establishment. The church is built on the top of the highest hill among which the forge is situated. Like all the churches in Russia, it is divided into two parts, one for summer and another for winter, and is covered with sheets of iron. A number of gardens are scattered among the houses; and though they are not kept in very good order, they give the village a most agreeable aspect, particularly at the approach of spring, when the cherry trees, with which they are planted, are loaded with fruit. In the lower part of the village, is the bazar, a sort of oriental fair, where all the shops of the place are collected on one spot.

This population of smiths represents a peculiar aspect, which cannot be adequately conceived by those who have not seen Saint-Etienne-en-Forez in France. The prospect is very remarkable in the evening, when along the two long rows of buildings all the fires are lighted, all the hammers beating, all the wheels in motion, and thousands of individuals, blackened with smoke, are moving about the furnaces that pour forth daily many thousand weight of cast iron. The immense proceeds of these forges are conveyed in sledges to the river Tchoussovaia, whence they descend to the Volga, which they again ascend to a great distance north, for the purpose of being sent all over Russia in Europe, or to be exported to England.

* *Caravanseras* are a kind of public barracks, either placed in the country, or in the villages. Travellers of every kind are admitted gratuitously; and a keeper, appointed by goverment, furnishes them with wood, water, and the common necessaries of life.

M. Mazin had considerable authority in the forge. He had been lately appointed director of the works for the preparation of the ore, instead of an ignorant Russian, (who had himself succeeded another Frenchman, M. F——, whose merit and virtues were warmly remembered at Nishnei,) and had encountered many difficulties in bringing back the establishment to the prosperity and splendour it had formerly enjoyed. The late incidents of the war had been too rapid in their course, and Siberia was too far distant to allow the precautionary measures adopted against Frenchmen resident in Russia to be extended to him. He was highly esteemed and beloved, and through his influence we remained nothing more than prisoners on parole. We were very desirous of learning something from him concerning the events of the war, but he knew little of what was going on; hence, we were obliged to wait, as we would not believe the ridiculous reports, as we called them, that were in circulation about the entire destruction of the French army in Russia.

We passed the winter at Nishnei Taguil: it was towards the close of it that the news of the defeat of the Emperor Napoleon was confirmed. We were forced to believe it at last, when we learned that a certain number of prisoners was quartered in most of the establishments in Siberia.

We knew not how long our exile was to last. To send some intelligence to our families, the colonel and I had taken advantage of the winter parties of travellers that descend towards Europe, and had written letters, though with slender hopes of their reaching their destination. We became every day more intimate, and he generously shared with me all the comforts, and means of enjoyment and pleasure that M. Mazin could procure him. We went several times to the winter races, which the Russians of all classes are passionately fond of, and to the fishing that takes place on the lakes when the ice is at the strongest, and the fish in a state of the most complete numbness. This fishery sometimes produces several hundred quintals of fish, and is always a grand holiday, to which the people from the surrounding country come in the sledges: they drive over the ice, and furrow it in every direction, while a little lower down, under the horses' feet, the net is introduced by a hole in the ice, and by means of a succession of holes, through which long poles are put, it is pushed to the other end of the lake, and then dragged back with a shoal of fish, which are hauled out upon the shore. The fish are motionless in the water, but become animated by the effect of the air, and struggle violently. The different kinds and sizes are picked out and left exposed to the air, and next day, when they become completely solid from the frost, they are packed up. Salmon, pikes, and tench, are sent in this state to the centre of Asia, to Petersburg, and all parts of Russia. After remaining frozen for three or four months, they are exposed to a proper temperature, and are restored to a similar state to that which they were in an hour before being taken.

Though winter be the gay season of the Siberians, they see the return of spring with the same pleasure as the natives of other climates; and it is apparently to show their joy at its approaching arrival, that they have a sort of amusement during Easter week,—at least the only object of it which I can fancy is to celebrate the end of winter. Every where throughout Russia swings are put up in the houses, gardens, and public squares, and the whole nation devotes itself for eight days to the pleasure of swinging in the air. The sport becomes quite a mania, and you may see grown up people who never leave the swing except to take their meals; and, of course, the young people are not behindhand. After some holidays have been thus spent, they leave till next year the pleasures of enjoying this singular amusement, the origin or object of which I am completely unacquainted with.

Spring does not come gradually in Siberia, as it does with us; like winter, it comes all at once. The evening before we feel as if under the arctic circle; the next day we breathe the air of spring. The snow suddenly disappears, and the earth, as if by enchantment, appears enameled with flowers, which seem to have burst forth amidst the frost. This unexpected prospect engaged our warmest curiosity.

When the fine weather had set in, M. Mazin told us that the attention he had shown to us began to excite ill-will, and he was desirous that we should go to pass some time at another forge, where he had the same authority he possessed at Nishnei, and which was not more than three leagues distant; he had prepared at this place every thing we could need, and we should be quite in the country. We joyfully accepted an offer that gave us an opportunity of seeing more of the country, and of leaving the nine thousand smiths of Nishnei Taguil.

Two days afterwards we set out for Tchornaia-Zavode, our new residence. This forge is situated on the banks of lake Tchornaia, which takes its name from the river Tchornaia-Reka, whose waters flow over a marshy soil before they enter into the lake, and thence discharge themselves into the Taguil. The road that leads to it is monotonous enough; but after traveling along the full-flowing torrent of Tchornaia, crossing a bottom, and ascending the barren ridges of the Ural mountains and the Lipovaia Gora (or mountain of linden trees, which are in flower at this season,) we breathe a purer air, and enjoy a more varied prospect. Before us was the lake stretching towards the southwest, at the very spot where the Ural mountains are divided into two branches. There are several agreeable islands on its surface, and farther down towards the west rise two steep mountains, on whose summit the clouds collect in the rainy season.

We were lodged in an *isbas*, or wooden house, built on the island nearest to the dam of the lake, and as soon as we had taken possession, we took no farther interest in the labours of the smiths of the work at Tchornaia. Our time was divided between the pleasures of hunting and fishing, and walks into the neighbouring country, in which a very thin and scattered population is wholly engaged in working the mines or the forges.

The long chain of the Ural mountains, at the foot of whose eastern declivity we were placed, is generally of small elevation, and the views are uninteresting. Masses of dark green rocks are seen on the brink of the ravines; and forests of white cedar, birch, and pine, cover a fertile soil, still fresh and uncultivated, but often marshy. Here and there are found vast heaths, covered with high grass, mingled with sainfoin and trefoil, and making an excellent turf. Nobody is to be met with in the interior of these forests but miners and the charcoal burners belonging to the forges; cultivation is only attended to when the forges allow time to labour; and the soil is miserably neglected, because it belongs to emigrant workmen, who are moved about from one village to another at the order of their lord, and change their country and their climate without any hope of ever returning, or any means of disposing of the improvements they may have made. The Emperor Alexander has endeavoured to restrain this power of the lords over their serfs, by the establishment of judges in feudal matters, that are appointed by himself; but this first attempt to weaken feudal power remains without effect in the distant provinces, where the lord has always law on his side, and where the judge prefers to be the friend of the lord, who buys justice, rather than of the slave, who has nothing to give. Moreover, though the labour required be severe, the peasant's mode of life is not very painful; every one resides with his own family in the village belonging to the forge. He usually possesses a cow, a horse, some sheep, and a spot of ground, where he raises some cabbages and grain. As the work done at the forges is not gratuitous, every one strives to add to his little store of money, that he may one day be enabled to purchase his liberty. Though a serf, the Siberian knows too well the advantage to be derived from saving all he can of his salary, to agree to work for nothing. He leaves his work the moment he is not paid regularly. In 1809, there was a large assemblage of the workmen belonging to M. Demidoff's establishment, and in fact a sort of insurrection, because there was a deficiency of money to pay the men. This embarrassment might have led to serious results, if the men had formed a plan and had had leaders; it was very disastrous to some of them who were severely punished. Since that time, the cantine-keepers have been ordered to keep farther off from some of the forges, though they could not approach within a certain distance before, and were only allowed to open their stores on the Sunday.

The natural magistrates of these men are their lord, and his agents on the establishment; but the workmen also obey one of their own race, who derives his authority from the influence of age and tradition. This is the *starost*, or elder. They usually belonged to families in easy circumstances, and there are some very rich ones in the establishments in Siberia. It is easy to ascertain their wealth by looking at the dress of the women on Sundays and holidays. Their costume is very convenient for the display of ornament, and this they know marvellously well. Over a light-coloured silk or muslin gown, with wide flowing sleeves, they put a dress of darker silk that covers their bosoms, and is joined on the shoulders by two strips, which are clasped on the middle of the back, along with the belt. The gown shows off the shape in perfection, and is closed before by a long row of metal buttons. The belt is formed of rich materials, and is tied on the left side; the two ends are adorned with tassels, often of great value, that hang down to the ground. A diadem forms the head-dress of the young girls. Above another sort of diadem, the married women wear a kind of glory, in metal or gilt paper, covered with richly embroidered silk, or tied behind with a large knot of ribbands, whence flows a long veil.

The men are not so luxurious in their dress; they wear a wide caftan, or gown, with a silk sash, a fur cap in winter, and a hat with a wide brim in summer, no cravat, but almost always boots. The nobles and wealthy people shave in the European manner, but the free traders and peasants allow their beards to grow. There is another difference between the nobles and serfs; the latter address every one in the second person singular, while the former disfigure the Russian language, and never thus address any of their equals. Here, as in other countries, the nobility are the earliest civilised of classes—though they may one day do their utmost to make their countrymen retrograde to the habits of past ages.

On leaving the forges, and advancing into the country which rises towards the Taguil, we meet with some Mahomedan villages, which are colonies of Kirguses, who, during summer, plunge with their flocks into the remote steppes, and encamp in huts made of bark. At every short distance, the appearance of the inhabitants is totally different, and we see that Europe contends with Asia for the superiority, and the north with the south. From this very point flow those rivers that bear their waters to the Frozen Ocean and the Caspian Sea, which pass through Asia and European Russia, and between which very little trouble is required to open a communication, which is now carried on solely by the sledges in winter. How many resources might new means of communication lay open to industry and commerce in such an extensive region as this, if a more enlightened government introduced liberty and property among a nation of serfs! Winter, however, comes annually to shorten the distances, and communication is thus easily opened with the most distant countries. Thus we were at one and the same time on the road to Kamschatka, on the road towards Europe through Kazan, and in the vicinity of Tobolsk, which is about one hundred leagues distant.

In this singular country, there are no other sorts of antiquities than earthen mounds, pretty solidly built, and galleries hollowed out in the sides of the mountains. As they are very different from the attempts at mining made by the Kirguses and Tartars, they are attributed to a people long ago extinct, called the Tchouds, nothing but whose name has come down to us; but they prove that the mines in the Ural mountains have been known and wrought in ancient times, by nations far advanced in refinement, and that hostile and warlike nations have overrun this almost inaccessible country, which is separated from India by the Altai mountains, a border of deserts, and the lofty mountains of Taurus.

CHAPTER XII.

1813–1814. Wassili and Daria.

I have already mentioned that we lived in a small island not far from the dam of Tchornaia-Zavode. In the morning the colonel and I usually went out together, and, crossing the pond, took a walk among the hills at the foot of Beloi Kamen, towards the south, or went to visit the mines. We returned before midday. After dinner, we sometimes read some books, which M. Mazin had lent us, or we cultivated our little garden; but I got tired of these occupations, and to dissipate my ennui I again got to the other side of the lake, and plunged into the woods, whence I returned in the evening more melancholy than ever.

On landing not far from the dam, I was one day surprised at seeing a young Russian girl crying beside a clump of trees; she seemed pretty, and I approached; she saw me not, but continued to give vent to her tears. I stopped to examine her appearance; her black hair, arranged in the fashion of the country, flowed from under the diadem usually worn by the Siberian girls, and formed a striking contrast, by its jet black colour, with the fairness of her skin. Whilst I was looking at her she turned her head, and, perceiving me, rose in great haste, wiped off her tears, and said to me, "Pardon me, father—but I am very unfortunate." "I wish," said I, "that it were in my power to give you any consolation." "I expect no consolation," she replied, "it is out of your power to give me any." "But why are you crying?"

She was silent, and her sobs alone intimated that she was deeply afflicted. "Can you have committed any fault," said I, "that has roused your father's anger against you?" "He is angry with me, it is true; but is it my fault, if I cannot love his Aphanassi?"

The subject now began to be interesting; for as Chateaubriand says, there were love and tears at the bottom of this story. I felt peculiarly interested in the narrative.

I asked the young Siberian girl who this Aphanassi was whom she could not love. She became more composed, and with enchanting grace, and almost French volubility, she told me that the summer before a Baskir family had traveled further to the north than these tribes are accustomed to do, and had brought their flocks into the neighbourhood of the zavode of Tchornaia; they came from time to time to the village to buy things, and to sell the gowns called *doubas*, which their wives dye of a yellow colour with the bark of the birch tree. Now her father, the respectable Michael, was a shopkeeper, and constant communications began to be established between the Baskir and the Russian family. This connection became more close, when it was discovered that both families were of that sect which pretends to have preserved its religion free from all pollution or mixture, and gives its members the name of *Stareobratzi*. The head of the Baskir family, Aphanassi, soon fell in love with young Daria, and asked her in marriage from her father; but though wealthy, Aphanassi had a rough and repulsive look, and Daria could not bear him; she had, therefore, given him an absolute refusal. Her father doated on her, and had not pressed the matter farther, though he was desirous of forming an alliance so advantageous to his trade; and the Baskir had returned to his own country in the month of August, to gather the crops of hemp and rye. But winter passed away, and the heats of June had scarcely been felt before Aphanassi had again appeared, with an immense quantity of bales of rich *doubas*, Chinese belts, and kaftans, and a herd of more than five hundred horses; he came, in fact, surrounded with all his splendour, and renewed again his offers and his entreaties. Old Michael was nearly gained by his offers, and Daria was in despair, for she was about to be sacrificed to gain, and she detested Aphanassi more than she had done the year before.

While Daria was giving me this narrative, I examined the play of her features, and found them soft and melancholy. Her skin was of that soft vellum white which distinguishes the Caucasian races; and all her gestures were indicative of languor and voluptuousness.

I listened to her with strong emotion, pitied her sorrows, which had so easily procured me her confidence, and when she left me, she was less afflicted than before. The next day I returned to the spot where I had seen her, and found her again; she received me with an enchanting smile. Aphanassi had not come that morning, and Daria, probably thinking that I would come back to the spot, had come to ask me what she ought to reply to him, as well as to her father. I gave her my advice with a strong feeling of interest, and, convinced that pity would henceforward open to me the road to her heart, I tried to become acquainted with her family. The same evening I bought some things from old Michael, and, flattering him on his judgment and experience, endeavoured to lay the foundation of intimacy.

During several days I went regularly to the same spot, and almost always found Daria, as if we had appointed a meeting. Her melancholy increased; every time she saw me she asked for further advice, and although she showed me nothing but confidence, yet the habit of seeing her, of deploring her situation, of having near me a young and beautiful woman, after hearing, for many, many months, no other voices than the rough ones of officers, soldiers, and smiths—all these circumstances affected my heart with unusual emotion. The sight of Daria reminded me of the circumstances of my first love; and these recollections, in their turn, embellished Daria with all her charms.

One day she said to me, "You have seen Aphanassi this morning at my father's; don't you think he is very rough, and has an ugly, ill-natured countenance?"—"Yes," I replied. "Well, I will show you whom I prefer to him." She smiled in saying this, and I was powerfully affected, as if she had been about to say, "You are the man!" She then threw back the gauze veil that flowed from her head-dress, and instantly, at a certain signal, a young man sprung from behind the trees, and cried out to me, "Thank you, Frenchman, for your good advice! I am Wassili, the friend of Daria!" This sight perfectly confounded me. So close to love; and to be nothing but a confidant after all! I blushed for shame, but Daria soon dispelled this impulse of ill-humour. She said to me, "Wassili, whom I have never mentioned to you, is my friend; I was desirous of making you acquainted with him. But he was jealous, because you gave me consolation, and I wished him to remain concealed from you, that he might be convinced, by your language, of the purity of your sentiments. Wassili will love you as I do; stranger, still give us your advice!"

The words of Daria calmed my trouble; and I felt happy that, at a thousand leagues from my native land, in the bosom of an enemy's country, I was bound by no tie to a foreign soil, but could still afford consolation to two beings in misfortune.

Wassili was handsome and amiable; he was also wealthy; but Aphanassi was much more so, and old Michael, though formerly flattered with the attentions of Wassili to his daughter, now rejected them with disdain. We agreed upon a plan of attack against the Baskir; I talked to Michael several times on the subject, and tried to arrange their differences; but it was of no avail.

Meanwhile took place the feast of St. John, the patron saint of Tchornaia, which assembled all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages. Early in the morning of the holiday, the whole of the inhabitants, dressed in their finest clothes, get into a number of little narrow boats, made of a single tree, like the canoes of the South Sea savages. A man is placed in the middle, with one oar in his hands, and strikes the water first on one side and then on the other, and makes the boat move forward with great velocity. These frail skiffs are all in a line, race against each other, and perform a variety of evolutions on the lake. The women are placed at the bow and stern, and sing national songs, while the men are engaged in a variety of exercises and amusements on the shore. A large barge, carrying the heads of the village, and the most distinguished inhabitants, contains a band of music, whose harmony contrasts with the songs that are heard from the other boats. Beautiful weather usually prevails at this season, and the day closes with dances and suppers in the open air; and the lake of Tchornaia, naturally of a solitary aspect, becomes all at once full of life and animation, and presents an enchanting prospect.

Wassili had got several boats ready, which were filled with musicians, who attracted general attention, and were soon followed by almost all the skiffs, in the same way as the gondolas, in the Venetian lagoons, follow the musical amateurs who sing during the night. Wassili knew that Michael would be flattered to hear an account of the success he had obtained; but Aphanassi had also come to the festival. As soon as he learned that the musicians of Wassili were followed by the crowd, and that his rival's name was in every one's mouth, he collected twenty of his finest horses, covered them with rich stuffs, and as soon as the sports on the lake were over, began, by the sound of Tartar music, a series of races on the shore, which was a novel sight in the summer season, and was generally admired. His triumph was complete, and at Tchornaia nothing was talked of for several days but the races on the shore of the lake, and the Baskir's influence with Michael increased considerably.

The grief of Daria made her father suspect that she met Wassili out of the house, and he confined her at home. I saw none but the young man, whose communications were far from being so pleasing to me as those of Daria. Towards the end of July, he informed me that Aphanassi had made another attempt to get her from her father; but that the old man was so overcome with her despair, that he had only agreed that the marriage should take place the ensuing summer, delaying the matter under the pretext of getting her portion ready, but in truth to give her time to make up her mind to follow the Baskir.

He therefore set out. About this period Wassili was sent by M. Demidoff's agent, at the head of a body of workmen, to the centre of the Ural mountains, to cut down trees, and burn them into charcoal. He was not to return till the middle of September. During his absence I saw Daria almost daily; she had lost the brilliancy of her look, but it seemed to me that her beauty was increased, her countenance had assumed such an expression of melancholy. I had gradually obtained the good will of Michael, and dispelled, as far as lay in my power, the sorrows of his daughter. I was a foreigner, a prisoner, little to be feared, and pretty well off in regard to money, so that Michael felt no alarm at seeing me, and neglected no opportunity of showing me his good will. I received a strong proof of this about the middle of August. He brought the colonel (to whom I had told all Wassili's story) and me to a family festival that takes place at the gathering of the cabbage, and to which women only are usually admitted; it is in fact their vintage season. On the day that a family is to gather in their cabbage, which they salt and lay up for the winter season, the women invite their female friends and neighbours to come and assist them. On the evening before, they cut the cabbages from the stem, and pull off the outside leaves and earth that may be adhering to them. On the grand day, at the house where the cabbages are collected, the women assemble, dressed in their most brilliant manner, and armed with a sort of cleaver, with a handle in the centre, more or less ornamented, according to the person's rank. They place themselves round a kind of trough containing the cabbages. The old women give the signal for action; two of the youngest girls take their places in the middle of the room, and begin to dance a kind of allemande, while the rest of the women sing national songs, and keep time in driving their knives into the trough. When the girls are tired with dancing, two more take their place, always eager to surpass the former by the grace with which they make their voluptuous movements. The songs continue without intermission, and the cabbages are thus cut up in the midst of a ball, which lasts from morning till night. Meanwhile, the married women carry on the work, salt the cabbages, and carefully pack them in barrels. In the evening the whole party sit down to supper, after which only the men are admitted, but even then they remain apart from the women. Glasses of wine and punch go round; dancing begins in a more general manner, and they withdraw at a late hour to begin the same amusement at another neighbour's, till all the harvest is finished.

Undoubtedly the lively pleasures of the vintage in Italy and the south of France, are not to be found in these northern festivals; but sports and holidays are of so rare occurrence in Siberia, and every thing bears such an aspect of immobility, that a festival wholly presided over by women, and to which I was admitted by an exception in my favour, must naturally have seemed to me delicious.

Amidst all these young girls Daria always seemed to me the most amiable; she danced when called upon by her mother; her motions expressed satisfaction, and her eyes, scarcely refraining from tears, turned towards the stranger, who alone knew her real situation, though amidst so many indifferent people, who called themselves her friends.

Towards the end of September, Wassili returned from the woods. Daria had a prospect of several months before her before the return of Aphanassi, if ever he should return at all; and she gave herself up to her love with pleasing improvidence.

At this period there came to Tchornaia two Russian officers, with several sergeants, who were much more like Cossacks than regular soldiers. Their appearance was the signal of universal mourning—they came to recruit. They proclaimed, in the emperor's name, that on

a certain day all the men in the district, whatever their age might be, were to assemble in the public square, there to be inspected. At the appointed day every one was on the spot; but it was easy to see by their looks that it was with the utmost repugnance that they had obeyed. All the women were placed on the other side, and anxiously waited for the result of the inspection; and some of them were crying bitterly. We were present at this scene. The officers placed the men in two rows, and passed along the ranks very slowly. Now and then they touched a man, and he was immediately taken to a little group that was formed in the centre of the square. When they had run over the two rows, they again inspected the men that had been set apart, made them walk and strip, *verified* them, in a word, such as our recruiting *councils* did in our departments for many years. When a man was examined, he was allowed to go, and then the crowd raised a shout of joy; or he was immediately put in irons, in presence of his family, who raised cries of despair—this man was fit for service. These unfortunate beings, thus chained up, were kept out of view till the very moment of their departure. No claims were valid against the recruiting officer; age, marriage, the duties required to be paid to an infirm parent, were all of no avail; sometimes indeed it happened, and that but rarely, that a secret arrangement with the officer, for a sum of money, saved a young man, a husband, or a father, from his caprice, for he was bound by no rule; it often happened, also, that he marked out for the army a young man whose wife or mistress was coveted by the neighbouring lord, or whom injustice had irritated and rendered suspected.

Such is the mode of recruiting in Russia! To finish this description, which has made me leave my friends out of view, at a very melancholy period, I shall add a few more particulars. Wassili, as I said before, was at the review; the recruiting officer thought he would make a handsome dragoon, or a soldier of the guard, and having looked at him from top to toe, he declared him fit for the army. Whilst his family were deploring his fate, and preparing to make every sacrifice to obtain his discharge, some one cried out that the officer would allow him to get off because he was wealthy, but that the poor must march. The Russian heard this, and perhaps on the point of making a bargain, felt irritated, and would listen to no sort of arrangement, as a scoundrel always does whom you have been on the point of buying. Wassili was put in irons, and destined to unlimited service, that is, to an eternal exile, for the Russian soldier is never allowed to return to his home.* Daria nearly fell a victim to her grief, and only recovered some portion of vigour when the recruits were to set out.

On that day the recruiting party gorge them with meat and brandy, till they are nearly dead drunk. They are then thrown into the sledges, and carried off, still loaded with irons. A most heart-rending scene now takes place; every family follows them with their cries, and chants the prayers for the dead and the dying, while the unfortunate conscripts themselves, besotted with liquor, remain stupid and indifferent, burst into roars of laughter, or answer their friends with oaths and imprecations.

Notwithstanding the force that had been shown to him, Wassili had drank nothing, and preserved his judgment unclouded; he stretched out his arms towards Daria, towards his friends, and towards me, and bade us adieu with many tears. Amidst the mournful sounds that struck upon her ears, the young girl followed him rapidly, and had time to throw herself into his arms before the sledge set out; but the moment he was beyond her reach, she fell backwards with violence on the ice. No one paid the least attention to her; they all rushed forward and followed the sledges of the recruiting party, which soon galloped out of sight. I lifted Daria up; I did not attempt to restrain her grief, but took her back to her father's, where she was paid every attention her situation required. In about a month's time she was able to resume her usual occupations, but she seemed to have recovered only a portion of her former self.

We had endeavoured to learn from the recruiting party, if there was any news from France. They knew nothing certain. They had orders from Moscow to march from Kazan, and all that they had heard was, that the war was still going on on the right bank of the Rhine. This recruiting seemed to indicate that the government of Russia did not think the war near its close, and from this we concluded that France, in spite of some reverses, still commanded Europe. We gave these officers other letters for our country. We had not omitted a single opportunity of sending letters to France, but we had received no answer. M. Mazin, who came to see us sometimes, and whom we often visited when we went to see our fellow prisoners, had at various periods engaged to send our letters by the couriers of the house of Demidoff. We should, therefore, have received letters from France, and the communications should have been open, if peace was made; hence we were forced to wait still more; but French valour and the genius of the emperor made us hope for a speedy and glorious peace, and all our companions were of the same opinion, for in Siberia, as on board the English guard-ships, confidence in the nation and its chief never for a moment failed to cheer the prisoner's heart.

Winter had again set in. We had left our residence in the island, and had taken a more convenient house in the village of Tchornaia. Time passed slowly along, and we languished in this forgotten spot, with our thoughts constantly directed towards France. I often saw Daria, either at her father's house, or when she walked out on purpose to meet me, which her father allowed, in the hope of dissipating her sorrows. How the poor girl was altered since the departure of Wassili! How many sad things the young Siberian told me when our sledges glided together along the surface of the lake! What melancholy there was in her language, and superstition in her belief!

I attempted to dissipate her sombre thoughts; but I soon perceived that every thing brought them back to her mind, and that the sight of this savage nature, whose solitude affected my own thoughts with sorrow, contributed to increase her melancholy. Within her own dwelling she was less agitated, but more depressed; her fever was then languid, and her beautiful face despoiled of that expression, full of agreeable recollections, that animated her in our private conversation. These walks could only make her worse, and I endeavoured to avoid them. She understood my meaning: "Go," said she, "kind Frenchman, you are taking fruitless care; Wassili has taken my life away with him; it cannot return any more than he can."

I still continued to see her frequently. Old Michael was unhappy because she wept on hearing even the name of Aphanassi; he foresaw that it would be out of his power to have this wealthy man for his son-in-law, for his promises had gained his heart long ago. However this may be, he made his preparations in secret, bought fine silks, and ordered a magnificent diadem to be made for his daughter. She guessed his object, and once said to me: "My father is preparing a handsome ornament for me; it is intended for the last time I shall be at church; let him make haste, for Daria won't keep him waiting."

About the middle of June, Aphanassi returned, more in love and more eager than ever, and as soon as he appeared, the daughter of Michael was attacked by a burning fever that never left her. In a few days she was at the gates of death. All the care bestowed upon her was of no avail, and she died pronouncing the name of Wassili.

Full of profound grief, I followed her body to the church of the Stareobratzi, at Nishnei Taguil. It had been dressed in her finest clothing, and she was placed in the coffin with her face uncovered. The relations, friends, and members of the same church, were present. The men were ranged on one side, and the women on the other. After a funeral hymn, in the language of the country, the priest, who was bare headed, pronounced the eulogium of the defunct. His gray hair, long beard, Asiatic gown, and loud sobs, gave his discourse a peculiar solemnity. When it was finished, every one came forward silently to bid farewell to Daria, and kiss her hand. I went like the rest; like them I went alone towards the coffin, took hold of the hand I had so often pressed, and gave it the last farewell kiss. But here I must leave this melancholy scene.

CHAPTER XIII.

1814. Return to France.

The painful impression left on my mind by the scenes I had lately witnessed, and my sad recollection of the last moments of the young Siberian, greatly increased the sorrow I felt at the want of intelligence from home; and I eagerly seized the colonel's invitation to return and pass the end of summer at Nishnei Taguil, where M. Mazin had recovered so much authority as to allow him to show attention to his countrymen without incurring blame. Our fellow prisoners lived very pleasantly in the village, and the house they had built was one of the most remarkable in the whole place for order and neatness. They had planted a little garden, which, at the commencement of the second season, was far superior to the gardens of the Siberians around them. Their labour, moreover, was quite of a different nature from that of our unfortunate fellow prisoners, who had been sent more into the interior, where they were directly employed in working the mines.

In the month of July, an agent of M. Demidoff, who was sent to inspect his establishments in the province of Verchoturié, informed us that, according to the reports that were in circulation when he left Nig-Novogorod, peace must by this time have been concluded between France and Russia. We remained in a state of incessant anxiety during two long months; at length a courier arrived at the end of September, and brought letters to Colonel Laplane, and a letter of credit on the counting-house at Nishnei Taguil. I was surprised that he said nothing to me about the contents of his letters, nor of the news he had received from France; but reflecting that his silence, I might say his chagrin, might arise from some information he had received from his family, I asked no questions; perhaps his old father, his brothers and sisters! and mine too, who knew what had become of them in such a long interval!

The colonel went next day to visit our eight fellow prisoners; he gave them some money, and promised them a very speedy deliverance; then turning towards me, he said: "Robert, I was desirous of ascertaining how our companions were situated; they want for nothing, are exposed to no inconveniences, and I have no reason to fear leaving them exposed to want; we may therefore depart. To-morrow, at daybreak, we shall leave the zavode, and return to France."

Surprise and joy occupied my mind. "Guillemard," said the colonel to me, with an air of satisfaction, "I have sent our servant Fedor out of the way; let us prepare whatever is necessary for our journey: it is of great importance that our departure be not known. As soon as the peace was concluded, my family hastened to send me a passport, signed by the Russian ambassador, for two persons, as they naturally concluded I would not attempt such a long journey alone. It is to be feared, that if we remain a day longer, the news of the peace will be confirmed, and we shall be detained to command some detachments of prisoners returning to France, which would be a delay too painful to both of us; we have sufficient regret in being obliged to leave our companions behind us."

I instantly set to work. M. Mazin came to bid us adieu; and the next day (the 2d of October), though the snow had only been settled four or five days on the ground, we set out in a sledge.

The moment we lost sight of Nishnei Taguil, and the distant peaks of the Ural mountains began to disappear on our right, I said to the colonel, who seemed melancholy, though he had such a just subject of satisfaction: "Colonel, to you shall I be indebted for the pleasure of seeing the soil of France sooner than I could have done by my own means; how can I ever show my gratitude for all the kindness you have shown me during our captivity?" "By your friendship, Guillemard." "It is yours for ever," said I; "but, colonel, I am sorry to see you depressed at the moment you are about to resume your career, and to return to the standard of the emperor." "Guillemard," said Colonel Laplane to me, "there is no emperor now." "Is he dead?" said I, sorrowfully. "No—but he has quitted France." "Why so?" "Because he was beat by the Russians and English." "Beat—he—it cannot be." "Robert, he did not fall without a struggle." "Hence, we are now again become a republic?" "Quite the contrary—the king has returned." "The king!—whom do you say? Did he not die during

* He is enrolled for twenty years—that is, for a whole life.

the revolution!" "To be sure he did; but his brother is returned, and now governs France; after an exile of twenty years, he has ascended the throne held by his ancestors for many generations."

I put several questions to the colonel, but he gave me no answer. The little he had said had completely confounded me. I reflected on the intelligence he had given me while we were driving over the ice. "The emperor is alive," said I to myself, "and is not in France! He has been succeeded by another. But what has become of his son, that young child who was the hope of the army when it set out full of vigour and glory for the deserts of Russia? What has become of the daughter of the Emperor of Austria? What has become of the emperor's brothers? Has all this large family of kings allowed Napoleon to lose his throne and another to seize it? This cannot be; the colonel is assuredly misled—the whole story is too improbable to have taken place. There is something extraordinary in the whole of it which I cannot account for. The colonel is too melancholy to give me any circumstantial account; perhaps, after all, the general facts have only been pointed out to him, and he would be greatly embarrassed in explaining them. Wait till time clears up this singular mystery."

As we changed horses at every village we met with, we soon crossed the Ural mountains, and the vast plains that extended between Ekaterinburg, Kazan, and Nig-Novogorod, for we did not go by Kasimof, as we did on coming into the country. On the 28th of October we arrived at Moscow. On our route from Wladimir we had learned numerous particulars about the burning of that city in 1812. A great number of houses were building; but we thought that this capital would never again display the splendour we had seen it possess. We passed rapidly through Russia Proper, where two years before——! The fields seemed to have been cultivated, and the villages were rebuilt. We scarcely recognised under the snow the spot where the battle of Borodino, so important to us, had been fought. We passed over the bloody fields of Smolensko without perceiving them; but as we harrassed with our questions all the post-masters and peasants whom we met, we learned, on approaching the Beresina, that the greatest disaster of the French army had taken place at the very spot where we were. Nothing could then overcome the sadness that oppressed us; we thought we were still in 1812, with our unfortunate brothers in arms, struggling with the elements, and falling under the attacks of the enemy. Amidst the snow that surrounded us, we could easily judge of the disasters of that terrible day. I felt an extraordinary oppression of heart. We alighted for a moment to honour the memory of our companions. Upon a bush which had caught my cloak, I perceived a leather sword-belt hanging, almost worn away, but still retaining a plate of copper with an eagle on it. This sight powerfully affected me, but seemed to have still more influence over the colonel's mind. His gaiety did not return, even after we had left the banks of the Beresina far behind us. His disposition, usually extremely open and frank, seemed to change more and more as we approached nearer France. It is true that nothing pointed it out to our impatience. We had traversed Poland, where we left our sledges, Prussia, and a part of the German states, without finding either the dress or the language of a Frenchman in a single village. It seemed that a century had elapsed since the beginning of 1812, when all Europe was French, and the end of 1814. We traveled nine hundred leagues without meeting with a single French uniform; and now we were on the Rhine without hearing the challenge of a single sentinel, or hearing the good day of a single citizen. For my own part, the joy of seeing my country again was neutralised by painful surprise at having become a total stranger to the immense countries we had just traversed. Under our Tartar fur cloaks we wore none but plain clothes; but we were often betrayed by an old soldier-look, which did not always procure us the good will of the inhabitants. This feeling of dislike to us seemed to become stronger as we came nearer to the end of our journey. It had all the characteristics of hatred in the south of Prussia, where we were exposed to many insults. I was ignorant of the peculiar jargon of the country, and could not make out very clearly what they said to us, but the whole seemed to me a very bad omen.

The colonel had become extremely reserved; but once, on hearing some insolent language from a few Prussian officers, tears came into his eyes, and he said to me: "The cowards! they insult misfortune!.....They believe that it will last for ever; but they are mistaken; Napoleon has had reverses, it is true; but on leaving France, he did not leave it captive. The time is not far distant when we shall make them repent their momentary triumph. We shall only be the stronger after so many trials."

When we entered the Duchy of Wurtemburg, I several times heard people say, that, after three unfortunate campaigns, the emperor had retired to the island of Elba, and that a new reign had commenced; but I had not taken into account the changes that had taken place since that time; I thought that every thing but the head of the government remained the same, and that even that head must still be an emperor.

At length we reached the Rhine. When we perceived France from the right bank of the river we involuntarily shed tears. We had so often thought that we had lost it for ever! Before we entered the village of Kehl, which is situated on the banks of the Rhine, opposite Strasburg, the colonel said to me: "Guillemard, we shall find a great many changes in France. We must be prudent, and respect the opinions of every one." These words were still a kind of enigma to me, notwithstanding all I had learned about the new situation in which France was placed; and the tone in which they were uttered was not fitted to make them more intelligible. I had never heard the word *opinion* in the colonel's mouth before this moment. I was very desirous of obtaining a fuller explanation of its meaning; but wholly occupied with the happiness of seeing France again, and certain of being able in a few minutes to ascertain, by my own enquiries, all the subjects Colonel Laplane left me to ruminate upon, what need had I to fatigue him with questions which all seemed to afflict him? I therefore held my tongue; we passed the river in silence, and on the 29th of November, at mid-day, we entered the city of Strasburgh.

It is impossible to express in words the feelings that rushed upon my soul, when, after such a long captivity, I set foot on my native soil. I was struck at once with a multitude of things. Above all, the language, which I so long fruitlessly expected to hear, went to the heart with a most singular impression. It seemed that, after a painful period of deafness, I had all at once recovered my hearing. Every one feels an inexpressible restraint, which is very improperly omitted among the misfortunes attendant on captivity, when he never hears the accents of his native land. For my own part, I listened to every one I heard talking; and I confess that the accent of Alsace that day seemed to me as soft as that of the inhabitants of Blois and Orleans.

Although Strasburg is a fortified place, there were scarcely any soldiers in it, which seemed to me a strange piece of inconsistency. Whilst the colonel was enjoying some repose, having put off till next day his visits to the different people in power with whom his rank brought him into contact, I wished to show my presence on the soil of France, to see my fellow countrymen—in a word, to find somebody to talk to.

At this very moment, the innkeeper, at whose house we had alighted, was talking at the door to one of his neighbours, and it was evident that they were talking about us. "You are going to visit the city," said he to me; "after such a long absence it is very natural you should do so; but if you like, we can accompany you." I wished for nothing better than to have some talk with these good souls. "With pleasure," I replied, and we all three sallied forth into the public promenade.

"You have come from a great distance, sir?" said the fat innkeeper to me, for the purpose of entering into conversation.

"From the extremity of Siberia."

"You must have been a long time on the road?"

"Two months; and yet we traveled very quick."

"I imagine you must have been in great haste; you must have often thought that you would never return to France; but the moment the king returned, he thought of the prisoners of war."

The king! it is impossible to conceive with what satisfaction I heard this word pronounced; I saw that it would give me an opportunity of talking of many things that had excited my warmest curiosity for two months before.

"The king," said I hastily, "had doubtless made an arrangement with the Emperor Napoleon on the subject."

"With Napoleon Bonaparte!" said the innkeeper; "how could that be—could they have any thing to do with each other?"

"Bonaparte truly paid great attention to the unfortunate," said the neighbour, with a tone of authority. "But scarcely had the king returned, before he in fact made an arrangement with the allied powers, for the mutual restitution of prisoners of war."

"Very well," said I, though irritated at the disrespectful way in which Napoleon was mentioned; "every one will therefore resume his service in the army!"

"No doubt of it," said the innkeeper.

"Not at all," cried out the neighbour, in the same breath; "are the sailors who returned from England entered again into the navy? No; there was no mode of managing people who would have cost us a great deal, and whose imprudence, excited by their remembrance of the guard-ships, might perhaps have compromised our close union with England. As for those who come from Russia, it is a different matter: they will perhaps be admitted into their corps."

"Perhaps!" exclaimed I. "Have we deserved any blame from France?"

"I do not say so," replied the neighbour; "but prudence requires, in my opinion, that you ought also to be set aside, to avoid any rupture with Russia."

"If this be the case," said I, "why not set every French soldier aside? There is not one of them who has not assisted in conquering some nation or other in Europe."

"It would be very wise policy," said the neighbour, "and we should thus be secure from military despotism."

"You are more suspicious than our king," said the innkeeper to his neighbour; "you know that he has adopted, and, on his arrival, claimed the aid of the marshals. He acknowledges all past services; he loves the army, and has assumed their uniform—and wishes to associate himself with their glory."

"That may do very well for the past; but he will stop this inundation of a military spirit, and will reduce the army to a size that suits a peaceful people. These colossal armies, instruments of oppression——"

"Gentlemen," said I, interrupting the neighbour in the midst of his harangue, and greatly surprised that, after eagerly seizing the first word in conversation that I thought would bring him round to the subject I wished to hear of, I could comprehend nothing of the dispute that had arisen; "Gentlemen, I cannot make out a word of what you have been telling me; explain to me——"

"It is very plain, however," said the innkeeper.

"Yes, when one has not been absent for two years," I replied.

"Let us go a little farther back," said the neighbour.

"First of all," said I, "inform me what has taken place in France since the beginning of the retreat from Russia; then satisfy me concerning the safety of the emperor and his family, and inform me who the new king is, where he comes from, how he mounted the throne, what things remain the same, what things are changed from what they were two years ago."

"Mercy on us!" said the innkeeper; "who could tell you all those things in less than a fortnight!"

"I," said the neighbour, "and in less than half an hour too."

"Distrust what this worthy fellow tells you," said the innkeeper to me; "he is a violent enthusiast in politics. He is going to tell you a parcel of stories, and make you hate your old general, Napoleon."

"Don't be afraid," replied I, "he won't impose on me; I have seen the emperor in battle, and in the bivouac, and know what to think of him."

I listened with distrust to the stranger's narrative. I know not whether I did right, but the reader can judge for himself. He informed me, that after the retreat from Russia, Napoleon had experienced one defeat after another, and had at last fallen, in the plains of Champagne, less (as he said) from the efforts of twelve hundred thousand foreigners, than from the attempts of a party roused by the persecutions it was exposed to, and from the emperor's ill luck. His abdication had given France up to the allied powers, who, out of their desire for peace, had granted it the return of its ancient royal family, which was loudly called for by the voice of the nation. These

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PART I. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1837. NO. 25.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

princes had been received with enthusiasm. They had wisely terminated the struggles of the revolution, by effacing from our history all the years that had elapsed since their departure, and preserving nothing but the glory that had been acquired. The reign of Napoleon was forgotten by some, and execrated by others. Safe under the shelter of the legitimate throne, France would again flourish and resume its proper rank among the nations. It was true that some obstacles were still in the way of its prosperity: concessions unfortunately made to the revolutionary spirit—the recognition of the new nobility—and of the sales of national property. But a short time would speedily destroy the usurpations of liberalism—crush the new, by the firm consolidation of the ancient, nobility, and indemnify the emigrants for all their losses.

During this long harangue, of which I only caught some straggling ideas, amidst the mass of vagueness and confusion, the innkeeper was agitated with the strongest impatience; his features became contracted with eagerness, and he coughed loudly—but he could restrain himself no longer, and cried out:

"Neighbour, you are calumniating the king. The *charte*, which he has given us, guarantees all the institutions of the revolution, and he has sworn to maintain the charter."

"But, gentlemen, what do you mean by the charter?"

"An ordinance of reform," said the neighbour.

"The constitution of the state," said the innkeeper.

As the stranger perceived, by my question, (which the reader will, perhaps, think misplaced enough,) that I did not understand him, he began to ask me a variety of questions; and, after a two hours' debate, I felt a most violent headache. His words sounded in my ears like a painful murmur, and my brain was completely confounded with all the nonsense I had heard.

I returned to the inn, and took some repose, which somewhat calmed my mental confusion. I then endeavoured to resume our conversation, but found it not so easy as I thought; I succeeded, however, in obtaining some certain facts on the subject. I found that France had undergone a great change in the space of two years, and that I must not forget the colonel's advice about *opinion*, nor hurry my political education too fast, for it would be gradually formed by the progress of time. Meanwhile I resolved to form no opinion on any subject before I had examined it minutely. As affairs had gone on at a rapid rate during my absence, those who had followed their movement must judge of them in a different manner from me, and believe in the realisation of very different prospects from those I formed in my own mind. Hence it was necessary for me to gain, by forced marches, the time I had lost, to put myself on a level with the ideas of the day.

The subject that chiefly occupied my mind at this moment was to join my corps, and assume at last my rank as an officer. The day after my arrival, I went with the colonel to visit the commandant, by whom I was informed that my regiment had changed its number, and was now at Valence, in Dauphiny. I requested him to give me an officer's route for that town, when he enquired the date of my commission—and I informed him of the particular manner in which I had been made an ensign by the emperor. He observed that, as the colonel of my regiment had been killed at Borodino, before giving me the rank I had been promoted to, and my companions had doubtless thought I was killed, it was not probable my appointment had been confirmed; that he could not, therefore, give me any other route than in my old capacity of a sergeant. He concluded by urging me to present my claims as soon as I reached my regiment, and seemed to believe they would not be unsuccessful. I felt no doubt of success, and easily resigned myself to my temporary disappointment.

Next day we left Strasburg. The colonel was going to Normandy, his native province, to see his family, and I to join my regiment at Valence. I also intended to go on as far as Provence, to see my family also; but I wished to have my prospects settled beforehand, and to appear with an epaulet on my shoulder.

At the gates of the town, Colonel Laplane said to me, "Guillemard, we are now about to part: I am going to Paris, on my way to see my relations. If Marshal Ney remembers what he said to me at the beginning of the battle of Borodino, I shall resume the command of my regiment. I shall request the minister of war to get you into it, and shall speak to him in your favour. I hope that my rank will enable me to show you the friendship with which you have inspired me; and you may be assured that I shall make use of every opportunity to do you service."

I was most sincerely attached to him. It is well known how misfortune and captivity bring all ranks of society into contact. He had long inspired me with the same feeling of attachment one feels towards one's dearest companion, though I had never, on any occasion, forgotten the deference due to his excellent heart, and the rank that he held. After a farewell, very affecting for military men, we parted; he entered the diligence at the gates, and I, with the funds with which his friendship had supplied me, got into a kind of calash, and traveled on towards the south.

Since the day of our separation, a variety of events have taken place, and have prevented me from renewing my connection with Colonel Laplane. I have been informed, however, that he fought like a hero at the battle of Waterloo, and that he was afterwards struck off the army list. The newspapers, in 1817, said that he had gone to America, in consequence of some political intrigue, in which he was said to be compromised.

I traveled towards the south as fast as my calash would carry me; but after a few hours' journey, the noise, which prevented me from speaking or hearing, and the driver's stupidity, who had no idea that I wanted to talk with my new-found countrymen, made me resolve to pursue my journey on foot, and see the country more minutely. I had traversed the deserts of Russia, the sands of Poland, and the plains of Germany; but I hated the very thought of them when I looked at the picturesque soil of France. Nothing is so beautiful as one's native land. Nothing presents so fine a prospect as France, in the autumnal season.

The lively emotions I had felt on first hearing the sounds of my native language were very soon blunted; but the happiness of treading my native soil was constantly renewed—for each day presented me with new prospects, and I was daily approaching nearer to the province in which I was born.

I had traveled through Franche-Comté several times since I was in the army, and had been always struck with the soft and pacific habits of the inhabitants. But, on this occasion, I was strangely surprised at seeing them in a warlike garb, and displaying a roughness of manner I had never seen them show until now. I made some enquiries, with the timidity of one who is afraid of giving offence, or of being compromised. I was told of the events at Bourg-en-Bresse and Lons-le-Saunier, and I found out the secret cause of their enthusiasm. With the tribute of praise which I paid to their courage, and the regrets which I felt on not having, along with my brethren in arms, shared their heroic efforts in the campaign in France, I dared not blame the affection they still preserved for a state of things which was no more; and I must confess that, like other old soldiers, I was tempted to partake of their feelings.

The more I advanced towards Lyons, I found the inhabitants less restless and enthusiastic; but their hatred against their foreign conquerors was equally violent. I heard every one talking about treason; and the term was more freqently used when I came near to the Maison Blanche, and farther on, when I approached the Isere, where a bridge had been recently burned down. People in misfortune always think themselves betrayed.

CHAPTER XIV.

1814—1815. The campaign in the south—The hundred days.

I reached Valence in the month of December, 1814. The colonel who had been appointed to command our regiment, instead of the one who was killed at my side, at Borodino, had left it in 1813, with the rank of general, attached to the emperor's staff, and had been killed at the battle of Montereau, to the success of which his skill and gallantry had powerfully contributed. Another old campaigner had taken the command at Bautzen, and during the Saxon campaign, besides fighting gloriously in the campaign of Paris. He had been lately superseded by the Marquis de ***, who had been in the army of Condé, and a staff-officer in the service of the Emperor Alexander. I presented myself to him. He asked me many questions about my captivity, and advised me to be extremely circumspect in any accounts I might give of it to my companions. He was completely embarrassed when I explained the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed; for all the officers that could have borne evidence to the truth, had perished in the retreat from Russia, and I could scarcely find a single soldier in the regiment who had known me. He urged me, however, to send the minister of war an account of the facts, with a petition, which he promised to support to the utmost of his power. He declared to me, that in the mean time I ought to do my military duty as a sergeant. To this I had nothing to object, and in fact I ought to have been prepared for it; but until this moment it never had occurred to my mind that any difficulty could possibly arise about my rank. I now saw, but not until now, that I had to recommence all my labours to obtain it, and the thought of this almost overwhelmed me; but I made up my mind to resume my duty as a non-commissioned officer, in hopes that full justice would speedily be rendered to me. I therefore entered a company as a sergeant, and found the ensign to be a man who had been my corporal—so that the disappointment of not receiving a confirmation of my real rank was still more aggravated by the thought of having lost three campaigns, the consequences of which were so favourable to many, and would have been of incalculable service to me. I immediately got my papers and petitions prepared, and sent on to the war office, and anxiously expected an answer, which, unfortunately for me, the affairs of the time were not well fitted to hasten.

I resumed, but not without disgust, my services, as in former times. At this period, the soldiers had nothing to do—associated too much with the inhabitants—talked of politics, and in the evening had their private parties—where they had strange discussions about their future prospects. The serious tone with which these honest souls, who shouldered the musket, talked of the grossest absurdities, and most ridiculous tales, did not altogether deceive me, and I foresaw a crisis approaching. I was gradually acquiring experience, and, at the close of the winter, I believe I knew as well as many others, the actual state of affairs.

I had written to my family the moment I set foot in France, and received an answer on my arrival at Valence. My father informed me, that I had the misfortune to lose my dear mother three months before. Worn out with domestic cares, and the dreadful thought that I had fallen in the Russian campaign, she had fallen into a sort of helplessness that brought her to the grave, after much suffering. This part of my father's letter was the only one that struck me at first—and it was not until after paying the tribute of some tears at this painful loss, that I could attend to the joy that was expressed at my return, and the news that was sent me about my relations. My father was desirous of enjoying some rest in his old days, and had just given up his business to my brother. His fortune had become embarrassed. The rest of the letter informed me of a variety of deaths and marriages, and of the birth of a third child of Miette.

I wrote again and again to the war office, but received no answer. I began to think that no attention would be paid to my claims until the mass of business with which the government offices were overwhelmed was considerably diminished. I became every day more restless and uneasy, and often desired that a new war would put it in my power to merit, a second time, the rank I had once obtained, but which I now found it so difficult

to get restored to me. A garrison life was insupportable in 1814, for we were tormented by recollections of too recent a date, and, as old Montaigne expresses it, "idleness ate us up."

We were, therefore, all very tired of Valence, but endeavoured to find some consolation, when we saw the approach of spring, which was to restore the brilliant vegetation of the majestic banks of the Rhone, when we were suddenly awakened from these rural dreams by a strange piece of news—the landing of Napoleon. What effect it produced on the inhabitants I do not well know: the blow was terrible upon our regiment. The colonel became taciturn—the officers restless and reserved. After two days' anxiety, and, as it would appear, without having received any orders of the kind, the colonel put the regiment on board some barges he had collected, and we went down the river to Beaucaire, which we reached the same evening, namely, the 9th March. Our battalions were quartered between Beaucaire and Tarascon, which are on opposite sides of the river. The colonel sent for me and told me I was to go along with him to Nismes, where we accordingly arrived on the 10th. I have afterwards thought that I was indebted for his preference of me, to my absence from France during the revolution of 1814. He had long conferences with the magistrates, and several of the most eminent citizens, whom the imminency of the danger, and the confidence of the public, had put all at once on a level with those who were invested with authority—and who seemed themselves to share with pleasure a responsibility of which they felt all the difficulty and danger.

Several days were spent in going backward and forward. In the mean while, I had often heard people say to the colonel, that he had done well to bring his regiment away from the contagion, and to quarter them among a faithful population. The aspect of Nismes and the surrounding country was terrible. In the evening I heard people singing political songs—the real sense of which I could not make out until after many enquiries. They cursed Bonaparte and all his party, which was intelligible enough: but they called out also for the lives of the protestants—and this I could not understand. I enquired who these protestants were, whom, judging from the menaces leveled at them, I considered to be, at any rate, conspirators legally condemned. I learned, however, that they were a class of respectable, quiet, and industrious citizens, who worshiped God according to their conscience; for I held of no account the intentions they were said to possess, since nothing could hitherto be laid to their charge but their mode of worship. In all this, I saw nothing but the effects of old deep-rooted quarrels, and the innumerable evils that follow in their train. The population, however, seemed to be unanimous in their desire to resist the progress of Napoleon. They took up arms precipitately and tumultuously—but still they took up arms.

The Duke of Angoulême arrived. I was extremely desirous of seeing one of the new French princes. This desire I had no difficulty in satisfying, for never was any prince more easy of access. During his stay in the south, the urgent wants of every moment placed him in contact with every class of citizens, whom his presence roused to enthusiasm—and who called out to be led against the enemy. These cries and tumults, through which, in spite of their agreement on one point, old quarrels and discords showed themselves, inspired me with anxiety and strong doubts of the result. I was alarmed at the sight of so many passions roused to action, and could not help pitying the prince who was exposed to them. Though a crowd of distinguished officers had joined him, and his staff was composed of more than twenty lieutenant-generals (among whom were the Duc de Guiche, the Vicomte d'Escars, the Vicomte de Levi, the Baron de Damas, Generals d'Aultaune, Perreymond, Ernouf, Mounier, Pestonneaux, Merle, &c.), I saw no chance of success in the tumultuous and undisciplined army that followed them. The elements of success are, in my opinion, coolness and reflection—and nothing of this kind existed around the prince, even among the men of talent, in whom he seemed to place the greatest confidence. I was constantly called upon by the colonel to write letters for him. I was considered by him as converted (that was the term he used) by Russia, which he loved somewhat more than I did, and had constant opportunity of hearing the conversation of the greater part of the individuals whose names are connected with the history of this period. I saw the doubts of old soldiers giving way, or kept concealed, on account of the mere assertions of a courtier. I recognised the headstrong will of the Marquis de Riviere, so distinguished for his unbounded and uncompromising loyalty. I was astonished at the overwhelming activity of M. de Vitrolles—the almost heroic coolness with which young Damas prepared for possible reverses—the obstinacy with which some men opposed the observations of General Gilly, who was desirous of calming the inhabitants, before he began offensive operations.

It is not necessary for me to describe the movements of the army in the south. A corps was sent from Marseilles to Grenoble, and was seen to march with great spirit against the enemy, but it arrived too late—thought that it was betrayed, and dispersed without doing any thing. The corps that marched along the mountains of the Lozere and the Upper Loire, found nothing to do, and returned peaceably to their homes. The centre column, which the prince animated by his presence, left the Pont-Saint-Esprit, and advanced towards a district where the inhabitants were not fully aware of the advantages of legitimacy—but they did not, however, offer any resistance to the troops. No obstacles were found until the second day; and even to surmount these, all that the prince wanted was good luck.

Near Montelimart a little skirmish took place, which was produced by a half-pay officer of the chasseurs of the guard. As soon as the report of Napoleon's arrival at Lyons was spread, he had imagined that his old general was restored to the throne, had instantly taken up arms, had collected some peasants and young men, and lay in wait to surprise us on our march. He received us with a well supported fire, which threw some of our young soldiers into confusion; but the tenth regiment soon cleared the hill, and the officer in question moved off to take up a position farther on. Our officers had not yet met with the imperial troops, and were quite alarmed lest General Debelle, who had received the emperor's orders before the prince's, and therefore obeyed the orders of the former, should retreat rapidly before our army. They therefore moved forward, with the intention of crossing the Drôme as speedily as possible. They might have reached Lyons in four days more, but some scattered troops and a few hundred partisans had posted themselves along the avenues of the bridge. Our troops advanced with too little precaution. The head of our column was assailed by a well-directed fire, which instantly threw the royal volunteers into confusion; but a battalion of our regiment formed in front of them, and gave them time to rally. Whilst this was going on, the tenth regiment made a well-timed movement, and rushed rapidly on the enemy's battery. The firing ceased in a moment, and the tenth entered the battery, and threw the guns and the gunners into the Drôme. It has been said, indeed, that that regiment had acted treacherously towards the imperialists, by coming forward with cries of *Vive l'empereur*, which had induced them to refrain from firing, and allowed them to enter into their battery; but I never heard any thing of this at the time the action took place. Our battalion manœuvred beside the prince; I saw the duke in front of the officers marching towards the bridge, without seeming to notice the heavy fire of musketry which was pouring upon him from the top of the road. Old general officers several times attempted to persuade him not to expose himself so much; but he paid no attention to them, still moving forward carelessly in the midst of the fire. It was with strong interest that I saw, for the first time, a prince, little known to the army, exposed to fire, and undertaking to contend with Napoleon. We are always sure of finding bravery in a French warrior; but this quality seems to me to be infinitely more attractive when possessed by those who are near the throne. On this occasion I was perfectly delighted; a soldier, I must naturally be on the side of a brave man; and though Napoleon was before us, I did not from this moment feel any regret that I was in the hostile ranks.

The action at the bridge of the Drôme made us occupy Valence the same day, and our advanced posts were placed on the banks of the Isere, a deep and rapid river, whose magnificent bridge had been burned down in the retreat of 1814, and beyond which we ought instantly to have taken up our positions, to keep the road open to Lyons. The next day it was too late to do so; the opposite bank was defended by two or three battalions of the national guard, who were soon joined by a regiment of light infantry and a squadron of cavalry, under the command of General Piré. These troops were from the very first strong enough to prevent us crossing, and they were soon enabled to cross the river themselves. To prevent them, the bridge of Romans was destroyed; but they built another in twenty-four hours; we had now no longer any means of acting on the offensive, and retreat was resolved on.

The most inauspicious reports then began to circulate in our ranks. The emperor, it was said, was at Paris; the army had declared in his favour; the king and royal family had withdrawn from France, and General Grouchy was marching against us with superior forces, and our rear was not protected. These reports completely discouraged the volunteers. Our soldiers had marched against the imperialists with some repugnance, but they were determined to do their duty, and it was not till now that they began to look wistfully towards their eagles. The prince's staff became wonderfully thinned in the space of a few days. Things were in this state when we learned that a part of the south had declared for the emperor, and that we were menaced on all sides. Every one knows the capitulation of La Palud, and its consequences; and none could be worse situated than I was to say any thing new upon the subject, for my duties as a non-commissioned officer were never so incessant as at this period, and, in fact, I am afraid that I have already committed some inaccuracies in noticing the events of this chapter. I was taken by surprise by the events that had occurred, and felt almost indifferent about the result, because I had not, like the greater part of my companions, long arrears of revenge and humiliation to satisfy.

Yet I will confess that it was with the most powerful emotions that I heard the emperor's first proclamations after his return; I knew that voice which had gone to my heart on the day of the battle of Borodino. The recollections of ten years, my disappointed hopes, were all roused at the sight of our eagles, and I joyfully entered into a new regiment. My former regiment had been disbanded, and I now felt assured of being speedily restored to my real rank. This was an additional reason for me to double my zeal; besides, *the circumstances of the time were important*, and if I did not recover the commission gained at Borodino, I should soon acquire another. But I found it necessary to show my new companions, in order to recover their good opinions, that the chevron I wore was not obtained in the army of Condé. Some of them could find no excuse for an old soldier being at Nismes instead of Lyons, and for having served in the prince's army. They had no idea of those feelings of self-denial that constitute true patriotism, and they held nothing to be correct but the party of the great man who had been restored to them.

During the hundred days, my regiment marched towards Lyons, and formed part of the corps of Marshal Suchet. "The period of reverses," we said to one another, "has gone by, the triumphal march of the emperor through France was a sure token of it. We were about to renew the wonders of Austerlitz and Wagram; and, after three months of victory, should obtain repose in an honourable and wished-for peace." Such were our hopes; and the joyful shouts with which a part of the nation had hailed Napoleon at his return, were well calculated to strengthen them; but as soon as the campaign began, it was easily seen that discontent had assumed the place of enthusiasm. Yet the national guard was called together, and came to join us. They felt the necessity of preserving the soil of France from a second invasion, and the soldiers burned with the desire of avenging their past injuries. The campaign began in the midst of a solemn and ominous silence, which was suddenly broken by the thunderbolt of Waterloo. Our corps then retreated towards Lyons, which was not intimidated by that great disaster, but actively carried on its preparations for defence. We manœuvred from one position to another for about a fortnight, till a capitulation, pretty nearly the same as the one concluded at Paris, settled that we were to withdraw behind the Loire with the rest of the army.

CHAPTER XV.

1815. Lyons on the 13th of July—*Description of the line of the Rhone.*

On the 12th of July, the day that the capitulation

was signed, I was sent by the colonel to Lyons to take charge of some clothing and shoes belonging to the regiment. The city presented a singular appearance; a large and handsome *tête de pont*, placed on the left bank of the Rhone, at the end of *Pont* Mozand, had just been dismantled; all the batteries formed on the quays had also been destroyed, and the redoubts made on the heights of Pierre-Seise and Fourvieres had been abandoned. But it was evident, to any one who considers the people's wish of any value, that they had not of their own accord given up the idea of defending their city. The inhabitants of the suburb La Guillotiere left their houses with shouts of *Vive l'empereur*, and prepared to set them on fire as the enemy advanced. A sad but proud enthusiasm animated the inhabitants. If they had listened to nothing but their patriotic feelings, perhaps the second invasion would have been defeated on the banks of the Rhone; if one single man had come forward in those decisive moments when the inhabitants knew not what to do—if one single man had had boldness enough to call them to battle, he would have been followed by the great mass of the inhabitants, and would have renewed the contest that had been put an end to by the capitulation of Paris. The measure would have been perfectly easy, for the inhabitants thought themselves betrayed, and had great suspicion of their magistrates and officers, because they had published no account of what had been done at Paris. They did not know that the magistrates themselves received no intelligence from the capital, and that from the 5th to the 15th of July, Lyons was left to its own resources, and to its own management. Meanwhile the generals and chief magistrates saw their communications cut off with Paris, three times more of the enemy round them than they had soldiers, and that disproportion becoming greater and greater every day; they therefore determined on signing a capitulation, and it was settled that the allies were to enter the city on the 18th. Doubtless those who commanded Lyons at that period, could not think of risking the safety of the city; they would not accomplish the intention of our foreign allies, who perhaps wished Lyons to offer resistance, that they might have an opportunity of ruining our greatest manufacturing city; and those even who had no future prospects but in the imperial government, generously agreed to its fall for the safety of all.

On the 12th, at the moment I entered the town-hall, an Austrian flag of truce likewise entered. I had an opportunity of seeing the bearer, and of talking to him, whilst he was waiting for an answer to the despatches he had brought. He was surprised that he was addressed by magistrates and citizens, and not by military officers. When he had received the despatch he was to take it to his general, and his eyes had been bound; he was put into a post-chaise to convey him away, but a great crowd was perceived on the quays, and seemed to fill every street. The agitation of the mob, and the shouts they made, made the magistrates feel uneasy about the safety of the officer with the flag of truce. To save the citizens from the effects of their own imprudence, they persuaded General Puthod to get into the carriage with the young officer, and to go with him as far as the barriers. When they came out of the town-hall, and moved forward among the crowd as fast as their horses could carry them, shouts of *Vive l'empereur! Vive la liberté!* burst forth on every side. Assuredly, on hearing himself thus assailed by the formidable cries of a whole people, the young Austrian could not have fancied that all this scene had been prepared to deceive him as to the public spirit of the inhabitants. It is said that he reached the barriers overwhelmed with terror.

The army was in full retreat. On the 13th, a grand park of artillery entered Lyons, and was stationed in the Place Bellecour. The city was crowded with soldiers, and as their opinions agreed with those of the great mass of the inhabitants, they were very friendly towards each other. Enthusiasm seemed to increase every moment. About two o'clock in the afternoon, crowds of people ran through the streets and sang the *Marseilloise*, and the *Chant du depart*. Some Austrian officers had been desirous of enjoying the advantages of the capitulation before the time appointed, and had entered the city; the soldiers and the mob followed their carriage in a menacing attitude, but they reached the Place Bellecour, and sought shelter in the governor's house. It was said that some ladies had waved their white handkerchiefs to them from a balcony. The house was attacked, and some transparencies prepared for the day the Austrians were to enter the city, and containing some of the royalists' insignia, were said to have been found in it. The fury of the mob now became unbounded; the house was gutted in a moment, and the furniture piled up together, and burned to ashes. The enthusiasm of the soldiers and the populace was at its height. The forty pieces of cannon that had been placed in the Place Bellecour in the morning were in their power. They shouted "*Vive l'empereur!* we are betrayed—we must defend ourselves; let us go and attack the enemy."

Whilst a company of the young guard, accompanied by an organised body of the populace, was crossing the bridges to violate the capitulation, and that prudent men were running after them to restrain their fury, General Mouton Duvernet, who had just been appointed commandant by the provisional government, M. Jars, the mayor, M. Pons, the prefect, General Puthod, and M. Teste, lieutenant of police, rushed among the people to call them back to their duty. General Puthod was abused; General Mouton Duvernet lost his hat in the struggle, and was driven back to his hotel; and Pons and Jars, though universally beloved, could produce no effect. The lieutenant of police, M. Teste, was the only one who succeeded in getting these mistaken men to listen to him, and in disarming their furious zeal by the fascination of his eloquence. I listened to his truly popular harangue with infinite pleasure. At the very moment, I saw, unnoticed among the crowd, the conventionalist Thibaudeau, formerly prefect of the Bouches du Rhone, who had just been making such a singular figure in the chamber of peers. He was accompanied by his son; I had seen them both at Marseilles at a former period. I thought, on seeing them there, that things must be very forward indeed at Paris, since one of the most prominent members of the vanquished party was already a fugitive at Lyons.

All the shops had been shut up, and amidst this tumult, Lyons looked like a city about to be subjected to the utmost disorder and confusion. However, the national guard had assembled, and marched in every direction where violence was feared. It was fortunately commanded by a man who, after having voted in the council against the capitulation, and urged the defence of the city at the risk of his private property, had seen the necessity of avoiding the dishonour attached to the violation of a formal agreement. M. de Corcelles zealously aided the respectable citizens who exerted themselves to maintain good order. Weis, the actor, at the moment the mob were about to break into the house of a royalist, who was his personal enemy, rushed forward to the door, and defended it at the risk of his life. After many exertions, he succeeded in dispersing the mob.

At night, a battalion of the national guard kept the Place Bellecour, and another, the town-hall. About eleven o'clock I went thither to obtain an order, which I had been unable to get during the confusion of the day. I was coming away when I heard some shouts; the national guard, on duty at the town hall, ran to their arms to defend it against an unexpected assault; the Place des Terraux was blocked up by the crowd, who advanced by torch light, and seemed determined to force the guard; men of all ranks were seen in the crowd, and even directing it. The lieutenant of police, Teste, who had remained at the town-hall, now rushed forward among the crowd, and made his way through with a serene look. I followed involuntarily the steps of the man whose genius had fascinated me in the morning, and almost at the same time with him got up upon a stone seat. He asked, in a commanding voice, what they wanted, and why they troubled the quiet of a great city in the middle of the night? Confused cries were heard in reply. "We are betrayed—they wish to deliver us unarmed to the enemy." "You are betrayed!" said Teste—"and by whom, and for what purpose? Have not we done our duty so as to draw upon ourselves the hatred of all who do not love their country? What have we done to rouse your suspicion?" At these words, which were pronounced with an energy that overawes evil passions, the crowd ceased to murmur. Teste continued: "What can be the pretext of this armed multitude?" "A shameful capitulation," cried out one of the mob. "A shameful capitulation," said Teste; "and no foreigner has yet entered our walls! We have retained our colours, and no contribution has been imposed on the city. Could we oppose forces ten times more numerous than ours? A shameful capitulation! Let those who enjoy your confidence come forward. If I do not prove to them that it is wholly to the glory of the army, and to the advantage of the city, I give myself up to your vengeance——" A murmur of applause rose among the multitude. "Citizens and soldiers!" continued Teste, "if a report was spread through France that Lyons had been the scene of disastrous confusion; if it was said that the army of the Duke of Albufera had aided in troubling public order, and in spreading terror among the peaceable inhabitants, which of you would dare to say, '*I defended France under the walls of Lyons?*' Friends, let it be proclaimed without fear of contradiction, 'If the army and the people of Lyons, roused by unfounded alarms, were desirous of punishing those by whom they thought they were betrayed, the confidence they placed in their magistrates and the love of order had instantly tranquilised them.' No—inhabitants of Lyons, you have not been betrayed. By whom could you be betrayed? By Marshal Suchet? The army knows that, like the Chevalier Bayard, he is without fear and without reproach. Could it be by your magistrates? All France know that they have more danger to encounter by submitting to foreigners than by fighting against them. No—you have not been betrayed! Wait but a moment longer, and those brave officers whom I see amongst you will bear testimony to the truth of my assertion. But if my efforts cannot disarm you, remember that you will find me the defender of your victims, posted in front of every house you may menace. I have already told you, your enemies will not reach you till they have passed over my body; I tell you also that you will not reach the men you falsely accuse, except by treading me under foot. Soldiers and inhabitants, distinguish yourselves by your moderation; it is the never-failing companion of strength and justice."

The more this extraordinary man spoke, the crowd became more attentive, and tranquillity began to spread in the minds of all, while his sonorous voice was heard all over the Place des Terraux. The moment he ceased, a profound silence ensued, for the crowd still listened. All at once a loud murmur, not at all of a hostile kind, burst from the crowd, and they hailed the speaker with shouts of applause. The most mutinous came up to him, and shook him by the hand, in token of agreement. The crowd then dispersed, the torches were extinguished, and the noise gradually died away; and by a quarter past twelve, ten thousand men, who had assembled together through fury and despair, had returned quietly to their own homes, disarmed by the voice of a single individual.

I had never conceived any thing at all similar to the scene I had just witnessed; but what struck me most was the self-denial and heroic courage that distinguished the orator in these solemn moments—feelings that are the true means of acting powerfully on great bodies of men, and suddenly pacifying popular seditions. But such a victory strikes only at the moment, and the remembrance of it seldom survives the danger. This was exemplified in the case of M. Teste; I have been informed that he was rewarded by a series of cruel persecutions for the honour of having preserved the second city in France.

At two o'clock in the morning I joined my regiment on the quay, and we set out on our march behind the Loire, along with the main body of the army. The distribution of shoes, which I had come to settle, was instantly made, and without taking up quarters for the night, we marched forward without a moment's delay. A detachment was ordered to escort the property I had brought to Lyons as far as the depot, and I obtained permission to join it. Though I naturally felt a strong desire to see my native place, after such a long absence, I did not return to the south without anxiety. I knew that our uniform was not looked upon favourably since the violent convulsions that had lately taken place, and of these I had been informed by a townsman who related to me the particulars of what had taken place at Marseilles, on the 25th and 26th of June. There was no doubt that the neighbourhood of Toulon had also been the theatre of disastrous tumults, that blood had been shed, and that my relations and friends at Sixfour, Ollioulcs, or La Seyne, had suffered in the general confusion. I wished and yet feared to learn their situation.

On the 14th, our detachment received notice that a barge was to descend the Rhone next day, and we were all sent on board, under the command of a lieutenant, exceedingly glad that we were not forced to witness the entrance of the Austrians into Lyons. No orders nor news had been received from government on the morning of the 15th, yet the king had entered Paris on the 8th. How is it possible to account for the inexplicable silence the government maintained towards the second city in France? We soon passed slowly under the beautiful bridge of Tilsit, and descended the Saone till we got below the hills. We then entered the Rhone, which carried us rapidly forward. We then got a view of Lyons for a few moments, but speedily lost sight of the bridge of La Guillotiere.

Assuredly, I must be a very foolish politician, for I drew most erroneous conclusions concerning the scenes I witnessed on both sides of the Rhone. I should have wagered any sum that a civil war was raging in France; and who would not have thought so? Lyons belonged to the emperor; Vienne to the Piedmontese soldiers and the white flag; Condrieux had a tri-coloured flag, while Tain and Tournon were neutral; the tri-coloured flag was of an enormous size at Valence, while the white reigned at La Voutte; at Rochemaure, the three colours waved in the breeze, and the white at Bourg-Saint-Andeol; the tri-coloured flag was at Pont-Saint-Esprit, while the white waved at Avignon, and indeed commanded all the rest of the course of the Rhone. This strange mixture of colours was also to be seen in the country villages, as far as the eye could reach. Every where, in fact, the people were in arms, nothing but furious cries and hateful passions prevailed. After all this tumult, this diversity of opinion soon disappeared, and in a few days but one single colour prevailed.

While we were moving forward, the manner in which each of my companions talked of the scenes I have just mentioned discovered to me a fact I never knew till now; that in intestine troubles discord marches with giant steps, even among the soldiers who are following the same career, and bound to fight under the same banners. I already saw some hesitation in our ranks, and they all seemed to be afraid of civil war. I know not who threw this terrible word into our ranks, but it instantly destroyed the confidence and discipline of the army. Some few, indeed, would hear of no submission to the events around them, kissed their cockade, and said with tears in their eyes: "We ought to have died in Russia, Prussia, or Champagne. How miserable we are to have survived!"

During our whole voyage, we had sailed past royalist towns with the tri-coloured flag waving; but when we approached Avignon, the lieutenant told us that our duty was not to support any particular opinion, but to join the majority of our fellow-citizens; and that we ought therefore to abandon our customary badge. Some murmured, but every one was convinced of the danger of obstinacy, and the soldiers abandoned now and for ever those colours which they had so nobly and unfortunately worn for three months before.

The same evening a high wind rose, and forced us to stop at Comps, a village a little higher up than Beaucaire. It was occupied by a post of volunteers of the royal army, whose head-quarters were at Beaucaire. The commandant came with two or three peasants armed with fowling pieces to examine our boat on our arrival, and seemed greatly surprised when he saw it occupied by five and twenty soldiers. He harassed our officer with a host of questions, told him that we could not continue our voyage on the Rhone, that he had no precise orders to give us, he could not send us to Beaucaire, where the popular effervescence would expose us to danger, nor keep us at Comps, where the troops he could dispose of were too few to watch over us. He thought that the best thing we could do was to go on to Nismes. Our officer showed his order of march; but the volunteer commander would have nothing to do with it, and informed us that if we persisted he would instantly send a messenger to head-quarters. This phrase seemed to indicate that some centre of authority was near at hand; we knew that there were troops at Nismes, and thinking it might be better for us to approach a military force, we resolved on marching to that city, and consequently set out next morning. The whole road was covered with men armed with fowling pieces, adorned with white ribands, and marching in the greatest tumult and disorder; they seemed all to be in pursuit of some important object. They talked with vivacity, disputed, ran over the road and cultivated fields, and collected in troops on the hills. The first whom we came up to told us this was their way of maintaining the good order of their district, and of making head against the Bonapartists. We wore the same cockade as they did, and they received us tolerably well. Farther on, we saw the hills covered with guns, and four armed men came down, with some municipal officers, to *reason* with us, and would not allow us to pass till they found they would have some difficulty in detaining us.

Near Saint Vincent, while we were delayed by the same pretences, the whole band that had collected round us, dispersed the moment a shout rose from the other extremity of the village—"A robber! a robber!"—We saw the mob rushing towards the spot whence the shout had come, climbing up the hills and pursuing with ferocious cries a man who seemed to be somewhat ahead of them all. The pursuers fired several shots without effect.

"This brigand," said I to an old man whom I met, "is no doubt a highway robber?" "No, sir," said he, "he is a rich gentleman in the village, who never took any thing away from any one." "How is he a brigand, then?" "Because he is a Bonapartist." Several of my companions began to look grim at this, and put their hands to their cartridge-boxes, asking him with a tone of irony—"Did he ever do harm to any one?" "No, but he wished to do it." "He wished," said I with astonishment, "and how do you know that he is a Bonapartist?" "There can be no doubt of it—he is a protestant."

Three months before I had heard the menaces uttered against the protestants, and I was not surprised that they were now realised. My companions could not understand this matter at all, and were enraged that the Bonapartists should be hunted down like wolves. Our lieutenant had great difficulty in restraining their violence; however, we arrived at Nismes, in no very good temper of mind, on the 17th July.

CHAPTER XVI.

1815. Nismes after the hundred days.

The suburb through which we entered the town was silent and almost deserted; a few people were hurrying through the streets, and some shots were heard in the interior of the town. Some women perceived us first, and rushed towards us in the greatest disorder, clapping their hands above their heads, and shouting as loud as they could, *Vive le roi*. We gave the same shout, and they retired with an air of satisfaction and astonishment, that formed a singular contrast with the violent agitation they seemed to be in a moment before. The men whom we saw were not less animated than the women; however, we reached the town-hall without obstruction, and were immediately ordered to the barracks, in the north-eastern part of the city. Here we found some companies of the 13th and 70th regiments of the line (I believe I have given the right numbers), who had withdrawn hither, as people retire to their homes on the approach of a storm.

On the 15th July, the garrison of Nismes had quitted the place, and left only a few companies. On the 16th, these companies, along with the national guard, had proclaimed the restoration of the king's government; and on the 17th, the day of our arrival, the national guard had disappeared, and the noise of firing in every quarter indicated that the city had become the prey of an ungovernable mob, and of the country people, who flocked in from all quarters.

Some soldiers were insulted in various parts of the town, and the whole body shut themselves up in the barracks; our detachment now saw that they had fallen into a den of robbers. Meanwhile, the companies we found at Nismes, and our own detachment, amounted altogether to about two hundred and fifty men, and it seemed likely that we should have no difficulty in retiring to some town where less confusion prevailed. But this we were prevented from doing by the following circumstance. Nearly at the same moment we entered Nismes by one barrier, the army of Beaucaire, which had assumed the title of *royal*, entered by the other. The moment they learned that the capital of the department had been evacuated by the regular troops, they marched towards it with all their forces, and a host of armed bands had preceded their arrival in the morning. The appearance they presented on their entrance (for we saw them go by the barracks immediately after our arrival) struck me with surprise, and will never be effaced from my memory.

The staff marched at their head: then came a corps of cavalry, composed of men and horses collected by accident; some snatched away from the plough, or stolen from gens-d'armes; others, covered with rags or remnants of uniforms belonging to every department of the army, according as they plundered a hussar, a gens-d'arme, or one of the national guard. Then came the infantry, in similar plight, armed with fowling pieces, covered with white ribands, and dragging along some pieces of cannon, from which were hanging and trailing along the ground some tri-coloured flags, which seemed stained with blood.

In the evening, a few men, among whom were some soldiers of this army (but who certainly acted without orders), came to our barracks to ask for the pieces of cannon that had been left there. The officers refused to give them up, unless they received an order from the commandant of the place, and a strong dispute took place, at the end of which several shots were fired. We hastily shut the gates of the barracks, and the officers and non-commissioned officers were immediately called together to deliberate on what was to be done; the square in front of the barracks was covered with people, and hostile cries and threats were heard. They talked and disputed, but came to no decision, and I was astonished that among so many men who would have acted bravely in the field of battle, not one was able to decide in a case of difficulty. Meanwhile, General Maulmont, who commanded us, sent to the town-hall to learn if the band who demanded our arms was authorised to do so. The mayor came to us, but was scarcely listened to by the furious mob whom he wished to restrain.

At the same moment an officer of gendarmerie came to the gate of the barracks, and asked leave to come in. His presence stopped the firing for a few minutes; he came in the name of the people, to propose to us to surrender our arms. Unfortunately, he refused the general's proposal, though it was very moderate; we offered to give up immediately all the artillery we had, and to withdraw to any town pointed out, with our guns and ammunition; we even went farther, and offered to give up our guns, at a league from Nismes.

These conditions were not accepted, and the negotiation still went on during a part of the night. From nine till twelve o'clock at night the tocsin was sounded in all the churches in the city, and collected the most violent portion of the country people. It was evident that we were threatened with the most imminent danger. In the council, which continued sitting till morning, I proposed that we should wait silently till the middle of the night, and then march out hastily, but in good order, without beat of drum, and march towards some neighbouring town, after leaving a large fire in the middle of the court, which would engage the attention of the inhabitants more than our departure. My proposal was scarcely listened to; yet it would have saved us all.

At daybreak the firing began again. We were forced at length to return it, and a very sharp firing began on both sides. Our numbers were small, and we were shut up in a large edifice open on all sides, without provisions, and almost without ammunition, hemmed in by an innumerable and furious mob. I again proposed to hold out till evening, and then to attempt to leave the city. My opinion was now more favourably received. Whilst our men were deliberating, the plenipotentiary with the white scarf came again to our gates, and asked for admission; the firing ceased, and he was admitted. After going backward and forward several times, it was agreed that we were to give up our cannon, that we were even to surrender our guns, and were to be sent to Uzès. This capitulation was wholly verbal. Our officers were too much terrified by the important circumstances they were placed in, and too confident of the honour of the assailants, and were therefore satisfied with the officer's word of honour, and the apparent acquiescence of the crowd. We opened our gates and began to evacuate the barracks. Our men had not all come out before innumerable shots were fired at us by the surrounding mob. Several of our men fell, and our ranks were thrown into disorder. An unarmed soldier is no longer a soldier; we fled in

various directions; some entered the city, others rushed to the right, and got beyond the walls. I ran with some of my companions along a long street that goes up to the fort, but we were all pursued; two of our men fell beside me, when I rushed into some narrow streets, and the moment I saw no one behind me, slackened my pace, and reflected on what I ought to do. I still heard firing at a distance; I perceived a woman with tears in her eyes at the window of a small house, and said to her with strong emotion—"Which way can I go to save my life?" "Come in," she replied. She came down and opened the door. "It is not possible for you," said the good woman to me, "to get to Uzès, nor to hide yourself in the country; remain here. I am a poor woman, but I have some bread to give you. My husband is in safety; I can keep you here for two or three days, and you can then escape during the night."

I accepted her offer. My preserver lodged me in a garret, whence I could get into a stable that looked into a garden, the walls of which were low and easily to be climbed over. She soon went out, and came back to inform me that a great number of my companions had been killed, and that the mob were pursuing the remainder. Some bands of partisans had posted themselves on the heights that command the road to Uzès, and fired down on my companions who had gone that way. An artillery officer was massacred, at the moment he thought himself in safety; a colonel was wounded, and our little corps annihilated in a few hours.

I could not imagine for what reason we were the victims of such fury, of such brutal violation of every right, human and divine; but when I asked my preserver, she replied: "It is because you are a *grieur*." "But what is a *grieur?*" I asked. "A protestant." I was going to say, "I am not one," but I confess that I was afraid of diminishing my hostess's good will towards me, and held my tongue. "How," said I, "the catholic mob have no other object in all their ferocious violence than to exterminate the protestants; and perhaps if the latter had the upper hand!" .... "We triumphed during the last three months," said the good woman with an air of sorrow, "but we did not treat them in this way."

The neighbours of Susan Delon (that was the worthy creature's name) were soon informed that I was concealed in her house: but I had nothing to fear, for they were all of the same side as Susan, as I felt myself also to be at that moment, without being able to say no; time and circumstance have such influence over men's minds. All these women brought me articles of clothing, to enable me to appear in plain clothes instead of my military dress, which was privately burned. I heard them every evening relating all the horrible scenes that had taken place during the day, and mentioning the names of the persons who had been killed in the streets or in the fields, and the houses that had been plundered in the city or burned down in the country; but their accounts were accompanied by furious outcries, and seemed disgusting by their exaggeration—I could not have believed any portion of their narratives had I not been myself a witness of many scenes of horror.

The day after I had sought shelter in the house of Madame Delon, she was talking at the door with one of her neighbours, when another woman came up to her in great sorrow, and said: "Claudine, they say your man has been killed." "Killed!" screamed the other, "where?" "At your vineyard, near St. Cesaire." "Can it be so?" said the unfortunate woman, with a shriek of grief. "Stop," said her neighbour, "here is your sister-in-law, the wife of poor Imbert Laplume, who was killed along with him, and she saw them both lying dead in your vineyard."

Cries of grief now burst forth on all sides. In the morning of the 18th, Antoine Clot had been killed at Nismes, near his own house, by an assassin already notorious, and whose deeds I should like to hold up to public infamy, had he not been declared innocent by the verdict of a court, so that he might now prosecute me for a libel.* On the same day, Chivas, the husband of Claudine, and Laplume, both brothers-in-law of Clot, were massacred in the country. A single family thus saw in one day three of their principal members cut off in the flower of their age.

As the bodies were usually mutilated, and left in the fields to feed birds and beasts of prey, Claudine Berinargue, after her first burst of grief had subsided, resolved to save her husband's body from this brutal usage; she hired some labourers, and having obtained permission to go beyond the barriers (a permission extremely difficult to obtain at that time), she went herself to inter her husband, and returned in the evening overwhelmed with grief.

Three days had elapsed, when some one came and informed Claudine that her husband was not buried, but that his body was lying in his own field above ground. She would not believe the account at first; but she was convinced at last by the evidence of several persons, who came to relate the circumstance to her with an ironical pity and affected eagerness, and she determined to go and bury the body a second time. But she could not find a soul who would assist her in the work, some considered it as impious, and others as too dangerous. She then put a spade on her shoulder and went to the town-hall, to obtain permission to leave the city. She told what her object was, and obtained permission to go to her fields *to dig up a tree*, a pretext that was thought more prudent to justify the use of her spade, than the acknowledgment of a murder that was never enquired into. I am not the only person who has seen this singular permission.

Claudine went to the vineyard, dug a grave beside the disfigured body of her husband, put it in, and covered it over with earth and stones, to prevent it being pulled up a second time. Whilst she was doing this, some women appeared at the corner of her field, and burst into shouts of derision. However, the strong-hearted widow fulfilled her pious duty, and returned towards Nismes. She found a mob of people collected at the barriers, by whom she was insulted; but she held down her head, and marched silently towards her own house, hoping when she reached it that she would be safe from the fury, not of her enemies, for she had none, but of the fanatics, who pursued her with insults and contemptuous outcries. When she came near her house, she heard the mob behind her raising shouts of joy, and raising her head to see what had produced it, she saw her furniture piled up before her door, and all in a blaze. They had taken advantage of her absence to plunder her dwelling; and the cannibals who had met her at the gates of the city, had, by a diabolical species of cruelty hitherto unknown in multitudes, restrained their joy during her whole way from the gates to her own house, that they might keep this horrible surprise in reserve for her, and procure themselves a demoniacal satisfaction. The moment Claudine Berinargue saw the scene before her, she made her way through the crowd without complaint, without uttering a single word, her eyes fixed in vacancy, and hurried along by the mental alienation that supported her under her load of misery. No one followed her. The mob of marauders dispersed, for they had satiated their vengeance, and did not plunder the adjoining houses, as might have been expected. I kept myself concealed in my garret under some hay, and expected they would set fire to our house, which was opposite the unfortunate widow's, in which case I was prepared to rush into the country, or perhaps into the crowd, armed with a large cutlass, which was the only sort of weapon I could find in the house.

Of the scene I have just mentioned, I saw only the concluding part, the plunder of the house; and that alone affected me at the moment. But I learned all the rest of the particulars, a few hours afterwards; and was terrified at such a diabolical accumulation of horrors. It seemed to me, that such crimes were about to become general, and Nismes on the eve of being sacked; I could not endure the idea of witnessing such scenes, and resolved to set out the same evening. My hostess was overwhelmed with the fears and tumultuous emotions of the day, and did not endeavour to detain me. I tried to arrange my dress so as to look like a man of those scenes and times, and assumed a large cockade; and about nine o'clock I thanked the kind Delon for her services, went to the barrier, where I was asked no questions, but I did not pass through without lively apprehension.

* What the sergeant dares not publish, others may; the assassin in question is no less a personage than the celebrated *Trestaillon*, the *heroic* murderer of the protestants of the south, and the chosen *garde d'honneur* of that chosen daughter of the church, the Duchess of Angoulême.—(*Translator.*)

CHAPTER XVII.

1815. Return to Toulon—Assistance given to a fugitive.

I immediately took the road to Arles, through the sandy district of Bellegarde. At daybreak, I was near Fourques; I went carefully round that village, and, to avoid the guards on the bridge, was preparing to swim over a little arm of the Rhone, a quarter of a league lower down. At the moment I was about to enter the water, four men armed with muskets rushed out from behind a small hut, and presenting their guns, cried out, "your papers." As their hats were adorned with white cockades, at least six inches in diameter, I supposed they were gallant royalists, who had been sent to guard the banks of the Rhone; and as I had no desire of entering into discussion with them, after the polite manner they had begun, nor of running the risk of being taken for a protestant and treated as one, inasmuch as I had no passport to show, I did not wish to wait till they came a step closer, and jumped into the water. They had leveled their muskets at me at first; but now, like inexperienced fellows as they were, they raised them up and ran towards the bank. I followed the current, and whilst they were getting to the bank, and wasting their time in fruitless menaces, I got into the middle of the stream, and dived so as to avoid their shots. They fired at the moment I rose above water, and their balls whizzed round me and struck the water. One of them had loaded with small shot, and some of the grains entered my arm; I had no need of this stimulus to urge me forward, and before they had loaded again, I was nearly beyond their reach. Two of them, however, still discharged their guns, but it was of no avail.

Although I was quite breathless when I got to the left bank of the Rhone, I did not take time to look behind me, but ran as fast as I could to a small wood that I saw at some distance. On coming up to it, I perceived that it was large enough to afford me concealment, and prevent me being taken by surprise. Hence I stopped, and began to dry my clothes in the sun. The good Delon would absolutely fill my pockets with provisions before I set out; and I breakfasted with a piece of bread, well steeped in the Rhone during my passage. And this meal, though frugal enough, soon restored me to my former strength and vigour. In half an hour, the burning sun of the field dried my clothes, and I resumed my journey, with eye and ear intent on every sight and sound, and not a shadow waved in the breeze, but I thought I saw an enemy.

I passed along the Camargue, following the left bank of the river, which I thought I should be able to cross by the first boat I met moored on the shore. About mid-day, I took some refreshment, in a farm-house, and continued my journey. The Rhone became wider and wider. I met with no boat, and began to get alarmed, when I saw a felucca loaded with wood coming down behind me pretty rapidly, and approaching the bank where I was. I hailed it. When I learned that it was bound for Toulon, I asked the master if he would take me on board; and after asking who I was, he found that he would be doing a service to an old soldier, and sent his boat for me. We entered the open sea the same evening, and having fortunately caught a southwest wind near the coast, we set sail for Toulon. The next day, the 24th July, at daybreak, I discovered Bandol, and the roads of Brusc, on the north; on the west, right ahead of us, the *Deux Freres*, Cape Sepet, and the hill of Sixfour, which was lost among the vales of Ollioules. We heard salutes of cannon fired on the shore, but knew not what was the cause of it. I learned on reaching the shore, that it was in honour of the white flag being hoisted in the place, in consequence of the treaty signed by Marshal Brune and the royalists.

We soon landed at La Seyne, in the road of Toulon, and nobody thought of examining our vessel. I went immediately to Sixfour, where I was received by my family, with all the affection they had so often shown me in times past. I found a cruel void at home, and my return renewed the grief of the family for a loss that had occurred a considerable time back, but which was every day felt more sensibly: yet it was with melancholy satisfaction that I found the memory of my excellent mother still fresh in the hearts of all the members of my family.

My father was still mayor of the village. On the day of my arrival, I expected to receive, as I had done in my

former journey, the visits and congratulations of our neighbours; but not a soul came. I enquired the cause, and learned that there was the greatest contrariety in people's opinions, and that my father, who had been formerly accused of moderation, was now accused of liberalism by the very same individuals. Next day I perceived that those whom I met looked at me suspiciously, and those I spoke to replied with an air of constraint. I thought that my presence could only increase the difficulties of my family, and, two days after my arrival, set out again for Toulon, with the intention of getting a marching order to join the depot of my regiment; but I found that town in such a state of alarm and confusion, that I prolonged my stay, thinking always that I was on the eve of seeing some important event. At any rate, it would not have been easy for me to get an order of departure, for nobody was at his post—and I knew not whether to apply to the old or new authorities. I resumed the uniform I had been obliged to abandon at Nismes, and had not been two days at Toulon before I fell in with several of my old acquaintances, who, like myself, had escaped from our late political disasters. We communicated our melancholy reflections on the dissensions we had witnessed. The white flag had been a few days before hoisted in the public buildings, the forts, and the government vessels in the roads; but a great many soldiers, after putting aside the tri-coloured cockade, hesitated to assume that of the existing government. The garrison, full of the recollections of the empire, and irritated by the massacres which had taken place at Marseilles, had, it was said, declared to Marshal Brune their desire of burying themselves under the ruins of the town, rather than to give up their eagles. Admiral Gantheaume, though loved and venerated throughout Provence, had yet encountered the greatest danger in calling upon his countrymen, to return to their duty; and when Marshal Brune agreed to submit to the king's government, before hoisting the white flag, it was thought necessary to send off to the forts the most violent troops in the town, among whom were the half-pay soldiers of the Isere, a sacred battalion, and two battalions of grenadiers of the department of Var. The last-mentioned corps was disbanded and disarmed on the *Place d'Armes*, at Toulon, on the very day of my arrival. I knew some men who had belonged to it: their discontent was at its height, and their language was not very circumspect. However, Toulon did not become a scene of bloodshed. It is true that an officer of the 16th regiment of the line was assassinated in a public square, in the middle of the day; but can this solitary fact be put into comparison with the horrible atrocities that were perpetrated at Marseilles, Nismes, Montpellier, and all the other towns in the south!

On the day of my arrival, I met, in the harbour, M. Don ....., who had first served in the navy, then in the army—when he was present at the battle of Wagram—after which I had an opportunity of seeing him. He had again returned to the navy, and had reached the rank of master. He seemed exceedingly happy to see me, after such a long separation, and the numerous dangers we had both encountered. I met with him several times afterwards; and latterly saw his mind harassed with some important care—but I did not like to ask him any questions.

About eight o'clock one evening (I believe it was the 21st of August,) I was walking by myself in the *Champ de Battaile* (a square at Toulon,) and reflecting on a variety of subjects—and in truth I had quite enough to reflect on—when this officer came up to me, and said, "Guillemard, you are known to be a man that can be depended on—will you assist in an undertaking that requires courage and generosity? Follow me." "Captain," said I, "I am ready to follow you any where. I have seen you at Wagram and other places; but in the situation in which things are placed, I will not do it till you give me a formal order, well assured that whatever the consequence be, you will never deny the transaction." "Very well," said he, "I order you—follow me."

We then walked towards the gate of Italy, and left Toulon. We climbed over the hill of La Malque, and reached a spot where we found a boat moored on the shore. M. Don ..... entered it, examined it for a moment, came out, walked up and down the shore, and looked every now and then in the direction by which we had come down. In about half an hour, when it had become quite dark, we heard the steps of some persons coming towards us. My officer listened for a moment, got upon a rock, and said, "Is it you, Ang—?" "Yes," replied an officer I had not yet seen, and who arrived quite out of breath. "He is coming this moment," he continued; "is that your non-commissioned officer?" "Yes," said M. Don ....., "and you may depend upon him. Let us get every thing ready." He made me a signal to go into the boat, and came in after me, while M. Ang— walked up and down on the shore, and seemed to examine every thing around him. We hoisted the sail, prepared the oars, and put into a box some provisions they had no doubt brought here beforehand.

After waiting some time, during which we remained in the deepest silence, M. Ang— said, "Are you ready? here he comes." We got upon one of the seats of the boat, and looked in the direction pointed out by M. Ang—, and heard the steps of several men. M. Ang— moved quickly out of the way, and knelt down, as if to conceal himself. We did the same—and soon saw a body of men going along the shore, and marching towards the big tower. They were doubtless fishermen, who passed by without noticing us. M. Ang— returned, and we walked up and down the shore, and waited in silence until daybreak.

By the frequent and rapid movements of both officers, it was very evident that they were burning with impatience. For myself, I had for some time witnessed so many strange and unaccountable events, and had felt so many powerful emotions, that nothing could henceforth astonish me, and I remained almost indifferent about every event that took place round me. I imagined that the service required was to save some naval officer of rank, who was proscribed by the government of the moment, from the captivity that awaited him, and to put him on board a merchant vessel.

When we heard the cannon that announced the opening of the gates of Toulon, one of the officers said to the other, "Something extraordinary must have taken place. Let us haul down the yard—go into the country, and see what can be the cause of this delay—and I shall return to Toulon with the sergeant. You know where to find me; and if there are no new orders, we meet this evening at the usual hour."

As we were on our way to Toulon, my companion said to me: "Guillemard, I must give you some explanation of the present circumstances. Our object is to save an officer of rank, who has fought more campaigns than you and I put together. He is pursued, and we wish to put him on board of a vessel that is waiting for him; and the moment our object is accomplished, we shall return to the shore. We have thought we might rely safely on your discretion and good will, when our object was to save the life of a brave man." "You are not mistaken, captain," said I. "Well," said he, "we meet this evening at eight o'clock, at the *Trois Oranges*, behind the Champ de Mars. I am going to hasten forward, that I may enter Toulon alone." We separated. I made a long circuit; and going round the lines, walked towards the gate of France.

I reflected on what I had just heard, and recalled to mind the names of all those who were exposed to danger by the late political events—and involuntarily stopped at the name of General Brune, whom his violent opposition to the new government seemed likely to expose to many dangers. It is true that a report of his death had been in circulation for some days; but the manner in which it was told necessarily raised doubts of its truth in the mind of every reasonable man. In fact, I could not possibly imagine that peaceful citizens, who knew nothing of that warrior but his glory, could assassinate him in cool blood—and thought that the report had been spread on purpose to favour his flight, and that he was still concealed in the neighbourhood. "If, indeed, it be necessary to save him, (I thought,) I may be safely relied on. I care not what his opinions are; but I cannot forget that I have served under his command, and that he must be in misfortune." I had got thus far with my reflections, when I saw about fifty or sixty persons coming forward, in the direction of La Valette, most of them dressed in remnants of uniforms of the national guard, and four or five of them with epaulets. They were all covered with dust, and their looks presented an appearance of terror and alarm. They marched in great disorder, and formed rather a crowd than a company.

When they came up to me, their commanding officer, M——, son of the general of that name, clapped me on the shoulder, and said, roughly, "Where do you come from, so early in the morning?" I was not prepared to answer this question—but I was angry at the tone in which it was made, and replied, "It is not earlier for me than for you—where do you come from yourselves?" "I have no answer to give you." "Nor I either, I hope." A loud clamour burst from the fellows who followed him. Those who wore epaulets, surrounded me, and asked me if I did not know what their rank was. "How the devil should I be able to recognise you! Did I ever see you along with the army?" "We are officers." "So much the better for you," I replied. The cries and clamour began anew, and they seemed on the point of attacking me. Fortunately, some soldiers, who were passing by, saw one of their men among this tumultuous band, and rushed forward. The moment they saw them, the gallant fellows who surrounded me began to clear off, and said to each other, "Come along, come along, he is a fine fellow, let us move on." We each of us resumed our march to the town. "Are these," I thought to myself, "the people destined to supersede our brave officers, whose birth is not sufficiently ancient! It cannot be! They would not surely go and seek out that baker who can scarcely read—that ugly confectioner—that mean smith—that bankrupt broker, with the villanous countenance—and all these fellows that strut away with epaulets! No—these are not the nobles to whom military commands are reserved. They look more like fellows who would rob on the highway. I have no objection to see lords of high birth and distinguished education at the head of our troops; but these are fellows that have been drawn up from the mud for a moment, during a political crisis, and cannot be fitted to command us."

I returned to Toulon. I do not know how it was, but the day seemed tedious to me. I was at the *Trois Oranges* at eight o'clock. M. Don ..... came immediately after me, and seemed depressed. After drinking a bottle of beer together, we walked towards the spot where we had left the boat, which we found in the same state as before. We waited several hours. The night was very dark, and we walked quietly up and down the shore, listening to every noise we heard. At length, about half past eleven, we heard some footsteps, and saw four persons coming forward with great precaution. M. Don ..... made a signal, which they answered, and immediately came forward. "Is every thing ready?" said M. Ang—, whom I then recognised. "Yes," we replied. "Come, prince, let us embark," said he to a person who was wrapped up in a large cloak. "But who are these men?" said he, in a tone of alarm, and pointing to us. "Friends." "But—do you know the coast well?" "It's of no consequence: we run the same danger as you do." "Very well—let us go." He then turned towards a little thin man, who held his arm, and said to him: "Adieu, generous Mar—; whether fortune be favourable to me or otherwise, I shall never forget your conduct;" and he embraced him. "Prince," replied the latter, with emotion, "I have only done my duty. I wish it were in my power to do as much for every member of your family—for all in misfortune." As he said these words, on retiring, the person to whom they were addressed put one foot on the gunwale of the boat. He was a man of high stature, and majestic aspect. He seemed to hesitate a moment; but M. Ang— took hold of his arm, and said, "Come on—every thing is settled—let us depart;" and he entered the boat along with him. We pushed off from the shore without a moment's delay, and sailed with great caution, to avoid being hailed by the boats cruising off the harbour, and and at dawn of day found ourselves beyond Cape Cepet. Our passenger was seated in the stern, took no share in the management of the boat, and had not yet uttered a single word. So much mystery made me very desirous of learning who he was, and I saw the approach of daylight with pleasure; but his cloak was crossed over his shoulder, and completely concealed his face, leaving nothing to be seen but the tassels and a part of his velvet cap.

We moved about until sunrise. He then rose up all at once, and cast his cloak back to look at the horizon around us. The oar I had fell from my hands. I arose almost involuntarily, and put my hand to my forehead, to give him the usual military salute. It was the *King*

of Naples. Without noticing my astonishment, he said, with an air of satisfaction, "We are now out of reach. But you surely do not mean to go with this boat to Corsica?" "No, sire," replied one of the officers; "we are going to beat about, without going far from the entrance of the roads. In a few hours, the schooner that conveys the mail from Toulon to Corsica will come out. Our intention is to put your majesty on board; and the captain will be forced to sail to any port you point out to him. This has seemed to us the safest plan. But whatever plan you may adopt, we are ready to obey your orders—and to sacrifice our lives, if necessary, in your defence; but the captain shall obey you." "I shall not ask him to do any thing," replied the king, "but to continue his voyage. I shall find plenty of opportunities in Corsica, to go to Trieste or elsewhere."

We made several tacks, but still kept sight of the entrance of the roads. The packet did not appear, though the hour of its sailing had passed. We resolved to wait for it a while longer; and to avoid the suspicions of the custom-house officers, whose attention might have been roused by the sight of our boat. we pretended to be fishing. But, towards evening, we felt full of anxiety, and determined to move out into the open sea, to avoid being taken by surprise, in case we had excited suspicion on shore. During the greater part of the day, the king and one of the officers lay upon one of the seats, to conceal the numbers of our little crew. We had taken some refreshment in the morning; but, for some reason or other, the king seemed afraid of taking any thing. Our officers wished not to eat until after he was served, on account of his rank, but they could not persuade him to take any thing. He would not take any food until towards evening, and then he wished us, like jovial traveling companions, to take our meal along with him. This was the first time, and will probably be the last, that I dined, I do not say at a king's table, but with a king in person. But, in truth, we required to take some nourishment. We were very far from shore; and, as the wind had changed and freshened considerably, we were threatened with a very disagreeable night. We lowered our sail, and took every precaution in our power against the bad weather that was louring over us.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1815. Account of Murat's stay at Toulon—His departure for Corsica.

We began to despair of meeting with the packet, but still continued sailing about, so as to get as near her route as possible. We were fatigued and worn out; the king, on the contrary, seemed to resume his accustomed energy, the more distant he got from the coasts of France. He doubtless felt anxious to reanimate us, and several times renewed the conversation, when it became languid. "You did not tell me," said he to Don....., "how Bon.... was detained, and was unable to come along with us." "You know, sire, that he became suspected, after the sailing of your suite. At the moment you were to have set out, it was settled between us, that to avoid the active persecution of your enemies, he was to go towards the mountain, as if he had gone to prepare for your journey by land. The suspicions of your enemies must have been turned in that direction, and, by leaving the coast, he has assisted you to escape." "I am happy that he has adopted such a step. Otherwise it would have been another brave man who had risked his life for my sake. I return you my thanks, gentlemen," said he, afterwards, addressing himself to us, "for your perseverance in risking every thing for my sake. I hope that you will be able to return to Toulon in a few hours. For myself, wherever I may be, I shall never forget the important service you have rendered me."

Thus went on the conversation, and while we felt the strongest anxiety, the king spoke to us with a smile about the dangers he had encountered for the last month.

He had first withdrawn to Plaisance, a beautiful country seat in the neighbourhood of Toulon, but he had been obliged to leave it hastily at the time of the tumults at Marseilles. He had then sought shelter in another country-house, much more secluded, and more than a league and a half from the town. The first thing he did on his arrival, was to write to the new government officers, to notify them "that he had nothing to do with the internal quarrels of the country, but requested that the asylum he had sought in France might be respected." At the same period, he sent several persons to Paris, one after another, to negotiate in his name, with the allied powers. He felt assured that he had lost for ever the kingdom of Naples, and merely asked an asylum from England or Austria, where he might live as a private individual. Dangers of every kind crowded around him, while he was waiting for the answer of the allies: armed bands had orders to seek him out—and it was even said that a reward was offered for his head.

It was then only that he thought of leaving Provence, where he could not hope to escape much longer from the assassins, who had not respected the rank and character of Marshal Brune. He made an attempt to go by the mountains to Lyons, where he could have more tranquilly waited for the decision of the allied powers; but while (according to the plan of his aide-de-camp, General Rossetti) M. Blan...., one of our number, had prepared every thing for the journey, he received news that the Duke of Rocca-Romana had taken his passage on board a vessel bound to Havre de Grace. He resolved to adopt this way in preference to any other. It was agreed that, to prevent detainment or surprise, the king was not to embark at Toulon, but was to get into a boat the day the vessel left the harbour, and join it at sea.

The king was on the shore at the appointed time; but, by some strange mistake, there was no boat waiting for him. He was, therefore, obliged to get into a boat with two sailors, and his nephew Murat, a captain in the navy. The vessel had got far from the coast, and they had scarcely left it, when a high wind drove them on shore. They landed again, soaked with rain and the seas the boat had shipped. The king passed the remainder of the night on the shore. At daybreak, he saw the vessel sailing out into the open sea, and lost all hopes of getting up with it. He was then obliged to conceal himself in the mountains, to escape from the search that was made after him—for he judged rightly, that the vessel sailing without him had been produced by the suspicions the police had formed of his projects. In fact, he learned afterwards that they had constantly watched the movements of the vessel, until it was out of sight. Joachim Napoleon was obliged to dry his clothes in the sun, and to eat a piece of coarse bread in a solitary farm-house, while his valet, Leblanc, left him, on some slight pretext, and ran away with his master's money.

In this state two days were passed. He was without a roof to cover him, and almost without food, when, at last pressed by want, he resolved on entering a small house where he thought he should not be known; he found an old woman in it, and told her that he belonged to the garrison. Whilst she was preparing some food he had asked her for, the master of the country-house came in. His situation was embarrassing. The King of Naples' countenance was too remarkable not to be instantly recognised by any one who knew the political events of the day, or who was at all acquainted with the history of our military glory. Hence M. Mar...., the master of the house, saluted Joachim respectfully the moment he perceived him, and assured him that he would do every thing in his power to secure his asylum from the researches of his enemies.

It was here that the king waited some days longer for the answer of the allied powers to the proposal he had made; but, notwithstanding his multiplied despatches, he received no answer. Seeing his hopes dashed away by being neglected so utterly, while his life was every moment in jeopardy, he resolved at last to accept the offer of some enterprising and faithful young men, who engaged to put him on board the packet that conveys the mail to Corsica, at the moment the vessel got to sea. By means of the gardener of the chateau of Plaisance, in whose house he had one night sought shelter, he had opened a correspondence with M. Blan....

M. Don.... and M. Ang.... were then presented to him; it was the latter who conceived the plan of putting the king on board a vessel, and offered to put it into execution. They bought a boat and prepared every thing for the attempt. Before leaving the French territory, the king wrote Fouché a letter giving an account of his misfortunes and the danger he was constantly exposed to; and he informed him that he was going to Corsica to wait for the decision of the allied sovereigns.

However, it has been already seen that M. Bon.... was sent towards the mountains for the purpose of concealing his escape. A few hours before they were to set off, the officers who were to convey the king felt the necessity of getting another associate in place of M. Bon...., if he did not return before they sailed. Whilst one of them went on to inform the king that every thing was ready, the other entered Toulon, where, among the military men whom he met, I was the first whom he thought fit to confide in.

But whilst we were waiting on the shore, and Murat was about to leave his retreat to join us, an unexpected incident came in the way. The old servant perceived a light at a little distance moving towards the house, and suspecting some people were looking out for the king, she gave him instant notice. He had scarcely time to leap into a ditch covered over with furze, taking his poniard and two pair of pistols with him, before the house was surrounded by a band of sixty men, who searched into every corner. They then examined the garden, and several times passed quite close to the bush which concealed the king; but the lantern which had given notice of their approach, and which they absurdly carried with them on such an enterprise, increased the obscurity around them, and actually hid the very object of their search. Once, however, they thought they had got him; a voice was heard; and they all rushed back in various directions. They rallied again, when they found that it was nothing but a dog beginning to bark, taking them no doubt for robbers. At this moment the king had a great mind to get out of the ditch and rush upon them. There is no doubt that if he had done so, he might easily have put his pursuers to flight, for they could not have thought that he would singly dare to attack sixty men. But he was restrained by the fear of exposing his host to future risk; and our sixty gallant fellows soon left the house, shouting forth their curses against him. As it was probable they would still haunt the neighbourhood (which in fact was the case, for it was these very fellows whom I met on my return to the town early in the morning), the king resolved to put off his departure till next day.

It may be easily imagined how great the prince's anxiety was during the whole night, for he thought he would lose the last opportunity that presented itself of leaving Provence. However, when he saw some of his officers arrive next morning, he recovered his serenity; and in the evening, without waiting for M. Bon...., who was expected every moment, he left his last asylum, followed by Mar...., who would not leave him till he knew that he was in safety.

I have thus briefly noted the subjects that were talked of during the greater part of the night. I have omitted a multitude of particulars, which seemed full of spirit and energy when told by the king, but which I should be afraid of describing very adequately. In his narrative there prevailed a tone of irony and carelessness that formed a singular contrast with the dangers he had encountered. However, he assumed a solemn and almost melancholy expression when he said, "Why am I hunted down with such animosity? A fugitive, I have asked for nothing but the rites of hospitality; unconnected with the political events of the time, I have refused during the last crisis to resume any authority. What have I done to the French to be so hated by them, I who would still give my life for France?"

He was frequently interrupted by the necessary changing of our sails and ropes, but this became every moment more difficult. We were often obliged to let go the sheet to avoid being overset, and each time we shipped large seas. Had it not been for these accidents the king's conversation would no doubt have informed me of many more particulars; but it was soon out of our power to think of any thing else than our safety. A wave dashed over the side, and extinguished the lamp at our compass, which we were unable to light again; we had no tinder-box, and indeed it was not surprising that we had forgotten it, considering the precipitate manner in which our voyage had been begun. We were out of our reckoning in a moment, and could only distinguish the way we were going by the direction of the waves, which still flowed upon us from the open sea, so that we were evidently driving towards land. We were constantly occupied in throwing out the water with our hats; and this feeble resource would have been unavailing had not the wind fallen all at once just as day began to dawn.

A few moments afterwards, the king first perceived a brig coming from the west, and sailing in the same direction as ourselves; we exerted ourselves to come up

with it, and when we were within hearing, hailed it, and learned that it was the *Santa-Maria-di-Pietá, Captain Benvenuto*. By the king's order, we offered the captain a considerable sum if he would take us to Corsica, for now it was out of our power to return to Toulon so soon as we expected. The sum offered, perhaps, roused his suspicions; and it must be admitted that the sight of five armed men in a boat such as ours was not well fitted to tranquilise him. He must have taken us for pirates, for he not only refused to grant our request, but, at the moment we least expected it, he turned his helm and sailed right down upon us. It was only by the skill and promptness with which we put our boat about that we escaped being run down. In his first burst of anger, the king seemed desirous of boarding the brig and seizing it; we all felt the same desire, and, for my own part, I wished I was already rushing on sword in hand. But the king no doubt reflected that it did not suit his situation to commit an act of aggression against whomsoever it might be; he stopped our impetuous feelings, and we let the brig continue her voyage. Our boat was much damaged by the brig; but fortunately the sea became calmer, and we soon felt certain, that if the wind did not rise again, we might wait some hours longer for the packet, or for any favourable circumstance that might occur to extricate us from our very critical situation.

Whilst we remained in this painful situation, the king was still unmoved as before, and paid no attention to any thing but our hardships; he felt deeply the misery and danger into which we had been involved through our zeal for his service, and he endeavoured to alleviate our melancholy situation by conversing on those subjects that were personally interesting to us all. He several times told us, in the most explicit manner, how desirous he was that circumstances would put it in his power to show his gratitude in an adequate manner. He asked my companions if, in case fortune or favourable circumstances restored him to power, he could cherish the hope that they would enter into his service. They returned the king thanks for his kindness, but firmly expressed their intention of never serving under any flag than that of France. Our officers then flattered themselves with the hope of retaining their rank in the navy.

It now came to my turn. The king asked me where I had served, what battles I had been present at, and if I had seen him along with the army? I answered very briefly at first; but he smiled occasionally at my narrative, particularly when I mentioned the circumstances that had deprived me of the promotion I had gained. He heard my story with great attention. I gradually forgot that I was speaking to a crowned head, and expatiated very fully upon my services and the reward I had obtained. He interrupted me several times to ask some questions about the engagements I spoke of, some of which he had been personally engaged in. I mentioned a few particulars concerning the battle of Trafalgar, and my voyage with Admiral Villeneuve. The account I gave of his death struck him forcibly. He wished to learn all the particulars, and the enquiries that had been made of me by Napoleon on the subject. He expressed his regret at the non-fulfilment of the emperor's order to give me a commission, and, at the moment I alluded to it, made me the same offer he had already made to my companions; but I must confess that I was not patriotic enough to make the same reply. I had been the victim of too much neglect and injustice, and my prospects were too uncertain not to take advantage of the opportunity that now came in my way to leave at last that subaltern rank in which I had vegetated so long. I joyfully accepted the offer. The king then said to me: "As a reward for your past services to France, which shall ever be dear to me, and for the generous proof of zeal you are showing me at this moment, Ensign Guillemard, I appoint you a captain. Whether I remain in private life, or be called again to power, from this moment your appointment will run, and you may wear the epaulet of the rank you have obtained."

Well, I got the long-wished-for epaulet at last, and lost nothing by waiting so long. My newly acquired rank increased my dislike to the position we were in, and I burned with impatience to get out of it, and see how my appointment would be realised. I was entering upon a new career, and had just made my first step forward. Who knows (I vainly thought) what prospects may be in reserve for me? I had attained a time of life at which an individual has acquired experience enough to take advantage of favourable circumstances, and these might occur in great numbers. The chances of adverse fortune had disappeared; unforeseen prospects opened upon me, and these seemed of infinite value, because I bound my hopes to the fortune of an illustrious individual, who could not long remain in obscurity.

On the morning of the 25th, three days after our departure, we perceived the post-office packet to the south-east of the cape, and sailing towards us. We clewed up our sail to wait for it, and to engage the notice of the crew hoisted upon the end of our yard a cashmire shawl, which the king wore as a sash. In about half an hour's time, the vessel was only a few cables' length from us. We rowed up to it and were hailed: but, without giving any reply, we ran alongside and mounted on board.

We had at first intended to return to Toulon, after putting the king on board this vessel, but we had seen for some time that this was quite out of the question. The damage our boat had sustained from the brig, and the effects of the gale, rendered it quite unfit to make the passage. At any rate, after what I had seen of Captain Benvenuto's conduct, I was afraid the master of the packet might wish to force us to return to Toulon in our own boat, so I took hold of an iron bar, put it under one of the ribs of the boat, and the moment the king put his foot on the ladder of the packet, I raised the bar, and pulled up a piece of one of the planks below the level of the water, which soon filled the boat, and it went down in less than a quarter of an hour after we left it.

We told the captain of the packet, when we went on board, that we had gone to take a pleasure excursion the evening before, but that the wind had driven us out to sea; and as we could not go back to Toulon, we should go with him to Corsica, and return with the next packet. He believed us, or seemed to do so.

The king had scarcely entered the vessel before he was recognised by some of the passengers, and we vainly tried to treat him on a footing of equality. The captain now came up to him, and asked him respectfully to go down to the cabin, where he ordered refreshments to be got ready. We remained on deck the whole morning, while the king enjoyed some repose; but he called us down in the afternoon, and we partook of his dinner. He was dull and silent, and seemed embarrassed by the captain's presence; but after the latter had gone on deck, after telling the king that he had the sole disposal of the cabin, Joachim resumed his gaiety, and began to talk very fully about our voyage, and then reverted to the dangers he had previously encountered. What seemed to affect him most painfully was the conduct of M. R . . . .; however, the tone of his voice, which was harsh at first, gradually softened down, and tears fell from his eyes when he spoke to us of his friends. It was, perhaps, through fear of having wounded our feelings that he added, "Yes, gentlemen, these were real friends; and you alone can occupy their place." Blan . . . . hastily observed, "Sire, I never knew any of your suite but General Rossetti; and if the rest are equally zealous and loyal, you may flatter yourself with having preserved in your adversity friends capable of any sacrifice." "I know it," replied the king—"they would have risked their lives at all times—they are gallant fellows. The Marquis de Giuliano is a young man whom I trained up myself: he distinguished himself in the Russian campaign, and is sincerely devoted to me. The Duke of Rocca Romana, my master of the horse, is equally fascinating by his handsome person and dignified manners. I hesitated a long while before I attached him to my person, but I was wrong; for ever since he has been in my service he has constantly shown me the most distinguished proofs of his attachment. This worthy man has always been equally loyal; he saw his only son killed at Tolentino, and desired to follow me in my exile. I shall never forget this noble proof of his loyalty. The brave General Rossetti was my friend: it took some time before I could accustom myself to his rough and blunt disposition; but circumstances show the value of men, and the queen very justly styled him the *imperturbable*. In fact, gentlemen, had I followed his advice, I should have avoided many misfortunes, and we should not have been here."

Whilst he was talking in this way he seemed to be in a state of continual emotion. About ten o'clock at night the captain came into the cabin for something belonging to the vessel, when Joachim remarked that we must all be worn out with fatigue, and desired us to go and take some rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

1815. Catastrophe of the king of Naples.

The packet reached Bastia in safety on the 26th. We remained here only one day, during which it may be easily imagined that I did not forget to put on my epaulets, and have a sword by my side; and we then marched to Vescovato, a village about fifteen leagues south of Bastia. Here we found Colonel Franceschetti, who had long and frequent conferences with the king.

Several days passed over, and my fellow travellers were already preparing to return to France, when we were informed by some Corsican peasants that the garrison of Bastia was about to march to seize the king. This report had been spread through the mountains, where every one knew that he was living among them; and we saw multitudes of armed people flocking to us to offer their services, maintaining that the inhabitants freely offered him a safe asylum, which they would not permit to be violated. The secluded life which Joachim led seemed likely to allow him to remain unmolested, and it was not without indignation that we heard of this first attempt upon his peace. He received no news of any kind from France, and seemed completely forgotten by the allied powers, whom he had asked for an asylum. His patience was worn out by three months of painful expectation and constant alarm. Those around him became enthusiastic in his cause, and raised frequent shouts of *Viva Gioachino*; and some hot-headed people even went so far as to talk of making him king of Corsica. These things were reported to him, and perhaps without reflection he mentioned them to the naval officers who had come with him from Toulon, with that warmth with which his imagination always seized strange and romantic ideas. "Sire," one of those young men replied to him coldly, "it does not suit the brother and the rival of Napoleon to play the part of the adventurer Theodore. For our own parts we never can have any thing to do with a project whose object is to cut off a department from France; and if we were obliged to declare ourselves on one side or the other, it would be against your majesty!" The king only smiled at this patriotic frankness, and changed the subject of conversation.

The troops that had been sent against Vescovato were overawed by the multitude of people who voluntarily assembled round Murat, and returned to Bastia; but those who had come forward to protect the king, thought that prudence required them not to separate, and thus lay themselves open to the vengeance of the government. The king's situation became every day more critical. He wished for nothing but a secure retreat, and was now in reality at the head of an armed multitude. It would appear that in this state of things, the uncertainty of his prospects, the impossibility of remaining much longer in such a situation, and more than all his desire of bettering the fate of those who had bound themselves to his fortunes, drew him in to the adoption of hazardous measures. He sold some diamonds he had kept on his person, and took measures to provide for the maintenance of his followers. We set out for Ajaccio with about four hundred men, whom we had been unable to persuade to leave him. When he reached that town he went to an inn, to avoid any appearance of hostility to the government; he then purchased five small vessels, and provided them with arms and amunition. It was now evident that he was going to make a hostile attempt. No one doubted the matter for a moment; when he was heard to say, "that a king who could not keep his crown, had no other alternative than the death of a soldier."

"He is right," I exclaimed, on hearing it; and I was firmly resolved to go with him. Whilst the final preparations were making, one of his aides-de-camp came from France, and had many secret interviews with him; and there was a report in circulation that he had at length brought to Joachim the offer of an asylum in Austria, which he had so often asked for in vain; but a month's time had greatly altered circumstances. Murat no longer considered himself master of his own actions. "The die is cast," he said; "those who lately sought for my alliance have abandoned me to the fury of obscure

enemies. They acknowledged me king of Naples: I have not abdicated my crown, and am now going to resume it. The result of my enterprise may be doubtful, but this I care not for. I have often faced death since I became a king; as a soldier—I despise it."

Such language inflamed us with enthusiasm, and we were all ready to shed our last drop of blood in his service.

On the 28th September, at one o'clock in the morning, our little fleet set sail, under the command of Captain Barbara, a man devoted to Murat, and who joined him in Corsica. The military commandant of Ajaccio had withdrawn into the fort, the moment the king of Naples appeared in the town. He thought it his duty to assume a hostile attitude, by firing some cannon balls at us when we set sail. His shot was not returned, and we moved on. It was not without regret that I had the evening before taken farewell of the gallant fellows with whom I had come to Corsica. They were waiting to go to Toulon by the first packet. The king embraced them with tears in his eyes, and promised to provide for them if his enterprise succeeded.

The wind was fair, and we soon got into the open sea; but it became contrary on the 2d October, and we were forced to put into a small island. Advantage was taken of our stay here to form the companies on the shore. The king did not include me in any of them, but kept me employed near his person. We got under weigh again on the 3d, and Captain Barbara, who commanded the expedition, called the masters of the different vessels together to give them the necessary orders.

In the course of the next day the weather became boisterous. We were opposite the island of Stromboli, off Policastro, on the Calabrian coast, and endeavoured to approach it as near as possible, but the wind blew more violent than ever, and the sea became rough, so that the vessels were dispersed during the night. At daybreak we could scarcely perceive two or three of the vessels on the verge of the horizon. One little felucca was the only vessel that kept constantly by the one that conveyed the king, on board of which I was.

In the morning the king ordered the two vessels to move up along the coast, to give the scattered vessels time to join; but he was only joined by one small sloop that had forty men of his old guard on board. Two of their officers came on board on the 7th, to remain nearer the king's person. We were now off the Bay of Santa Euphemia. In the evening the king ordered the felucca to take the sloop that had joined us in tow, and to sail towards Pizzo, a village we already perceived on the coast. About the middle of the night it was found that the sloop had cut off its moorings, and had driven out to sea, which was a clear proof that the crew had deserted the king. This news afflicted him deeply. We did not sail so close to the shore as before, and waited impatiently for the next day.

On the 8th the felucca had entirely disappeared. Out of the whole expedition there now remained only Captain Barbara's vessel, having on board about thirty soldiers and sailors, and the one that had first joined the king, with no more than twenty sailors on board. In the morning the king had a very animated conference with Captain Barbara. As no one was present, the only reason we had for thinking that it had mightily displeased Joachim, was the thoughtfulness and anxiety he displayed immediately afterwards. It was thought that he would give orders to go along the coast as far as Salerno, the place of meeting appointed for the expedition, and where his purpose would be aided by the presence of some Neapolitan troops; but his impatience carried every thing before it, and he resolved to land in the neighbourhood of Pizzo.

But as it was probable the custom-house officers would become alarmed, and fire on the vessels that were hovering on the coast, an officer was sent to sound their intentions, but he was detained. The boat came back without him, and brought a notice that if we did not leave the coast, the custom-house officers would fire upon our vessel.

The king then called Captain Barbara into the cabin, and a moment afterwards I was also sent for; I went below. The king gave the captain orders to cruise off the bay till he could send him information of the result of the enterprise he was about to attempt; and then said to me, "Captain, I wish I could take you with me; but your intelligence, and the confidence you have inspired me with, incite me to send you on a mission which I consider of the very highest importance. As soon as I inform Captain Barbara that I am going to march to Naples, you will set out as speedily as possible, and convey to the queen the despatches I now put into your hands. Captain Barbara has funds for the purpose at your disposal. If I fall, I require your word of honour that you will destroy them." He then put a sealed packet into my hands, and I promised, though with regret, to execute an order which prevented me from following him in his hazardous enterprise.

I was retiring, when he called me back, and gave me another parcel. "These are papers," said he, "which, in case of misfortune, you will transmit to my family."

He then went upon deck, and, accompanied by all the military men on board, landed on the shore. He was dressed in a splendid uniform, as in the days of his prosperity. At the moment he set foot on the shore, a shout of joy saluted the Neapolitan soil, and the monarch who came to take possession of it. It was returned by the crew of the felucca. It was now twelve o'clock. Murat immediately marched towards Pizzo, and was soon out of sight.

The long boat came back in about an hour with the sailors who had gone with it, and who had followed the king as far as Pizzo. It was on a Sunday, and all the inhabitants were in the public square. When they saw the arrival of the little detachment, in the midst of whom the king was, and heard shouts of *viva Gioachino*, they came out to meet him, and repeated the shout. Even the surgeon of the port came to receive the king. A detachment of artillerymen, who were in the square, put themselves in military array, and presented arms to him. The king ordered them to follow him, which they did; and, without stopping at Pizzo, he continued his march to Monte-Leone.

Our sailors had not ventured to go farther, but their account inspired us with the highest confidence in the result of the king's enterprise. They had scarcely been an hour on board when we heard some shots fired in the direction of Monte-Leone, and we had no doubt that they were fired in honour of the king. However, Captain Barbara thought proper to send the mate in the long boat, with orders to land a considerable distance below Pizzo, and to learn what was going on towards Monte-Leone. The long boat doubled a small point to the south of us, and entered into a bay, when we lost sight of it, and never heard more about boat or crew.

Whilst our minds were thus wavering between hopes and fears of the success of the expedition, we saw several persons rushing from Pizzo towards the shore. Amongst them we distinguished a uniform, which seemed to me very like the king's. I then told Captain Barbara to send a boat on shore; but he had none but the one he had sent away some hours before. He made signals to the other vessel, which was farther off, to send theirs. They neither sent their boat nor answered the signal. Meanwhile the king, if it really was he, had got into a boat, and people were struggling round him. This confusion continued for some time, while Captain Barbara looked on the scene with his telescope, but neither said any thing nor gave any orders. I then told him that the king might be exposed to the greatest danger amidst the confusion, and that it was his duty to run his vessel as close to the land as possible, at the risk even of running on shore, that he might give assistance to the king in case of need.

Barbara said to me that what we saw on the shore was nothing; that he had orders to keep off the land, and that he could not endanger his vessel by any movement of the kind. I still pressed him, but he told me sternly that he was master on board his own vessel, and then turned upon his heel.

During this discussion, the crowd I had seen on the shore had withdrawn towards Pizzo, and the greatest quiet had taken place. We remained in the bay the rest of the day and the following night. No boat came near us, and our long boat did not return from the coast, where it had in all probability been seized; and we could learn nothing concerning what was going on, on shore.

Next day things remained in precisely the same situation. I burned with impatience to learn what had become of the king of Naples; and with regret that I had been unable to reach the shore at the moment I thought I saw him return to it. We were obliged to go farther off from the coast to avoid becoming suspected.

We beat about in this painful and monotonous manner for five long days, when we heard a number of shots fired on the coast, and conjectured that Murat was attacking his enemies, after collecting some troops; but if he fought, we felt no doubt of his success; or rather, we thought that the shots we heard were fired to celebrate his victory.

A mixture of joy and restless expectation succeeded our anxiety. We approached the shore to wait for the official account of the events we had been expecting. At the approach of night no news had yet arrived; but at ten o'clock we hailed a small boat that was passing near us, and the only man who was in it came on board, and we eagerly enquired of him if he had heard any news. "Nothing," replied he, with the careless tone so common among the Neapolitans—"but, by the by, do you know that Murat was shot this afternoon?" We looked at each other in silence, and were completely overwhelmed with the shock. We were so confounded at his words, that he was getting into his boat again before we thought of detaining him, or of enquiring into the particulars of the alleged catastrophe.

He told us that the king, after being repulsed from Monte-Leone, and fruitlessly endeavouring to embark again, had fallen into the hands of a body of custom-house officers, against whom he had fought with extraordinary courage; that the telegraph had transmitted to Naples the news of his arrest, and had brought back an order to try him by a court-martial, which condemned him without a moment's delay, with all the twenty-nine men who were along with him. They had then, he said, been shot immediately, according to the alphabetical order of their names, and without attention paid to rank or command. The king was the seventh who was shot. He gave, himself, the word of command to fire.

The fisherman's boat had long left us before we recovered from the stupefaction we were thrown into; and we remained crowded together on the poop, overwhelmed with the weight of his story.

Yet, we thought that the shots we had heard were not sufficiently numerous to persuade us that the twenty-nine men, who went with the king, were shot at the same time. This appearance of inconsistency between facts and the fisherman's story, led us to doubt the truth of what we had heard; and then we would not believe at all in the king's misfortune; we thought the best thing we could do was to wait near the shore during the night, that we might ascertain the truth or falsehood of the melancholy intelligence. We had no boat, and had no means of sending any one on shore. The remainder of the night passed away very tediously, for we were burning with impatience and anxiety.

At daylight a boat came from the custom-house to order us to leave the coast. The officer who was sent to give us this notice, said to us with a melancholy tone, "You belong to Joachim's expedition; I cannot help telling you that you will be exposed to the most imminent danger if you remain near the coast. Besides, you can do nothing now, for the king is dead. Go away as quick as you can."

When we heard these words, we saw at length the melancholy truth of what we had heard. The manner in which this officer spoke to us, intimated that he was a partisan of Joachim, and we enquired of him concerning the events of the last few days.

He informed us that the king was unexpectedly attacked near Monte-Leone, by Trentacapelli, a captain of gens-d'armes, and attempted to storm the position the latter had taken; but that seven of his men were wounded, and one killed, and he had been forced to retreat towards the shore. Crowds of the inhabitants took arms against him the moment they saw him retreating. When he reached the shore at Pizzo, he could not find his long boat, as he expected, but got into a boat and was endeavouring to push off, when a crowd of people rushed upon him, and, in spite of his powerful resistance, took him prisoner. The greater part of those who went with him were similarly overpowered. As soon as the king was taken to the fort, Captain Trentacapelli had the impertinence to reproach him with his enterprise, and ordered him to be searched. But these insults were, fortunately, not of long duration; for General Nunziante arrived on the 8th at night, and took the direction of affairs. He treated the king with the respect due to an unfortunate

prince, and allowed him to accept the offer of a Spaniard, the agent of the estates of the Duke de l'Infantado, who engaged to procure him every thing in his power.

No news came from Naples for several days; at length, on the evening of the 12th, a telegraphic despatch was received, but owing to the state of the weather, only the words "*Murat to be*," could be deciphered. During the night a courier came with orders to try him by a court-martial; and this was instantly done.

Under the pretext of examining them separately, Generals Franceschetti and Natali, and then his valet, Armand, were removed from his presence. When the secretary of the court came, according to custom, to ask him his name and rank, the prisoner proudly replied,—"I am Joachim Napoleon, King of the Two Sicilies—go about your business!" This was pronouncing sentence on himself.

Whilst the court-martial was sitting, the canon Masdea, a parish priest, came to the gates of the fort. When admitted, he said to the king, "Sire, this is the second time that I appear before you; when your majesty came to Pizzo, I asked you for a sum of money to finish the cathedral, and you gave me more than I asked for. With a heart full of gratitude, I now offer you my assistance in time of need."

The king then asked for paper, and wrote to the queen and his children. He put a lock of his hair in the letter, and prepared himself for the execution of his sentence, which he underwent by himself at the door of his room, in the calmest and most dignified manner. He had on his breast a portrait of the queen, and said to the soldiers with a smile, "Avoid the face: aim at the heart." His body was buried without ceremony in that very church of Pizzo which he had restored by his munificence.

CHAPTER XX.

1815—1818. Tried by a court-martial in Corsica.

As soon as the custom-house officer left us, Captain Barbara, without asking the consent of any one, set sail for Corsica. I saw this done with the most profound indifference. Nothing merely personal could affect me at such a moment, for I was completely overwhelmed with the melancholy fate of Joachim. When he had spoken to me about the dangers of the enterprise, I had conceived that he might fall in battle; but it never for a moment came into my mind, that he would be sacrificed in cold blood, by the orders of a sovereign, who had never suffered the slightest personal injury from him.

Meanwhile I thought of executing his orders. In presence of the captain and his mate, I burned the packet, which I once hoped to deliver into the hands of a lovely and beautiful woman, to whom I should have brought intelligence that she was to reascend the throne. I carefully preserved the other parcel given me by the king, with the intention of conveying it to his family.

When I had fulfilled the duties imposed on me by the King of Naples, and paid a just tribute of grief to his memory, I began to reflect upon my own situation. All my hopes had been once more dashed away, and I saw myself thrown back for the rest of my life among the lower ranks of society; to complete my misfortune, in endeavouring to perform a duty called upon by humanity, and with my honour unstained, I had reason to fear that I could not set foot on the soil of France with impunity. Amidst the depression these painful reflections threw me into, one all-powerful idea occupied my mind—I bitterly regretted that I had not been one of the twenty-nine gallant fellows who followed the king—perhaps I should have been killed, in fighting gloriously beside him, or, by a fortunate effort, have prevented his defeat, and changed the scene of Monte-Leone. What difference there would then have been in my lot! And if, like them, I had been taken prisoner and condemned to death, I should have died the death of a soldier, and worn the insignia of my rank. But now I had no home, and no means of subsistence abroad! I knew not even what my military rank was, nor what my prospects would be after this period of alarm was over.

These sad reflections occupied me during the passage from Pizzo to Corsica, which we made in three days, and landed at Porto-Vecchio, on the eastern side of the island. I immediately purchased plain clothes, and, knowing that I should want for nothing, as the king had given me six months' pay before leaving Ajaccio, I advanced into the interior. On the same day I arrived at San Paolo, where I put up at a wretched inn, the only one the country could boast of. At first I complained of an inflammation of the chest, which rendered it necessary for me to breathe the air of the country; but enquiries were soon instituted concerning those who had gone with Murat, and I was forced to tell my real situation to my hosts. They felt for me, and declared that I might remain perfectly at my ease, for I should be beyond all danger as long as I remained with them. I passed the remainder of the winter at San Paolo, dull enough; for I had no news from my family, who must have been afflicted at my sudden disappearance, and dared not write them for fear of discovering the place of my retreat, and, besides this, the news I heard from France was very rare and incorrect. At the return of spring, Scalotti, the worthy Corsican in whose house I lodged, invited me to go with him to spend some time with his brother, who was the proprietor of a farm among the mountains. I joyfully accepted the invitation.

I passed more than a year in this place, and had every day more reason to be satisfied with the hospitality of the Corsican. If these memoirs had not at the period they have now reached assumed a historical hue, I might attempt to describe their courteous hospitality, one of the distinguishing features of the manners of the island: I should do justice to the energetic character of the men, and the kind humanity and amiable feelings of the women, and should tell how often I forgot the sorrows of my situation in the charms of their conversation.

Whilst I remained in the mountains, I had opportunities of seeing several persons who had been engaged in Murat's expedition. They had returned separately to Corsica, and several of them thought it necessary to live in a very secluded manner in the country, to avoid the consequences of having taken up arms. They came from all parts of Europe as to a place of rendezvous. Some came from the kingdom of Naples, where they were not allowed to stay; others came from Sardinia, where the vessels that conveyed Murat's last expedition had put in when they were dispersed by a gale, and never again got sight of their consorts. The greater part belonged to families in the island, who sent them regularly every thing they could need, that is, all but news. The brave fellows adopted the mode of life of the Corsican mountaineers, and like them went out always armed.

Hunting was our chief amusement, and then we met together, and talked of our past adventures and our future prospects. It was in this way that I became intimate with an officer of rank attached to the king's staff. He soon saw what my real situation was, and showed me a great deal of friendship, partly, he said, because I had sacrificed more in his cause than the rest, as I was not in his service previously. I related to him all the particulars of our escape from Toulon, and in return (for he had been attached to Joachim's person for many years) he gave me an account of the events that had brought about that prince's downfal, and that last campaign which has given rise to such a diversity of opinion.

I lived like a mountaineer for more than a twelve-month, but I began to be tired of this monotonous kind of life, and felt great anxiety on account of the awkward situation in which I was placed by circumstances. In fact, no situation could be more painful, for I saw no end to it, and, in spite of the kindness of my hosts, and my own parsimony, my means decreased in an alarming manner. I saw that I must decide at last, and that it would finally become dishonourable for a man of principle to conceal himself like a malefactor. This idea instantly settled the matter in my own mind. At the moment they had not the slightest idea of my intention, I bade farewell to the Scalotti family, who fruitlessly endeavoured to detain me, and set out for Ajaccio, with the consolatory reflection that nothing worse could happen to me than to be shot.

Whilst I was traveling to my destination, I felt a load of anxiety removed from my mind by the resolution I had adopted, and it was almost with pleasure that I went, on my arrival, immediately to the commandant's, where, thanks to my unmilitary dress, I was at first received very politely. I instantly went to the point, told him who I was, and all that had happened to me since I left Toulon. After reflecting for a moment, this officer, whose conduct towards me has always been exemplary, said to me: "I shall be obliged to send you to the fort, till I receive orders from the minister of war, whom I shall instantly inform of your situation; but you may be assured that I shall not forget to speak favourably of you, as you have come forward of your own accord."

During the twenty days that elapsed before the minister of war's answer arrived, I was busy in preparing my defence, as I had no doubt that I should be tried by a court-martial, which actually met to try me for desertion, and bearing arms in foreign countries. I knew but one individual among all the members who composed the court. He was a captain, and had formerly been a harbinger in the 67th regiment, which was present with us at the siege of Stralsund. He knew me again, and I saw in his countenance an air of good-will that seemed to me of good omen. When I had answered the questions put to me by the president, about my name, age, and place of birth, I felt some embarrassment in mentioning my rank; a short discussion took place, and the secretary was ordered to put me down as a sergeant. After my examination, I asked the favour of pleading my own cause, and showed to them that, having met in the evening near Toulon a general officer, who ordered me to follow him, I thought it my duty to obey;—I had embarked with him, and had been taken to Corsica, scarcely knowing whither I was going; it was there only that I learned that this officer was the ex-king of Naples; and amidst the important political struggles in which we were engaged, I could not think otherwise than that he acted for the interests of legitimacy, in whose cause he was engaged the year before; and, finally, that it had never entered into my mind to engage in foreign service, and that I had never belonged to any corps.

This defence, it will be seen, was not strictly conformable to truth; but, in fact, I had no right to accuse myself; and if I had yielded to a feeling of humanity, or to the brilliant prospects that were offered to me, the reader has already seen how very different my intentions were from being hostile to the new government that had been established in France.

No witnesses were called, and yet the court deliberated a long time; but I was called in at last, and confess that I was not without dread of the result. I was declared not guilty by three votes out of seven, so that I had but a bare chance of acquittal. The president admonished me in a way that was by no means severe, but which I felt more than if I had been condemned, and concluded by ordering me to be sent to my regiment. But what was my regiment, and where was it quartered? I asked the president, but he knew nothing about it; I was referred to the general, and he knew not what to say; and in truth it was not an easy matter, amidst the general breaking up of the army, to tell what my regiment was; I knew very well they would find one out for me, but what rank was I to hold in it? It was evident that the captain appointed by a fugitive king would not retain his rank in the French army; but would not the ensign promoted by Napoleon in person, at the battle of Borodino, at least obtain the rank he had so long gained?

Whilst I sent forward my claims to this rank, the military governor ordered me to enter as a sergeant into the departmental legion, which was then in Corsica. In a short time it was sent into France, and employed to garrison various places. When the new organisation of the army was accomplished, I still received no answer to my numerous petitions.

The legion landed at Toulon, on their arrival from Corsica. After the sufferings I had lately been exposed to, I thought my feelings completely blunted, but I had a painful proof of the reverse, when I learned that my worthy father had died a fortnight before, in consequence of a cold he had caught in shooting quails at *Les Soblettes*. I had cherished the hope of forgetting for a short period, in his society, the misfortunes to which I had been exposed for the last two years. This painful loss took from me the only friend who could understand my feelings, and renewed the sorrow I had felt at the loss of my mother. My brother Peter had disposed of his business, and lived in the country; and I did not receive from him the consolatory attentions I expected. In fact, I could open my mind to no one except my kind sister Henrietta.

I have not mentioned the regiment which I entered in 1805, though it has often been honourably mentioned in our military annals. Neither shall I give the name of the regiment which I entered after the disbanding of the departmental legions; the memoirs I am giving are personal, and I have no right to extend to others the responsibility of the facts I relate.

I led for several years an insipid garrison life, and marched over part of the south of France. I had at first made every effort to obtain the rank of ensign, formerly bestowed on me, but my petitions had led to nothing but dispute. As if my rank had not been acquired on the field of battle, and I was petitioning for a favour, I was asked what claims I had to be made an officer, and was told of my conduct at Toulon, and my voyage to Corsica, as though a good action performed in 1815 could prevent me from gaining a commission three years before. After harassing myself with writing letters, memorials, and petitions, I at length gave up the idea of soliciting any farther, and consoled myself with the thought of obtaining my discharge at the end of my five years' service.

There was a profound peace with foreign nations, but there was always great alarm in the interior; troops were continually sent on to the frontiers, and the moment they were sent away from any central point, alarm broke forth again. From time to time reports of war were spread through the army, and I, as credulous and full of my favourite idea as ever, thought that I might again conquer, before the termination of my military career, that commission I had so long and so ardently desired. But, alas! how different was this hope from what we should have formed in former days! That commission, which I had so long considered as merely the first step towards the obtainment of honours and glory, I now consider as the final object of my ambition, as a haven of rest, the period at which it was my duty to leave my colours with honour. I no longer called upon fortune for its favours, but merely a situation suitable to my time of life, my services, and my experience.

In 1821, the yellow fever at Barcelona led to the formation of a *sanitary cordon* in the Pyrenees; but this I shall have occasion to notice in the sequel. In the beginning of 1822, the troops were set in motion more than ever, and it was observed that a great many regiments were sent from their garrisons to the frontiers. We were in Dauphiny in March; in May we marched down to Toulon, and I had the happiness of again seeing my native place.

But I do not wish to tire the reader by relating all that I saw at this period. It may be easily imagined that after the events I had witnessed for some years past, I was no longer the same soldier as I was at Stralsund and Wagram. At this time what I saw left a more durable impression on my mind, and had a necessary effect upon my conduct. I studied mankind at my expense; but what benefit did I ever derive from all this study—these comparisons of the present with the past? Nothing; my whole life has been spent in expectation, in hope deferred; and after many a turn I have at last reached pretty nearly the point from which I set out. In a word, if posterity could interest themselves about the fortunes of a sergeant, they would say of me what can be said of very few of my brothers in arms, and what can be said of but one solitary general.

This personage I had often seen at different places, and I met him at Toulon in 1822, on his return from Languedoc. As his story is not very long, I may be allowed to mention it here:—

The revolution found him a major-general, and he was still a major-general at the restoration of the Bourbons. During these twenty years of prodigies, in which sergeants became kings, he had not advanced a step, not mounted a single notch in the ladder of ambition; his motionless stupidity amidst the whirlwind which gave rise to so many exploits and such distinguished rewards, would not allow him to be noticed sufficiently to merit even a removal. He was allowed to enjoy his pay at his ease far from the theatre of war, and to show himself off at some reviews in the provinces. It was in one of those places that the only exploit he was ever known to have performed is said to have occurred. At the head of a company of grenadiers and a troop of *gens-d'armes*, he sprung sword in hand into the pit of the theatre to fight some students who were hissing an actress, and by this brilliant act of valour was so fortunate as to restore the quiet and silence which had been troubled for more than the space of a quarter of an hour.

The historians who will one day examine into the memoirs of our time, will imagine they have discovered an error or an omission, when, among so many names renowned for their exploits, they will find a name of rank unaccompanied by a single deed of glory. They will then say: "this was perhaps the individual whom a cotemporary author, the trust-worthy Guillemard, meant to point out, but unfortunately he has not thought proper to name him, for some reason we are unacquainted with." To illustrate the matter farther, I shall tell them that this gallant fellow must have had many heavy sins weighing on his conscience; for I have seen him in all the splendour of his uniform, with an enormous prayer-book under his arm, groaning and striking his breast, and roaring out most devoutly, *mea culpa*, while listening to the sermons of the Abbé Guyon *on repentance*.

CHAPTER XXI.

1822. The trial of Valle.

Were I writing any thing but mere memoirs of my life, I should gladly take advantage of the want of important incidents to describe circumstantially the aspect which France presented at this period. It truly offered a most curious and interesting sight. In the time of the empire I had merely marched through it during a space of ten years, and yet I saw that my countrymen looked forward to the close of the war as a happy period that would allow them to display their industry and commerce. After terrible disasters the war had ceased at last, and the future prospects of France were changed by the overthrow of its supremacy; but peace soon restored its energies, and it was soon urged forward on all sides by a most extraordinary activity.

As its career was not yet firmly laid down, it rushed with ardour towards every unbeaten path; and its future prosperity would have appeared to me to be infallible, had the nation been as powerful abroad as it was rich and productive at home; but its political position seemed to me totally inadequate to its proper rank. In foreign countries, the nations who had lately adopted the constitutional regime, instead of being considered as its natural allies, were almost regarded as its enemies: at home, the echo of the cries for liberty that came from the south and west of Europe, gave an ill-timed alarm to some, and roused in others recollections of past times and hopes that had long been slumbering in oblivion.

Amidst these feelings, people's minds became alarmed in various parts of the interior. The terror of some cowardly friends of the new government, and the inconsiderate zeal of others, had found criminality in the recollection of the past, and rebellion in the language of remonstrance. They accused men of forming revolutionary plans, while they were merely discontented. General uneasiness and alarm prevailed; and it may be that some men may have been rendered desperate by the persecution they suffered for their opinions, and have dreamed of a system by which they would not be neglected. In fact, the last expiring shocks of society, in passing from an old to a new state of things, still agitated the community.

On such an occasion it was natural that some individuals, exasperated by the disappointment of their hopes, or by having suffered actual oppression, and governed by a feeling of duty which sometimes leads men strangely astray in political conflicts, should give themselves up conscientiously to the performance of acts which in the then state of affairs were really criminal.

Whilst I was at Toulon, at the beginning of the year 1822, I had the misfortune to witness an event which these passions had given rise to, and which bore the stamp of them in its most minute particulars.

A report was spread that an officer had been arrested at Toulon, for having conspired to destroy the king's government; and that other persons were put in prison immediately afterwards, and would be speedily brought to trial. I felt no surprise when I heard the news; for if on one hand I saw the political violence that governed men's minds and made them believe in any report, however absurd, I saw on the other a great probability that at such a moment similar plans might have been formed.

The government had committed various blunders, not perhaps of much importance in themselves, but quite sufficient to urge its enemies to a furious opposition. Such a contest would necessarily lead to violence and confusion; and in a crisis like this I thought it not unlikely that the real importance of events would be greatly exaggerated by misapplied zeal.

At any rate we have often seen in our civil commotions the different branches of government giving events a fictitious importance, and acting as if the very existence of the government depended on some trifling struggle, just as the soldier considers the capture of the battery before him as the decision of a battle. How can men in those circumstances refrain from that violence and exaggeration, which holds moderation to be high treason, or spreads a feeling of ill will among the people that betrays them into violence, instead of following the peaceful path pointed out by the laws?

General attention was anxiously fixed upon the trial I allude to; which reminded the inhabitants of one that had taken place at Toulon, in 1812, of some persons accused of a similar offence. The pleadings that take place at a criminal trial, which so powerfully affect the multitude, and always attract their presence, have always had a painful effect upon my mind. I know nothing more afflicting than to see an unfortunate being placed before his judges, who may be prejudiced against him by the nature of the offence, and the ruling opinion of the day, and before an audience fond of strong emotions, and who often desire to see the prisoner's situation more desperate, that they may be more strongly affected.

I had myself but lately escaped from one of those terrible trials, in which the honour and liberty of a man depend upon a quarter of an hour's deliberation; and though the result of my examination had been favourable, I had not been less powerfully affected by the consequences it might have brought upon me, if those who were to decide my fate had not thought of the force of controlling circumstances, and the pardonable zeal of an old soldier in favour of his old commander. This circumstance had at first determined me not to go to the trial of Vallé; but when it came near its close, and I was informed that the prisoner was a young officer, whose language, tone, and appearance, presented a most extraordinary aspect, I felt a great desire to see him, and went to the court on the day before, and the same day that his sentence was pronounced.

I shall not enter upon the circumstances of the trial nor the causes that led to it, though the provincial journals gave them in a very imperfect and unsatisfactory manner. Yet the particulars that took place at the trial, such even as they were given in the public journals, are sufficient to prove one important fact: but this period of history would not be accurately described, were we not to show the real character of the men who brought about certain events, or who shone among the front rank of combatants. Private memoirs can alone make amends for the omissions of history, for they alone can describe a host of minute particulars despised by the former, but which, after all, show the real features of men and measures.

I was not acquainted with the particulars of this affair, so that I could neither judge of its importance, the merit of the defence offered, nor the degree of truth there might be in the charges of his accusers. The prisoner, Fidele-Armand Vallé, seemed to be about thirty-two years of age; his countenance was handsome and manly: his language indicated a mind of strong conception, but the style was not altogether appropriate to the dignity of his demeanour. His defence reminded the court, that in the retreat from Moscow he was the only man in his regiment who succeeded in saving his horse and arms; and this extraordinary act of courage, when every one else was rendered perfectly powerless and improvident through cold and hunger, had caused him to be raised to the rank of captain. It stated farther, that he had been decorated with the star of the brave for an act of heroism, and that he had received seventeen wounds in the service of his country.

Vallé paid little attention to the suspicious circumstances that were urged against his innocence. He seemed not to dread their influence. Though accused of a regular conspiracy to overthrow the government, and though the agents of the crown made every effort to prove that such a plot existed, he seemed never to think for a moment that such an idea could enter the mind of the jury. In fact, the evidence seemed to me to be far from conclusive, and the second charge of engaging

people to enter into a secret association for revolutionary purposes, was not supported by the evidence of any individual who had ever been a member of such body. I asked those who had been present during the whole of the proceedings, what they thought of the result; but they generally believed that Vallé would be acquitted, though I heard some fanatical scoundrels assert, that in a case like this *suspicions were as good as proofs.*

Vallé seemed sure of gaining his cause, and examined all the charges with the utmost boldness, and seemed to feel happy in finding an opportunity of boasting of his independent principles. He did not pretend to conceal his attachment to an order of things that was no more.

However, as the time approached when the sentence of the court was to be delivered, the trial assumed greater solemnity; while Vallé, full of blind confidence, seemed pleased with the idea of acting a part in history; but the scene became appalling when the clerk read with a trembling voice the sentence that condemned Vallé to death. Amidst the cries of surprise which a much more lenient sentence drew from one of his fellow prisoners, Vallé continued calm and serene; a smile played on his lips; like Lavalette, he said,—"It 's a thunderbolt!"—"Be silent!" he then said to one of his companions, who was bewailing his lot; "I am condemned to die, and say nothing. I would give the order to fire, if necessary."

I had no idea that the trial would have ended thus; and the opinion of the jury must have been formed in a very different manner from mine—perhaps, because they had cognisance of facts I knew nothing of. From that moment Vallé seemed powerfully affected by the important scene of which he was the chief actor, and rose at once to a height of bold and impetuous eloquence, such as he had been described to possess in the indictment; and he was now wrought up to a pitch of zeal and enthusiasm that remained with him to the last. He declared his innocence, and said that he was the victim of men who wished to accomplish the slavery of their country. He bitterly reproached the judge and jury for their conduct. "I certainly did not expect to be the consecrated victim," he then observed; "but I shall die worthy of the cause for which I am sacrificed. It is not a criminal that you wish to punish in my person, but an apostle of the ideas of liberty and equality. You know your real objects. But what avails it to kill one man, since liberty is immortal? In spite of judges and executioners, it will flourish afresh on the soil sprinkled with my blood, as religion sprung up anew from the tombs of the martyrs!" He then chanted some lines of a patriotic hymn.

My attention was intensely directed upon the prisoner, whose situation now became more and more interesting. The court wished to keep him silent, and he was interrupted by the united efforts of the judge, the counsel, and the gens-d'armes. This restraint excited his indignation; and when they talked to him of the obedience due to the laws, he burst forth into a torrent of invective.

According to the usual practice on such occasions, the order he wore was to be snatched off his breast; but when the judge gave orders for this purpose, Vallé rose, and said, "This part of the sentence is more painful to me than death. Who dare raise his sacrilegious hand against the riband that I have honourably won in fighting the battles of my country—that riband which your soldiers saluted for the last time as I entered those walls? I alone have a right to touch it!" He then tore the decoration from his breast, crumbled it together in his hands, and swallowed it with this exclamation,—"That order, which the enemy even respected, is now safe from insult. No! my honour is unstained—my name is inscribed on the pillar erected in honour of the brave. I die innocent!"

This heart-rending scene closed at last; it filled me with the most painful emotions. I wished to drive it from my mind; but how can one erase from the memory things that have made so powerful an impression? It was impossible not to learn one important lesson from this scene, to see the fatal consequences that are produced by the violence of party spirit. Those who from prejudice feel no pity for the victims of criminal law, can scarcely, if they reflect at all upon the matter, refrain from sympathising with those who are condemned for political subjects; for whether guilty or not, they always interest the public mind, because they almost invariably die undishonoured.

In the course of a few weeks the legal steps adopted after Vallé's condemnation were determined; and we learned one evening that our company, along with nearly the whole of the garrison, was to be present at the execution, which was to take place next day, the 10th of June. We were sent to the prison to escort Vallé early in the morning, and he left it at twelve o'clock.

When he came out his countenance glistened with enthusiasm; his dress displayed a sort of martial foppery; his cloak was thrown gracefully over his shoulders, the collar of his shirt was thrown back, and left his bosom bare, and his hair was carefully cut. He marched forward with a firm step, and looked steadfastly upon the crowd. Two of our officers, who saw with sorrow one of their companions about to die on the scaffold, went up to him and said,—"Vallé, die like a hero!"—"Be not afraid," he replied, with a smile on his countenance; "I shall not dishonour my brothers in arms—the innocent fear not death!"

The drums beat; he walked forward with a commanding look, and universal silence prevailed around him. Some women began crying when they saw him, so young and handsome, marching on to death. "Weep not for me," he said to them; "I die for my country!" A little farther on, a woman was taking away her son from the sight, when he said to her, "Let him come near—let him see how the brave die. It may be a useful lesson to him in future life." He several times addressed the crowd, and invited them to come and see him die, in the same tone he would have asked them to come and dine with him.

About half way to the scaffold the troops halted on some occasion, and Vallé marked the military step just as if he had been at the head of his company. He was opposite to a coffee-house, and asked for something to drink. The man who brought the glass trembled on presenting it. "Be calm," said he to him; "do as I do." He took three separate draughts, exclaiming at the first, "To France!" At the second, "To the brave!" And at the third, "To God!"

He would not submit to any religious ceremony, but conversed politely with the priests who came to visit him, and who likewise went with him to the scaffold; but they had no occasion to support his courage.

The scaffold was erected in a small square in front of the gate of Italy. When Vallé turned the corner of the street he perceived it, smiled, and hurried forward. He wished to address the multitude, but was prevented by the beating of drums and the executioners. What he said is not known, except that he requested the executioner not to show his head after it fell.

Very few people could reach the square where the execution took place, or get into the neighbouring houses. The square, and all the streets and passages that led to it, were nearly filled by the troops. The rest of the spectators were chiefly country people; for the inhabitants of Toulon were too much afflicted at Vallé's fate to go to see him executed.

This dreadful scene shocked us all. Military men smile at the fire of musketry, but feel degraded by the scaffold. The law that altered the former military punishment, has doubled the severity inflicted upon the soldier.

The last moments of Vallé were all distinguished by that energy and enthusiasm he could only have derived from a profound conviction of his innocence, or from the influence of political fanaticism. Neither Sand, nor the young man who attempted to assassinate Napoleon in Germany, in 1809, were to be compared to him; for though animated by similar zeal, the former avowed criminal plans, while the latter indignantly denied every charge made against him, and held himself out as the victim of party spirit. Like them, he displayed the same self-devotion, the same desire of obtaining what he called martyrdom. If he were innocent, he was the victim of great injustice, and his heroism deserving of our pity and admiration. If he were guilty, he knew at least how to die honourably for the cause he had espoused; and in this age of words, where interest and selfish feelings are the guides of political faith, he forms an anomaly sufficiently remarkable to be recorded, without considering to what party he belonged.

CHAPTER XXII.

1822—1823. Spanish war—Receive my discharge.

We left Toulon in the beginning of July, 1822, and marched to take up positions at the foot of the Pyrenees, as part of the army of observation that had been lately formed.

Our object was no longer to preserve France from the contagion that afflicted Barcelona, but to prevent the civil war that was going on in Catalonia and Navarre from spreading disorder to our side of the frontiers. Precautions increased the more that the constitutionalists defeated the absolutists; and, in fact, the latter would in all probability have been completely annihilated had they not been able to find an inviolable shelter in the French territory. They came to us in bands, all covered with filth and rags, and then soon took flight again for Spain, whence they were driven back by new defeats behind our lines.

We remained quiet spectators of the contest, which never would have been doubtful for a single moment, had both sides been left to their own resources, particularly since French and foreign refugees, quartered in the frontier towns, had been formed into regiments, and had marched against the *factious*. The malcontents of Biscay and Navarre had been exterminated in a short time; but in Catalonia, on the other hand, Mina, in spite of his renown, had obtained but very doubtful successes, partly because he had not yet armed the French *emigrants*, and partly because it was against that province that most of the factious Spaniards concealed in our territory made their attacks.

Whilst our battalion was at the mouth of one of the passes that leads into the valley of Andore, and our company in advance of the Hospitalet, where our troops suffered greatly from the wind and the cold, several members of the regency of Urgel, and the famous Trappist, passed the frontiers on their return to Spain. Every one of these men engaged our warmest curiosity, and the young soldiers laughed heartily at the Trappist's singular dress. One of our companions, the only soldier but myself who had been engaged in the former war, restrained their gaiety by informing them that these very monks, so ridiculous in appearance, were the best hands in Spain in using the poniard, and had done more injury to the French army than all the rest of the nation put together. "But," he added, with a smile, "they were then our enemies, and now we are their protectors." "Yes," said a young soldier, "but have not the constitutionalists got monks among them also?" "No." "Well," said I, "they are very wrong; they should have brought fanaticism to oppose fanaticism; this is one of their bad arrangements, and it is far from being the only one."

One of the men of the army of the *faith*, who then attracted the curiosity of our troops more than any other, was Bessieres; this was because he was a Frenchman, because he was said to be General Bessieres, or his son, or at any rate an officer, the most extraordinary things had happened; in fact it was very difficult to tell precisely what he was. I afterwards learned that he had been a servant to General M—— M——, whom he attempted to rob and murder, but through mistake he killed his secretary instead, and then ran off to Spain, where, after the lapse of years, he became a freemason, but was seized, tried, and condemned to death for conspiring to restore the constitution. His life was saved in consequence of some popular insurrection that took place, and he was sent to the castle of Figueras; in moving about from one prison to another he became a convert to the cause of royalism; and had since, particularly at Madrid, supported the king's cause with as great violence as he had formerly defended the cause of the constitution. He now shone forth as a martyr of fidelity, supported more by his audacity than by the confidence of his own party, and indebted for his popularity solely to the well-known hatred of the constitutionalists against him, the only title among the Spanish royalists that could obtain from them any respect to a foreigner.

Meanwhile, amidst the daily contests of the factious and the constitutionalists, the army of observation assumed a threatening attitude, and it became evident that war would soon break out. The appearance of the army then underwent a change, and we really became soldiers.

We calculated among ourselves the enemy who were

to be opposed to us, our auxiliaries, and the obstacles we had to surmount. Those amongst us who had been engaged in the grand war, told their companions all that had been done in it. These particulars formed the subject of all our conversations. They were not very satisfactory, it is true; and it was, perhaps, for that reason that almost all the old soldiers were removed from their regiments at this time. I was so fortunate as not to be included in this arrangement.

After talking about all the circumstances that occurred during the grand war, we enquired, with a half concealed feeling of interest, about those countrymen of ours whom misfortune or discontent had transplanted into the service of the constitutionalists. They were pitied for their ill fortune rather than blamed for their folly. In party quarrels it is difficult to say where duty lies. These refugees were the objects of our curiosity, as the bands of the *faith* were of our contempt. But we could obtain very little information concerning their situation.

Several divisions of the army were already formed in the beginning of 1823. Our regiment formed part of the 4th corps, commanded by Marshal Moncey, and destined to act against Catalonia.

We daily expected orders to cross the frontiers, but the Spaniards did not believe that war was approaching them. Their troops that were in the neighbourhood of our advanced posts constantly told us that it would not take place; and when we marched into their territory about the middle of April, they retreated in the greatest confusion, with the usual exclamation, "*No' importo*" —a consolatory saying, which Spanish pride applies to every thing, indiscriminately. It appears that General Milans had no idea of our movement, for he immediately abandoned the positions he held on the frontiers, and retired in the utmost disorder. Our young men became animated at such a sight; they seemed to think that they had fought and conquered, because they saw the enemy running away; but our old soldiers did not feel the same confidence, for they were afraid that this hasty flight concealed some snare laid for us, and recommended their companions to be prudent and circumspect: for once, however, the inexperienced were right, and during the course of this war circumstances constantly gave the lie to experience, and overturned the usual calculations of ordinary warfare.

Our march was equally rapid with the retreat of the Spaniards. The fortress of Figueras was speedily invested; and after many marches and countermarches in pursuit of the Spanish generals Milans and Mina, we occupied the positions of Bessala and the town of Gerona, the high roads that lead to Hostelrick and Granollers, and finally, on the 22d of May, we took possession of Mataro.

We had been in possession of this place for two days, when Milans left his camp at Saint André, and advanced during the night with three thousand men to attack us by surprise. At two o'clock in the morning the advanced guard, commanded by Lloberas, entered some of the streets of Mataro by the road of Barcelona, whilst Milans in person went round the place silently for the purpose of entering by the gate of Granollers. But we were prepared for the attack, and Milans had scarcely come up to our advanced posts before he heard Lloberas sounding his retreat. We were in strong force, and as the Spaniards intended a surprise, they speedily retreated. We crossed the little river of Argenton as quick as they, and pursued them in the dark. Our columns followed the bed of the stream, which was dry, and the cavalry galloped to the foot of the hills to cut off their retreat. At daylight we perceived the regiment of Cordova before us, but it was not without a strong feeling of regret and sorrow that we perceived the Italian liberal regiment near, and some men retreating with the uniform of the old imperial guard.

Whilst we charged the rear companies of the regiment of Cordova, the Italians made so well-timed a movement on our right, that they cut down the front ranks of our company. Whilst I was bringing the company into close file, I was separated from the main body along with a few men. We made as obstinate a resistance as if we had been supported by the whole strength of the battalion. Two of my companions were killed beside me, my arm was wounded by the thrust of a bayonet, and my gun fell from my hands; in spite of all my resistance I was carried off, along with the three soldiers, by a body of the enemy who were retreating.

I was once more a prisoner! I had formerly been so nearly on the same spot, and might, without cowardice, feel some alarm for my fate when in the hands of men governed by such violent passions, had I not more honourable reasons for being afflicted. An old soldier like me falls into the enemy's hands almost at the first shot! Three different times in my life a similar event had thrown me back into the crowd from which I was on the point of elevating myself. A fourth time, after eighteen years' service, when favours are no longer exclusively reserved for the old and experienced, I am going to be thrown back for ever, beyond the line of promotion. All my efforts and intelligence, and even, perhaps, talents superior to the common run of non-commissioned officers, were of no avail against the strokes of chance; since 1805 my life had been nothing but a series of well-founded hopes, all scattered by a breath of wind. It was not enough that I was condemned to the drudgery of the service since the peace, but must, at the first ray of hope and promotion, again become a prisoner of war. I knew not even how long I might be a captive, for many of my unfortunate companions had been ten years on board the English guardships. Such melancholy reflections rendered me desperate, and, had I not been deprived of my sabre, I should have speedily put an end to my sorrows by running myself through the body.

The Italians who took me, carried me off along with them. When the rapid march we made, and more mature reflection, had somewhat dissipated my sorrow, I began to pay some attention to the movements of the two armies. The enemy retreated from one position to another, and were strongly pursued by the French. I should have been happy had one of their balls struck me to the earth.

A man who has been in the army ten years during the imperial sway, knows a little of all languages. I entered into conversation with an Italian non-commissioned officer. He eagerly informed me that I was in perfect safety, and ran no risk of suffering the treatment we were exposed to during the grand war, when we were so unfortunate as to be taken prisoners. I had not fallen into the hands of a guerrilla; and the fury of the Spaniards was no longer directed against foreigners, but solely against their countrymen of the opposite side, whom they put to the sword without mercy.

I was taken from village to village till we reached the neighbourhood of Manresa, and put into a sort of fort along with some Frenchmen. The day after our arrival we were visited by some French refugees, who came to enquire into our wants, and to offer us their services. We told them our names. The same evening I saw, with equal surprise and pleasure, Sergeant-major Ricaud, with whom I had escaped from Cabrera. He had on the uniform of the old imperial guard, and had left France in consequence of a quarrel with his captain. We threw ourselves into each other's arms; and I know not how it was, but we were more affected than if we had met in any other situation.

"My dear fellow," said Ricaud to me, after the first burst of joy was over, "you will no longer be a prisoner, but will be incorporated in the battalion of refugees." "What! you force prisoners to enter your service?" "No, Robert, we have no right to do so; but they may recover their liberty by entering into the battalion." "But I do not wish to enter into the service of Spain." "And do you think that we are serving Spain? Look at this uniform. Come, you know that though I am no more than a sergeant, I have formed a just opinion of events; and if my want of prudence has prevented me from being promoted, it was not because I knew less than those who commanded us. Come, listen to me, and judge for yourself."

His narrative was long. I learned things that greatly surprised me, and which would probably surprise the reader much more, though related long after they occurred; but I cannot and ought not to tell them here. Some facts should not be published till ten years after their occurrence. At some future period, if these memoirs are favourably received by the public, I shall give a supplement, exclusively devoted to the state of Spain in 1823. I shall endeavour to show in it all that I learned then and afterwards concerning the foreign refugees, whose story is so eventful and interesting; and also concerning the secret societies of the country: but as the greater part of these facts necessarily require very full political illustrations, and I am indebted to Ricaud for them, it will not be thought wrong for me not to take upon myself the responsibility of their publication.

When my friend had concluded his narrative, I said to him, "My friend, I cannot yield to your request. I have long ago learned, in the words of the old song, 'that a good soldier must suffer injustice without complaint.' I cannot enter into the battalion. I will never consent to imitate those emigrants who have borne arms against their country."

"But I know that you have suffered great injustice."

"At every period of my life."

"That you love your native country."

"Above all things."

"That at the remembrance of French glory, and the sight of my uniform———"

"Tears would come into my eyes; but my judgment restrains the impulse of my heart."

"Come, be one of us?"

"I would join you to-morrow, were it necessary only to die; but I will not fight except under the colours of France."

"Is that your last word?"

"It must be the invariable rule of my conduct."

Ricaud left me with tears in his eyes.

I saw him every day during the time he remained here; but he never mentioned the subject again. I even thought sometimes that he was glad that I had firmness enough to resist his offers. I was afterwards enabled to appreciate the high generosity he had shown by urging me no farther.

The refugees, whom misfortune or the persecution of the laws had forced to cross the frontiers, were the first victims of the yellow fever of Barcelona, and were unable, when the war broke out, to remove to another country. They were forced to gain a living to enter the Spanish service along with some other foreigners, and experienced in all its bitterness the misfortune of being subject to Spanish pride, and the caprices of the guerrilla leader, Mina. By how many sufferings and humiliations did they purchase the fatal honour of forming a peculiar corps, which was subsequently annihilated in the fields of Llado and Llers! At the latter battle, the flying column of Fernandez, which marched out from Barcelona for the purpose of entering Figueras, was surrounded by the French army, and forced to lay down their arms. But the legion of foreign liberals refused to capitulate, and defended themselves with heroic perseverance; when almost entirely destroyed, the survivors fought as gallantly as ever. It is said that one of their officers blew out his brains when he was on the point of being taken. My unfortunate friend, Ricaud, who once wished to enrol me in it, received three bayonet wounds, and was left for dead on the field of battle. Two of his intimate friends were killed by his side. At this sight, cries of pity burst forth from the French ranks; the officers threw themselves into the midst of the vanquished, and lowered their swords, while the brave General Damas, who commanded the division, advanced in person, and promised them, if they surrendered, his powerful intercession with the prince, whose subjects these gallant adventurers were. Upon the word of that warrior, whose noble character is worthy of the times of chivalry, they laid down their arms, and surrendered to those in whose ranks they had gloriously fought during a period of twenty years.

At the same period a second column, composed of the remains of the refugees of different nations in Catalonia, marched from Tarragona towards Lerida, under the orders of Evariste San Miguel, and was cut to pieces, along with their commander, in an action with the French.

Such was the deplorable end of these unfortunate beings, who had assembled from the extremities of Europe upon a foreign soil.

Some days after I was taken prisoner, the refugees left the district, and the Spaniards themselves went out to meet the French, who seemed desirous of taking possession of the banks of the Llobregat. The small fort we were kept in was only guarded by some volunteers, who went away at night, after locking up my three fellow prisoners and myself in a large hall. At one of the large windows which lighted it, we discovered some loose bars, and by our united efforts we succeeded in pulling one of them out, and lowered ourselves out of the fort by means of a rope. The most profound silence

reigned all round us. We entered the narrow streets of the village, and found our way to the fields.

At daybreak we had crossed the Llobregat, and approached the mountains beyond which the river Ter flows. We were then forced to conceal ourselves among some bushes, and to wait for the approach of night; we again continued our journey, and soon came to the Ter, along the banks of which we marched till we came to the neighbourhood of Geronna, still alarmed with the thought of meeting a party of Spaniards, though we did not see a single uniform for two whole days.

When we came in sight of Geronna, we fell into the very midst of the outposts of the army of the faith. We were immediately known to be French; but some took us for emigrants acting as spies, and wanted to shoot us; and others thought we were deserting to the enemy, and were ready to subject us to the same fate. Though we were worn out with want and fatigue, we cried as loud as they, and at last succeeded in obtaining a hearing. We were taken to head-quarters, and much praised for our conduct.

I had latterly suffered a great deal, particularly during our two days of flight; the wound in my arm was greatly inflamed. By the advice of the head surgeon, I was sent to the ambulance, and had scarcely reached it before I was attacked with a violent fever. When it was nearly removed, I was sent from one fort to another along the frontiers, and arrived in a very bad state at Tech, near Ceret, in the beginning of July.

As there was no hospital in the village, I was quartered in a private house. My arm was swelled to a great size, and I was afraid of gangrene breaking forth. A surgeon came every other day to visit me and some other wounded men at Tech; but his attendance seemed of very little avail, and I was overwhelmed with a depressing melancholy. Many weeks elapsed before my wound made any sensible progress, but it began to heal at last, and I recovered in some degree my fortitude and strength of mind.

More than two months had elapsed since the battle of Mataro. The army was engaged in besieging Barcelona; but the war went on slowly in that province, and fighting was scarcely heard of. For the first time in my life I felt no desire of returning to my regiment. It was at this period that I received notice from my colonel that the minister of war had sent my discharge.

The unusual manner in which the thing was done, surprised me at first; but I recollected that I had often talked to my fellow soldiers about the war of 1808: that I had been a prisoner for some days, and during that time had been excellently treated by the French refugees, and I thought there might be some suspicion at the bottom of all this business. Assuredly the only claims I had to be discharged, were ten years' service in the time of the empire, and the eternal grief of not receiving the commission which I legally held by Napoleon's order. I conceived that the soldiers of the empire were now merely tolerated in the ranks of an army that was to be bent to other recollections than ours, and in which we involuntarily spread regret that our brilliant career of conquest was no more. They and we were neither of the same period, nor of the same turn of mind. It was doing a great deal to retain the officers, whose experience rendered them necessary; but it would, perhaps, have been impolitic to keep the private soldiers, who could not so easily bend their ideas to the system of the new government—but I had always done my duty without reproach, and had no right to expect to be turned away so unceremoniously. Three months sooner I should have been in despair had I been included among the old soldiers, who were then nearly all discharged; but now that it was certain that all the fortified places surrendered almost without firing a shot, and that the war would be ended before I could make up for lost time, I thought it of little consequence that I was to be sent home a few days sooner than I would have asked for. I was, therefore, resigned to my fate; and without complaint, or unavailing regret for the past, I quitted the service nearly on the same spot where, eighteen years before, I had entered it, full of youth, and burning with hope.

About the middle of September, I had nearly recovered from my wound, and I burned with the desire of seeing my home at last. I traveled by the diligence to Toulon, and arrived at my native village on the 2d of October, 1823.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

I am now at Sixfour—and shall never again leave my native place. Here my lot, so long precarious and uncertain, is fixed at last. I shall perhaps enjoy, in the course of time, the peace I have so much need of; but nothing can ever fill up the void which so many emotions have left in my heart.

Many prospects of fortune and glory have opened upon me during my military career; and the moment I thought they were on the point of being realised, the whole edifice disappeared before my eyes. I had also left pleasing illusions at Sixfour, and, on my return, find they also have disappeared, and that every thing has undergone a change.

I left my family happy and flourishing, and it is nearly extinct at the present day. My worthy father followed my mother to the grave, and left but little property to his children.

My uncle, Eyguier, left the service at the restoration of the Bourbons, and went to the West Indies, where he amassed a fortune. He made his last voyage in 1821, in a brig of his own, intending to retire from business on his return. The outward-bound voyage and his commercial speculations were all favourable, but a hurricane caught him on his return, and the brig and all on board went to the bottom. About half a dozen little mulattoes and quadroons now came forward, pretending to be his children, and they obtained all the property he had in the West Indies.

My brother is solely devoted to the labours of agriculture, and speaks a language foreign to my heart. He is quite absorbed by his daily habits, and despises a soldier who cannot sow a field of grain: yet my father had educated him for labours somewhat more important. He contemptuously calls me, *his learned brother, or the officer;* and is, perhaps, the only man in existence who never found any thing amusing in the stories of an old soldier.

None could be more affectionate towards me in my infancy than my sister Henrietta; but now, thanks to the difference of tastes, we no longer feel that soft and easy intimacy that springs from mutual sympathy with each other's joys and sorrows. She still loves me, however, and it is along with her that I live on the feeble remains of our patrimony.

Of the group which old friendships had gathered around our family, I find that very few remember me at all; and even these are divided by interests or political opinions, and live in a state of constant quarreling among themselves.

M. Rymbaud died long ago. I saw his son killed at Trafalgar. Miette is the mother of five children, and cares about as little as I do for the remembrance of our former love. She is, in my eyes, nothing more than the good housewife of a retired citizen. I am sometimes surprised at finding myself preferring her husband's conversation to hers. He was formerly employed in the navy victualing office, and, like me, had his prospects ruined by being forced to quit the service.

Wherever my heart turns for consolation, it finds a dreary void; and I can find no other subject for my thoughts than the melancholy recollections of the past.

I have been the perpetual sport of events, and have been placed too low to command any of them. I have been borne involuntarily along by the movements of the multitude, and have never been able to raise myself above the sphere in which I was thrown by chance, in spite of the constant efforts of twenty years, and the concurrence of a host of circumstances that were all favourable to my elevation.

At Trafalgar, I gave the hero of England his mortal wound; and that circumstance, which would have made the fortune of any other man, was completely neglected. I then became the secretary of Admiral Villeneuve, who, trusting to his innocence, returned home to solicit a new command; and when I had every reason to depend on his influence, he fell by the hand of an assassin. His tragical end, which I witnessed, procured me one of those interviews with the emperor, which were never unproductive to any other; but it was equally so to the victim and to me.

I marched over Germany and Sweden. After many fruitless fatigues, I attached myself to a man who pursued fortune with all the vigour of youth and genius, and who was likely to ensure my own; yet Oudet was killed beside me at Wagram. I fell from one disaster to another, until I was thrown upon the barren rocks of Cabrera. There the love of liberty and the desire of promotion never left me for a moment. With the versatility of Figaro, I bent my mind to the pursuit of a singular but gainful business; and my unwearied activity was devoted to the pursuit of every chance of escape. I succeeded at last in getting away from the island with three of my friends.

I had scarcely escaped before I gained that cross, which I then thought the forerunner of future eminence—that cross which now forms my sole consolation, and which I can at any rate proudly show, wherever I go.

How great and glorious did France appear to me on my first return to my home! How far did I then think misfortune from my country and from me, when, with six hundred thousand fellow-soldiers, we entered the Russian territories, gained the famous battle of Boredino; and I was appointed an officer by the emperor in person!

Yet, a few hours afterwards I fell, never to rise again. I became a prisoner of the Russians; and two disastrous campaigns took place without its being in my power to share in their perils or their glory.

At my return, I was present at two revolutions. My obscurity, which I had made every effort to shun—that obscurity which is considered a safe-guard in civil commotions—delivered me up to the murderers of Nismes. After escaping from them, as if by a miracle, I marched to Toulon, to save the life of a king. At the moment I had received the rank I thought myself qualified to honour, I saw that prince perish miserably; and I again became the sergeant of 1810.

Henceforth, as the obscure soldier of the garrison, and an unknown spectator, I looked forth upon the politics of the world. I tried to study mankind, but it was of no avail. Yet, a ray of hope broke upon my mind, when I heard the cannon of the Bidassoa; I thought I should at length be enabled to conquer, for the third time, that commission so ardently desired, and which I might have had fifteen years sooner. I fell again into the hands of the enemy, and saw Spain once more, only to pity the lot of those unfortunate Frenchmen to whom she had offered a fatal asylum. I succeeded in escaping from my prison; but, as I was henceforth hopeless of the future, it was with indifference that I received that discharge I had formerly flattered myself with obtaining only to enter into the upper ranks of society.

But if fortune has always been hostile to me, this I can safely assert, that I never did any thing dishonourable to obtain her favours; and this will, perhaps, at some future day console me for having been neglected.

The trade of a soldier is the only one I ever knew; and now I can carry it on no longer. I learned to judge mankind; and this knowledge is totally useless to me. I had latterly even paid attention to politics—and I am now confined to an obscure village. In a word, during the whole of the last twenty years, I have been an alien to the affections of my own family, and a stranger to the feeling of the farmer, the citizen—in fact, of every one of the industrious classes—and, wherever I go, I am out of place. Yet I cannot make up my mind to be totally useless: my recollections may not be wholly uninteresting at this moment, when every one is looking back with avidity to that brilliant period, which will long claim the attention of the present generation. The profound impression it left on my mind, forms the leading object of my thoughts. I feel a strong necessity of communicating them to others; and it is this impulse which has led me to compose the unimportant, but authentic, memoirs I now submit to the candour of the public.

NOTE, page 394.

Narrative of Armand, valet-de-chambre of the late king of Naples (Joachim Napoleon), who remained with that prince to the day of his death.

Among the persons who accompanied the King of Naples in his misfortunes, there are doubtless many pens better fitted than mine to give a historical account of the disastrous events of which he became the victim, and of the troubles and sufferings he was exposed to, till, after forming an arrangement with his followers, he left them

to embark with his valet-de-chambre, Leblanc, to avoid being recognised; I shall, therefore, merely attempt to describe what took place after that event.

The king waited for the dawn of day, to see the signals that were to be made by his suite; in the mean time Leblanc asked leave to go to Toulon to get some linen from his laundress; and when he did not return, his majesty went to the shore alone, where he found a boat and three men, with whom he set sail. But the wind soon became violent, and suddenly changing, drove the boat back to the place it had set out from. The sailors made every effort to join the vessel, which then sailed but slowly; but after making two attempts, and being constantly driven on shore, the sailors were worn out with fatigue; the rain fell in torrents, and night came on; the king passed the night in this state, without refreshment, and with no other covering than his clothes and an old silk cloak, which were completely drenched. They could not light a fire for fear of being discovered. About three in the morning the weather cleared up, the wind fell, and daylight soon appeared; but the vessel was out of sight. In this painful situation, the king, not wishing to expose the lives of these brave sailors, gave them nine Napoleons out of the ten he possessed, and told them to return to the roads as quick as they could, and to make a show of returning from fishing. Immediately afterwards he went to the hill, overcome with sorrow and fatigue, tormented with want, and chilled with the cold. After the greatest precaution, he approached a mean-looking house, where he fortunately found nobody but an old woman, who gave him a piece of coarse bread and a glass of bad wine, and he gave her the last Napoleon he had. Somewhat refreshed, he left the house, and walked along the hills for two hours, approaching as near as possible to the neighbourhood of Toulon, where he wished, at the approach of night, to obtain information and assistance for his most urgent wants; he then concealed himself, and placed his clothes to dry in the sun. When the night was well advanced, the king went to Plaisance, the house he had quitted a few days before. He knocked at the gardener's door, and when the woman refused to open, he was obliged to mention who he was; she then received him trembling, for she had that morning heard a reward offered for his apprehension at Toulon. At daybreak he told her to go to Toulon, and speak to his nephew, M. Murat. The latter came within two hours, and brought the king some money, and told him he must return to the hills as speedily as possible, for he was exposed to the greatest danger, as search was making for him in every corner. The king then told him briefly how the vessel had sailed without him, and that he could not imagine how it had happened. He would not allow M. Murat to follow him, but merely requested him to enquire when there should be another opportunity of sailing, to endeavour to find out the scoundrel Leblanc, and to force him to restore the money he had in his hands. He told M. Murat of a place where he could meet him again. He took some bread and wine with him, and again went up to the hills. The duty M. Murat was sent to perform was very difficult; for he had been already suspended, and was at that moment under the *surveillance* of the police. He therefore came back, and told the king that he had discovered nothing. The king spent the night at the gardener's, who showed him every attention in her power, but who was constantly in terror for his life. The courage and devotedness of this woman were above all praise. Some days passed away in this manner. During the day the king was concealed among the hills, and returned at evening to the gardener's. M. Murat found Leblanc at last, and threatened to give him up to justice, if he did not restore the money he had stolen from the king. Leblanc pretended that the money was due to him for accounts at Naples; but that as the king was totally without money, he would give up 6000 francs, and two of the king's shirts, which he had. M. Murat knew that any dispute in the present state of things might cost the king his life, and therefore took the 6000 francs, and left the scoundrel. This slight assistance enabled the king to attempt another chance of escaping by sea. M. Murat did not know that a M. Blan——, the son of a landed proprietor, felt an interest in his majesty's misfortunes, and had several times said that if he knew where to find the king, he would do every thing in his power, to the risk of his own life, to save him. This young man was bold and enterprising; he had been an officer in a regiment of hussars. This the king told to M. Murat, and desired him to go and see him. Two days after, M. Blan—— came to the king and assured him of his zeal; and from that moment he made every effort in his power to get him out of France. The necessary preparations required five or six days; and every day added to the difficulties of the king's situation. By constantly traveling up and down these rocky mountains, he was overcome with fatigue. To add to his misfortunes, one evening that he was coming down the hills to go, as usual, to the gardener's, he heard several persons coming along the same path as the one he was in. To avoid them he had merely time enough to run into a vineyard, and conceal himself in a ditch. As the persons passed very near him, and spoke loudly, he heard them say very distinctly—"We know that this Murat is still in the neighbourhood; if we can catch him, we'll take his head to the commandant." The king afterwards confessed that he thought he was going to be assassinated; for what could he do alone, with his two pistols, against fifteen men, who were all armed? He said, however, that he was determined, if attacked, to sell his life dearly, and to kill the first who came on. Some days afterwards, M. Blan—— came to tell him that he had found three men as determined as himself to save his majesty, or to perish in the attempt; that one of them was a captain of a frigate, but that he had not engaged any sailors, as he was afraid of their fidelity, particularly at a period when people's minds were in such an unsettled state; that they would make every effort in their power to reach Corsica, which was only eighty miles distant, and that the captain would be responsible for the safe management of the boat, provided he were aided by his companions. The king saw no other chance of escape, and accepted the proposal; the next evening he gave the kind gardener's wife a hundred Napoleons, and assured her that, in other circumstances, he would never allow her to want for any thing. He left Plaisance, and went to the spot pointed out by M. Blan——, where he found the gentlemen ready, and resolved to risk every danger; he entered into the boat, and they set sail in pretty fair weather. They were about thirty miles from the shore when daylight appeared; the wind remained favourable for a part of the day, but changed in the afternoon, and soon became direct ahead of them, and blew with such violence that the sea became very rough. The captain could not steer the boat; black clouds covered the sky, and seas rushed over the boat, and extinguished the light in the binnacle; the sail was low, the boat had no deck, and they were forced to throw the water out, though it constantly returned upon them. In this situation they anxiously waited for the approach of daylight, when the king perceived a vessel coming in their direction, and ordered them to get up to her, and to ask leave to go on board, as they were in danger of being lost. When they came near the vessel, they asked the captain to take them in, as they were in danger of being drowned. Instead of giving them an answer, the captain turned his helm, so as to run down the king's boat. The naval officer fortunately saw his intention, and changed the direction of his boat also, which saved them all from the effects of the captain's diabolical design. The vessel sailed away from them, and they were left exposed to the mercy of the waves. Some time after they perceived the post-office packet, that runs from Toulon to Bastia. The danger they were in induced the naval officer to ask the captain to throw them a rope, and to tow their little boat; but as it became more leaky every moment, the king requested the captain to take them on board, where they had scarcely arrived when a large wave dashed over the boat, and it disappeared.

Towards evening the vessel entered the harbour of Bastia, and some persons having learned that his majesty was on board, they came in a little boat, and brought him ashore. The king went to an inn with his followers, and sent to the senator Casa Bianca to inform him of his arrival, and to request to see him. But the senator was afraid of bringing himself into danger, and did not come; but he sent the king word not to remain at Bastia, for the report of his arrival was already spread, and he might be arrested by the people; that he advised him to go to the village of Vescovato, six leagues from Bastia, where he would find one of his officers, General Franceschetti, who was the son-in-law of one of the magistrates. An individual sent the king a horse and guide to take him to Vescovato, where he was received with all the respect due to his rank and misfortunes.

During his stay at this place, the king received no news from France; but he got some from the island of Elba and from Naples, from persons on whose fidelity he could rely with safety. These persons informed him that his return was ardently desired, and that he had only to appear to engage all the kingdom to take up arms in his cause. More pressing entreaties were made from day to day. The king mentioned the subject to General Franceschetti, who showed him a great deal of attachment. He urged his majesty to take advantage of this favourable opportunity; and, to show his zeal, he began to procure some hundreds of soldiers for the king's service; four vessels were chartered at Bastia to take him and his soldiers wherever he wished to go. The king required money for these purposes, and to procure it he pledged to Gregori diamonds for the value of 270,000 francs, and to a person named Paoli, some other diamonds for 90,000 francs more. Out of all his diamonds, he had only twenty-two small ones remaining.

His majesty succeeded in collecting between four and five hundred men at Vescovato. When the commandant of Bastia was informed that the king was purchasing arms and ammunition, and that his own soldiers were deserting to him, he made the vessels be seized in the harbour, and sent an officer and twenty gens-d'armes to tell the king to come and reside at Bastia; these measures made him leave Vescovato, as he did not wish to oppose force to force, which at that moment might have excited a revolt.

The principal inhabitantants of the island, even the most royal, came to the king to offer him the sovereignty of the country. He thanked them for such a generous offer, and such strong proof of confidence in him, but he determined to leave the island immediately. He marched with his troops, which were about two hundred in number (as he had discharged the rest) through the mountains to the town of Ajaccio, where he was received with enthusiasm by the inhabitants. The commandant shut himself up in the fort, where he was not disturbed by the king. During his stay at Ajaccio, his majesty bought five small vessels that might be able to carry three hundred men, and ordered every thing to be ready for sailing on the 28th of September, 1815.

On the day he was to set sail, M. Maceroni arrived with a passport for Austria, signed by the allied powers, with permission to remain in the country where the queen and his children already were. He determined on sailing the same evening at twelve o'clock, to go to the kingdom of Naples, not to conquer a kingdom, but to shut himself up in a fort, and enable him to treat for the future subsistence of himself and family, as he had no property. They had left Naples with only 1,500,000 francs. When the vessels were weighing anchor, the commandant fired two cannon balls at them to ease his conscience. Captain Barbara, who was in the king's service at Naples, had joined him in Corsica, and to him he gave the command of the expedition. On the 2d of October the wind became contrary; the king ordered the vessels to lie to at Cabrera, and landed the troops. They set sail again on the 3d. Captain Barbara told the master of every vessel what route he was to follow, gave them their signals, and the instructions they were to follow in case of being separated by a gale. On the 5th the wind was again ahead; they endeavoured to gain the coast of Calabria, which was seen opposite Stromboli; the wind became violent, and the sea rough, and in a short time all the vessels were scattered, except a small felucca that kept up with the king's vessel. This felucca was manned by twenty sailors, destined to save the king in case of accident; but they did quite the reverse. The weather was boisterous during the night; on the fifth the king ordered the captain to sail along the coast, and attempt to collect the scattered squadron; but it was all in vain; only one vessel came up, commanded by an officer named Couran, who had forty excellent soldiers with him, who had served in the king's guard at Naples.

His majesty then became very pensive; an officer was sent on shore to give an answer to the custom-house officers, who had sent to know what the three vessels were, what they were waiting for, and had even threatened to fire in case they remained on the coast. The king then made the anchor be weighed, and sailed on slowly, still hoping to see the other vessels come up, but

the officer who was sent on shore was obliged to be left behind. On the 7th of October, two officers, who were in M. Couran's vessel, went on board the king's, and when asked the cause of their removal, they replied that they wished to be near his majesty. But as the other vessel did not sail so fast as the king's, the latter was obliged to take it in tow. At eight o'clock all sails were spread; at twelve it was perceived Couran had cut his cable and disappeared. Being thus abandoned, the king gave up his intended expedition, put his proclamations into a bag with a large stone in it, threw it into the sea, and resolved to go to Trieste with the passport he had.

But as the vessel had been much injured by the weather, and was out of provisions and water, the king told Captain Barbara that another vessel would be necessary to sail through the Adriatic, and that supplies must be laid in. Barbara said that he could easily get at Pizzo, a neighbouring port, whatever was wanted, for he had an *old acquaintance* in the town, who would even give him money if he wanted it. The king then ordered him to get to Pizzo.

When they reached this port on the 8th, Barbara asked the king for his passport. His majesty told him that he did not wish to give it, because it would cause him to be known and detained, and that he would not give it at all. "Take," said the king, "the ship's papers, charter a vessel as if for yourself, and come for me here; I shall go from the one into the other without landing at all."

Barbara positively refused to do what the king told him; his majesty then became exceedingly angry, and said to him, "that his conduct was abominable, and that since he was so unfortunate, he would land himself, if he should perish in the attempt, rather than suffer such things any longer." All those who were with him urged him not to land, but their remonstrances were unavailing. When they saw him ready to go on shore, every one endeavoured to show his zeal by offering to accompany him. He attempted to dissuade them, and even told them that if he wished to conquer his kingdom, it would not be by force of arms, but rather by the sentiments that ought to animate a whole people. At the moment of landing, he said to Barbara, who remained on board: "Move a little more to the right with your two vessels; if you perceive any commotion, or hear firing, come immediately with the felucca and take me on board." The king landed with about thirty persons, officers, soldiers, and servants. It was a Sunday; all the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood were collected in the grand square and on the port; some sailors recognised the king, and shouted *Viva Gioachino!* When he was moving on towards the town, which is on the hill, the surgeon of the port came and presented his respects; he went up with him as far as the grand square, where there was a guard-house. The sergeant recognised the king, and put them under arms. He told the sergeant to follow him with his men. The king then took the road to Monte-Leone; but had scarcely left the town before his progress was stopped by a band of peasants, who fired on him by order of one Trenta Capelli, a captain of gendarmerie. As the road was hollow, and the king was nearly surrounded, General Franceschetti rushed on the captain, put a pistol to his breast, and told him that if he did not order the firing to cease he would kill him. The general adopted this means to give the king time to gain the shore and to get on board; but alas! the cowardly scoundrels who had remained with the boat, had cleared off from the shore, as fast as their oars could carry them, the moment they heard the firing. The king understood the general's intention, and reached the shore at the very spot he had told Barbara to be ready. When he arrived he saw he was again abandoned. The whole population rushed on him; seven persons who defended him were wounded, and Captain Pernice was killed. Hence the king and his suite were taken prisoners; they were sent to Chateau Fort, where the king was personally insulted by the same captain of gens-d'armes, who searched him, and took away his papers, along with the twenty diamonds he had remaining. The whole were sent to Naples. There was among them, unfortunately, one of the proclamations, which an officer had unintentionally kept. The governor of Calabria, General Nunziante, arrived at Monte-Leone on the 8th, at night, displayed to the king the regret he felt at seeing him in such a situation, and promised to do every thing in his power to ameliorate the hardships of his lot. A person, named Francesco Dalcala, agent of the Duc de l'Infantado's property, was not afraid of compromising himself, but came to the king to offer his services. He sent his majesty linen, clothes, a bed, and provisions, and supplied his suite with all the comforts in his power.

On the 9th, General Nunziante ordered the king to be removed to a private room, where he was treated respectfully by him and the officers on guard. On the 10th, 11th, and 12th, the king urged the general to put him on board a vessel under the English flag, though in Ferdinand's service, under the pretext of being very ill in the chamber he inhabited. The king flattered himself, that under the English flag he would have been safe from insult. The general replied, that if he did not receive any order next day, he would take upon himself to put his majesty on board a vessel. An hour after dinner, the general came to the king, who instantly saw that he was sad, and asked him the cause; the general replied, that he had just received orders by the telegraph *to send* his majesty ——, but that the weather had prevented any thing more being seen. The king said, "It is doubtless to send me to the citadel of Messina." But the general said he knew not what it was, and that he must wait till the next day. Previous to this, the king had written often to Naples to the English and Austrian ambassadors, but it is not known whether or not the letters reached them. He had also claimed the protection of the consuls living at Pizzo; but he found none but the English vice-consul, who would do nothing in the business. On the 13th, in the morning, Generals Franceschetti and Natali, who lodged with the king, were separated from him under the pretext of examining them. A courier had come during the night with orders to try the king by a military commission, and that their sentence should be put in execution in a quarter of an hour afterwards. After the generals were removed from the king, his valet-de-chambre, Armand, who was the only person now remaining with him, was also separated from him. Before he left the king, he informed him that some order must have arrived, for he had heard them moving about all night, and he would not leave his majesty. He called in the officers, to ask them why they wished to take his valet from him. They said the same thing as they had said about the generals.

It is said that the king would not appear before this sort of court. About three o'clock he asked for dinner. Soup was placed before him, and a pigeon, with the bones taken out, and his bread was cut in small pieces.

The king then said, "That is a proof that I am to die." He was watched by four officers. At four o'clock the witnesses and judges retired, after condemning the king to death. His majesty asked to see the generals and his valet before his death, but his request was refused. He asked for pen and ink, to send his last farewell to the queen and his children; he cut off a lock of his hair, and desired the president of the court to transmit to the queen, the letter, the hair, and the seal of his watch, on which was engraved the queen's portrait. The king kept it on his breast till the moment of his death; he left his watch to his valet-de-chambre, Armand. He refused to have his eyes bound, and to have a chair that was offered him; he told the officer "that he had more than once faced death, and that he feared it not;" he then told the soldiers not to miss him; and expired, after obtaining a promise that none of those who accompanied him should be troubled. Such was the melancholy end of Joachim Napoleon, king of the two Sicilies.

THE END.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

O! To-day, that art for ever
At To-morrow's back,
Thou wilt overtake it never,
Tho' thou darken all its track.
It is winged with all the pleasure
Of six thousand years;
Thou art laden with the measure
Of their anguish and their tears!

R. C. F.

From the London Metropolitan.

Family Interference.

A TALE FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

What is the prevailing cause of the frequent, too frequent disagreements, existing among the greater number of married couples? Some will say, want of affection, some, want of temper, some, want of congeniality, and some, want of money. I cannot agree in any of these reasons. I do not approve of marriages without affection, but I do not see why they should necessarily be productive of disputes; on the contrary, where no enthusiastic ideas of happiness have been raised in the first instance, disappointments are assuredly much less likely to ensue than if the reverse had been the case; indifference and apathy dull and deaden the feelings, but do not render them tenacious and irritable.

In respect to the other alleged causes of unhappiness, I do not regard them in a very formidable light: one objectionable quality is often neutralised by the existence of another of a counteracting nature; for instance, married people may be far from congenial in their tastes, yet good temper (if possessed by both of them) will prevent them from reproaching and taunting each other with their want of sympathetic feelings; or they may be ill-tempered, and, if perfectly alike in all their habits and pursuits, their temper will find vent on other objects, and will not exhaust itself where there is no opposition of conduct or manner to provoke it. Want of money is indeed a misfortune, but ought never to be considered as a fault, unless it has been occasioned by imprudence or mismanagement; if the husband and father labour earnestly in his business or profession for the good of his family, and if the wife and mother carefully economise his gains, although they may, and most probably will, rail at the world in general, they can have no possible pretext for railing at each other in particular. What, then, is the great cause of matrimonial bickering? I answer, there is no great cause, but an abundance of little ones, atoms which float in the conjugal atmosphere, but which would never assume any definite shape, were they not gathered together, and made to wear a formidable appearance by the officious hand of a third person; the cause of the disputes of nine married couples out of ten, I believe to arise from the ill-judged interference of relations. As soon as a married pair have begun to feel tolerably settled, the relations of both parties surround them with counsels, not only how to manage their income and household, but how to manage each other; and as, of course, one person can never pretend to manage another without a knowledge of his or her weak side, and vulnerable points, all such particulars are eagerly and accurately shown forth to the individuals by their indefatigable friends. My own sex, who, I am sorry to say, are often foremost in works of mischief as well as in works of good, usually play a prominent part on such occasions; the female relatives of the bride urge on her the expediency of "getting her own way at first," and of stipulating for a certain quantity of amusements and indulgences which are absolutely necessary to prevent her from sinking into a mope and domestic drudge; the bridegroom might be vanquished under this artillery, but he, on his side, has most likely female connections who will not see him imposed upon, and who sketch to him, in glowing colours, all the probable evils that will be brought on him by a tame acquiescence in his wife's expenses and frivolities; and thus the young people, who were united from motives of mutual preference, and who ought to have every pursuit and feeling in common, are taught to consider each other as enemies, having their separate interests to consult and arrange, and their separate friends to advise their proceedings, and to see fair play between them. How, the reader will ask, is this to be avoided? Are the relations of young people to desert them when they marry? I answer, by no means; but let them avoid all interference with their conduct towards each other; and, if they persist in offering such mischievous counsel, let the young people have sense and spirit enough to turn a deaf ear to it, in which case they will soon grow tired of urging it.

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PART I. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1837. NO. 26.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

In fact, in the other relations of life, interference is seldom ventured, and if attempted, is usually resented. Take, for instance, the case of parents and children; let any one of us go to the mother of a family, and insinuate to her in the gentlest terms possible, that she administers too large an allowance of plum-cake, and too small a proportion of spelling lessons to her little son Charley, and that she does wrong in suffering her daughter Fanny to make saucy replies to her elders, attend juvenile fancy balls, caricature her governess, and neglect her French grammar and geography for the last new novel, and what will be the success of our remarks? The lady will either in a very grave tone reply, "I am sorry you think so," immediately turn the conversation to other subjects, and look at us for a month afterwards as if she detested the sight of us; or she will unceremoniously contradict us, and say that we are quite mistaken, for that she has always been considered a rather over-strict mother, and that her children are patterns of industry and steadiness. Now I would humbly breathe a word for the rights of men and women, as well as for the rights of children, and express a wish that the father and mother of Charley and Fanny would extend to each other something of the kind, or even blind allowance, which they so readily afford to the faults of their offspring; and would repel, with a degree of the same jealous tenacity, all notice of such faults on the part of another. If it were permitted me to assume the character of a guardian spirit, I should especially like to take young married couples under my charge, to cause the mischievous whisper and insinuation to fall harmless on the ear of each of them, to paint to them in the brightest tints the good qualities of their partners, and to inspire them with distrust of all who would wish to direct their eyes to the dark side of the picture. I cannot be a guardian spirit, but perhaps I can write a story, and I hope to be able to combine amusement and instruction in the following little tale, since

> "Truth, sometimes, like Eastern dames,
> Can tell her thoughts by flowers."

The wedding-day of Caroline Dornton and Edmund Clifford was fixed, and the match was one calculated to give universal satisfaction. It was a marriage of romance; the parties were both remarkably handsome, accomplished, and good-tempered, and appeared congenial in habits and tastes. It was also a marriage of prudence; the young couple would begin life with a house in Torrington square, five servants, and a carriage; and as the sphere in which they moved was that of the middling classes, their establishment was considered very creditable by their acquaintance. One or two close calculators certainly expressed their opinion that each of the parties might have done better, and hinted at a deformed, ill-tempered heiress, who had cast tender glances at the gentleman, and an old yellow nabob, just arrived from India, with lacs of rupees and a liver complaint, who had expressed warm admiration for the lady; but even these persons only hinted a faint disapproval, and owned that, considering the income of the young people was independent of any profession, and entirely derived from money in the funds, Harriet Martineau herself might be easy respecting their capability of providing the necessaries of life for younger children, and might acknowledge them to be sufficiently rich to please themselves. Probably my readers will wonder why I should designate a union contracted under such commonplace circumstances as a "marriage of romance," and will be inclined to say with Hood, in his Comic Annual, "there's no romance in that!" There was, however, the deepest and truest romance attendant on the attachment of Caroline and Clifford—the romance of the heart; each possessed a disposition so thoroughly warm and enthusiastic, that its luxuriance would have flourished in any soil, and under any associations, however homely and matter-of-fact. They were fervently attached to each other. Had their prospects been those of utter poverty, such circumstances would not, for a moment, have repressed their wish for a union; had their friends, instead of being full of satisfaction, been loud in opposition, they would equally have carried that union into effect. They lived in a world of their own—they had each formed the most exaggerated ideas of the talents, virtues, and attractions of the other—they imagined that their married life would be one of long, uninterrupted happiness, darkened by no cloud, and invaded by no storm; it remained for the future to disclose to them the folly of such anticipations; at present they enjoyed unrestricted pleasure in the indulgence of them. If a girl be at all disposed to vanity and romance, and to the formation of unreasonably sanguine hopes of future happiness, these qualities will be all called into action during the time of her betrothment, her marriage, and the few months succeeding it; at such periods, by common consent and universal custom, young ladies are made of great consequence, not only by their lovers, but by all their connections. The gentleman is placed on no such perilous pinnacle of distinction; there is nothing picturesque in the attachment and marriage of a young man, nothing to elevate him in the opinion of his family and friends. When he makes known his choice of a bride, his mother always thinks he might have had patience, and waited a little longer; his sisters wish he had chosen somebody else; and mention half a dozen of their intimate friends who would have suited him much better; and his bachelor companions by turns rally and pity him for his contemplated sacrifice of liberty, predict that he will lose all his spirit and vivacity, and degenerate into a mere married man, and guess that the first action of his wife will be to compel him to cut all the associates of his boyish days. During the time of his engagement, he generally feels it very awkward to be compelled to make love in the midst of a domestic circle, and has a nervous horror of being quizzed by the younger branches of the family, who sit fixing their eyes upon him in undisguised watchfulness of his proceedings. The morning visits received after marriage are also particularly disagreeable to him; he has not, as Miss Austen expresses it, "the privileges of finery and bashfulness" like his bride; and all men have a natural aversion to formal morning visits under any circumstances. There, however, he must sit, assisting his beloved one in doing the honours of the cake and wine, pressing ladies to lay aside their boas, chronicling the number of rainy days, which his bride and himself experienced in their honeymoon excursion, and bearing honourable testimony to the beauties of the Isle of Wight, the Lakes, or any other spot which may have been selected as the scene of the said excursion. These smooth nothings he has to repeat to party after party in succession, till he becomes feelingly alive to the sufferings of the Chinese jugglers, Indian chiefs, and double-sighted boys, who are obliged "from morn till dewy eve" to perform the same trickeries over and over to fresh crowds of gaping visiters. When the dinner-parties come into play, the case is not much amended; he feels that he is no longer so important a member of society as he was when he had a heart and wedding-ring to offer. Young ladies, his former flirts, are hoarse when he asks them to sing: their once civil, courteous mammas scold him unmercifully when he revokes at whist; and the papas, who used to accost him with a hearty shake of the hand, a joke, and an invitation for the sporting season, now address him with cold ceremonious politeness, and transfer all the warmth of their salutation to one of his unmarried friends.

Very different is the situation of the bride. Marriage is the great end of the female world, and when a young lady has attained that end, provided she marry in a style of respectability and affluence which may confer some credit on her family, she is overwhelmed with praises and congratulations; all her relations suddenly become as much alive to her good qualities and great merits, as if the record of them had been written in sympathetic ink to remain illegible until brought into notice by the contact of Hymen's torch; she is the "dear Charlotte," the "beloved Harriet," or the "sweet Eliza" of a bevy of aunts, uncles, and cousins, who she imagined had hitherto considered her a mere *figurante* in the *corps de balle*. of exhibiting young ladies. Her eligible offer, however, places her on a different footing with them all: some may have feared that she might hereafter become dependent on them for support, others may have merely had indefinite ideas of an old maid being a sad bore in a family; aunts are glad to get rid of a rival to their daughters, and a flirt who takes up the attention of their sons, and cousins luxuriate in the details of wedding fineries, festivities, and excursions, and exult in the old saying, that "one marriage in a family is always sure to bring on another." Presents, too, make their appearance to reward the fair *fiancée* for her good behaviour: urns and silver tea-pots flow in from the old; work-tables and writing-desks from the middle aged, and brooches and bracelets from the young: nay, the very school-girls are delighted to paint screens and embroider card-cases, as offerings to the young bride, who has set them an example which they are quite impatient to be of a fitting age to follow. On her wedding-day she is kissed, cried over, and complimented, and two thirds of the company tell her husband that they only wish she may prove as good a wife as she has been a daughter, sister, niece, friend, &c. &c.

When she returns from her wedding excursion, she prepares herself to receive homage, dressed in the newest fashion, reclining in the most graceful attitude, and satisfied that every old friend and every new acquaintance go away alike full of admiration for her. Nor is she unreasonable in this supposition: it is an established rule of society to admire a bride during the first visit, and any person would be considered churlish and misanthropic in the highest degree who ventured to deviate from it. Like Isaac in the Duenna, the visiter must say,

> "Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care,
> If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair."

Should she be pale, sickly, and stupid, she is admired for her exquisite delicacy and diffidence; if ruddy, unpolished, and hoydenish, her bloom, *naïveté* and vivacity are the subjects of praise; if she acknowledge herself to "play a little," she is described as "highly musical;" if a review or a book of travels lie on the table, she is characterised as "extremely well-informed:" nobody presumes to point out a shade in the fair picture, and it is a current phrase that "Mr. ——— could not have chosen better!" When she goes to a dinner party, she is handed down by the master of the house, and placed by his side; all her remarks are applauded by her neighbours, and she is treated with the utmost attention, devotedness, and deference by young men, who, previous to her marriage, were afraid of "committing themselves" by being commonly civil to her. This palmy state of affairs, however, does not continue above three months; at the end of that time her blonde becomes flaccidised, her orange flowers are crumpled, and her white satin loses its delicate and spotless purity; other marriages take place, other brides are handed down first to dinner, and, worst of all, the visiters who came a first time to admire, come a second time to criticise, and discover that she is not nearly so pretty, after all, as they supposed, and has something very commonplace in her manners. Many suspect she has not moved in the best society, (inferring that they have done so themselves, or they could not have the capability of judging,) young ladies fear that she understands music very superficially, middle-aged ones intimate that she knows little about books, and old ones assert that she knows nothing about housekeeping. A woman of sound sense and good understanding will neither be elated by the glories of her bridal days, nor depressed by their speedy termination; she will make use of what phrenologists call the "organ of comparison," she will see that other brides besides herself are flattered and caressed, and other young wives scanned and criticised, and she will think neither the better nor the worse of herself for experiencing the lot of her sex: she will also make allowance for her husband if he show symptoms of being somewhat guided by the opinion of the world, and, instead of exulting when he joins warmly in the chorus of general admiration raised at first in her favour, she will rather regret that these injudicious flatteries should so ill prepare him for the time when she may probably become an object

of criticism to his family and friends, and a personage of very little importance to her own.

Caroline Dornton unfortunately was not a young woman of sound sense and good understanding, although she was generally considered as remarkably clever. She read much, thought much, was a proficient in all female accomplishments, and had mixed a great deal in society for the last three years; she was kind-hearted, obliging; and yet Caroline was not formed to go well through the world, to resist its trials, to bear its mortifications, or to rise superior to its allurements. The secret lies in one word. Caroline was enthusiastic, her favourite reading was of a fanciful and enervating description, her charities were the charities of sentiment, not of judgment, her friendships were violent for the time being, but soon dissolved, because she expected sympathy, congeniality, and devotion, which her friends were neither willing nor able to pay. Caroline's family connections were not suited to an enthusiastic disposition: she was certainly more talented and intellectual than any of them, and she felt conscious (to use the favourite phrases of the romantic) that she was not "appreciated" and "understood" in her own circle; she had too much good feeling and propriety to give vent to her opinions, but she could not help thinking within herself that her mother was shallow, her two sisters frivolous, and her other relations very heartless, every-day people. Caroline had never felt any attachment till she reached the age of twenty: she had an innate delicacy which preserved her from the propensity of falling in love, evinced by vulgarly sentimental young ladies, consequently she was on the best terms with her mother; and when she readily complied with the desires of the latter, that she would be very cool in her manner to some gay half-pay officer, or that she would avoid singing duets with some curled, perfumed, and penniless younger brother, Mrs. Dornton praised and valued her obedience rather more highly than it deserved. The merit of compliance only lies in self-denial, and the flatteries of trifling every-day young men were so little acceptable to Caroline, that it was more congenial to her taste to avoid than to seek them.

Caroline had refused several offers with the entire concurrence of her mother, although more than one of the applicants were men of large fortune. Mrs. Dornton had for some years been a widow, with three daughters, and a genteel income; she was resolved that her daughters should marry what she called "well," but she had no wish to sacrifice them to age and infirmity, because she was really a good-natured woman, and wished to see every body happy in their own way as well as in hers. Most gratifying, then, were her feelings, when, during the course of a fortnight's visit to the country-house of a friend, her daughter Caroline captivated and was captivated by Edmund Clifford; his fortune, connections, manners, and appearance, were all unexceptionable. Caroline avowed herself perfectly happy, and Mrs. Dornton, after a short private interview with her future son-in-law, sat down and covered sheet after sheet of pink paper, in expressing to the whole circle of her relatives her delight at the conquest made by her daughter. These letters all met with correspondent returns, and when Mrs. Dornton and Caroline repaired to London, so much attention and kindness were lavished on the latter by her connections, that she began to think she had done them great injustice, and that they had really "understood" and "appreciated" her all along. Her mother and sisters, too; how fond, how affectionate was their behaviour to her!—how could she ever have fancied them wanting in regard and tenderness? Caroline was wrong in thinking that her relations were different from what she had supposed them to be, and yet not one of them was playing the part of a hypocrite, but they had all some motive of their own for rejoicing in her success. Mrs. Dornton was pleased with her own tact and carefulness as a mother, to which she chose to impute Caroline's escape from all silly love affairs and beggarly offers; she was pleased with the fine person and polished manners of her son-in-law, and she was gratified with the style of his establishment; she remembered that she had been considered very comfortably married, although she had only begun life with a house in Marchmont street, a maid, and a footboy, and a husband who had red hair, and was twenty years older than herself. We all desire the lot of our children to be more brilliant than our own, and she was glad of her daughter's superior prospects, thinking to herself, however, that Caroline was far more fortunate than she had been in the cleverness and good management of her mother. Gertrude Dornton, a pretty looking girl, about eighteen, had several reasons for feeling highly satisfied with the marriage in question; she was glad to get rid of Caroline as a rival, and glad that in consequence of her near neighbourhood, she might depend on her as a chaperon; she thought over two or three of her sister's admirers, who would probably, under the present circumstances, transfer their admiration to herself, and she thought of the dances and parties which she should persuade Caroline to give, and of the new introductions, partners, and beaux, attendant thereon. Emily, the youngest sister, was only fifteen, and did not enter into such abstruse calculations, but she exulted in the probability of coming out a year or two earlier in consequence of Caroline's marriage, for as she very justly observed, "Mamma would never be able to bear the thought of taking out three grown-up daughters at once!" Caroline's aunts had also something of selfishness mingled with their satisfaction: the eligible match formed by their sister's child seemed to promise well for the success of their own; they would have no need to hold up the fallen fortunes of their niece *in terrorem*, to frighten their daughters from a love-match. Caroline had not "lost caste;" they might talk of her among their acquaintance, not only with impunity, but with credit, and with these feelings were mingled (for I wish to do justice even to a worldly family) a certain kindly satisfaction that the delicate pretty little girl to whom they had given fairy tales and sugar-plums in the days of her coral necklace and white muslin frocks, would be raised above those homely troubles which she was ill qualified to encounter, and that she would be able to read poetry, play the guitar, and tend greenhouse plants, without the necessity of personally inspecting those mysterious horrors of the kitchen, which often render that place a perfect and perpetual "Blue chamber" to the unfortunate heroine of a love match.

As for the young ladies of the family, they regarded Caroline with that mixture of awe, admiration, and envy, with which the successful candidate, who has taken the highest honours at the University, is beheld by such of his fellow collegians as entertain but confused hopes of taking any honours at all. Caroline had so chosen as to please herself and her mother. Her cousin, Anna Morris, thought of the handsome Lieutenant Gayville's hazel eyes and Grecian nose, and wished that he had a house in Torrington square, and a carriage; and her cousin, Kate Sedgewick, thought of the rich Sir James Bradbury's bald head and rubicund visage, and wished that he had chestnut curls, and was eight and twenty years old. Caroline, they agreed, had done wonders, and must consequently receive that respect to which all workers of wonders, time out of mind, have been entitled. Caroline's uncle was less moved and excited than the rest of her connections by her marriage; he was the rich man of the family—his speculations were not matrimonial but mercantile—his worship was at the shrine not of Cupid, but of Plutus; and as his two children were little boys in petticoats, he had small sympathy for the manœuvres of match-making mammas, or the triumphs of their captivating daughters. Mr. Fletcher, however, to quote his own phrase, (and surely none could understand his character so well as himself,) was "a strictly conscientious man, who always, on every occasion, did what was just and proper to be done." Accordingly he paid his niece a visit of congratulation, patted her on the cheek, told her that she was a good girl, and had done very well for herself, and presented her with a beautiful emerald necklace; he was accompanied by his two little boys, who having succeeded, during a hasty private interview in the corner, in winning from cousin Caroline a promise that she would have a juvenile party and a magic lantern soon after she was established in a house of her own, became immediately warm partisans of her marriage, and were quite as much alive to its advantages as the seniors of the family, and from motives about as wise and pure.

The great triumph of Caroline, however, was in the victory that she achieved over the iron heart and close purse of her godmother, Mrs. Priscilla Penry. Mrs. Priscilla was what people are fond of calling "quite a character," although her only claims to that denomination lay in being a stiff, narrow-minded, sordid old woman, whose mind and body were alike clothed in the habiliments of fifty years ago. She was very rich, had no relations, had never been married, and did not seem to care for any body, not even for herself; she was as scrupulously economical in her own dress, and as sparing in her own diet, as she expected her unfortunate solitary servant to be. She carefully exacted the fair things in change from her tradespeople, because, as she charitably observed, they were "such nice things to give to the poor street sweepers;" and when twice a year she invited a few friends to pass the evening with her, she invariably enquired of them before the tea equipage made its appearance, whether they would take one slice of bread and butter or two, that orders to the necessary effect might be issued to the rigid, spare handmaiden, who was a thorough personification of Famine, but whom her mistress always characterised as being "sadly thoughtless and wasteful." Caroline had never received any thing from Mrs. Priscilla but lectures on the duties of early rising and carpet work, till she attained the age of seventeen. Her godmother, however, like that of Cinderella, felt disposed to do the thing in style on occasion of the coming out of her *protegée*, and accordingly wound herself up to the unprecedented liberality of sending her a box and a note, the latter requesting her acceptance of the contents of the former, namely, "a dress muff, and a gold watch with appendages." Caroline eagerly opened the box to gaze on her treasures, picturing in her mind's eye the snowy swansdown of the one, and the delicately woven chain and beautiful French seals of the other. The "dress muff" proved to be a small article about six inches long, composed of peacock's feathers, a number of which had started in various places from their fastenings, disclosing to all who who were curious respecting the mysteries of construction, a view of the black satin foundation beneath. Ten years ago Caroline would have welcomed the present as an inestimable acquisition to her large wax doll; but, like many other of the good things of this world, it came too late to be of much use. The "gold watch and appendages" proved a still greater source of disappointment; the watch was a thick, old-fashioned repeater, very much out of order, and the "appendages" consisted of a black ribbon, to the end of which a common watch-key was attached!

Rendered moderate in her wishes by this specimen of Mrs. Priscilla's liberality, Caroline, on the occasion of her marriage, expected nothing beyond a handsomely-bound copy of the "Spectator," or an old waist-buckle of Dovey's diamonds; but misers' gifts, like misers' feasts, are sometimes unexpectedly lavish, and not only did Mrs. Priscilla bestow a hundred pound bank note on her god-daughter to lay out as she pleased, but, for the first time in her life, she made some plain allusions to her will, and to the prominent station that Caroline would occupy therein. She also favoured her with much good advice as to her conduct in married life; but as her ideas and notions were all of the olden time, her advice was not particularly applicable; and when she warned Caroline not to make a private purse for herself, not to open her husband's letters without leave, and, above all, never to employ any body to track and follow him in his walks, the astonished girl felt half ashamed and half indignant at being suspected of the possibility of practices as revolting to her good taste as to her good principle. Caroline, however, heard all these wise dogmas in silence, which much advanced her in Mrs. Priscilla's good opinion. Caroline was remarkably silent whenever she feared, disliked, or thought ill of the intellectual qualities of a person; but as silence is by many imputed to respect, her habit of taciturnity, perfectly free as it was from gloom or sullenness, often procured the suffrages of the old and formal. Mrs. Priscilla, in particular, who was perfectly scandalised at the quick repartees, chattering, and giggling of the girls of the present day, did due justice to Caroline's government of the tongue, and she did not say more than the truth, when she signified to her god-daughter that she intended her for the heiress of her long accumulated hoards. Caroline, however, never thought of mentioning the promise to any one, and, in this case, her artlessness had all the effect of art; nothing is so likely to procure the revocation of a legacy as any unwary boasting on the part of the legatee.

Among the delights of Caroline in her new character of a betrothed bride, her introduction to her future

husband's relations could not be reckoned; they were very few, but she could have wished them still fewer; he had a middle-aged cousin, a boisterous fox-hunting country squire, who talked as if all his auditors were deaf, stood with his back to the fire, was fluent in witticisms about modern dresses and French fashions, asked Caroline to sing Vauxhall songs, and always spoke of her as "pretty Miss Carry," a contraction of her name which she had been accustomed to resent from her earliest school-days, as an insult of the first magnitude. He had also a maiden aunt, an old young lady, who was deep blue, and because she had heard that Caroline was literary, bored her most unmercifully with accounts of geological lectures and chemical experiments, and wondered that she had never studied Latin, and hinted that it was impossible for any one to speak or read English with tolerable accuracy, who had not enjoyed that advantage. Caroline's great object of distate, however, was her future mother-in-law; and most unfortunate was she in this feeling, for Mrs. Clifford was so unexceptionably correct in her behaviour, so very wordy in her professions, so scrupulously careful to round off her long periods as neatly as even her Latinised sister could do, so liberal in giving away soup and blankets at Christmas, so devoted a mother, so punctual a correspondent, so regular in her ready-money payments, and so attentive in replying to invitations, returning morning visits, enquiring after her sick friends, and remembering the number, ages, and names of every body's children, that she was universally spoken of; she was a small star twinkling forth in all the glimmer of the minor virtues; she was "respectable" and "well-bred," qualities which many people think imply every thing desirable in a woman, but which a woman may nevertheless possess, and be thoroughly narrow-minded, cold-hearted, and disagreeable.

Mrs. Clifford's disposition was intensely selfish, and she was a person of vulgar mind, although not of vulgar manners. When she married, she much disliked her husband's female relatives; and it was her constant endeavour to alienate him from them; she was successful in this trial, from her perfect acquaintance with all the petty low arts of dissimulation, and with all the minutiæ of cunning management; she could "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," and say and do things which were thoroughly provoking to her new connections, yet which had nothing tangible in them when made the subject of complaint to others; they were frank, warm-hearted, and somewhat irritable people, quite unfit to cope with her cold policy; and as she had obtained unlimited influence over her weak-minded husband, she soon surrounded him with her own herd of sycophants, and his mother, an amiable, intellectual, and affectionate woman, had ample cause to agree with the old adage, which sets forth that "she who marries a son loses one!"

Mrs. Clifford's husband died, leaving his wife and only son amply provided for, and Mrs. Clifford was *prôneured* by her flatterers as an exemplary and pattern mother; it is no very difficult thing, however, to be an exemplary mother to a beautiful boy of fine talents, and excellent disposition, and little more credit was due to Mrs. Clifford for the fact which her flatterers set forth in the second count of her excellencies, that she had refused several offers, and resolved never to marry again; she was apathetic and selfish, fond of power, and impatient of contradiction; she had married for an establishment, and having secured it, she had nothing to gain, and much probably to lose, by admitting a second lord and master to share it; a very advantageous offer might have tried her resolution, but such she never had to boast of. Mrs. Clifford had always had a nervous horror of her son's marriage; she really loved him after her own way, and better than she had ever loved any one else in the world; and remembering how successfully she had detached her own husband from his mother, she imagined that similar manœuvres would be played off on herself, and gave a pre-occupied hatred to the fair shadow of a future daughter-in-law, which had not yet assumed a palpable shape. Whenever her son appeared to admire a young lady, she made it her study to discover and point out her defects; and, as she generally was very guarded in her epithetives, and not at all addicted to indiscriminate abuse, her "few and far between" strictures carried with them a due effect. Her son had always intended to consult her in his choice of a wife, and had he adhered to his resolution, he would probably never have had a wife at all; but he was so suddenly and violently smitten with Caroline, and so afraid of the rivalry of two or three young gentlemen who seemed to participate in his sentiments, that he had made his offer, been accepted, and Mrs. Dornton's pink notes were on the wing to her brother and sister before his mother received intelligence of the fate in store for her. Mrs. Clifford felt that remonstrance and opposition would now be in vain, and would only tend to lower in the eyes of the world that character for strict propriety and integrity which she had always prided herself on preserving; accordingly she visited and caressed Caroline, gave her a fine-toned pianoforte of Stodhart's, admired her drawings and fancy work, and promised to be a second mother to her. Caroline's mother and sisters were perfectly satisfied with her behaviour; but Caroline herself felt that there was something wanting, and that the something in question was sincerity. Her intuitive quickness pointed out to her that Mrs. Clifford did not, in reality, like her, and was only acting a part in pretending to do so. She was quite right in her conjecture. Mrs. Clifford, satisfied and happy, as she appeared to be, felt that she had three heavy grounds of complaint against her son; first, that he should marry at all; secondly, that he should not have chosen a lady of fortune; and, thirdly, that if he were disposed to wave fortune, he should marry any body but "dear Sophy Bennet." The person always mentioned by Mrs. Clifford under that endearing appellation was her niece; a young woman whom the death of her parents had rendered, some years ago, a temporary inmate of the house of her aunt; an abode which she had contrived to render permanent by her skill in the arts of flattery and insinuation. Sophy Bennet was very plain, had a sallow thick complexion and dull gray eyes; she was not witty, she was not accomplished, and yet Sophy Bennet was a universal favourite; her soothing softness of voice, her caressing manner, her habit of pointing out to every one their own good qualities, with an air of as much innocence and simplicity as if she were pointing them out to a third person, all told wonderfully well in mixed society. She had tried every power of fascination on her cousin's heart, but in vain; beauty was the first and most indispensable quality in Edmund Clifford's *beau ideal* of a wife, but he gave his cousin a meed of praise which many a beauty might have envied, in allowing that she was of all plain women the most attractive. Caroline could not allow so much; the *sotto voce* tone of Sophy Bennet, the languishing softness of her gaze, nay, her very fondness for herself, the warmth with which she pressed her hand, and the admiration which she could not restrain from finding vent in words, of her "pretty figure," and "sweet hazel eyes," were all revolting to the delicate and high-minded girl. "Miss Bennet's company and conversation," she said to herself, (for she wisely admitted no confidante to share her unfavourable opinion of her husband's cousin,) "have the same effect on me as the atmosphere of a greenhouse. I am tired of faint, confined, and sickly fragrance, and long to breathe the cold pure air again."

These unpleasant impressions, however, did not damp the happiness of Caroline; the fond attentions of her lover, the kindness of her family, nay, the very excitement and bustle of the preparations for her marriage, all tended to prevent her dwelling long on any but bright images. Among the various pieces of good advice bestowed on Caroline by her relatives at this interesting juncture, perhaps my readers will enquire,—Had she any of the best advice? Had she any one to point out to her the duties of the marriage state, as well as its pleasures, and to tell her that her union should be considered by her rather as a religious rite than as a worldly contract? Yes, from one person Caroline received such advice. About two years before her own engagement, her cousin, Lucy Vaughan, had become a bride, although the matrons of the family always spoke of Caroline as taking the lead in matrimony of the rest of the junior branches, because, as they sagaciously remarked, "Poor Lucy Vaughan's marriage was really to be reckoned as none at all!"

Lucy's father and mother died when she was about five and twenty years old, leaving her only provided for by an excellent education and well-regulated mind; she availed herself for a year of an offered asylum with several relatives in town; and during her stay with Mrs. Dornton became warmly and sincerely attached to Caroline; but Lucy had a delicate mind, and could not brook the idea of living in a state of dependence on her connections; accordingly, she sought and obtained a situation as companion to a wealthy old lady at the west end of the town, and by so doing gave grievous offence to her family, who indignantly said that she was "the first female among them who had ever done any thing useful!" Soon, however, their displeasure softened. Lucy's patroness, although ill-tempered and whimsical, was not insensible to the amiability of disposition and powers of intellect of her young companion; she treated her as a friend and equal, and Lucy was still enabled to wear fashionable shawls and bonnets, to make occasional calls on her friends in a handsome carriage, and to receive their visits in return, seated in an elegantly furnished drawing-room. Soon, however, a new aspect of affairs presented itself. Lucy, before the death of her parents, was attached to a worthy young clergyman of the name of Bernard. He was then merely possessed of a curacy, the amount of which was not sufficient to sanction even persons of their moderate tastes and wishes in marrying; but they were resolved to wait patiently, looking forward to better things; and a few months after the commencement of Lucy's companionship, better things actually came to pass. A curacy in a country village was obtained by Bernard, doubling the amount of his former one in value, and possessing the advantage of a house to reside in, and he hastened to claim Lucy as his bride. Her patroness was unaffectedly surprised and angry at the event; her first exclamation was a very common one with irritable old ladies under similar circumstances, "What is to become of *me*, I wonder? How am *I* to do without you when you are married? Her second was an indignant enquiry,—"What *can* you wish for beyond what you have with me? Have you not a large house, a carriage, plenty of servants, and as much money as you can spend?" Lucy did not pretend to argue with her, but she did not yield up the point; she was gentle, kind, and respectful to the peevish old lady, who had certainly, in her own peculiar manner, been kind to her, but she was firm in her resolution to marry, consequently her patroness intimated to her that, "as it was not pleasant to have courting and love-making going on in quiet houses, the sooner she left her the better!" and Lucy retired to the abode of a friend till she could prepare her frugal *trousseau*, and make her other simple arrangements for the marriage. Lucy's family, when they had ascertained the very slender amount of Mr. Bernard's income, were unanimously enraged at her folly; they all declined countenancing her marriage by their presence, and none of the various presents which, at a subsequent period, were poured on Caroline like the shower of tarts and cheesecakes in the Royal Ram, rejoiced the eyes of poor Lucy; no silver tea-pots, rosewood work-tables, or painted flower-jars, shed a radiance on the small parlour of the homely parsonage. Two exceptions, however, I must record.

Mr. Fletcher, the rich uncle, in pursuance of his declaration concerning himself, that he always did every thing that was just and proper, sent Lucy a bank note of very small value, (cut in half, and forwarded in two letters, to the first of which he desired an answer before he transmitted the second,) and accompanied by an injunction to "lay it out in something useful for the house;" and Caroline, who really liked and esteemed her cousin, obtained, with great difficulty, permission from her mother to send her a letter of congratulation and a turquoise ring. "You must not, however," added Mrs. Dornton, "let Gertrude and Emily know what I have allowed you to do. I think I may depend, Caroline, on your prudence; but your sisters are young girls, and you must be aware that your poor cousin has behaved very foolishly, and set them a very bad example."

Notwithstanding Lucy's folly and bad behaviour, however, in marrying an excellent and clever young man with a small competence, she presumed to be very happy; her husband and herself were thrown much on their mutual talents and resources for recreation and amusement; but they felt this to be no hardship: they had chosen each other from the rest of the world, and they never for a moment repented that they had, to use a well-known metaphor, "changed one and twenty shillings into a guinea." Certainly there were many things in their situation that they could have wished otherwise. Bernard, whose learning and acquirements

had obtained him a high character at Oxford, would not voluntarily have chosen to seclude himself in a retired country village, and while paying all proper and kind attention to his rustic and illiterate parishioners, his thoughts would sometimes revert to the refined and classical society that he had enjoyed during his college days. Lucy, also, had never been accustomed to the management of a very small income, and did not find the novelty so agreeable as novelties are generally imagined to be; she would not have selected a house as a place of residence with the drawbacks of low and confined rooms, a narrow staircase, and a smoky chimney; and she would much have preferred the superintendence of pleasure-grounds to the care of a kitchen garden; but Lucy and her husband never murmured, never complained, never envied those more favoured by fortune than themselves. What restrained them from this? Not good temper, not philosophy, not even love itself; any or all of these causes would have been insufficient; their satisfaction arose from this source, they possessed divine wisdom, they had "learned in whatsoever state they were, therewith to be content." I extract the concluding part of Lucy's letter of congratulation to her cousin.

"Having now given you, my dearest Caroline, my opinion of the duties of a wife, let me earnestly advise you to be on every occasion perfectly open and confidential with your husband, and never, for a moment, to permit any other person to usurp his right to the first place in your thoughts. Do not suppose that I mean to insult you by the suspicion that your heart is likely to wander to another possessor; the only persons who, I apprehend, may be likely to interfere with the regard due to your husband, are persons whom, to a certain degree, you are bound to love and regard,—I mean the members of your own family. I know you will immediately say, that, having the warmest affection for Edmund Clifford, and having always been sensible of a certain want of congeniality with your domestic circle, it is impossible that you can even feel a temptation to regard the feelings and opinions of your relations in preference to his. But, dear Caroline, you tell me in your letter that you are sure you can never like the connections of your husband; you particularise his mother, who, nevertheless, you add, appears to be on the most affectionate terms with her son. May you not, with your natural quickness and openness, discover to her this dislike, may it not hereafter affect her conduct, and, through her, influence the conduct of your husband towards you? And may you not then eagerly and impetuously accept the offered services of your relations to reinstate you in what they will call your rights, and to protect you against any further innovation of them? I do not know that you will ever be exposed to these trials, but I know that many young married women are; you can only guard against them by constant self-possession and watchfulness, and by gently and firmly repelling all undue interference in your domestic differences of opinion, from any quarter whatever. I do not tell you to be blind to the faults of your husband; a woman of intellect and discernment cannot be so even if she would; but this I venture unhesitatingly to say,—never suffer yourself to be irritated by any error in him, which you would not have found out for yourself, had it not been forced on your notice by a third person; this is not only duty but policy; your readiness to make excuses for him to his censors, will induce him, under similar circumstances, to make excuses for you; and when you once mutually show that you are closely linked together in unity of mind and spirit, no one will attempt to lessen your esteem for each other, because they will feel that the attempt must be unavailing. Earnestly do I pray that you and your beloved husband may escape or surmount all the trials to which I have alluded; and that, to quote the beautiful words of the sacred ceremony in which you will shortly be engaged, 'ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting.'"

I shall pass over the details of Caroline's marriage and honey-moon excursion: all, to use Mrs. Dornton's expression, "went off just as it should do;" the young couple returned to their house in Torrington square, and were much engaged in company for the next two months. At the end of that time a cessation of promiscuous visiting ensued, the inhabitants of Russell, Bedford, and Brunswick squares had duly *fêted* and entertained them; and as parties in that rank of life do not follow each other with the same celerity as in the circles of fashion, the world (as every body persists in calling their own *coterie*) was disposed to leave the young people "alone in their glory." A *tête-à-tête*, however, was not to be their lot; they were surrounded by relations who could not think of abandoning them to themselves. Mrs. Dornton only lived in Alfred place, and while Gertrude and Emily were engaged with their singing mistress or drawing master, it "made a pleasant change for her" to call upon Caroline, and engage her in a shopping expedition, or a visit to the bazars. At other times she was anxious to call on some old friend at Hampstead or Dulwich, and Caroline's carriage was put into requisition as a conveyance; then Gertrude would constantly bring her netting or her drawing materials to "pass a long morning;" and when Gertrude and her mother were invited out to dinner, the house in Torrington square was fixed on as a safe place of refuge for Emily, who, "poor thing, was too young to go into company, and too old to be left with servants." Mrs. Sedgewick, Caroline's aunt, also bestowed on her a full share of the circular visits which she was in the habit of making to her family, wondering whether Sir James Bradbury would propose for Kate, and wondering whether Kate would accept him if he did; and Mrs. Morris and Anna were continually coming separately, (never together,) Mrs. Morris complaining of Anna's wilful encouragement of Lieutenant Gayville's attentions, and meditating schemes to send her into the country out of his way; and Anna, lamenting over mamma's austerity and coldness of heart, and making quotations from a little book, which she constantly carried in her reticule, called "How to keep House with Comfort and Elegance on Two Hundred Pounds a Year!"

Clifford, who was naturally of a grave, quiet disposition, and had been little used to the rattle and banter of flirting young ladies, or to the plots and scheming of their mammas, soon became weary of these incessant *causeries*. "Besides," he argued with himself, "it is not reasonable or delicate in Caroline to encourage so many of her relations to come continually to the house, when I have nobody but my mother and cousin whom I see on intimate terms." Mrs. Clifford, however, was a host in herself of disagreeables; she lived in Keppel street, therefore no weather kept her away; in fact, as she said, "the loss of her dear son, the best son in the world, would break her heart if she could not have the privilege of daily seeing him; he was every thing to her, his wife had plenty of her own relations to amuse her, but she had no other comfort except dear Sophy Bennet, who was as fond as herself of Edmund's society and conversation."

Caroline could not restrain her dislike to the parading and patronising Mrs. Clifford; there was something in her dogmatical manner of addressing her, the mode in which she cross-questioned her respecting her past and present tastes and employments, and the air of superiority assumed by her towards her family, which was constantly summoning the colour into the cheek, and the fire into the eye, of her sensitive daughter-in-law; and this feeling was not at all lessened by Sophy Bennet's frequent gentle whisper, "You must not mind my aunt's manner—you must not fancy you are not a favourite. I know you will say that she speaks and behaves differently to me; but you should consider I have lived with her for some years, and perhaps can accommodate myself to her little caprices better than people in general." At the close of these kind of speeches she would kindly press Caroline's hand, which was generally, however, hastily withdrawn from her grasp.

Those who live amid the quickly-recurring gaieties and engagements of fashionable life, will perhaps feel incredulous when I say, that Caroline and Clifford, in their quiet sphere of action, really wanted time to become acquainted with each other, but such was actually the case. A barrier was placed between them, which every day seemed to strengthen; they could never sing together, they could never read together, constant visits prevented them; they seldom even walked together, for Mrs. Clifford was never happy except when leaning on the arm of her son, and Caroline's mother and sisters, as I have before mentioned, were perpetually petitioning for her company in their morning excursions. And yet the world (the Russell square world) dilated on the happiness of the young couple; "they were not driven to strangers for amusement on the one hand, or left to dulness on the other; they had domestic society, the best of all; they enjoyed truly English cheerfulness in the bosom of their family."

Happy would it have been for Clifford and his wife, if they had not had a relation in the world—happy would it have been for them if they had been placed in an obscure country village, like Bernard and Lucy, where they would have been compelled to seek conversation and recreation from each other alone; and happier still would it have been for them could they have been transported to Dublin, or Edinburgh, or any other large city, with the ability of forming new acquaintance among the refined and intellectual, and of forming them together, mutually agreeing (as two clever and good-tempered young people would be sure to do if left alone) respecting their selection of intimates, and mutually receiving from them that respect which strangers would never think of withholding from *one* of those persons with whom they had become acquainted as a happy and well-suited married couple. Now, however, Caroline and Clifford were placed in the light of opponents rather than friends and lovers; they had each their own party to support, and their own pursuits to follow—constant intercourse with their relations, and with nobody else, made it a matter of impossibility to refrain from alluding to them in their private conversations, and some collision of opinion then invariably took place; for Clifford had constantly some instance (brought before his eyes in strong relief by his mother) to cite of the frivolity of Caroline's relations, and Caroline, in return, had some unkind or uncivil speech of Mrs. Clifford's to complain of, which, translated into plain words, and deprived of the meaning look, the tone and sneer that accompanied it, might have appeared, even to a less partial judge than Clifford, to amount to no provocation at all. Yes, they were rapidly becoming cold, alienated, and indifferent to each other, although they had married for love, and although the persons who were causing the division between them possessed no strong hold on their affections. Caroline and Clifford each loved their relations more from habit and duty than from real distinguishing preference; had they only been allowed fair play, had they been permitted to improve their attachment for each other by a moderate portion of leisure and retirement, habit and duty would have united with individual affection in making them fulfil, in the spirit as well as the letter, the vow they had taken at the altar, to forsake all other, and keep to one alone. Yet none of those who were working out such wo to them were wilfully malicious, or were for a moment reproached by their consciences for the course of action they were pursuing. Caroline's relations did as they would be done by in their frequent visits; they thought she would be dull without them; they began to surmise that her husband was rather grave and precise, and her mother-in-law a tiresome, pragmatical old woman, and concluded that a little lively, agreeable chat every day would be the only way to prevent her from getting thoroughly stupified. Mrs. Clifford, too, had no personal enmity to Caroline: as the wife of any one but Edmund Clifford, she would have liked her very well, but her mind was warped by the ruling idea that the wish of her son's wife must necessarily be to detach him from his mother, and, consequently, that it was incumbent on her to take things in time, and strenuously to prevent the young bride from obtaining an undue influence over the mind of her husband; this object she felt could only be effected by contriving to open his eyes to all the defects of his wife, and to throw all her virtues and attractions into the shade. Had Mrs. Clifford been in a lower sphere of society, she would, like the homely matrons of that class, have professed surprise and horror at the amount of her daughter-in-law's weekly bills, criticised her extravagance in postage, washing, and coach hire, and lectured her on the enormity of permitting her housemaid to wear rose-coloured ribands. As it was, she endeavoured to convince Clifford that he had married a pretty automaton, a frivolous, silly flirt, with limited talents, no affections, and a number of giddy, exceptionable relations: and could she have succeeded in persuading her son to regard his wife merely as a child and a toy, and to consider her (his mother) as his companion, his adviser, and the depository of his secrets, and could Caroline have quietly submitted to sink into insignificance, and to fawn upon the imperious woman who degraded her, Mrs.

Clifford would probably in time have not only liked her, but would have regarded her with something of the indulgent fondness and protection which she showed to her pet spaniel.

As for Sophy Bennet, her endeavours to make Caroline appear to disadvantage were not much to be wondered at. It was her cue, on every occasion, to play into the hand of her patroness; and a plain woman of thirty is never greatly disposed to admire and befriend a particularly pretty one of twenty. Yet, although none of these persons individually possessed feelings of malice, they had none of them a proper conviction of the unkindness, the cruelty of endeavouring to depreciate a wife or husband in the estimation of each other. "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," does not merely refer to the gross and criminal disturbers of the ties of married life; like other injunctions, it is not only to be understood and obeyed literally, but is to be followed out into all its branches. The insinuating flirt, the flattering man of the world, the light jester, the sneering cynic, who, all in their several ways, say and do something to make the hearts of a married pair beat less kindly towards each other, may "mean no harm," but they may have lighted a fire which will not be quenched, they may have done a deed which will not be undone, they may have begun a work of destruction, which the really base, malignant, and designing may finish.

"How constantly your wife's family are at your house," said Mrs. Clifford to her son, during one of his frequent calls in Keppel street; "I wonder you are not tired of the sight of them."

Clifford was about to return a smiling answer to what he considered a merely common observation, but "dear Sophy Bennet" took care to identify it as something very pointed, by looking reproachfully at her aunt, nervously rising from her seat, walking to the window, and talking about the weather.

"That very affected and artificial girl, Miss Sedgewick, has at length, I hear, succeeded in ensnaring poor Sir James Bradbury," pursued Mrs. Clifford.

Her son reddened, and bowed assent. He did not like the term "succeeded in ensnaring," as applied to a cousin of Caroline's. "The *second* lucky match made in the family," said Mrs. Clifford, after a pause, "and in a worldly point of view, more advantageous than the first. I suppose the future Lady Bradbury will now be the idol of the time-serving set, at least till her marriage is over. You and I were strangely deceived, Edmund, when we believed Caroline to be such an object of affection in the circle of her relatives: I imagine it was all put on for the occasion, for I see very little of it now."

Clifford was rather puzzled how to answer. When the excitement of Caroline's engagement had passed, her relations had certainly ceased to utter fine speeches about her: they were, however, far from deficient in regard for her—but they had never been a caressing, complimentary family, and the tedious maternal tendernesses of Mrs. Clifford, and the soft flattering cajoleries of "dear Sophy Bennet," were more likely to excite them to laughter than to imitation. Clifford made the most unfortunate reply he could have done. "They must like Caroline," he said, "or they would not come so often to see her."

A slight sneer passed over Mrs. Clifford's countenance, as she rejoined, "Other reasons than affection may exist for their frequent visits: the command of a carriage, and the *entrée* to a house of undoubted respectability, are no slight advantages to husband-hunting young ladies. However, I much regret that it should be so, for Caroline's sake; her time is frittered away by ceaseless calls, and her mind distracted by frivolous gossip. Young as she is, I should have had hopes that if she could have been detached from her family, she might, at a future day, have become a solid companion to a sensible man; but while her present associations continue, I fear she will not be likely to forget the school in which she has been educated. You will excuse me, my dear son," added Mrs. Clifford, softening her tone, and laying her hand on her son's arm, "I have, perhaps, said too much, but it has been with difficulty that I have prevailed on myself to say any thing at all."

Clifford sighed heavily as his mother quitted the room. The gentle voice of Sophy Bennet aroused him from his reverie.

"I was sorry when my aunt began to speak," said she, "because I was afraid you might take it amiss; but I think she will be easier and happier, now she has disclosed her sentiments to you. It is all, as you must be aware, for the good of yourself and dear Caroline, that she regards these matters with such anxiety, and none can be better qualified than my excellent aunt, both from understanding and principle, to give advice."

"Very true," said Clifford; "but I think she is too severe in her strictures on Caroline's relations."

"Very likely she is," replied Miss Bennet; "but your mother, Edmund, is not a frivolous woman of the world, and can perhaps make little allowance for the vanities and trifling pursuits in which she has no sympathy. She has acute feelings on the subject of right and wrong, and a light, superficial character, like Mrs. Dornton, excites her contempt, when it ought rather to move her to pity: but you look pale and uneasy—do not dwell on what has been said; rely on it, that one day dear Caroline will become all we can wish her."

Clifford that evening made some remarks to Caroline on the subject of the frivolities and the frequent visits of her relations, which were very ill received by her. She at once traced them to their source. Indeed, for some time past, whenever Clifford had seemed dispirited or irritable, Gertrude or Emily had always suggested to her that "his tiresome old mother had been tampering with him."

This conviction, however, did not diminish her indignation against her husband. She felt that it was indelicate and unkind to talk to her of the foibles of her relations. Trifling and vain, as in her own mind she allowed her mother and sisters to be, they still were her mother and sisters—they were just what they had always been in character, and on what pretext could she beg them either to lessen their visits, or to diminish their gaiety? "Besides," she thought, "could I, even without offence, persuade them to come less frequently to the house, what should I gain in exchange for their company? Not the *agrémens* of a circle of general acquaintance—not the undisturbed enjoyment of my husband's society—but an additional number of visits from the people I dislike: a more ample allowance of the formal truisms of Mrs. Clifford, and the hollow compliments of her humble companion." Caroline, with these feelings, was not disposed to make any concession to her husband's opinion; and, on the ensuing day, when she called in Alfred place, she had never been disposed to regard her mother and sisters with so much tenderness, for a generous mind will always warm towards those whom it considers to have suffered from injustice. Caroline's tenderness, however, met with no correspondent fervour this morning. Mrs. Dornton, although usually an extremely good-natured woman, was, on the present occasion, "very nervous," as she herself expressed it—but, according to the reading of Gertrude and Emily, "very cross."

The engagement of Kate Sedgewick had, as Mrs. Clifford had surmised, created general triumph in the family, but had not excited peculiar satisfaction in Alfred place. Mrs. Dornton was by no means pleased that her niece should marry so much better than her daughter: an alliance with a baronet, a house in Portland place, three carriages, and servants in proportion, threw all the humble glories of the establishment in Torrington square into the shade. Mrs. Dornton, too, had by this time got quite accustomed to the bright blue eyes and chestnut curls of her son-in-law, and began to think that youth and beauty were of very little consequence in a man. Sir James looked vastly well for his age, and had recently procured a wig, which just resembled nature. "Really," said Mrs. Dornton, after a hurried salutation to Caroline, "the luck of my sister is quite surprising, and yet I am sure I have nothing to reproach myself with—I am sure, since the death of your poor dear father, I have never thought of myself in any thing, but all my object in life has been the benefit and advancement of my girls."

Caroline gently and affectionately assented; but Mrs. Dornton was not to be soothed into satisfaction. "I cannot help saying, Caroline," she continued, "that I think you have been very unsisterly since your marriage. You have never taken Gertrude to any parties, nor introduced her to any new acquaintance, nor even asked her to stay at your house."

Caroline slightly coloured as she answered, "I would gladly have asked Gertrude to stay with me, if I could have imagined that it would have been any pleasure to her: but you have so much more gaiety, so many more callers-in than we have, that I am afraid Gertrude would think our house very dull compared to her own."

"And why should your house be dull?" quickly retorted Mrs. Dornton; "you have the means to make it otherwise. Newly married people usually like and enjoy society, and are glad to plan and contrive little parties of amusement for the advantage of their young relations."

Caroline stammered out something about Clifford's dislike to gaiety.

"If Clifford really felt the attachment for you he ought to do," answered Mrs. Dornton, "he would not mind making a little sacrifice of his own inclinations to yours—but there is a great difference in men. I remember your poor dear father was never so happy as when I had my sisters staying in the house. Anna, in particular, was continually coming to see us; and he always said we seemed quite lost when she went away. He was as fond of her as if she had been his own sister; and he often went out to parties in the evening, when he would much rather have been going to sleep, just for the sake of giving her a little pleasure."

Mrs. Dornton spoke no more than the truth. Her husband was a merchant in the city, who always went to his business after breakfast, took an early dinner in the neighbourhood of his counting-house, and did not return to Marchmont street until tea time. He knew that his pretty, vacant wife had no mental resources with which she could amuse herself in solitude, and his income was too small to allow her more than a very limited proportion of the luxuries of shopping and visiting: accordingly, he was glad that she should be kept in cheerfulness and good-humour by Anna's society. He never cared for any conversation with his wife beyond that desultory chit-chat which was not at all interfered with by the presence of a third person; and he did not find his enjoyment of his evening paper, half-hour's nap, and hot supper, at all lessened by the company of the fair smiling sister-in-law, who was delighted to escape from her dull home in the country, to the comparative gaieties of Marchmont street—and who was so sedulously attentive in placing his easy chair in the most desirable position, flying for his snuff-box if he happened to leave it in another room, and providing him with an endless succession of the warmest of worsted comforters, and prettiest of silk purses, that he could not object to repay her kindness by occasionally giving or going to a little carpet dance on her account, where the watchful care of his wife always secured for him a snug rubber at a quiet table, "out of the way of the young people!"

Mr. Dornton, however, had a more easy temper than Edmund Clifford: he was not so refined in his habits, nor so intellectual in his pursuits. Perhaps, however, I can decide the real reason of the difference between the gentlemen, in a few words: Mr. Dornton passed nine or ten hours every day in the city, and he had no near female relatives of his own.

"It is often," pursued Mrs. Dornton, after a pause, "a great advantage for a girl to pass a little while in some other house than her own, even although it may be a dull one."

Caroline waited in silence for an explanation.

"Sir Henry Milner," added Mrs. Dornton, "has met Gertrude at several parties, and seemed very much struck with her. I do not see why my daughter should not marry a baronet, as well as my niece." Caroline did not see why she should not, but could not imagine how staying in a dull house was likely to promote so desirable an event. "Sir Henry has once paid us a morning visit," said Mrs. Dornton, "and no doubt would have come a great deal oftener, but Miss Burrows, our next-door neighbour, is a second cousin of his mother's. She is, as you know, an insufferably gossiping, prying, spiteful old maid, and is always at her window, watching every thing that takes place at our house. If Sir Henry called here twice in one week, it would certainly go to Lady Milner."

"Most likely it would," said Caroline, calmly, still ignorant of her mother's drift.

"Therefore, Caroline," pursued Mrs. Dornton, obliged at last to come to the point, "I should be very glad if you would take back Gertrude with you to spend a week in Torrington square. A friend of ours is engaged to dine in company with Sir Henry to-day; and I will get her to mention the circumstance to him, and to say that

Gertrude is impatient for the manuscript song that he promised to lend her."

Caroline was not persuaded of the delicacy or policy of her mother's scheme—but she could not refuse a request so pointedly made, especially as Gertrude whispered to her that she should be "delighted to get away from home—for really poor mamma was so out of sorts since the announcement of Kate's engagement, that it was quite insupportable to be with her." Accordingly, Gertrude accompanied her sister home, to the great discomfiture and dissatisfaction of Clifford, who did not at all emulate the dear departed Mr. Dornton in his fondness for his sister-in-law, and who considered that Caroline meant to brave and defy him by inviting her sister to the house as an inmate, the very day after he had so unhesitatingly expressed his disapprobation of the frequent visits of herself and family. Caroline had only to hope that Sir Henry Milner would not call, and that Gertrude's visit would soon come to an end. The first of her wishes was realised. Sir Henry Milner contented himself with sending the song in question to Alfred place, enclosed in a blank cover directed to Mrs. Dornton, and he never even walked up Torrington square, although Gertrude, exquisitely dressed, was every morning "sitting in the window-pane, without a bit of blind," after the manner of "Miss Bell," in the song of "Number One." Gertrude, however, did not grow dull and gloomy from her disappointment. She was, like the rest of Caroline's family, very good-natured, and thought she should perform a kind office to her sister, by enlivening her with a little cheerful conversation. Accordingly, Gertrude indulged in a style of rattling vivacity, which was perfectly alarming to Mrs. Clifford, quite incomprehensible to her son, and very annoying to Caroline, who could not check Gertrude while trying to make herself agreeable, but yet thought her very injudicious and foolish in her choice of subjects. She was constantly talking about schemes to obtain desirable matches, and the expediency of taking the outside seats at concerts, and keeping near the door at assemblies: she delighted to discuss the relative merits of "dear detrimentals" without property, and "tiresome bores" with it—and she was fluent in the praises of a certain Mrs. Dashington, at whose house she was sure of meeting with none but "good men." Her brother-in-law at first was disposed to think that she was more rational than he had believed her to be, and that she was alluding to men of unimpeachable and exemplary moral conduct. Afterwards, when he rejected this idea as improbable, he was disposed to surmise that she had borrowed an expression from her city uncle, and was alluding to the "good men" on 'Change, whose word was as secure as their bond; but Gertrude soon informed the unenlightened, that the phrase, "good men," only applied to dashers of undoubted style and fashion, among whom, even by her own admission, was a fair proportion of coxcombs, spendthrifts, and *roués*.

Mrs. Clifford listened to these remarks with a haughty sneer, and sometimes made a contemptuous observation in rejoinder to them, which amused rather than irritated the light-hearted girl, who, naturally enough, said to herself, that so long as her own mother did not object to her manners, she had no need to care for the opinion of the mother of any one else; and she took a wilful delight in exasperating her stiff and frowning auditress by saying a hundred silly things, which, as she afterwards assured the remonstrating Caroline, she "did not in the least mean." "Dear Sophy Bennet," too, contrived to lead her on by her soft questions and her air of deep interest in whatever she was saying; and when she had succeeded in making her show off her volatility to the best, or, more correctly speaking, to the *worst* advantage, she would privately whisper to Edmund, "Poor dear girl, I do not think there is any real harm in her. All that is objectionable in her manner and sentiments arises from her sad way of bringing up. How different she would have been if she had been educated by your admirable mother!"

Gertrude quitted Torrington square at the end of the week, and took home a lamentable account of poor Caroline's dull way of living, of the authority assumed by the disagreeable mother-in-law, who made her quite a cipher in her own house; and of the little tenderness or admiration that she experienced from her husband. Mrs. Dornton felt both hurt and angry at this account. Although a vain and frivolous woman, unable to understand the extent of Caroline's talents and feelings, she was really fond of her, and proud of her. That her daughter should ever be undervalued and slighted by her husband, would, under any circumstances, have proved a grievous source of surprise to her; but, when she reflected that, after all, her daughter had only married in a middling way, while her niece was about to make the best match ever known in the family, the injury became greatly enhanced to her. The congratulations which poured in from all her acquaintance, on Kate's marriage, were discord to her ears, and Mrs. Sedgewick's consultations about India shawls, and bird-of-paradise plumes, were insufferably provoking; nay, she even went so far as to prohibit her daughters from singing the ballad, "Lilla's a Lady," on account of the disagreeable association of ideas which it involved. Mr. Fletcher, the rich man of the family, also, was a great deal more bountiful on the occasion than Mrs. Dornton thought at all necessary. Mr. Fletcher, however, acted in perfect unity with his ideas of consistency and propriety. A small bank-note had been a suitable present for the wife of a poor country curate, who, of course, could require nothing but necessaries—an emerald necklace was a fit offering for the *fiancée* of a man in easy circumstances, who kept a carriage—but a magnificent set of pink topazes was no more than a fitting tribute to the bride elect of a wealthy baronet in Portland place. Caroline was not in the least moved either to envy or displeasure by all this splendour. She merely made one observation on the connection: she asked, "Has Sir James Bradbury a mother living?" and when answered in the negative, replied, "Then, I dare say the marriage will turn out very happily!"

The marriage took place. The happy couple went to Paris. Sir James had insisted on Mrs. Sedgewick's retention of her daughter's portion for her life; and, consequently, that lady now sported a plain brown chariot of her own, and drove about in a white satin bonnet with a superb blonde veil—the most triumphant of speculators, and most satisfied of mothers—affording a practical exemplification of a song in "Blue Beard," with the alteration of one word,

> "'T is a very fine thing to be *mother*-in-law,
> To a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw."

Caroline did not concern herself about the matter. She had long ceased to think much of any body's mother-in-law but her own. Mrs. Clifford daily grew more and more an object of dislike to her. The scrutinising look of her cold, severe eye—the tone of formal courtesy in which she addressed her, contrasted, as it was, by the earnest kindness of her manner towards her son and her niece, incensed Caroline, almost beyond bearing. None of the little private discussions, the every-day social arrangements in which the generality of married couples indulge, cemented the tie between Caroline and Clifford. Mrs. Clifford, as Sophy Bennet constantly reminded Edmund, was "so superior a woman, so excellent a mother, her judgment was so sound, her advice so admirable, that it was as great an advantage to dear Caroline as to himself, to have such a counsellor and guide." Consequently, he daily grew more and more convinced of the folly and uncompanionable qualities of his wife, and was only thankful that his want of prudence in choosing her could be repaired by the constant presence and conversation of his invaluable mother and cousin. One faithful, sincere, and quick-sighted friend, who was not a relation to either party, would have been of inestimable service to both, at the present time; but such a one they did not possess. Mrs. Dornton was earnestly desirous to improve the aspect of affairs—but she had more zeal than discretion. She saw that Caroline was, to use an expressive phrase, "thought little of," and endeavoured to make her appear of consequence; but she had only one way of doing this. She was continually talking of the admiration which Caroline had excited as a girl, the offers she had received, and the many more she would have received if she had given her admirers any encouragement; and this style of conversation merely tended to confirm Clifford and his mother in the idea that Caroline had been brought up in a light and trifling manner, and instructed to secure for herself, at all events, that which the world calls "a choice of good matches."

Summer now smiled around in all its warmth and beauty. When Caroline and Clifford had been married on the preceding November, he had promised her, as an indemnification for the shortness of the tour to which the season had restricted them, that he would take her to Scotland the ensuing summer. She reminded him of his promise; but the ruler of her destiny, Mrs. Clifford, had long resolved not to allow her the glorious advantage of a whole summer's *tête-à-tête* with her husband—and Sophy Bennet succeeded in persuading Edmund that there could be no hope of improvement or safety for Caroline, if removed from the careful wing of her exemplary mother-in-law. Mrs. Dornton had a different plan for the young couple. She wished Clifford to take a house at Brighton, and invite herself and her daughters to stay there. "A great many good matches are made at watering places," said she. "I remember when Mr. Morris first took a fancy to my sister Anna, he seemed quite shy of visiting in Marchmont street; but I persuaded poor dear Mr. Dornton (not that he wanted much persuasion) to take Anna with us to Brighton for a month. Mr. Morris immediately followed us, and made proposals to Anna a fortnight afterwards, at Wright's musical library." Clifford had, by this time, almost accurately acquired his mother's cold haughty bend of assent—and Mrs. Dornton received no other reply to her observation. "Brighton, too," she proceeded, "is so much gayer and pleasanter now than it was then. The cliffs are absolutely crowded in the middle of the day, and a carriage can hardly get along safely: then, the chain pier is such an addition to the place. Our neighbour, Miss Burrows, told me, that one morning she only took a single turn to the top and back again, and met with fourteen people of her acquaintance!"

"A powerful recommendation to those who are accustomed to associate a visit to the country with quiet, rural pursuits and retirement," said Mrs. Clifford, with her usual sneer; and Sophy Bennet added, "It is not every mind that is formed to enjoy and improve retirement, like that of dear Mrs. Clifford." "Dear Mrs. Clifford" at length settled her son's summer plans for him, to the advantage, as she told him, of his purse and his peace of mind. She took a house at Richmond, and invited Clifford and his wife to become her guests during her stay. It was in vain for Caroline to object to this plan. Clifford asked her to produce one good reason against it; and she could not give him her only reason. She could not tell him, that it would be to her the bitterest of penances to see his mother every day, and all day long. Caroline's train of reflections on every occasion now partook of her peculiar circumrtances. One of her neighbours was going to pass the summer in a very dull village in Essex. "It will not be cheerful," thought Caroline, "but she will not mind it: her husband will be with her, and they will not be annoyed by visiters." Another was to stay all the summer and autumn in London. "Well," thought Caroline, "she and her husband are fond of walking together: she can take his arm and enjoy pleasant evening strolls."

Any stranger who had heard Caroline's soliloquies, would have imagined them those of a happy wife. How widely removed from truth may be a natural and plausible conjecture! Caroline at length went to Richmond, with a thoroughly bad grace, determined to find her visit very disagreeable—and it proved just as disagreeable as she could have predicted. All outward circumstances, however, combined to make her situation appear happy. The summer was one of remarkable fineness and beauty. Mrs. Clifford's house was situated on the hill, commanding the loveliest of prospects. They daily took the most delightful of walks and rides, or rowed in a pleasure-boat upon the clear and beautiful river. When they occasionally appeared upon the public walks, Caroline, in her delicate white muslin pelisse, and transparent crape hat, was generally considered the prettiest woman in Richmond. She was envied for her handsome husband, especially when it was ascertained that she had brought him no fortune; and she was considered by all who were acquainted with his family, to enjoy most pleasant domestic companions in "that excellent and highly respectable woman, Mrs. Clifford," and "that kind-hearted, worthy, and affectionate creature, Sophy Bennet!" How little can we understand the happiness or unhappiness of others? How little is our own understood by them? And yet, all persist in giving positive opinions on the subject, merely founded on outward signs. Most truly is it said, in that sacred book, which

says every thing better than it can be expressed by a profane writer, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy." Caroline's spirits had long deserted her, and now her temper, in turn began to fail.

Very few people had passed through life with such a reputation for good temper as Caroline. Her school-fellows, her friends, and her relations, had in turn eulogised her, as possessing an "easy temper," a "sweet temper," a "kind temper," a "fine temper," and twenty other praiseworthy varieties of temper. It was, perhaps, all these; but it was not a temper founded on Christian principle, and therefore it deserted its possessor in the hour of need. Caroline had borne many unkind taunts from Mrs. Clifford in silence, and had carefully refrained from contradicting or exasperating her, and having done this, she considered she had done all that could possibly be expected from her, and more than her mother or sisters would have done; but she had never prayed that God would change the temper and spirit of her oppressor, or that, withholding that change, he would give to herself grace to bear the trial with that patience and humility befitting an humble disciple of Christ. No! Caroline worked in her own strength; and what could be expected, but that one employing only the unhallowed weapons of human pride and obstinacy, should sink, wounded and degraded, in the conflict? Caroline lost her forbearance, and her self-command. She replied with such hasty irritability to every observation of her mother-in-law, that she actually converted her mean jealousy into the bitter enmity that she had at first believed it to be—and by her contemptuous rejection of Sophy Bennet's cajoleries, she enabled the latter to discover that she had seen through her—an offence which no hypocrite can possibly forgive. Caroline's mind now gradually became in such a morbid state, that she could not, to use a colloquial expression, "settle for a moment to any thing:" her music and drawing were neglected—a circumstance which gave Mrs. Clifford ample scope to harangue on the folly of wasting money to give girls accomplishments, which were all laid aside directly they had procured the desired end, of entrapping husbands for their possessors. Reading was almost her only occupation; and even the higher branches of reading demanded more attention than her restless, agitated spirit was able to bestow. When Caroline was single, history, biography, travels, poetry, and the best novels, had in turn excited her warm interest; but now she confined herself to the mere trashy volumes of a circulating library—and Miss Chesterton, the blue-stocking old maiden aunt of Clifford, to whom I have before alluded, and who came to pass a few days with her sister, at Richmond, had not words to express her astonishment and contempt at the idea that any body could call a young woman literary, who was always poring over "Stories of the Heart," and "Tales of the Imagination." Caroline and her husband returned to London more divided than ever; but Caroline was in high beauty. An extremely pretty girl of one and twenty, with a fine constitution, can bear much mental disquietude before it affects her personal appearance; and all her acquaintance told her that Richmond had agreed with her wonderfully, and that she had been passing a delightful summer—and she allowed their assertions to pass uncontradicted. The 15th of November came—Caroline's wedding-day. Mrs. Dornton had been particularly desirous that a party should be invited by her son-in-law to celebrate it, for "poor dear Mr. Dornton," she observed, "always enjoyed the party on the anniversary of their wedding-day, more than any other in the year." Caroline suggested the idea to her husband. In fact, they now owed invitations to several families—but Clifford was not inclined to invite company to his house. His mother had praised him so warmly for his great prudence and judgment in avoiding it, that he was determined not to give up his claim to her commendations: besides, his dislike to Mrs. Dornton, and his aversion to the "dear departed Mr. Dornton," constantly quoted as an example to him, rapidly increased.

Caroline's request was refused. And when she reproached him with asperity, for his disinclination to oblige her, he sighed deeply, and said to himself, "My mother is quite right: she cannot love me, or the return of our wedding-day would of itself be a sufficient source of pleasure to her, without the excitement of company."

Caroline now began to muse painfully on another of her causes of disquietude. A young friend, who had married a little while before her, had recently become a mother; and when Caroline went to visit her, saw her bending over her infant, and heard the fond father declare that his wife had become dearer, far dearer to him than ever, since she had bestowed so sweet a gift on him—most deeply did she lament that the blessing of a child should have been withheld from herself. "It would surely draw my husband's affections towards me," she thought; "it would be a source of mutual interest, and no man with human feelings could bear to see the mother of his child slighted and despised." And her warm tears fell on the baby's face, as she imprinted a long, fervent kiss on its tiny velvet cheek. Soon afterwards, Caroline saw an old friend of the family, who had recently been in the village where Bernard resided, as curate. Lucy and Bernard had one child, a little boy just turned of two years of age, and under the influence of her newly-acquired interest for children, Caroline asked many questions respecting little Charles Bernard. The gentleman whom she addressed was a father himself, and gave her so animated an account of the child's personal beauty, his winning ways, and artless playfulness, that she actually went to sleep conjuring up before her the vision of a little figure with rosy cheeks, dancing hazel eyes, and flaxen curls, and murmuring to herself, "O, that I were as happy as Lucy! O, that Heaven would give me such a boy!"

The next morning she wrote a long letter to Lucy, expressing her wish to hear every particular respecting her boy, and dwelling at length on the grief caused in her own mind, by the fear that she should never enjoy a similar blessing. Several days elapsed before Lucy replied to her. The letter, when it came, was sealed with black, and Caroline's heart sunk, as she opened it.

"Dearest Caroline," Lucy wrote, "how truly did your letter recall to me that 'even in the midst of life we are in death.' You related to me the account that you had received from our friend, of my sweet boy's health, beauty, and vivacity. Your letter found me sitting by the little bed where my darling was reclining, a cold and silent corpse. An attack of inflammation, which began and terminated in a few hours, has deprived us of our beloved infant. His lisping words, his fond caresses, his glad smiles, must henceforth be to us as memories of the past. O Caroline! when you think of the blessing of possessing a child, (and a great and precious blessing I allow it to be,) think also of the sad pain, the bitter trial of losing one. Yet, we do not sorrow as those without hope. The Lord, who for a time lent to us this sweet and endearing child, has thought fit to reclaim his own; and it would be as sinful as it would be unavailing, to murmur at the behest of Providence. Our beloved baby is happier far than our utmost cares could have rendered him on earth.

'We know, for God hath told us this, that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast;
We know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things;
We know that we shall meet our babe, his father dear and I,
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.'

Pray for us, dear Caroline, in our affliction. Pray that we may be enabled to bear it with resignation; and that the loss of our dear son may strengthen our endeavours to keep in the narrow path which leads to that blessed land, where one day we may hope to rejoin him."

Caroline wept over this letter—answered it affectionately—and felt more reconciled than she had hitherto done, to her exemption from the pains and pleasures of maternity. Nothing, however, could reconcile her to the continued presence of Mrs. Clifford. Her spirit actually sank within her, as morning after morning she encountered the chilling, scrutinising look, and the sharp, contradictory speech of her visiter—nay, even her stiff, chocolate-watered silk dress, large gold chain, and widely-spreading blonde cap, shared in Caroline's detestation; and no "secret, black, and midnight hag," could be an object of greater optical horror to her, than the portly, good-looking, and handsomely dressed elderly lady, who daily occupied a corner of the sofa in her drawing-room.

Mrs. Clifford possessed, in perfection an art which all those who wish to be feared and shunned would do well to study: the art of saying things to the objects of her dislike, which made them feel dissatisfied with themselves, and which depreciated them in the estimation of all who happened to be in company with them, without affording any tangible ground for complaint. The sensitive and warm-spirited Caroline was just the person to be aggrieved most bitterly by these insults, because she possessed quickness of observation, and depth of feeling, without being under the influence of religion. A simpleton would not have penetrated Mrs. Clifford's unkind insinuendoes—a manœuvrer would have outwitted her—a vixen would have overawed her—and a Christian might have succeeded in softening and correcting her.

Caroline, however, was not destined to remain in thorough insignificance. Her husband and herself were one day invited to a dinner party, at the house of an acquaintance, and Caroline was presented with marked respect to General S——, an elderly gentleman, well known in the world of letters, as a patron and admirer of literature; and who, the lady of the house informed her, had seen some of her manuscript poetry, and expressed an earnest desire to be introduced to the authoress. Caroline had an exquisite taste for poetry; but, as she never wrote but in albums and scrap-books, she was confounded, by the world in general, with the multitudinous tribe of young ladies, who "cannot bear the thought of appearing in print—but just write to please themselves and their friends." A manuscript writer, however clever, is seldom thought much of. The vein of poetry may justly be likened to

. . . . "The golden ore,
Which has guineas intrinsical in 't,
Whose worth is never known before
It is tried and impressed in the mint."

It requires the aid of a printing-press to stamp it with consequence.

Mrs. Dornton, too, had never much encouraged Caroline's attempts—having rather a dread of literary ladies. Mrs. Clifford had designated her daughter-in-law's effusions as "very poor things indeed;" and Miss Chesterton had actually not had patience to read to the end of one of them! Clifford, who, although an intellectual man, was too apt to see with the eyes and hear with the ears of others, had therefore a very limited opinion of his wife's literary powers, and was actually astonished, that General S——, a man of acknowledged taste and judgment, should express himself in such warm terms of commendation concerning them. Caroline was handed down to dinner by General S——. He sat by her, and addressed most of his conversation to her. Caroline was pleased and gratified with the unusual distinction conferred on her. Although in some respects of a timid disposition, she was not at all of a shy one. She had no fear or dislike of strangers; and, although she talked little where she thought she was neglected, or could not be understood, she could be both fluent and eloquent in conversation, where she was encouraged and appreciated.

General S—— was delighted beyond expression with her unaffected manners, and her extensive knowledge of books. He congratulated Clifford warmly on his possession of so charming a wife, who, he observed, "must make his fireside a scene of perpetual and exquisite enjoyment;" (poor General S——, with all his reading, fine sense, and knowledge of the world, how easily was he deceived by appearances;) and he concluded with inviting them both to a literary party, to be held at his house in the ensuing week. Clifford could not help feeling proud of this invitation. He had heard of General S——, and of his parties, and knew that it was reckoned quite a distinction to be admitted to them. Mrs. Dornton was more than pleased—she was delighted. General S—— was the uncle of Sir Henry Milner, and she warmly urged Caroline to "take great notice of Sir Henry, and be remarkably civil to him!" Mrs. Clifford, however, was thoroughly annoyed and irritated. She could not depreciate the genaral's parties, because her sister, Miss Chesterton, was, from time to time, making efforts to get invited to them, and endeavouring to gain her purpose by every variety of eulogy and flattery. She could not ridicule her son for going in the train of his

wife: it would be tacitly admitting Caroline to be intellectual and superior, if she allowed that she could be privileged to confer consequence on another. She therefore contented herself with saying, that "General S—— had been a clever man in his day—but was now getting old, and, she should think, half childish!"

Clifford and his wife went to the party. The general introduced Caroline to his friends, in a manner which bespoke his esteem for her talents. Some of them were persons of high rank, and others of strong intellect; and there were two or three popular writers among them, whom Caroline and Clifford had previously only known by their works. Caroline was delighted with an evening passed in a manner at once elegant, social, and rational; and she was gratified to find that all who conversed with her, evidently thought her opinions worth attending to, and frequently praised her for their justice and originality. Clifford, too, was perfectly satisfied. He was not treated merely as an appurtenance to his wife: it was soon found that, like her, he had read much, and could converse on what he had read. She once or twice appealed to him, when she was at a loss to remember a particular passage of some author who was the subject of discussion—and, strange and incomprehensible as it may appear, these young people seemed more drawn together, more animated by congenial feelings, during this evening passed in the society of strangers, than they had ever been in the course of months spent in what the Russell square world denominated "the bosom of their family."

General S—— took leave of Caroline and her husband with much kindness, and promised to call the next morning in Torrington square, and bring with him a book which he had recommended Caroline to peruse. But, alas! this intimacy, which promised so favourably for the interests of my heroine, was to meet with a sudden check. General S—— was seized that night with a severe attack of gout, and was confined for many weeks to his chamber. His nephew, Sir Henry Milner, waited on Caroline with the book, the following day. He was fond of his uncle, and disposed to adopt his tastes and preferences, and was really and unfeignedly gratified with the manners of Caroline and her husband. He sat conversing on various subjects until a late hour. Clifford, who had been confined almost entirely to female society for many months, was pleased with the discourse of a young man of his own age, and not altogether insensible to the attentions of a baronet who was a member of the fashionable world. He invited him to stay to dinner. Fortunately none of the relations on either side happened to "drop in" during the evening, and Sir Henry quitted the house with the conviction that his new friends were a delightful acquisition to himself, and were perfectly happy in each other. Sir Henry's visits were frequent during the next three weeks, which period happened to be spent by Mrs. Clifford and her niece at the house of Miss Chesterton, at Knightsbridge. When they returned, they were truly mortified at the position of affairs. Gertrude was in Torrington square almost every day, for her mother was delighted at the opportunity of throwing her in the way of Sir Henry. He, however, considered her very inferior to her sister Caroline; but Gertrude was good-humoured and cheerful, and made no unpleasant addition to the little circle—and Clifford was so amused by the conversational talents of his new friend, and so happy in the absence of strife and bickering, that he was actually in danger, not only of becoming proud and fond of his wife, but even of tolerating his wife's sister.

Mrs. Clifford soon decided that affairs must not continue in their present state; but she was rather puzzled how to reverse them. She feared to venture on any personal rudeness to Sir Henry, or to depreciate and ridicule him: he was a decidedly clever man, and he was also a man of fashion and fortune. She could not frown him away, as she had succeeded in frowning away divers young Mr. Browns and Mr. Thompsons, who had been humble admirers of the pretty Caroline Dornton, and would have been glad to have found an occasional lounge at the house of the still prettier Caroline Clifford. She contrived, however, materially to spoil the pleasure of their meetings, by adopting her usual contemptuous manners to Caroline, breaking in upon her in the middle of a speech, and controverting or denying whatever she asserted. Sir Henry, for a moment, felt surprised to see the elegant, intellectual young woman, who had been the star of his uncle's literary party, talked down and frowned into insignificance at the head of her own table; but an observer of human nature is never long surprised at any thing. He respected and admired Caroline, however, and resolved to do all in his power to support her. He determinately drew her out in conversation, listened to Mrs. Clifford's laboured dogmas or still more laboured witticisms, with an air of great lassitude, and interrupted Sophy Bennet in the midst of a long, hollow, soft-sounding speech, by asking her whether she did not think Mrs. Candour, in the "School for Scandal," an admirably drawn character.

Mrs. Clifford at last determined that she had only one course to pursue. She told her son, with much appearance of reluctance, that she thought he was acting decidedly wrong in suffering Sir Henry Milner to become so domesticated in his house. That his admiration of Caroline was marked and pointed: in fact, that nothing but the circumstance of his being blinded by beauty, could account for his commendation of the mental attainments of so trifling and superficial a young woman. That Caroline, at present, was doubtless perfectly innocent of any reciprocal preference; but that, considering her vanity, and her defective education, there was no saying how long she mght remain so—and that an intimacy of this kind was always best crushed in the bud.

Mrs. Clifford left the room without giving her son time to reply to her, and Sophy Bennet took up the theme, and said, "I am sure a load is now removed from my poor aunt's mind. You cannot tell what a struggle she has had with herself, before she could determine to drop you this hint; but do not think she means a moment's reflection on our dear Caroline. I am convinced she would be thoroughly unhappy if she could imagine that you drew such an inference from any thing she has said."

Clifford took no notice to his wife of this conversation. But the next time Sir Henry came to dinner, his manners were decidedly cool to him—and Mrs. Clifford, who was also present, addressed almost all her conversation to her son in a tone of provoking and whining pity, as if she deemed him unkindly placed in the back-ground by his wife and friend, and requiring her maternal protection to bring him into notice. Sir Henry, however, had a recently published book to talk of, and an account to give of a literary party, where he had passed the preceding evening, and a roll of new music for Caroline to play over; and he seemed quite blind to the more than usually unpleasant situation of the family. He had mentioned, in the course of conversation, that his uncle was nearly well, and was looking forward with the greatest pleasure to the prospect of improving his acquaintance with Caroline and her husband. "My uncle," he continued, addressing Caroline, "was not aware until yesterday, that the Miss Chesterton, who was so anxious to join his *conversaziones* last winter, was a relation of yours by marriage. Under your auspices, I am sure he will, at any time, be happy to see her. She cannot need a more favourable introduction."

Mrs. Clifford sat actually bursting with vexation at the idea, that her deep-blue sister was to be patronised and introduced into society by her despised daughter-in-law. It was necessary, she found, to take some decisive measure, which, by inducing her son and his wife to break abruptly with Sir Henry, should prevent a renewal of their acquaintance with the general. The ensuing morning Clifford had fixed to leave town, on a visit to an invalid friend, and was not to return for two or three days. Accordingly, Mrs. Clifford invited herself to pass the day with Caroline—left "dear Sophy Bennet" at home—and, after dinner, began her projected attack.

First, she dilated on her own good qualities as a mother, and her excessive love for her son. Next, she enlarged on the good qualities of her son, and told Caroline how grateful she ought to be for such a husband. Caroline echoed her encomiums very coolly—not from indifference towards her husband, but because she felt convinced that her mother-in-law was, what is familiarly called, "talking at her." Mrs. Clifford next digressed to the subject of Sophy Bennet—praised her unequaled temper, her steadiness, her humility, her modesty, and her readiness to receive advice with thankfulness, although she so very seldom wanted it. By a quick transition, she at last found her way to the character of Caroline herself; and, after a rapid graphic sketch of a very headstrong, frivolous, flirting young woman, she begged to touch on a particular instance of levity, which had given her great pain, and would have half broken her heart, had she not made allowances for the very bad example Caroline had received from her mother, and the other females of her family. And this levity she set forth to be, her extremely reprehensible encouragement of the attentions of Sir Henry Milner—for whom it was quite evident she felt a much greater partiality than it was proper for a married woman to feel for any one but her husband.

The colour rushed tumultuously to the cheek, brow, and bosom of the outraged girl. She had often, very often, been irritated and mortified since her marriage, but never until now had she experienced positive insult. And how unprovoked, how uncalled-for, did she feel that insult to be! Caroline, it may be remembered I have mentioned, was, even as a young girl, remarkably free from the least propensity to coquetry. Her exceeding modesty and reserve had obtained for her the commendation of all the matrons of her acquaintance; and her young friends had often rallied her on her distance and prudery. Her ideas of the correctness, not only of manner, but of thought, incumbent on a married woman, were scrupulously strict; and, had she been united to age and infirmity, she would have felt it alike her duty and inclination to awe every approach to a too familiar admiration in the other sex, by the dignity and propriety of her deportment. Of Sir Henry, as an admirer, she had never entertained the most remote idea. She liked him as an agreeable guest, and she had been pressed by her family to be very civil to him on Gertrude's account; but, so far from feeling any undue partiality for him, she would much have preferred the society of his uncle, the venerable General S——.

Then the taunt, reflecting on poor Mrs. Dornton, cut Caroline to the heart. Vain and frivolous her mother might be—but she was a woman of unblemished correctness—her daughters had seen no example of levity in her. The comfort of her husband had been her first consideration during his lifetime, and the interests of her daughters had been the sole subject of her studies ever since. All these thoughts rapidly passed through Caroline's mind; and, as she was not yet imbued with the spirit of him, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again," the storm of passion broke forth in a fearful succession of upbraidings and reproaches, which actually terrified her adversary, who shrank from the tempest she had herself raised, and took a hasty and angry leave of her, saying, that she hoped solitude would bring her to her senses. Solitude! O, how grateful would Caroline have felt for any human creature, to whom she could pour forth the violent passions of her soul! Like most proud-spirited and imaginative persons, she magnified tenfold the affront she had received, and the evil consequences likely to arise from it. Her mind had been enervated lately by the perusal of several highly wrought fictions, representing the innocent as hurled into disgrace by the force of successful calumny; and she imagined nothing less than the total ruin of her character, in the eyes of her husband and the world, by the cruel accusation of her mother-in-law.

Caroline, however, did Mrs. Clifford injustice. She had much in her composition that was artful and unamiable; but she was not a fiend. She had not the slightest idea of blackening the character of her daughter-in-law. She had not, as has been shown, even accused her to her husband, of feeling a reciprocal partiality for Sir Henry. And when she told Caroline that she cared more for him than was proper, she uttered a taunt which she did not believe herself, and would not have expected any one else to believe—but which she hoped would pique her high-spirited young relative into the adoption of such a coldness of manner towards Sir Henry, as would, in conjunction with that of her husband, cause him to cease his visits at the house.

Caroline retired to her chamber; a bible, presented to her by Lucy, lay on the toilet: she always read a chapter every night in it. On the present night she read several; but Caroline was reading the bible regularly through, and was now engaged in an historical part, which bore no reference to her peculiar situation, and, consequently, she derived little comfort from her employment. Caroline had never been accustomed to look for and gather, at pleasure, the texts and passages which alluded to her own circumstances and feelings; she read the scriptures, but she did not *search* them; it is there-

fore not surprising that her profit should be comparatively small. She lay awake during the night, slept for an hour towards morning, and awoke with that feverish, irritating sense of deep injury, natural to those who have been suffering from unjust accusation. Caroline, however, did not feel a moment's regret for the unbecoming violence which she had evinced towards Mrs. Clifford,—a circumstance which, of itself, showed how much of religious principle she had yet to learn. Experienced Christians, I am willing to allow, may occasionally be off their guard; may, under the influence of strong excitement and provocation, give way to passionate expressions; but they will, ere long, deeply repent of their conduct, and they will lay their repentance at the footstool of their Creator in prayer. The children of the world, however, so far from feeling compunction for their violence, will rather commend themselves for their proper self-respect: the spirit of the disobedient prophet will be theirs, who, when asked, "Doest thou well to be angry?" could reply even to the interrogation of Omnipotence, "I do well to be angry, even unto death."

Caroline, pale, feverish, and restless, unable to read, or to employ herself in any other way than in axious, harassing thought, was sitting in her drawing-room, after the removal of her untasted breakfast, when Sir Henry Milner was announced: she had not anticipated his visit, and her manner exhibited a startled and painful embarrassment, which might have excited his surprise, were it not evident, from his deportment, that his own mind was pre-occupied by some weighty affair. He had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with Caroline, when a double knock resounded at the door. Caroline turned alternately red and pale, half rose, and then sat down again; for her creative and disturbed fancy conjured up to her the vision of Mrs. Clifford, who, she imagined, had employed a spy to watch the entrance of Sir Henry, and was now coming to reproach and insult her. She was not, however, called to any such trial; for the door opened, and the harmless, sentimental Anna Morris was announced.

Caroline received her with as much rapture as if she had been a benevolent fairy; although, under any other circumstances, she would rather have dreaded the infliction of her visit, for Anna seemed in her most dieaway mood, had the traces of tears in her eyes, and bore a beautifully-embroidered and highly-scented pocket handkerchief in one hand, and "The Art of Living on Two Hundred a Year" in the other.

Sir Henry soon communicated the reason of his visit at so early an hour; he was about to bid all his friends farewell, for perhaps a long period. He had been engaged for some months to be married to a young lady, who was now with her brother at Florence on account of the ill health of the latter; he had expected their speedy return, but yesterday had received a letter, informing him that a longer stay was thought indispensable for the gentleman, and inviting him to join them there; he should endeavour, he smilingly added, to prevail on his fair friend and her brother to allow the marriage to be solemnised at Florence; and as all places were much the same to him, he imagined he must bribe them to consent, by promising to remain abroad with his wife till the health of her brother should be re-established. Caroline could hardly restrain her delight at this intelligence within reasonable bounds; it offered at once an exoneration to her fame, and a termination to her difficulties; she wished Sir Henry every happiness in her prettiest manner, (earnestly hoping all the time that she might never see him again,) and listened to the sound of his descending footsteps with so radiant a smile and dancing an eye, that the most suspicious of observers would have acquitted her of entertaining any peculiar predilection in his favour. Her heart lightened by the events of the morning, she listened patiently to a long *tirade* from Anna Morris, who, wrapped in the richest of silks and the most delicate of ermines, expressed her wonder "how mamma could think she wanted any thing beyond the mere necessaries of life;" and even lent her a patient hearing when, for the fiftieth time, she opened the little treasury of knowledge in her hand, and showed that a lady can dress for ten pounds a year, and contract with a laundress for the washing of her family at twelve pounds.

Anna Morris, on her way home, met with Sophy Bennet, and stopped to tell her the news of the morning; or, in other words, the projected marriage and journey of Sir Henry Milner. Sophy immediately went home to her aunt with the intelligence. Mrs. Clifford was vexed and mortified that Caroline was thus enabled to triumph over the injurious suspicions which she had thrown out; but she consoled herself with the reflection, that Sir Henry would be out of the way at all events; and on the same evening she received from her sister, Miss Chesterton, the still more welcome tidings, that General S———, in consequence of having shown symptoms of a relapse, was ordered to Bath by his physicians. Clifford returned on the ensuing day. Mrs. Clifford determined not to mention to him her *fracas* with Caroline, since the news of Sir Henry's engagement would meet his ear at the same time; and Caroline concealed it from him, because she felt so truly degraded from having been the subject of such a suspicion, that she doubted the possibility of at all keeping her temper during such a recital. It would have been well, however, if she had been candid, and informed her husband of the whole affair, because it would then have furnished him with a clue to the increased coldness and aversion testified by her towards his mother, which now (discerning no apparent reason for such a change) seemed to him perfectly unjust and reprehensible. In fact, the manner of Caroline to Mrs. Clifford was decidedly disrespectful; so much so, that Clifford could scarcely wonder when his mother told him that she plainly perceived she was an unwelcome guest to his wife, and that she should, therefore, cease to visit at his house, except in a formal way; adding, however, that she hoped she should enjoy a double portion of her dear son's company in Keppel street. Caroline was not inclined to make any concession to her, especially as Mrs. Dornton, Gertrude, and Emily, congratulated her upon what had occurred, and assured her that it was the best thing that could possibly happen for her, to get rid of the visits of the tiresome old spy.

The situation of Caroline was not, however, at all amended by this circumstance. Clifford passed most of his time in Keppel street, where the faults of his wife and her relations were the unfailing theme of conversation, the "bagged fox" to be turned out when every thing else failed. Mrs. Dornton and her daughters were much in Torrington square, but their company was but little solace to Caroline; for although Mrs. Clifford had left off coming to the house, Sophy Bennet had not, and she was a perpetual intruder on their conversations, and observer of their actions; she was a person, as Mrs. Dornton emphatically observed, who was *not* to be affronted, and certainly Mrs. Dornton had a right to give an opinion on the point, since she had made divers and successless attempts to do so.

Caroline had discontinued accompanying her mother and sisters in their little morning excursions and recreations, pursuant to a hint that she had received from Sophy Bennet. "Pray excuse me for my candour," said Sophy, "but I must just tell you that dear Edmund does not approve of your going to morning concerts; a number of young men of course always crowd round you, and he is rather strict in his ideas of propriety. And it might be as well if you did not drive quite so often in the parks; somebody has told Edmund that your face is quite known there." Then observing the cheek of her auditor crimson with indignation, she added, in a fawning, coaxing tone, "See, Caroline, what a penalty you pay for being a beauty; now I might show my homely face at all the public places and public walks in London through the whole spring, and nobody would know or care whether I was there or not."

Dull and monotonous, therefore, were Mrs. Dornton's visits to her daughter; but she made them very frequent, more out of opposition to her son-in-law, and to show him that she was not to be frightened away, than from any pleasure she derived from them: and she gained her purpose; for Clifford felt deeply aggrieved, and made it an unfailing source of reproach to his wife, that while she had driven *his* mother from the house by her conduct, her own was a continual and welcome visiter.

Careful and circumspect as Caroline was in all matters of importance, her temper more and more gave way under trifles, and she sometimes acted as if determined to assist the cause of those who censured and depreciated her. Mr. Thomas Clifford, the cousin of her husband, who had offended her in her single days by calling her "pretty Miss Carry," was a resident in Yorkshire, and she had not seen him since her marriage; but he had now come up on business to pass a short time in London, and dined in Torrington square soon after his arrival.

Mr. Thomas Clifford, although not a polished man, was a good natured and a shrewd one; he had heard, to use his own expression, that "things were not comfortable" with Caroline and her mother-in-law, and he was sincerely sorry for the information. Had Caroline taken the least pains to interest and conciliate him, she might have found him a valuable friend; but she decided that because he was related to her husband, he must be her natural enemy, treated him with unbending hauteur, called him "sir" whenever she spoke to him, looked imperturbably grave when he joked about wide sleeves, and listened with silent contempt to his often-repeated conundrum—"Why is matrimony like Durham mustard? Because people praise it with tears in their eyes."

"Well, Edmund," said Mr. Thomas Clifford, as Caroline left the room after dinner, "your wife is prettier than ever, but I must say that her manners are not improved; I am afraid you have not married a woman with the best of tempers." Clifford neither confirmed his cousin's conjecture, nor contradicted it. "And then, too, she has affronted your mother away, I hear," said Mr. Thomas Clifford, after a pause. "Well, my poor dear Margaret, who is dead and gone, was neither a beauty nor a wit, but I never can forget her attentions to my mother; we lived within a few doors of each other, and she used to thread the old lady's needles, and see that her house and garden were kept neat, and read the newspaper to her on week days, and a sermon on Sundays, and my mother was always saying to me, 'Well, Tom, I have often felt vexed that I had no daughters of my own; I am sure I ought to be much obliged to you for bringing me home such a nice one.'"

Clifford determined that Caroline should hear of this interesting family anecdote, although, had he reflected a moment, he might have surmised that these reminiscences of the late poor dear Margaret's attentions to her husband's mother, might be as distasteful to her, as the detail of poor dear Mr. Dornton's kindness to his wife's sister was to himself. "O Edmund, Edmund!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas Clifford, striking his hand upon the table to enforce his address, "why did you not marry that good, quiet, affectionate girl, Sophy Bennet? How dutiful she is to your mother, and how civil and pretty spoken to me and every body else! She is not very handsome, I allow; but what is beauty after the honeymoon is over? Just a thing to please the eye and plague the heart; good temper is the best quality in a wife, after all."

Caroline lost much by this little dialogue. Clifford reasoned with himself—"My cousin is very good natured, and not at all in the habit of judging uncharitably of any body; he is not related to my mother, therefore, can have no particular prepossession in her favour; he took a great fancy to Caroline when she was single, therefore, he must have some good reason for speaking as he has now done concerning her."

Caroline derived less pleasure than ever from the visits of her mother and sisters. Lady Bradbury was now in the height of her spring gaieties, and Lady Bradbury's equipage, dresses, splendid dinners, and fancy balls, occupied almost the whole of their conversation, diversified by occasional indignant exclamations—"My aunt Sedgewick's head is quite turned by Kate's great marriage," and "My sister Sedgewick seems to have engrossed all the luck of the family."

Caroline, wearied by the want of real sympathy and sound advice, did what nobody else had ever thought of doing, she went to call on Mrs. Priscilla Penry, with the design of talking over her troubles with her. The door was opened by Betty, the starved-looking servant, and she found Mrs. Priscilla sitting at her knitting, in a high-backed chair by a square table, covered with a well-preserved green baize; the room, although kept scrupulously clean, gave the impression of being otherwise from its faded paper and dingy furniture, and its dulness was only enlivened by a bullfinch, in a very small, inconvenient cage, festooned with shriveled chickweed, who always remained exceedingly quiet while the visiters were so likewise; but regularly began to scream whenever any one attempted to converse. Caroline frankly confessed to her grandmother that she was not happy in the married state.

"Well, my dear, said the old lady, "you could not come to any one more able and willing to advise you

than myself; my reading has been most extensive, and consisting entirely of the best authors, and at my time of life, it is needless to say, I have seen a great deal of the world."

Mrs. Priscilla's life had been spent in one house for the last thirty years, and during that time short and rare had been the visits that had disturbed her close companionship with her cat, her bird, and Betty. Her knowledge of literature was comprised in a high, dingy book-case, which stood in a corner of the room; the contents of the shelves in sight afforded an earnest of the treasures of the others: they included "Sir Charles Grandison," "Pamela," and "Clarissa Harlowe," "Gay's Fables," "The Spectator," "Hervey's Theron and Aspasia," "Mrs. Montagu's Letters," "Dialogues of the Dead," "Elegant Extracts," "The Castle of Otranto," "Dr. Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Tale of a Tub," "The Religious Courtship," "Gulliver's Travels," and "The Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph." Mrs. Priscilla did not hear much modern news, but had she heard of the elegant and feminine degree given by the gallant Americans to the ladies who study in the college at Kentucky, "M. P. L." (mistress of polite literature,) she would sincerely and unaffectedly have thought that an acquaintance even with the lower shelves of her book-case would have amply qualified any fair candidate to come confidently forward for the distinction. Living out of the world has its advantages, as well as its drawbacks.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Priscilla, with the cheerful and consolatory manner of a skilful practitioner, who knows that it is in his power to give immediate relief to a suffering patient, "tell me your causes of complaint; are you sure you have nothing to reproach yourself with? The Tatler's advice to his sister Jenny was, 'Endeavour to please, and you must please.'"

"I may not have been faultless in my own conduct," said Caroline, "but I must say, I think the great blame rests with my husband."

"Not unlikely," answered Mrs. Priscilla; "men often grow weary of the marriage state without the least reason. Mrs. Thrale says, in her letter to a newly-married man, 'the person of your lady will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years.'"

Caroline stole a glance at the narrow looking-glass over the high mantel-piece, which was encompassed by a frame almost as wide as itself. "What are your grounds for complaint, my dear?" pursued Mrs. Priscilla; "does your husband ill use you, or does he waste his time in dissipation, or his fortune at the gaming-table?"

Caroline paused, rather at a loss to produce what the lawyers call "evidence." At length she stammered forth, that Clifford was displeased with her because she had objected to his mother's frequent visits at the house.

"And why should you object to her visits?" asked Mrs. Priscilla; "she is, I believe, a perfectly respectable lady, both in station of life and moral conduct."

"Perfectly so," said Caroline.

"I ought, however, to enquire," added the thrifty Mrs. Priscilla, "whether Mrs. Clifford's visits caused you any undue expense, or whether she failed in making you an adequate return; but now I remember, you and your husband were staying with her three months at Richmond last summer; it was surely no proof of her ill will towards you to give you courtesy and hospitality for so long a period at free cost; had she indeed invited your husband without you, I think you might reasonably have considered yourself hardly dealt by."

"But I dislike her, and the whole of her inmates," said Caroline; "I have an aversion to Miss Bennet, and Miss Chesterton, and all my husband's family."

"I dare say you may, my dear," placidly returned Mrs. Priscilla; "young people must take their chance of that: every married woman cannot expect to be so fond of her husband's relatives as Harriet Byron was of Lady G——— and Lady L———, the sisters of Sir Charles Grandison."

"It is easy to make husband's relatives very agreeable on paper," said Caroline, rather peevishly.

"Nay," said Mrs. Priscilla, bridling, "Richardson is superior to the paltry art of colouring circumstances to suit his own purpose. Lady Davers behaved in a most insulting manner to her sister-in-law, Pamela, but was at length vanquished by Pamela's exceeding gentleness and forbearance."

Caroline looked confused, and was silent.

"Did your mother-in-law," triumphantly pursued Mrs. Priscilla, "ever lock the door on you—prevent you from attending a party to which you had promised to go—and sit down to dinner in your presence without inviting you to partake, as was the most unfeeling, uncourteous, and reprehensible conduct of Lady Davers towards Pamela?"

Caroline had not a word to say in reply; a dead pause ensued.

Gertrude, who had accompanied her sister, observed as they left the house, "You are in high favour, Caroline; depend upon it you will inherit the old spinster's hoards."

Caroline sighed when she reflected that little as Mrs. Priscilla's wealth contributed to the happiness of its possessor, it would probably do so in a still less degree if it came into her own possession. The next incident that diversified the monotonous life of Caroline, was apparently unimportant, but was materially to influence her future life. Mrs. Clifford was still in the habit of dining with her daughter-in-law, by formal invitation, about once in six weeks, and on one of these occasions, Clifford informed his wife that Mr. Webster, a recently formed acquaintance, would join their party. Mr. Webster, it appeared, had formerly had dealings in business with Sophy Bennet's father; he had recently succeeded in obtaining payment of a small debt due to them jointly, and had waited on Miss Bennet to transfer to her the share of her father. This good office had led to an acquaintance which speedily ripened into intimacy, and Mr. Webster had contrived to render himself a decided favourite in Keppel street, before Caroline was even aware of his existence. When the privilege of an introduction to him at last became hers, she was not at all disposed to repine at the long delay of it. Mr. Webster was a little sallow man, with bushy eye-brows, cunning eyes, and a sinister expression of countenance; his discourse was entirely on different speculations, and he thought people must be insane to accept three and a half per cent. interest in the funds for their money, when they might gain ten per cent. in a hundred ways, without the least risk. Caroline did not ask him to enumerate the hundred ways, but if she had, he would no doubt have been prepared with a rejoinder, for he seemed perfectly equal to organise a joint-stock company for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or iron from roses. His manners towards Mrs. Clifford were as fawning as those of dear Sophy Bennet, and appeared quite as agreeable and acceptable to her; and when Clifford gave any opinion on the subject of business or speculation, (and Caroline was quite surprised to hear her husband talk so much on these topics,) he would exclaim, "Astonishing; I never saw the matter in that light before—I must take a note of that in my pocket-book; and yet, Mr. Clifford, you never studied mercantile concerns; well, I can only say, that a fine mind makes itself at home on every subject."

Caroline was very sorry to see her husband appear so pleased with the society of this man, for she considered, with justice, that it is a sure sign of a degraded mind when a person of education stoops to be gratified by coarse and servile flattery. As, however, this was the first visit of Mr. Webster in Torrington square, and as he took leave without any threat of repeating it, she imagined that his manners and character could signify very little to herself; and he would soon have entirely faded from her mind, had he not been recalled to it by a trifling incident. Mr. Fletcher, the mercantile uncle of Caroline, in pursuance of what he deemed a proper and consistent line of conduct, paid an occasional morning visit to her, but as they had very few subjects of conversation in common, he was generally making memorandums in his tablets, or calculations in his mind during the time of his visit. One day, however, when he called on his niece, he was tired and overheated, and by no means in a calculating humour, but he produced a piece of paper covered with figures, which he reckoned aloud, but seemed unable to settle to his own satisfaction.

"I think I know what you wish to have done," said Caroline, looking over his shoulder, "and can save you the trouble of doing it."

"Nonsense, child," said her uncle; "don't make yourself ridiculous; it is very likely that a woman should understand a calculation of that sort. I suppose next, you will invent a plan for a new steam-carriage, or offer to guide a balloon."

The entrance of a tray with refreshments interrupted Mr. Fletcher's sarcasms, and, under the soothing influence of cold chicken, and sherry and water, he suffered his niece to possess herself of the paper in question, thinking all the while how he should be laughed at by his city friends, could they know that his calculations were submitted to the correction of a pretty, fashionably dressed young woman, who was actually writing down her figures with a French pen, profusely decorated with ornaments of spun glass, and knots of pink riband.

Caroline was not only, as she had told Mrs. Priscilla, fond of accounts, and quick at them, but she was remarkably expert at difficult calculations, and she soon found out and rectified Mr. Fletcher's error. Nothing that Caroline could have done, would have impressed her uncle with so high a respect for her—all her successes in fashionable or literary parties would have been beheld by him with just as much indifference as he felt when contemplating her exploits at battledore and shuttlecock, or graceful feats with the skipping-rope in her childhood, but to be able to do so useful a thing as a calculation, raised her, as he would have expressed it, "cent. per cent." in his estimation; and, influenced by this newly-awakened feeling, he began to talk to her as if she were a rational being.

"You have shown yourself to have so good an understanding, Caroline," said he, "that I rather wonder you do not advise your husband against implicating himself so much with that odd fellow, Webster. I can tell you he is not considered at all in a respectable light in the city; he is deep in every foolish speculation, and has so many irons in the fire that he is likely to burn his fingers with some of them.

Caroline replied that she had seen Mr. Webster, and was not prepossessed in his favour; but that she had no cause to believe he was any thing more to her husband than a common acquaintance, or that Clifford was at all implicated in his speculations.

"I am sorry to say," replied Mr. Fletcher, "that I have reason for what I assert. I happen to know that your husband has sold out a large sum of money from the funds to place in the hands of this man; and his mother, it is said, has given him the unlimited command of her property. I do not wonder at the latter, for poor silly women can know very little about the tricks of speculators, neither indeed can men who have lived a life of idleness like your husband; but you, Caroline, are not a silly woman, and you had better try to stop the connection before it proceeds any further."

The warning of Caroline might probably not have produced much effect on Clifford's mind under any circumstances; but Mrs. Dornton, who entered while her brother was speaking, and who was seriously alarmed by his communication, insisted on taking the matter into her own hands, as being older, and having more experience than Caroline. She talked to Clifford in a very sharp strain on his imprudence and folly, repeating, with some exaggeration, Mr. Fletcher's remarks on Webster's want of respectability; and Clifford, who disliked Mrs. Dornton more than he had ever done any one in his life, was ready to add the present information to the many other instances of "frivolous and vexatious" interference on the part of his wife's family, and unhesitatingly expressed his conviction of Mr. Webster's perfect honour. Caroline ventured to intimate that his countenance and manners had made an unfavourable impression on her, but was speedily silenced by the answer, "My mother, who is a woman of great judgment and discrimination, thinks highly of him." Caroline saw Mr. Webster twice more in the next few weeks, once at her own house, and once in Keppel street, and her quick eye detected an evident understanding between him and Sophy Bennet,—an interchange of stolen looks and smiles not to be mistaken; and, on one occasion, when Sophy handed him a book to look at, Caroline felt confident that he took a letter from between the leaves, which he transferred to his pocket with a coolness and readiness that could never have been the result of a first attempt of the kind. Caroline asked her husband if he did not see some appearance of regard between his cousin and Mr. Webster; but Clifford, like many other men, could not endure the idea that any woman who had been hopelessly in love with him, could ever turn her thoughts to a new object of attachment, and he indignantly re-

futed her observation, saying, that "although Webster was a worthy fellow, he was the last man in the world to gain a woman's heart." Caroline was going to observe that a woman's heart and a woman's hand are not necessarily connected, but she checked herself in time, remembering that

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it;"

and neither her wisdom nor her wit had lately had the good fortune to be particularly successful with her husband. New troubles were soon to accrue from the attentions of a relation of Caroline, of whom my readers have yet heard little. Lady Bradbury, the *ci-devant* Kate Sedgewick, had been passing a spring of uninterrupted gaiety; her constitution, never very strong, was perceptibly giving way under the trial of continual excitement, and her physicians peremptorily interdicted late hours and crowded rooms. I once heard a lady during a pleasure excursion at sea, (which turned out much as such excursions usually do,) exclaim with great *naïveté*, "O! what a painful thing pleasure is!" and poor Lady Bradbury, borne along on the sea of dissipation, had great reason to echo the opinion. Still, however, she was not a confirmed invalid; she might be permitted to enjoy small and early parties at her own house, and she began to ponder on the best method of organising them. Musical *soirées* would, in many respects, be very suitable and desirable; but Lady Bradbury had, strange to say, no ear for music, and, stranger still, had the courage and candour to confess it. At length she decided the point; she would have little quiet literary parties: she could lie on the sofa and listen to all that was said, and her friends would kindly excuse her from joining in conversation on account of her illness; perhaps a better reason might exist for Kate declining to join in literary conversation than illness; but that reason, like many other good and true things, was kept in the back ground.

Among the company to be invited, Caroline occupied foremost rank. Lady Bradbury had always been fond of her; she had heard that General S——— had spoken in high terms of her abilities, and several of General ———'s friends were persons whose presence at her house she deemed it very desirable to attain. Caroline was exceedingly glad to accept her invitations. Her time passed heavily and drearily. Clifford almost constantly spending the whole of his evenings at the house of his mother, and the conversation of the intelligent people whom she met at Lady Bradbury's, made a most welcome break in her eventful life. Mrs. Clifford, however, exceedingly disapproved of these arrangements; she could not brook the idea that Caroline should twice a week enjoy cheerful evenings, and "make a sensation," and that various officious, impertinent people, should perhaps accost Clifford in the street, and tell him how clever and agreeable his wife was, and how proud he might to be of her. She represented to her son that Lady Bradbury, like every other of Caroline's relations, was very frivolous and light-minded, and that young men might pay compliments and talk nonsense while glancing over folios at a literary party, just as easily as while turning over a book of songs at a morning concert. Clifford accordingly expressed his disapprobation to his wife, but Caroline was not to be easily deterred from her present relaxation; she felt herself unjustly suspected and persecuted; she knew that her husband's excursions were not the result of his own spontaneous feelings, but were suggested to him by his mother; and the accusation of flirtation and levity she could not hear without a smile, for the very few gentlemen who attended the parties were mostly the seniors of the master of the mansion, and one of them, who was about five and twenty years of age, was considered as so decidedly on a different footing from the rest, that he was always styled, *par excellence*, "the young gentleman." Mrs. Sedgewick also regularly called for her niece in the neat brown carriot, and brought her back in it at an early hour; and Caroline felt that no possible stretch of malice could convert her into a Lady Townly or a Lady Teazle. Reports, too, reached her from various quarters, that her husband had committed large sums of money to the management of Webster, whose speculative propensities began to be generally ridiculed and blamed, and Clifford could not deny this circumstance when taxed with it by his wife. In fact, Webster was an almost continual guest at Mrs. Clifford's, and the evenings were generally spent in discussing some wild, vague plan of amassing wealth, which was received with eagerness by the infatuated Clifford. Like many other people disappointed in better pursuits, all his thoughts now seemed to rest on the accumulation of treasure; and Webster himself could not look with more contempt than did his promising pupil on the interest of three and a half per cent. in the funds. Mrs. Clifford was delighted with Webster; she saw with the eyes of "dear Sophy Bennet," and those were not the partial eyes of love; for when Clifford hinted to her the suspicions of Caroline, she protested with a sigh that no such feeling was in the case; she confessed that she had *once* felt a partiality, it was needless to say when, and to whom; she was ashamed of her own folly in venturing to lift her hopes so high; *that* time had now passed, she should never love again, nor at any time could she have loved poor, plain, plodding Mr. Webster; but she must say she esteemed and respected him as an excellent, well-principled man; he seemed thoroughly well-informed and shrewd in matters of business, and at the same time perfectly conscientious; and one thing in particular she liked him for, he was quite a counterpart of herself in being a straightforward character, spoke every thing he thought, and was seen through in a minute. These observations confirmed the prepossession of Clifford and his mother in favour of their new acquaintance: and Sophy was continually adding to the impression, by repeating to them remarks made by Webster in their absence. "Mr. Webster is quite astonished at Edward's memory and quickness of comprehension," she would observe; "he says they would have been a fortune to himself in early life, but all that he has acquired by pains and study, Edmund seems to possess by intuition. As for you, my dear aunt, he seems more in danger of falling in love with you than with me; he says you might very well pass for twenty years younger than you are, and that your conversation furnishes a sufficient contradiction to the opinion that handsome women are generally frivolous; in fact, he once told me that, considering my aunt's great charms of mind and person, he wondered that I should have so moderate a share of beauty and wit myself; most people would have been very angry with him, but I love plain-speaking; nothing is so delightful to me as truth; and I know that all who speak truth will be glad to do justice to my aunt and cousin, even at the expense of a little superficial politeness to other people."

Caroline and her husband having now each a source of complaint, began to indulge in recrimination, a dangerous and inexcusable species of warfare. Cowper says—

"The kindest and the happiest pair
May find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

If so, how much cautious forbearance ought an already unhappy couple to exercise towards each other! I often hear people in the various relations of life, say, in excuse of their harsh expressions of blame towards another, "I do not asperse—I do not find fault for the sake of finding fault—I merely blame where there is real cause for reprehenson." This is very likely to be true; we are all of us fallible beings, and a day never passes in which any one of our fellow creatures who looks at us with a scutinising anxiety to discover our deficiencies, may not find out something that we ought to have done, or had better have left undone; but let the person exercising this ingenious inquisition say occasionally, "Is it not likely that *I* am also erring and faulty, and that the defects to which my vanity blinds me, may be distinctly visible to the eyes of another? ought I not then to make a little allowance for the foibles of my brethren, and by so doing win them to exercise a similar charity towards my own?" In this illustration, however, let it be understood that I only allude to the slight faults of temper and manner to which Cowper evidently means to refer. I disapprove all indulgence extended to that which is clearly and evidently wrong, all affected blindness to sin; but even in the case of the most flagrant errors, I am convinced that more good may be done by an occasional, calm, firm remonstrance, than by a daily succession of taunting and stinging remarks.

An event now occurred, which gave Caroline ample reason, in her own opinion, for expressing herself in the strongest terms of displeasure against her husband's present imprudent line of conduct. Almost the only former acquaintance of Caroline, with whom Clifford and his mother felt satisfied she should preserve occasional intercourse, were an old couple of the name of Preston, with one daughter. They were both decided invalids, and lived in a very quiet way on a very small income in a very little house; and their mode of living was what Gertrude and Emily Dornton called so stupid and so humdrum, that Caroline was the only one of the family who took any pleasure in their society. She, however, loved and esteemed the daughter, Mary Preston, whose moderate capacity and excessive timidity did not conceal from Caroline her possession of great sweetness of temper, and amiability of disposition. She was the child of her parent's old age, was doated on by them, and in return devoted herself entirely to their comfort; and it was the general opinion of her young friends, that "Mary Preston would be certain to die an old maid." Strange events, however, sometimes happen in affairs of love; the gentle, quiet, unobtrusive Mary Preston, became introduced to Mr. Lucas, the eldest son of a man of large landed property, and had the honour of immediately captivating that heart which beauties and dashers had often assailed in vain. The poor girl accepted the offer with feelings of the utmost gratitude; her parents, who imagined that no lot in life could be too high a reward for the good qualities of Mary, were equally pleased, although not so surprised: but Mr. Lucas, the father of the lover, withheld his consent; he had heard exaggerated accounts of the poverty and humble way of living of Mary's parents, and, like most people who can give a good deal to a son, he recoiled from the idea of receiving a daughter-in-law with nothing. "If, indeed," he said, "the girl's father could give her five thousand pounds, he might not refuse his consent; but of course that was quite out of the question, and the matter had better be put an end to at once."

When Mr. Lucas mentioned the sum of five thousand pounds, he had as little idea that Mary's father could raise it, as the nobleman in the old ballad of "The Beggar of Bethnal Green" had cause to surmise that the beggar could drop coin for coin with him, but both proved equally wrong in their calculations. Mr. Preston was not a poor man, although ill health, indolence, and long habit, had occasioned him to live in a homely manner; and when Lucas mentioned to him his father's unexpected concession, the old people consulted together, and found that, without any inconvenience to themselves, it would be in their power to spare the sum in question to their daughter. Mr. Lucas was very sorry that he had not said ten thousand pounds instead of five, but he was too much a man of honour to draw back from his word, Preparations, therefore, were begun for the marriage, and an estate in the country was to be settled on Mary, as an equivalent for the five thousand pounds which were to be transferred to her husband.

One unfortunate morning Clifford was walking with his now inseparable friend Webster, when they encountered Mr. Preston enjoying a stroll, which had actually extended half a mile from his own house: on the ensuing day he was going to perform a much greater undertaking, he told them, since he then intended to deposit the amount of his daughter's future fortune at a banker's in the city, whose name he mentioned; her marriage, he added, was fixed to take place in six weeks.

When he had passed on, Webster expressed his sincere regret at what he had heard. "I do not like to seem officious," said he; "in fact, the circumstance which I am going to hint to you is one of such exceeding delicacy, that I cannot bear the idea of having my name connected with it; but I have reason, from a peculiar and confidential source, to know that the house in which this poor old gentleman is about to lodge his five thousand pounds is on the point of stopping payment; indeed, so far from any probability of its safety for six weeks, I would not guarantee its continuance for six hours. I am a stranger to your friend, and should have felt awkward in interfering; but you will do a real act of charity if you call on him and persuade him to give you the money to deposit in the hands of your own banker, whose security is quite undoubted."

Clifford, who was really touched with pity for poor Mr. Preston, called on him the next day, mentioned the rumour he had heard, without naming the quarter from

whence it came, and received his grateful thanks, and the temporary guardianship of the five thousand pounds; that sum, however, never reached the hands of Clifford's banker, for Webster earnestly requested to have the use of it for a month, for a particular purpose, which involved no risk, but would be a great convenience to himself, and promised to place it in the hands of the banker at least a fortnight before Mr. Preston would require it. Clifford could entertain no suspicion of one in whose honour his mother and himself had so implicitly confided, and had not a doubt that his promise would be fulfilled at the appointed time. Several weeks elapsed; it was the bright, glorious month of July; Caroline thought herself fortunate that no plan of going to Richmond had been started, but she was languid and low spirited. Sir James and Lady Bradbury were at Wimbledon Common, where the former possessed a house, and Mrs. Dornton and her daughters had been fortunate enough to procure an invitation to stay a month with a friend, who was passing the summer at Hastings. Caroline's own maid, about this time imparted to her a secret, which she had gained from a young woman of her acquaintance, who lived opposite to Mrs. Clifford, in Keppel street. Miss Bennet, this person alleged, was in the frequent practice of stealing out from her aunt's house in the evening, and holding private conferences with Mr. Webster at the corner of the street. Caroline justly thought that this mysterious intercourse with a person whom Sophy had such constant opportunities of seeing in the society of her friends, signified something highly suspicious and objectionable: she mentioned the fact to Clifford, but it was received by him with expressions of utter disbelief, coupled with a sarcasm on her own love of slander, which could even induce her to tamper with gossiping servants, for the sake of aspersing the fame of one who never spoke of her except in terms of the kindest affection. The uniformity of Caroline's life was at length most painfully broken by a visit from the gentle Mary Preston, in tears and sorrow. It appeared that when the settlement was ready, her portion had been required by her husband's father. Clifford was referred to: the money was not at his banker's: he applied immediately to Webster, who frankly declared that he could not at present disentangle it from the concern in which he had placed it. "And the most distressing circumstance," pursued the weeping Mary, "is, that the elder Mr. Lucas accuses my dear father of fraud and deception, and declares that he never from the first believed he could command such a sum."

"But surely," said Caroline, "under these circumstances, it is the duty of my husband to advance the money, and to claim from Webster repayment to himself."

"Alas!" replied Mary, "I greatly fear it is not in his power to do so. I deeply regret to tell you that it is generally believed Webster has been allowed the perfect command of the property of Mr. Clifford and his mother, and that they have nothing now which they can independently call their own. Another thing, too, has greatly irritated the Lucases; Mr. Clifford informed my father that he knew from the best authority, Mr. ———'s bank was going to fail; they have enquired in various quarters in the city, and find that its security is unsuspected, and that nothing has occurred which could give the least foundation for such a report. Mr. Lucas says he is convinced we are all in a plan, and that his son was on the point of connecting himself with a complete nest of swindlers.

Caroline endeavoured to console poor Mary as well as she was able, but she required consolation herself; she was deeply wounded and grieved; she had a high sense of honour, and her husband had degraded himself in the eyes of the upright and just; she was proud, and she felt that he had been deceived and deluded, entirely from his unwillingness to confide in herself, and his contempt for the proffered warning and counsel of her relations. Clifford appeared at tea time, looking haggard, anxious, and weary. Caroline immediately informed him of all that she had heard, and poured forth on him a torrent of angry upbraidings. We often imagine that we are guided entirely by virtuous indignation in our reproofs of the erring, when perhaps, could we analyse our emotions, we should find that selfish feeling has a great deal to do with them. Under any circumstances, Caroline would have felt grieved and shocked at the conduct of her husband, but had his behaviour to herself been uniformly kind, she would have soothed and pitied, even while she blamed, him; and, instead of pronouncing his misdeeds irreparable, she would have endeavoured to concert with him some means of checking the ill effects of them. Clifford was not of a temper to bear patiently with even well merited censure; he retaliated on Caroline's love of admiration and dislike of home; the subjects of Webster, poor Mary Preston, and her five thousand pounds, were dismissed, and Mrs. Dornton, Mrs. Clifford, Lady Bradbury, and Sophy Bennet, were all in turn summoned into the field, as subjects of recrimination and reproach At last Clifford left the house, without mentioning the time he should return: two hours slowly passed on, the clock struck twelve, and, in about half an hour afterwards, Caroline, seriously alarmed, sent the man-servant to Keppel street to enquire whether Mr. Clifford was there. The man brought back an answer, that Mr. Clifford had been there since ten o'clock, that he and all the family had retired to rest, but that he had knocked up a servant, who gave him the information he requested. As soon as Caroline ceased to be alarmed, she began, like many other people under similar circumstances, to be very angry; she considered that Clifford had not only behaved with great want of feeling, but with absolute disrespect towards her; he had held her up to the pity of her own servants, and those of his mother; he had fled from the society of her who had tried to save him from his dangerous and contemptible connection with Webster, to those whose persuasions had enticed him into it. The next morning came. Clifford did not appear, and no message arrived from him. Caroline was more indignant than ever, for she would not for a moment allow that her language and manner of the preceding evening could have given him any just cause of offence. About eleven o'clock a carriage stopped at the door; it was Mrs. Sedgewick's chariot, and its mistress entered with a face so mournful that Caroline immediately imagined she was deputed to break some distressing tidings to her; but Mrs. Sedgewick had heard nothing of Clifford's speculations; but grief was entirely her own. Lady Bradbury, she informed Caroline, had suddenly been taken very ill at Wimbledon, and Sir James had written to beg that her mother would immediately come to her. "I am, however," said Mrs. Sedgewick, "a poor helpless creature when my nerves are affected: you are alone, Caroline, day after day: will you come with me, and judge how Kate really is? she will be delighted to see you; your presence will be a real comfort to her and to me, and I can send you home to-morrow, if you will not be permitted to prolong your stay."

Caroline was glad to think she could be a real comfort to any body, and was not sorry to have an opportunity of retaliating on Clifford's carelessness and neglect towards her. She left a verbal message with the man-servant that she was going with Mrs. Sedgewick to stay with Lady Bradbury, at Wimbledon, without mentioning the illness of her cousin, or the proposed duration of her visit.

Mrs. Sedgewick and her niece arrived, after a sad and silent drive, at Wimbledon, where they had the satisfaction of finding Kate much better, (for, like most of the spoiled children of prosperity, she was easily alarmed about herself.) and able to enjoy the society of her mother and cousin. The little party were assembled in her boudoir at tea, when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and shortly afterwards Mr. Fletcher entered the room. The unexpected guest in "*Le Festin de Pierre*" could scarcely have excited more surprise, for Mr. Fletcher was the last man in the world to pay sociable visits, even in London; and they felt that some very extraordinary event must have been the occasion of bringing him to "drop in" at Wimbledon. Mr. Fletcher requested a private interview with Caroline, in whom he had really taken much interest since he had discovered her abilities for calculation; he began by saying, "Don't be alarmed,"—an injunction which, delivered in a certain tone and manner, always means "Do be alarmed,"—and then proceeded to give her ample reason why she should be so. The sum of his information may be detailed in few words. He had heard that morning in the city that Webster had failed under peculiarly disgraceful circumstances, and had absconded. He immediately went to Keppel street, where he understood Clifford passed the greater part of his time to enquire whether he was aware of the circumstances. Clifford was not there, but Mrs. Clifford's own maid informed him that all was known to them, and that Mrs. Clifford was in violent hysterics; that she had, on coming down to breakfast that morning with her son, who had slept at her house, waited some time for Miss Bennet, who did not appear, nor did her room seem to have been slept in the preceding night; that soon after breakfast a letter arrived from Miss Bennet, in which she stated that the temporary disarrangement of Mr. Webster's affairs rendered it necessary for him to quit the country, and that, as she had been for some time privately married to him, it was alike her duty and inclination to accompany him; she concluded by professions of sympathy and affection for her aunt and cousin, which, as the lady's maid observed, "were just in Miss Bennet's old wheedling way, and were not worth repeating." Clifford, it appeared, had immediately set off to the city to learn particulars, and Mr. Fletcher proceeded to Torrington square, to break the news to Caroline. Caroline, however, he heard, had gone to Wimbledon; and while Mr. Fletcher was debating what step next to take, Clifford entered with a wretched and agitated countenance, having gathered sufficient particulars to inform him of Webster's complete villany and his own ruin. Mr. Fletcher was not formed to soothe and console the afflicted, but he did what most husbands, it is to be hoped, would have considered the best thing he could do, he offered to go to Wimbledon and bring Caroline back. Clifford could not refuse this proposal, but he expressed himself bitterly respecting the conduct of Caroline in leaving home for an indefinite period without his knowledge, at a time when she knew him to be suffering so severely from the threatening state of his circumstances; and he made some observations about Caroline's general frivolity and levity, which Mr. Fletcher could not but think were very inaccurately and unjustly applied to a lady who understood decimal and vulgar fractions; but he kept his opinion to himself; and when he ordered his coachman to drive to Wimbledon, he had the pleasing reflection that he was doing, as was his usual wont, that which was perfectly consistent and proper. Caroline received his communication with fortitude; she was in a great measure prepared for it, and she now felt her heart melt with pity towards her unfortunate husband, alone, deceived, and ruined, and resolved to meet him with tenderness and kindness.

The clock struck eleven as Mr. Fletcher's carriage stopped in Torrington square. Caroline, as soon as the door was opened, ran into the hall, and her uncle declined accompanying her; he justly thought that at a late hour at night it was neither pleasant nor necessary to be a third person in a "scene." Caroline went into the drawing-room—Clifford was not there. The man-servant, who followed her with lights, said that his master had left the house about half an hour after Mr. Fletcher, but that he had first written a letter, which was lying on the table. Caroline dismissed him, and, with a beating heart and crimson cheek, opened the letter; it was as follows:—

"I leave you, Caroline, for ever! I am ruined in property; I can no longer offer you support, and I have too long seen with pain that your feelings and affections are alienated from me, and that my society is a source rather of disquietude than of comfort to you. I can never hold up my head among my former friends and acquaintance. I feel that I deserve, and should receive, commiseration for the loss of my whole fortune, and that of my mother, through the villany of Webster, who had promised us a large and exorbitant profit from its investment; but the abstraction of poor Mary Preston's portion is the bitterest source of my grief. The name of Webster did not appear in reference to it; it was entrusted to *my* care, and I am legally, as well as morally, accountable for it. I met Mr. Preston to-day in the city: he was violent in his language—he threatened revenge. I went home with the vain delusive hope of receiving at least a small degree of sympathy from my wife, but I found that she had left my home—gone to see the relation whose style of living and gay circle of acquaintance have power to gratify her thirst for adulation—gone without even mentioning the period of her return! O Caroline! after your wounding expressions last night—after the conviction you then unhesitatingly expressed that my ruin was near at hand—how could you desert me in my need?—how could you abandon me to brood over my folly and my disgrace in solitude! Your conduct, however, perhaps is merciful, although not intended

to be such. England is no longer a home for me—the legal measures threatened by Mr. Preston would, of themselves, be a sufficient motive for quitting it. I shall seek another country, where, unless I am greatly deceived, I shall be able to procure a hard-won, slender, but honest subsistence. I do not ask you to share my poverty—poverty, which you would doubtless justly remind me, has been entirely brought on by my own rashness and obstinacy. You will be secure of a comfortable asylum in the house of your mother: to take you from relations whose society you so evidently and undisguisedly prefer to mine, would be as cruel as it is unnecessary. My poor mother must be received under the roof of her sister, Miss Chesterton. She is, like myself, deeply wounded at the ingratitude and deception of her niece; but, perhaps, Sophy Bennet might have had less influence over us, had not her affectionate and soothing manners derived an artificial attraction from being contrasted with the coldness and unkindness of your own. Pardon me, Caroline, if I write harshly; I have perhaps been to blame, as well as you; but even were I disposed to admit an equal proportion of error on my part, it could only furnish an additional reason for the expediency of our separation. Poverty often causes love to die; but never, I fear, revives it where it has once ceased to exist. I can, however, with sincerity say that I forgive you—that I entreat you to forgive whatever may have been amiss in me, and that I earnestly wish for your future happiness and prosperity."

Hard must be the heart that cannot feel for the sufferings of poor Caroline, while perusing a letter of this description, without a friend to soothe her, none but servants in the house, and her mother and sisters at a distant place. Again she had recourse to the expedient of sending to Keppel street; and O, how happy—how grateful would she have felt for the message which the night before had caused in her such emotions of anger and mortification! Mr. Clifford, however, she learned, had not been there since the morning, and Mrs. Clifford was suffering under a relapse of hysterics from a letter which she had just received from him. Who can paint the agony of the mind of Caroline during the ensuing dreadful and apparently endless night! It has been said by several persons who have been rescued from drowning, that, during the time of their struggles in the water, every past event of consequence in their life has seemed to arise before them in due succession, and with startling minuteness. The sensations of poor Caroline were exactly similar—every dispute between herself and Clifford—every particular in which she had acted contrary to his wishes—haunted her in colours of dreadfully vivid fidelity, and her conscience, once so careless, now became awakened to the opposite extreme of painful susceptibility, and she was ready to acknowledge herself the principal or indeed the only aggressor.

Vainly she tried to think over the harsh words that Clifford had often addressed to her, and they had been many. All that she could now retrace were her own bitter expressions to him, and they seemed to be echoed over and over in her ear, till, shrinking from the mocking sound, she wondered with shame and weeping, how any provocation could have induced her so to speak. Oh! should not such moments of life (and all occasionally experience them in a degree) prove to us an awful forewarning of what our feelings will be when we stand at the throne of an Almighty Judge to answer for our earthly misdeeds? We now excuse our faults by speaking of the aggression we have received, of the unkindness and injustice of our fellow-creatures, but the time will come, and does come sometimes, even in this world, when we shall be denied power, memory, and language to recall the transgressions of others, but all shall be multiplied to us in a tenfold proportion, to enable us to dwell with poignant and bitter remorse on our own.

Before the morning Caroline was in a delirious fever; the servants went for her aunt, Mrs. Morris, but she did not know her when she arrived; she called piteously on the husband of her youth, the chosen one of her affections, and implored him to return to listen to the assurances of her unabated tenderness. At length her ideas took a still more afflicting turn; she imagined all in the room to be her enemies, endeavouring to separate Clifford and herself, and addressed them in the most heart-rending tones of supplication, urging them to cease their cruel persecution, and forbear to divide those whose hands had been joined by God.

The third day of her illness she fell into a deep, heavy sleep, and, on awaking, found a female form bending over her. "My mother," whispered Caroline, feebly, and Mrs. Dornton clasped her to her bosom in a shower of grateful tears at the recovery of her reason. Mrs. Dornton was vain, weak, and often misjudging, but she had the warm feelings of a mother, and bitter had been her grief when she watched by the bedside of her apparently dying child, and sincere were her words when she again and again assured Caroline, that she should find a refuge of comfort and tranquillity in the home of her youth.

It was the end of October before Caroline was restored to convalescence, and dreary and discouraging seemed the prospects of her future life. The immediate excitement was over which had been caused by her misfortunes and her illness, and Mrs. Dornton now began to lament her unhappy marriage, and to pity her so much for being obliged to return home, that it was evident she pitied herself a little for being obliged to receive her. Gertrude and Emily, too, shared in the same feeling; they said to each other, that the melancholy looks of Caroline made them quite low-spirited, and "that it was impossible to enjoy a little harmless joking while she was sitting by." Emily was just coming out, and full of joyful preparations; but Caroline could take no interest, and give no vote respecting the materials of dresses, and the arrangement of ribands and flowers. I would not have it supposed that the relations of Caroline were particularly hard-hearted and unfeeling, but such are the sentiments generally created by the return of a married woman to the roof of her parents,—she seems out of her station; her place has been filled up, she has no longer a right to it, she is an interloper, and is too often made to feel that she is so. Caroline could not help thinking that she should have had more satisfaction and respectability in sharing the fortunes of her husband, however confined and humble, than in remaining a useless and sad spectator of the gaieties and amusements of her mother and sisters. Clifford, however, did not write to her, nor to any one else; his mother imagined he must be dead. In reality, he had gone to America under a feigned name, and had proceeded to New York, where a former friend of his was at the head of a mercantile concern; he revealed the whole of his circumstances to him, and prevailed on him to give him employment in his counting-house, under the assumed name of Wilson.

November came with its mists and fogs, and Gertrude and Emily predicted that they should pass a most gloomy melancholy month; but their anticipations seemed likely to be agreeably disappointed, and Caroline was in danger of a fresh season of popularity with them. Lady Bradbury, who had recovered from her illness, was now at Brighton, the gayest of the gay, and had written to invite Caroline to stay with her. Mrs. Dornton earnestly recommended her acceptance of this invitation, and said that, in that case, she herself would take a small house at Brighton for a month; for although Lady Bradbury evidently cared for none of the family but Caroline, she could not well avoid including them in her parties and engagements while Caroline was with her. Caroline sickened at the idea of this plan; she could not brook the thoughts of entering into scenes of gaiety, while her husband was an exile, a sufferer, perhaps not even among the living. It was difficult, however, to refuse a request urged with such persevering vehemence by her family; she was repeatedly told that Brighton in November *must* be better for her health than London; that she might be as quiet or as cheerful there as she liked, and that she need never exert herself to accompany Lady Bradbury to any party or public place which was not quite agreeable to her, because Gertrude or Emily would always be at hand to take her place. Caroline, happily, however, before she returned an answer of acquiescence to Kate, was relieved from her perplexities by a visit from one who was personally almost a stranger to her, but whom she well knew by report. How little did Caroline Dornton surmise, when five years ago she had one formal matter-of-course interview with her cousin Lucy's contracted husband, Mr. Bernard, and thought him a very shy, grave-looking young man, and wondered what Lucy could see in him to be willing to encounter the evils of a narrow income for his sake, that a time would come when a visit from the poor curate would be received with rapture by her, when a sojourn at the poor curate's humble abode would be considered by her as far preferable to a visit at a splendid mansion at Brighton.

Bernard was the bearer, he said, of a pressing letter of invitation from his wife to her cousin, and he trusted that he might strengthen it by adding his solicitations to it, and by offering his escort to Mrs. Edmund Clifford to accompany her to his house in the course of a week. Mrs. Dornton and her daughters rallied and remonstrated with Caroline when she told them of her determination to accept Lucy's invitation, and ended by being very angry with her; but Caroline longed for quiet, longed for the country, longed for the affectionate kind words of Lucy; and, although she knew it not at the time, she secretly longed for that which can alone heal and soothe a wounded, irritated spirit—the consolations of religion. Caroline was received by Lucy with the utmost tenderness and attention: a few years ago she would have been greatly disconcerted by the inconveniences of her cousin's small house, her solitary servant, and the complete retirement of her manner of living; but Caroline had experienced so much unhappiness in the midst of the conveniences and luxuries of life, that she had ceased to identify them with real comfort and enjoyment.

The great subject that impressed her mind in her new situation, was, the attachment of Bernard and Lucy, and their mutual anxiety and eagerness to oblige. "You are happy, Lucy," said she, one day, "in the disposition and temper of your husband, but your own sweetness is such, that I am sure you would have softened and conciliated even poor Clifford, acting under all the influence of his mother's artful instigations; you, to quote Miss Landon's beautiful words, possess

"'The will that yields, and the winning smile
That soothes, till anger forgets the while;
Words whose music never yet caught
The discord of one angry thought,
And all those nameless cares that prove
Their heaviest labour work of love;
Oh! these are spells to keep the heart,
When passion's thousand dreams depart.'"

"Beautifully expressed," said Lucy, who had a true and valuable taste for poetry; "pity that there should ever be a reverse to so exquisite a description of the married state as it ought to be."

"But there is a reverse," answered Caroline, "described with equal force in the very next page—I will repeat it to you.

"'Alas! when angry words begin
Their entrance on the lip to win,
When sullen eye and flushing cheek
Say more than bitterest tone could speak,
And look and word than fire and steel
Give wounds more deep—time cannot heal,
And anger digs, with tauntings vain,
A gulf it may not pass again.'

"Such, alas!" said Caroline, with a sigh, "has been realised in my own sad experience."

"And why was this, Caroline?" asked Lucy; "not from any natural defect in your temper, for it was always considered remarkably good; not from any fault in your understanding or feelings, you are the possessor both of intellect and sensibility; but you wanted, dear Caroline, the best, the only safeguard in time of trial; we may store our memories with beautiful passages of poetry, we may dwell with wrapped attention on the writings of morality and philosophy; they are all good in turn, and desirable to be studied, but the wisdom and precepts of the scriptures are the only true sources of support in the real evils of life."

"But suppose I had quoted scripture to a woman like Mrs. Clifford," answered Caroline, "she would only have answered me with a sneer, and perhaps have accused me of cant and hypocrisy."

"I do not say," replied Lucy, "that it is desirable to make frequent quotations from scripture to those who are yet unawakened to the importance of religion; but the influence of scripture may be shown in our general manner, although its precise words may not be uttered by our lips; and should we fail to conciliate our adversaries, we shall still benefit ourselves; she who can return angry revilings with gentle and humble expressions, even although she may not succeed in disarming them,

will be amply repaid by the freedom that her own spirit will enjoy from all those violent, vindictive feelings which rack and agitate the mind of the proud, when they muse on the insult which they fancy they have received."

"Which they have very likely really received," said Caroline, quickly.

"Perhaps they have," answered Lucy; "but let me recall to you what Mason, in his 'Treatise on Self-Knowledge,' says on that subject. 'Suppose my adversary hath done me a real and undeserved injury without my fault or provocation, yet does not my present discontent greatly aggravate it? Does it not appear greater to me than it does to any body else, or than it will to me after the present ferment is over? And lastly, after all, must I never forgive?'"

"You are right, quite right," said Caroline, after a pause; "I wish I could attain your principles, Lucy, and resemble you in character; but even if I could, it would be too late to insure happiness; I mean, of course, in a temporal point of view. My husband has forsaken me in anger, and will never return; no repentance, no alteration of spirit on my part, can blot out the past."

"Do not place limits to the goodness of Providence," said Lucy; "Clifford may return, and a long life of happiness be yet before you; or even should such not be the case, your conduct and example may be the means of benefiting many of your fellow-creatures. When you are wishing, however, to fix on a model for imitation, do not choose so weak and fallible a being as myself; and, above all, dearest Caroline, do not imagine that you can resemble any body by your own efforts, but depend entirely for success on the grace of God."

This is merely a slight specimen of the conversations which passed between Caroline and her cousin, many of which were of a more decidedly serious character, and Caroline derived gradual but lasting benefit from them.

A foggy November was succeeded by a rainy December, and snowy January; all outward appearances were unpropitious to enjoyment, but quiet and harmony were in the dwelling of the humble curate; books, music, and intellectual and instructive conversation, at once amused and improved the passing hours; and the purest description of peace, "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," began perceptibly to shed its soothing influence on the heart of the young and deserted wife.

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Above two years had elapsed since the period at which I paused in my story. An interval of that length makes a degree of difference in the circumstances and feelings of all, and to some, the important difference of wealth and poverty, honour and shame, happiness and misery, life and death. To Lucy and her husband the lapse had brought none but pleasant and welcome changes. Bernard had been presented to a living in the near neighbourhood of Bath; there was a good house on it, with sufficiently spacious and lofty apartments, a wide staircase, a pretty lawn and flower garden, and, best of all, an income quite competent to keep up all these comforts and conveniences in appropriate style. The loss of their lovely boy had been supplied by a pretty little girl, who had just accomplished the feat—which is considered nearly miraculous by all parents, when performed by their own children—the feat of walking alone. Lucy and her husband were now sitting at their drawing-room window, anxiously watching the arrival of a visiter. Mr. Ellerby was an old friend of Bernard's, whom he had not seen for five years; he was a man of independent property, and had been employing that period in traveling through foreign countries, but he had now come to the conclusion that nothing is like England for comfort, and had returned with the intention of passing the remainder of his days there. He had written to Bernard the day before from an hotel at Bath, saying that he would drive over and pass a few hours with him and Lucy on the ensuing morning, and apologising for the liberty he was going to take in bringing with him a young friend, whose state of nerves and spirits was such that he should not feel easy in leaving him, but who would be no interruption to their conversation. Mr. Ellerby was punctual to his time, and was followed by a pale, pensive looking young man, who appeared not only very ill, but very shy; but his friend placed him in an arm-chair in the corner of the room, and he certainly showed no inclination to break in upon the discourse. I will not recount the warm greetings that ensued, nor Mr. Ellerby's expressions of admiration at the beauties of the house, the garden, and the baby, but will take up the conversation at the time when the visiter had been arrived about an hour.

"I saw by the London newspapers," said Ellerby, ("which, by the by, Bernard, first gave me the pleasing news of your preferment,) that Mrs. Clifford, late of Keppel street, died in this village a few months after your arrival here; of course, as you are connected with her by marriage, you saw something of her."

"I saw her almost daily," replied Bernard.

"Indeed," said his friend, "may I then request that you will favour me with every minute particular respecting her? I have reasons which I will explain to you hereafter for wishing to gain an accurate account of the family, especially of Caroline, the wife of Edmund Clifford; I conclude she is still with her mother, Mrs. Dornton."

"No, indeed, she is not," said Bernard; "but as Caroline is the relation and intimate friend of my wife, and as ladies are generally allowed to be better skilled than gentlemen in the art of telling a long story, I think you cannot do better than prevail on Lucy to give you all the details you wish to hear, which will also involve the history of Mrs. Clifford's death."

Lucy was not difficult to be prevailed on; she related the early troubles of her cousin's married life, the misfortunes of her husband, the illness of Caroline, and her subsequent visit to her own house, and then continued in the following terms:—

"Caroline had remained with us three months, and I trust her visit was a benefit to her in every sense of the word; we earnestly pressed her to prolong it, but Mrs. Dornton, who was fearful her daughter would be buried alive, and rendered quite moping and misanthropic by us, constantly wrote to her urging her to return; and as Caroline was delicately scrupulous on the subject of being a burden on our slender income, she seemed to have no alternative but again to become an inmate of her mother's house. Just at that time a letter arrived for Caroline, with the London post-mark, but written neither in the fair neat characters of Mrs. Dornton, nor in the delicately illegible running-hand of her daughters; it was folded in a square shape, the direction was misspelt, and a thimble had served the purpose of a seal; it was from Betty, the faithful and meagre servant of Mrs. Priscilla Penry, to announce the alarming illness of that lady, and her wish for the presence of her god-daughter. Caroline arrived in town just in time to receive her old friend's last breath, and to be honoured by her with a parting panegyric, in which she compared her to one of Richardson's heroines; but as her voice was very broken and indistinct, Caroline could not make out whether it was Clarissa or Clementina. When her will was opened, it was found that, with the exception of a life annuity to Betty, (of whose fidelity and steadiness she in reality entertained a high opinion, although from long habit she was accustomed daily to inveigh against her wastefulness and love of finery,) the whole of her large property was bequeathed to her god-daughter, Caroline Clifford. I say her large property, because the amount really excited general surprise; it seems a received rule to be astonished when a person living with one servant, and in a very frugal manner, dies worth a considerable sum, but in reality the very circumstance of their thriftiness and slender establishment tends to account for it; they spend but a small portion of their income, and the remainder goes to increase the capital, which gathers in circumference like a snow-ball by these frequent additions. Mr. Penry left his daughter a comfortable property thirty years ago, and, by her rigid economy, constant recurrence for apparel to the wardrobes of her mother, aunt, and grandmother, which filled two large chests in the spare-room, (destined always to remain a spare-room in her house, prudent horror of dining company, and watchful scrutiny of the outgoings of Betty, she contrived to amass a sum amounting to nearly fifty thousand pounds. Her will was made by a lawyer, and my husband and Mr. Fletcher were appointed the executors; the money was carefully secured to the sole use of Caroline, who was, however, allowed the control of a part of the principal, provided she obtained the consent of the executors. Caroline was not long in preferring a petition to them: there was a circumstance that had long lain heavy on her heart. Her husband happily had no debts, for the sale of the furniture in Torrington square had settled all his current accounts; but the five thousand pounds, the fortune of poor Mary Preston, concerning which Clifford had expressed such contrition, was a subject of at least equal regret to Caroline, and she rejoiced in having it in her power to restore it. The consent of the executors was easily obtained; I need not say what the principles and opinions of my husband are, and Mr. Fletcher is an upright man, and immediately expressed his conviction that the payment of debts was equally a mercantile and a moral duty. I have heard Caroline say she has seldom experienced so happy a moment as when she called on Mr. Preston, and informed him that the five thousand pounds were waiting his acceptance."

"She acted nobly and honourably," said Ellerby, and his silent friend in the corner gave an inarticulate murmur of assent, the first sign he had shown of understanding the conversation.

"The father of Lucas," continued Mrs. Bernard, "was now eager to apologise to Mr. Preston for his unjust suspicions, and preparations for the marriage were speedily resumed. The sweet Mary, whose health and spirits had been gradually failing for some months, seemed now almost magically restored to both, by the happy alteration in her affairs, and the kindness and affection with which she was treated by her lover's family, who all united in pitying her for her past trials, and admiring the uncomplaining meekness with which she had borne them, had the effect of thoroughly completing her cure. The elder Mr. Lucas was so struck by the conduct of Caroline, that he requested an introduction to her, and became, as he jestingly told all his friends, in great danger of fancying that he had at length discovered a faultless woman. Caroline would have given a very different account of herself; but I merely mention this trifling circumstance, because it led to a highly important result.

"Mr. Lucas was the patron of a living which he had always intended for a cousin of his own, but by one of those remarkable coincidences which seem as if they occurred to mock the plans and the foresight of man, the gentleman for whom the living was destined, died within a week of the incumbent. Mr. Lucas had no friend in the church to whom he wished to present it; Caroline was warm in the praises of my husband; Mr. Lucas took measures to inform himself of his general character, and the result was, that the living in which we are now fixed, was presented by Mr. Lucas to Bernard. This event decided the plans of Caroline. Mrs. Dornton had been endeavouring to prevail on her to take a house in Russell square, give pleasant parties, and go to Cheltenham in the summer, and Brighton in the autumn; but Russell square was connected with too many distressing reminiscences to be a scene of temptation to Caroline; she was resolved to fix her abode near us, and soon after we were settled here, she engaged the pretty house which you see from this window, that is, you may see the blossoms of the almond trees."

Ellerby looked with all due veneration on the blossoms of the almond trees, and Lucy continued—

"While Caroline was in London, she had not sought any interview with her mother-in-law; she imagined that it would be distressing to both parties; she would willingly have offered her pecuniary aid if she had stood in need of it; but she knew that she was still an inmate of the house of her sister, Miss Chesterton, who was well able to support her. Caroline had been settled in her new house about two months, when she received a letter from her sister Emily; it contained the following paragraph:

"'I do not think you can be sorry to hear that your old torment, Mrs. Clifford, is very uncomfortable in the house of her sister, and made keenly to feel her dependence. I met a lady the other day who is intimate with them, and she told me that Miss Chesterton is quite tired of the airs and interference of Mrs. Clifford, and has informed her in plain terms that she must not expect to rule and govern her, as she did her poor daughter-in-law. Miss Chesterton keeps a great deal of company, which her sister is seldom able to join, for she has latterly had a complaint in her eyes, which is painful as well as dangerous, and she is obliged to confine herself almost entirely to her own room, without the ability to read, and without any one to talk to. I think she is now pretty well punished for her unkindness towards you; I would not be ill-tempered for the world, for I

am sure all ill-tempered people are punished sooner or later.'

"Caroline brought this letter to me in tears; I returned it to her without any comment, although in my own mind I could not help longing to inform the thoughtless Emily, that a defective temper may be shown in exultation over the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures, as well as in irritable peevish remarks to them. 'You have often asked me, Lucy,' said Caroline, 'whether I forgave Mrs. Clifford as a Christian, and I answered you in the affirmative: I hope that I did not say more than I really felt, and I hope that I may be enabled to act up to that feeling. Poor Mrs. Clifford is the mother of my once dear, my still dear husband—she is ill, neglected, and in sorrow—she has nothing to make life pleasant, and I fear she is scarcely prepared to die. She has treaied me with unkindness, but what have I ever done to soothe or to amend her? what Christian graces have I displayed to her? I have returned scorn for scorn, and railing for railing: I cannot be easy till I have seen her, exchanged forgiveness with her, and offered her the means of leaving her present abode, and seeking one where she will meet with respect and attention.' I did not attempt to dissuade Caroline from putting this resolution in practice; and as both she and ourselves had received a pressing invitation from the newly married couple, the young Lucases, to go and stay with them in London, I resolved to leave home for a few days, and accompany her in her journey.

"The day after we reached London, we went to Miss Chesterton's. Caroline had decided on not sending up her name, lest her mother-in-law should feel any unwillingness to admit her; she desired that Mrs. Clifford might be informed a lady who was intimate with her was anxious to see her, and we were consigned to the care of a housemaid, who told us the old lady seldom left her bed-room. As we passed the drawing-room, we heard a loud voice declaiming, and were informed by our guide that the famous Mr. Rantwell was reciting an Ode to Sensibility; she added, that this was one of Miss Chesterton's literary mornings. In a very indifferently furnished attic, we found Mrs. Clifford sitting, wrapt in a shawl, gazing on a slender fire. She uttered a hurried exclamation of surprise at the sight of Caroline, and seemed not to know how to receive her; but Caroline put an end to all doubt by warmly pressing her hand, and making kind enquiries respecting her health. Caroline had so often described Mrs. Clifford to me, that I thought I should immediately have recognised the original of her sketch; but grief and mortification, as I afterwards found, had had all the effect of time in bringing a premature old age upon her.

"Caroline had represented her as stiff and erect, but she was sitting in a stooping attitude, evidently from real weakness; the 'wide blonde cap' was exchanged for one more suitable to a bed-chamber than to a drawing-room; and even the 'cold, scrutinising eyes' wore a completely different expression from the redness attendant on their painful affection. Caroline introduced me as a friend and relation, and we talked for a few minutes on general subjects. Mrs. Clifford then spoke of Sophy Bennet, and spoke of her in terms of great indignation and asperity; in fact, her conduct appeared to be even worse than we had supposed it to be. Mrs. Clifford had ascertained, after her departure, that she had originally become acquainted with Webster at the house of a family far from respectable, whom she visited without the knowledge of her aunt. He flattered her vanity for his own purposes, he entreated her to present him to Mrs. Clifford and her son; and her creative ingenuity immediately devised that story of his partnership with her late father, and voluntary payment of a sum of money to herself, which introduced him, so much to his credit, in Keppel street. We sympathised with Mrs. Clifford for being thus duped and deceived by her niece, but we soon found other causes for our sympathy. Little incidents sometimes show how a person is valued in a house. Mrs. Clifford's fire had sunk down to the second bar; she rang the bell twice before any one attended, and when she uttered a reproof to the housemaid whom I have before mentioned, the girl replied with a flippant sauciness of tone which testified that she was aware that she was speaking to a dependant on her mistress, and the lofty scornful Mrs. Clifford bore the retort in silence. When, however, the angry housemaid closed the door after her, (which she did with a prodigious bang, that might have made a suitable symphony to Mr. Rantwell's Ode to Sensibility,) Mrs. Clifford, subdued and humbled by calamity, disclosed to us the particulars of her uncomfortable situation; her sister, she said, treated her with the most pointed unkindness, constantly taunting her for the imprudent folly which had rendered her a burden on her, and the servants were not only permitted, but she feared encouraged, to treat her with disrespect. 'O Caroline!' she concluded, 'when I sit hour after hour by my lonely hearth, unable to employ myself in any other way than in thinking, how often do I bitterly reproach myself for my conduct towards you, for the delight I felt when I could draw your husband to my house, knowing that you were left to your own thoughts in solitude."

"Caroline would not suffer her to proceed; she eagerly avowed her conviction that there had been much to blame in her own behaviour. 'We should both act differently,' dear madam,' said she, 'could we recall the past; but let us now resolve to be good friends in future, and as a preliminary step, let me prevail upon you to favour me with a visit at my new house in the country. You will be able to procure the best medical attendance from Bath, the change of air will be likely to do you good, and I will guarantee you as pretty a sitting-room and as civil a handmaiden as you can possibly desire.'

"The proud spirit of the poor old lady was quite vanquished by this speech, and she wept and blamed herself, till I absolutely began not only to pity, but to like her. It was settled that she should go back with us in a week; Miss Chesterton considered it a delightful arrangement, was all smiles and suavity, and for the first time in her life asked Caroline to have the goodness to write something in her album. Caroline, however, politely excused herself. Mrs. Dornton and her daughters were not so well pleased with the plan; the former thought it the most mean-spirited thing she had ever heard of in her life, and the latter said that Caroline must be very whimsical and contradictory, to dislike the old lady's visits so much when she was obliged to receive them, and now to court her society when there was no necessity to do so. Caroline, however, had the approbation of her own heart and feelings, and her conduct to her visiter was uniformly kind and considerate; she allotted two rooms entirely to her, and engaged a new servant, that she might transfer to her one of her previous establishment, of whose civility and readiness to oblige she entertained a good opinion. The complaint in Mrs. Clifford's eyes continued troublesome, and her daughter-in-law frequently read aloud to her. Caroline told me once, with a smile, that her husband had occasionally held up to her the example of some female relation of his own, who was accustomed to read a sermon to her mother-in-law on a Sunday; but Caroline far exceeded this lady in her devotional attentions, for not only on Sundays, but on week days, it was her practice to read to Mrs. Clifford the works of the best religious writers.

"Mrs. Clifford, however, although sincerely grateful to Caroline, was not, I fear, for some time imbued with a proper religious spirit; her temper was softened and humbled, but an indication of her want of real Christian charity and forgiveness at length displayed itself. She had been staying about three months with Caroline, when one morning she received a letter dated from an obscure court in London, and signed Sophy Bennet. Sophy, it appeared, had accompanied her husband to France, and was soon treated by him with the greatest neglect and barbarity; he seemed to wish to provoke her to leave him, but this she was not inclined to do, (it was, as Mrs. Dornton used to observe, no easy matter to affront Sophy,) till at last a first wife made her appearance to claim her husband, who, probably from the attraction lent to her by a long separation, seemed greatly to prefer her company to that of his second; and poor Sophy, who had just money enough to carry her to London, took a cheap lodging on her arrival there, and endeavoured to support herself by needle-work. This, however, proved a precarious resource; and a violent cough, attended by consumptive symptoms, rendered her frequently unable to complete in time the work she had procured; she was in arrears for the rent of her apartment, and her landlady threatened to turn her out of doors. She had sought Miss Chesterton, and had requested her assistance, but was repulsed by her with the utmost anger and contempt; she, however, gave her the address of Mrs. Clifford, and Sophy earnestly hoped her aunt would take pity on her, since she was actually without the common necessaries of life. Mrs. Clifford had scarcely patience to read this letter to an end; she declared that all that Sophy suffered was little enough in comparison to the punishment which she deserved, that she had neither the ability nor inclination to give her a shilling, and that she earnestly hoped no body else would.

"'How can she dare,' pursued she, angrily, 'to ask me for assistance, when her deceit and falsehood have robbed me of every thing I possessed? She imposed this villain on me by a fraud; she concealed from me her attachment to him, and I therefore believed her disinterested in all her high-flown encomiums on his honour and principle; she made herself a deliberate party with a swindler to ruin her benefactress.' Caroline here ventured gently to suggest that it was but charitable to suppose Sophy was herself deceived in the character of Webster—at least in the first period of her acquaintance with him. 'You are the last person, Caroline,' said Mrs. Clifford, 'who ought to defend Sophy Bennet. She has been your most bitter enemy. I am convinced I could never have remained so long blind to your good qualities, had it not been for her artful insinuations, her constant lamentation over your evident dislike to me, and avowal that it was with difficulty she could command her temper when she saw how disrespectfully her dear aunt was treated. Depend upon it, Caroline, she will make you suffer even yet, in some way or other, if you caress and encourage her.'

"'I am not going to caress or encourage her,' calmly replied Caroline; 'I have no wish ever to see her again. But, she is a person with whom I lived many months in habits of intimacy—she is nearly related to my husband—and, as Providence has so largely endowed me with the goods of fortune, I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to allow her to undergo want and destitution. I have already thought of a plan by which I can procure her the comforts of life, without exposing you or myself to the least inconvenience from her society.'

"Caroline mentioned her plan to me, and I fully approved it. A favourite upper servant belonging to Mrs. Dornton, had, some years ago, married a nursery gardener in the neighbourhood of London. Caroline and her sisters had occasionally visited her, to procure flowers and fruit; and they knew that she sometimes received an invalid lodger into her neat little cottage. Caroline wrote to Mrs. Gilbert, enclosing a sum of money, giving her Sophy's direction, and requesting that she would pay all that she owed, bring her to her own house, and procure for her every thing that was comfortable and necessary.

"Mrs. Gilbert soon replied to Caroline's letter, telling her that all she desired had been done—and her account would to most people have appeared highly satisfactory. Mrs. Gilbert was absolutely delighted with the poor dear lady, who was so grateful for all that she did for her, and who was never tired with talking of the goodness of Caroline, saying, that 'her conduct, admirable as it was, excited no astonishment in her, for she had always been persuaded, that if there ever was an angel upon earth, Caroline Clifford was one.' Mrs. Gilbert concluded by expressing her fears that the poor dear lady would not be long for this world—for her cough was incessant, and she was evidently wasting away. Caroline wrote again, enclosing more money, and desiring that Sophy might have regular medical attendance; but she entertained few hopes of a change for the better in her mind: the 'ruling passion' is as 'strong in death' in sycophants as in other people. Mrs. Gilbert being the person through whose hands all Sophy's comforts were to pass, became the principal object of her fawning cajolery; and Mrs. Gilbert, not knowing her previous character, mistook her wheedling arts for the spirit of genuine meekness and resignation.

"Some time afterwards, Caroline, at the earnest request of her mother and sisters, passed a little time with them in London, and she then thought it her duty to go and see Sophy—feeling that, in her declining state of health, she ought to have a few useful observations addressed to her. She gave me an account of the interview, on her return, but said that it was far from satisfactory—although Mrs. Gilbert stood by, with her apron at her eyes, protesting that she had never heard any thing so moving in her life. Sophy poured forth

the warmest expressions of thankfulness to Caroline, which, however, were not coupled, like those of Mrs. Clifford, with any contrition for her own past offences: on the contrary, she declared that 'she had never thought so highly of any one in the world as of Caroline, and that it had almost broken her heart to see her so undervalued as she had been by her husband and his mother.' Caroline waived this part of the subject as quickly as she could, and gently alluded to the probably serious termination of Sophy's illness. Sophy would not, for a moment, allow the possibility of danger. 'She had certainly been very ill,' she said; 'but now, with the medicine and nourishing diet that dear Caroline had procured for her, and with the assiduous attentions of good Mrs. Gilbert, she felt quite invigorated, and doubted not that she should soon be able to come and see her kind Caroline at her house in the country.' Caroline took no notice of the latter part of this speech, but earnestly dwelt on the propriety of endeavouring to prepare herself for death. 'O, as to that,' Sophy replied, 'she felt perfectly easy: she had never wronged any body. In fact, her heart had been always running over with the milk of human kindness; and she was now the victim of her too great readiness to think well of others!'

"Caroline conversed with her for some time, and left her some books to read—but made little impression upon her. Soon after Caroline's return to the country, she received a letter from Mrs. Gilbert, telling her that Sophy had made, what she called, 'a very resigned, fine end.' That, at the last, she became sensible of her approaching death—that she expressed great satisfaction at the review of her past life, saying, 'she had always loved her fellow-creatures, and endeavoured to make them happy—that she certainly considered it a little hard to die in a cottage and on a tent-bed, although she felt truly grateful to dear Caroline Clifford for preventing her from dying in the streets. She did not, however, repine at her lot, for she had no doubt of being amply rewarded in another world, for all her unmerited sufferings in this!'

"Such were Sophy's final words, and such was poor Mrs. Gilbert's idea of a fine end!

"I am truly happy to say that Caroline was more successful in her endeavours to benefit the latter days of her mother-in-law. The light of divine truth seemed gradually to illuminate the understanding of Mrs. Clifford; and, as her bodily frame decayed, her mind acquired an added portion of serenity and strength. Caroline, too, had a valuable coadjutor in my good husband, who seldom allowed a day to pass without visiting Mrs. Clifford."

"Pray include yourself also, Lucy," interrupted Bernard; "you spent many more hours with Mrs. Clifford than I did. And Caroline, I doubt, would never have become the admirable character she did, had it not been for your advice and example."

"Nay," said Lucy, "do not elevate me at the expense of Caroline. I was never called upon to undergo her trials."

"Most people would think, my love," answered her husband, "that you had undergone much greater. Caroline has always enjoyed the luxuries of life, while, for the first few years of our marriage, you were deprived of many of its comforts."

And Bernard was upon the point of entering into a circumstantial detail of the sweetness and equanimity with which Lucy had borne her confined rooms, smoky chimney, and narrow staircase, when Ellerby interrupted him, by enquiring whether Mrs. Clifford had suffered much, at the last.

"Very little, I am happy to say," answered Lucy; "her decline was gradual, and she was perfectly resigned to the contemplation of death. Her only subject of regret was in the continued absence of her son. She could have died, she said, quite joyfully, could she only have joined his hand in that of Caroline, and prayed that they might be as happy together as they had once, through her instrumentality, been unhappy. But her death-bed, as it was, presented a gratifying sight; for she was thoroughly penitent for all her misdeeds, and ready and anxious to rest her every hope of pardon on the sacrifice of her Redeemer."

"A happy end—a blessed end!" exclaimed Ellerby's friend, from the corner of the room. And Lucy felt quite glad that her simple eloquence had at length aroused him to take a little interest in what was going on.

"You have quite enchanted me with your delightful Caroline," said Ellerby. "Does she ever mention her absent husband?"

"Often," said Lucy; "in fact, I may say, continually. She not only is free from all feelings of resentment towards him, but she is disposed to affix blame on herself for the sake of exonerating him; and if he be alive, which I am rather inclined to doubt, I am convinced no day ever passes in which, if he presented himself to Caroline, she would fail to receive him with the warmest affection and kindness."

"Does she see much company?" asked Ellerby.

"Not much," replied Lucy, "although her society is greatly sought; but considering herself as in part a widow, she is reluctant to mix in scenes of gaiety; she reads a vast deal, and occupies herself much in deeds of charity. She does not, however, live in seclusion; her near neighbourhood to Bath, and her carriage, place agreeable associations within her reach. General S——, with whom she is a great favourite, is frequently at Bath, and I met him last week at her house; he was accompanied by his nephew, Sir Henry Milner, and his wife; they have recently returned from Italy, where they have been residing since their marriage. Lady Milner is quite delighted with Caroline; she told me that Sir Henry's description of her had raised her expectations very highly, but that they were more than answered by the reality."

The stranger in the corner groaned heavily, and Lucy wondered what she could have said to cause his agitation.

"Are Mrs. Dornton and her daughter frequent visiters at the house of your cousin?" enquired Ellerby.

"They have often been invited," said Lucy, "and stayed once for three weeks, but they all seemed completely tired of the visit. Caroline neither gave dances nor went to them—could not answer the question whether the theatre at Bath was open or shut; and so far from being ambitious to set the fashions, was seldom among the first to follow them. They parted on the best of terms, as to kind expressions, but I believe without any anxiety to pass much of their time together. My aunt told me I had spoiled Caroline. I heard the accusation in silence, but cannot say that it affected my conscience very deeply. Of our other relations I have nothing very gratifying to tell. Lady Bradbury died a few months ago, from the effect of repeated severe colds, caught by venturing into the night air, after dancing in heated rooms, in defiance of medical prohibition. Anna Morris married Lieutenant Gayville, and began housekeeping, armed with a little manual, which had long been the subject of her studies, and which professed to teach the art of living on two hundred a year; but the book was either so deceitful a guide, or was so badly put in practice, that at the end of the first year after their marriage, the young couple were three hundred and fifty pounds in debt beyond their means to pay. The lieutenant went abroad, and Anna returned to live with her mother. I think now I have given you a tolerably long family history, but I am sure you will allow my heroine to be a very interesting character."

"Interesting indeed," said Ellerby; "I only wish I could be fortunate enough to gain a sight of her."

"Your wish is likely to be soon gratified," said Lucy, looking towards the window, "for Caroline is at this very moment entering at the gate, and will be here immediately."

"Caroline!" echoed the invalid stranger, and he burst into a succession of convulsive sobs.

Lucy, imagining that he was suddenly taken ill, was running to his assistance, when Ellerby prevented her. "Go to your friend, Mrs. Bernard," said he, "and do not let her come into this room till you have prepared her for the interview awaiting her—the stranger who accompanied me is her unfortunate husband, Edmund Clifford!"

Ellerby briefly explained to Bernard the cause of Clifford's appearance. Ellerby, within the last few months, had been staying at New York, with a relative engaged in mercantile concerns, and was introduced by him to a young man in his employ, bearing the name of Wilson. Ellerby was pleased with the manners and talents of his new acquaintance, and was so successful in winning his confidence, that he soon revealed to him his real name and situation.

Ellerby, although ignorant of all the circumstances which had happened to Clifford's family since he left England, with the exception of Mrs. Clifford's death, which had appeared in the newspapers, earnestly pressed his friend to remain no longer an exile from his native country, but at least to see his wife, and endeavour to effect a reconciliation with her. This he at length persuaded him to do; he accompanied him to England, and Ellerby's old friendship for Bernard seemed to offer a favourable opportunity for Clifford (who was personally unknown to Lucy and her husband) to obtain from the lips of the latter a frank and full account of the principal events in the life of Caroline for the last two years.

"Little did we think, said Ellerby, "that those events would be so diversified, or would place her character in so admirable a light."

"In too admirable a light," sighed the unhappy Clifford; "I was never worthy of Caroline, even in her former days, and she showed herself sensible of my unworthiness; how then can I now hope for her love and esteem?"

"I can answer your question in a few words," said Bernard: "Caroline in former days was talented and amiable, but she was not under the influence of religion; and therefore she resented as an injury your want of a due appreciation of her various advantages and recommendations. Now she has learned humility of Him who teaches his followers to be 'meek and lowly in heart,' she has ceased to think highly of herself, and she is not disposed to exact devotion from her fellow-creatures."

"Nor is it the character of Caroline alone that has undergone a transformation," said Ellerby: "most happy am I to tell you that my feeble efforts to do a slight portion of good to my young friend Clifford have not been without effect; he is now convinced that his conduct towards his wife during their union, and his subsequent desertion of her, were not only ill-advised, but sinful—not only reprehensible in the eyes of man, but of God. My acquaintance with him has been of very short duration, otherwise I am inclined to hope his return to his native country would have taken place long before the present time."

Lucy now entered with a face radiant with smiles—"Come with me directly," said she, extending her hand to Clifford. "Caroline is impatient to see you; do not anticipate any thing distressing—your meeting will be one of unmixed joy."

"Does she—can she forgive me?" asked Clifford, in a tremulous tone.

"She does not use the word forgiveness," said Lucy, "she only speaks of welcome; but come to her, without any further enquiries, or you will have to ask her forgiveness in good earnest for this needless delay of your happy meeting."

The re-union of Caroline and her husband was not received with so much approbation as their marriage by the family of the former. Mrs. Dornton predicted that "in the course of a month, things would be just as bad as ever;" but the almond trees are again in blossom, and the intervening period has been to the young couple one of the utmost felicity. They understand, they admire, they respect each other; they live on the happiest terms with their valued friends, the Bernards, and with the kind-hearted Ellerby, who has purchased a house at Bath; they mix moderately with the society in their neighbourhood, and they have a few chosen associates, but they make it a rule never to court the intimacy of any one who is not equally acceptable to each of them; and they not only abstain from coveting, but absolutely shun and dislike any unfortunate being who, in the most remote degree, seems desirous to lessen either of them in the estimation of the other; they are indeed said to be rather nervously suspicious and irritable upon this latter point; but they have purchased wisdom in the school of affliction, and must be pardoned if they now and then bring it into play where it is not absolutely necessary.

Long may their happiness continue, and long is it likely to continue; for they have the strongest bond of union between them—the love of God, of his laws, and of his ways; and deep and fervent is their gratitude to the Almighty Director and Friend who has restored to them the blessings which they once rashly cast away, and has joined in the most perfect concord and congeniality those hearts formerly chilled and disunited by the fatal effects of FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

END OF PART I.—1837.

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46 *CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.*

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

TO THE READER.

We take the opportunity, on beginning a new volume, of returning our most grateful acknowledgments to all those who, by their own patronage or recommendation, have been pleased to support our undertaking; and to assure them, as well as the public in general, that we shall neglect no efforts for the improvement of our miscellany, adopting in its full extent the maxim of the Roman commander, who is described as "having considered nothing done whilst any thing remained undone."

Consistently with the original and declared object for which *this* journal was established, we have not been afraid to expose the artifices of the quacks and impostors of literature; and we cannot consent to waive our right to guard the public against the arts of the mere bookmaker and his friends, who raise a cry at every new adventurer, as if he were destined to take rank with a Milton or a Scott. We have endeavoured to steer clear of the influence of publishers, as well as of their friendships, and in this spirit have introduced to our readers, and have eulogised, hundreds of books not sent to our "table," though liberally distributed to the other members of the editorial *corps;* in the same spirit we have condemned, according to the best judgment which nature and much reading have given us, a very large number, presented with the full hope of approval. In this course, so unusual and so new, we have puzzled the booksellers, who knew not for a time how to understand our system, differing as it does so materially from the fashion of the day, of giving a *quid* (and it is often of no more value than "a chew tobacco,") *pro quo.* They now appreciate the influence this plan has given to our often briefly expressed opinion; and, if that is any criterion, after four years of impartiality, our green cloth is now liberally supplied with all the new books. If we have the satisfaction of knowing that in this particular our exertions have not been without benefit, we have likewise the pleasing assurance from all quarters, that we have met the approval of our patrons.

Reverting from a theme which carries more of personality with it than we like, we once more present our unfeigned thanks for the encouragement of the public; we assure our readers that nothing shall induce us to remit our efforts in the cause in which we are embarked; and with confidence we offer our past volumes as a pledge of our determination to neglect none of the means in our power to improve the work, to heighten its interest, to enlarge its utility, and to render it worthy of the unprecedented support it has received. Its circulation is now greater than it has ever been, and every day adds to its extent.

We have a large number of suitable books on our list for publication, some of them positively new, and some of them, if older, positively excellent; indeed, the really good *new* books are so greatly outnumbered by the poor, that it is difficult always to procure such as we could desire; but, as we remarked a year since, "our miscellany is not precariously fed by the literature of the day, if that literature is unworthy of it, but might live securely and competently upon the never failing income derivable from the treasures which men of genius, in all ages, have been long creating and accumulating for our use." We give the preference to novelty when it is suitable, but in the event of its deficiency, we recur to times past, as in the case of the first work of the present year, the *Saracen*, by Madame Cottin, a standard novel, doubly interesting to those readers who have perused the admirable summary of the Crusades in the two last volumes.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. Ship Peacock,
At Sea, February 17, 1836.

Yesterday we left Batavia bound to Sia Yuthia, commonly called Boukok, the capital of the dominions of "His Majesty the Magnificent King of Siam." I am sorry we sailed so soon, because I intended to send you this sheet from that port. However, I must tell you now what I should have told you when at the Dutch capital of India.

You have little idea of the queer, reckless sort of life midshipmen and sailors lead, and I am inclined to think it will be a difficult matter to make you comprehend it. From a natural improvidence in youth, which is excusable, considering that they are seldom taught care at home, midshipmen very often get their coats out at the elbow, or the gold embroidery very much tarnished, for the want of a little housewifely precaution in stowing their clothes away safely in their lockers. The consequence of this is occasionally droll enough.

In our mess the youths are of several sizes, as well as different in character; some are very slender, and very particular in their toilet when going on shore,—in fact, quite *dilletantes* in dress. Now it happened that one of those youngsters had borrowed several times the full dress coat belonging to a shipmate, who is a good many inches larger in every way than himself, and in order to look quite the thing when buttoned up to the throat, and to avoid all accidents, he ripped up the lining of the breast and inserted therein, very nicely, sundry pocket-handkerchiefs and one or two soiled towels. At last the owner of the coat determined to take a turn ashore among the canals, and, being somewhat of a dandy, arrayed himself very neatly in all particulars. He was perfectly satisfied with what the mirror told him,—to be sure, a midshipman's mirror can't tell much, because it is small; nevertheless, it informed him that his coat did not fit with its wonted hair-breadth nicety,—on the contrary, it showed a number of wrinkles. This fact was evident enough, but how to account for it he was at a loss. "It is very certain," said he, reasoning aloud, "that I am very much stouter than John, and it is impossible for him to stretch it." He now scratched his head to awaken some dormant idea, and then tried to look under his left arm, as he pinched up the wrinkles with the right hand, apparently much chagrined at what he beheld. I sat very quietly enjoying the scene, looking over the top of my book, which I held before me as if reading. He sighed, and took up a small mirror in one hand and a brush in the other, and commenced brushing his hair in a kind of deliberating way. "Well, it can't be helped, (another survey,) it sets like a purser's shirt on a squilgee handle, and no longer becomes the graceful tournure of Tom"—Here an idea flashed over his mind—his countenance fell. He continued, "Here I am, sure enough—the coat is not stretched, but I am wasting away in this infernal climate of Batavia,—these mid-watches are killing a fellow,—I am getting old,—let me see, I shall be seventeen on the 20th, and I don't think I feel altogether well. If I don't get better, when I come off, I'll go on the doctor's list. I don't understand the "old man's logic (meaning the commodore), he hires native boats' crews, not to expose the men—why the devil don't he hire native officers too. The sailors are not better than we are. I say, Simple, don't you think it queer that these miserable rascals, that are sent from jails and houses of refuge, should be so much looked out for, and no care taken of officers that belong to the best and oldest families in the country?"

"Why," said I, "not altogether so queer, because we can always get plenty of midshipmen, or do without them, but if the crew dies, there will be nobody to work the ship,—at least, so I hear the lieutenants say,—and they ought to know. Tom did not seem to like this; so, to restore him to equanimity, I begged him to examine the lining of the breast of his coat. Off it came. "It is ripped up every where!"

"Yes," said I, "John did it to pad a little."

"That's too bad, by George—a dirty stocking, as I'm a sailor. That fellow is the vainest chap in the mess.

He might have had more gratitude than spoil my coat in trying to fatten his lean carcass. He never wears my coat again, that's clear,"—at this moment the boat was called away, and Tom hurried on deck.

The practice of borrowing clothes is very common among midshipmen. One of our mess tells me that he has known of seventy midshipmen wearing the same coat before the board of examination. It appears that they are all required to go in *uniform*, and the common usage is to pick out the best coat amongst them on an occasion of the sort, and big and little wear it to pass the ordeal. There is pride, or love of appearing genteel, manifest in this, and a generosity not to be met with amongst landsmen of the same age.

An officer told me that when he was a midshipman, his messmates were so badly off, that there was but one decent coat amongst them, and that was worn on all occasions, till it had appeared so often at the commodore's table, that the veteran asked one day, "Is that a mess-coat, sir, you wear; for it seems to me that coat comes to my table, no matter what 'young gentleman' favours me with his company to dinner?"

Many a laugh have I had to hear the older officers recount their frolics when midshipmen. They say now, however, that all the good old times are gone, when a middy would cross the street, and not presume to strut on the same side with a *luff* of the ship he belonged to. In those good old times, a common trick was to cut down the hammocks of the sleeping middies. "On one occasion, said my informant, "I remember, we had all been up late working ship. When all hands were piped down, I retired with the rest, but having the mid-watch, had not very long to snooze. I therefore turned in, all standing. I had not got quietly stowed in the bend of my hammock, before I heard a whispering on the berth-deck, close to the steerage door. There you are, my boys, thought I, and kept quiet. Presently they softly approached, and passed a rope round the foot of my hammock, and over my legs, and carefully secured it to the hook by which my hammock was suspended, so that when they cut away the head lanyard, I should be left as the Spaniards say, 'patas arriba.' I very quietly slipped my feet out of my boots, and awaited the next step of the operation. The lanyard was cut, and down I came to the deck, but being prepared, received no shock. I rolled under the table, and remained there to enjoy their disappointment. When I fell, there was a laugh and a run, and all was silent. I heard a whispering; one stole forward and put his hand on the boots, which were safe enough, and whispered to his companions, "Had we not better wake him,—the blood may run into his head and set him crazy." "No, no," was the reply, and then there was a tittering. However, I obtained my object and discovered my tormentors, and resolved to give them measure for measure on the first fair opportunity, besides enjoying their discomfiture, for lights were presently brought to call the officers of the mid-watch, and they saw that they had been watching to hear my old boots utter something, while they hung up to the beam.

"Not many days elapsed before I had my revenge. After all had retired, I very carefully cast off the head lanyard of every hammock in the steerage one after the other, and waking up every midshipman to the right as I proceeded, told him that I was going to have some fun, and he must assist. I then told him to hold on to the lanyard of his neighbour's hammock until I got into bed, and when I gave the signal by coughing, to let go. I retired to my place, gave a cough, and at the signal every man of them came down on deck."

On board of one ship, returning from the Mediterranean not many years ago, the midshipmen invited the captain to dine with them. They set a handsome table, stored with turkeys, hams, and the best of wines. All was mirth and glee during the entertainment. Towards the close of it the captain remarked, that in his time, midshipmen never lived in that style, nor did they ever aspire to any thing beyond the ship's rations. "My dear commander," said the caterer of the mess, "nor do we often get any thing better in the present times, but wishing to show our attachment to you, by entertaining you at our table, we borrowed the whole set out, with provender and drink, which is excellent, from your steward,—and I hope you have enjoyed yourself." The worthy captain was delighted with the *jeu-d'esprit*. When the ship got into port and the crew was paid off, the caterer of the steerage mess remarked to him in a most *nonchalant* way, "Captain, as you and all of us are about leaving the ship, I presume that it is unnecessary to return the wine, &c., to your steward, borrowed when we had the pleasure of your company to dinner on the passage home."

Having filled the sheet, I must say farewell, and I promise you, if I ever get through this jaunt, I will not leave you again. Please not show my letters to any editors, for they might publish something; and then, if my shipmates were to find me out, there would be no more peace for your sincere friend,

SIMPLE.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XII.—*Continued.*

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

Florence, June 7, 1822.

I shall now go back to our first arrival at Rome, which was on the 12th of February. As is generally observed, Rome disappoints you at first, improves as you know it, and ends in being the most interesting of places. The Campagna too, or country round it, which strikes travellers merely passing along the high road, as the most desolate of districts, becomes by acquaintance highly interesting—at least I found it so, by dint of walks from two to three hours before breakfast, and of still longer rides in the evening. The best view is from the tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the side farthest from the road, where most visitants never go. You see there, from an eminence, the walls and domes of the city, the three ranges of aqueducts, stretching for miles and miles towards the mountains, with one exception, in various stages of mutilation, and partly covered with thick ivy and wild shrubs, ruined tombs, temples, and fortifications, and dark and lofty pines scattered over a desolate plain, or what looks like a plain in comparison with the Apennines and the Alban mountain, which bound it. When the lights are favourable, it is a most imposing scene; I think all scenery, in which ruins are a feature, appears to the greatest advantage by a fading light. There is another fine point of view from near Albano, looking down towards Rome, along the old Appian Way, which is a straight line of about fifteen miles, bordered on each side the whole distance with ruined tombs—some of them turned into habitations for the wretched peasantry. If Sterne was so far, I should think this view suggested to him that beautiful passage, "To die is the great debt due unto nature—tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves, and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth or science has erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon." Along the whole of the Appian Way, which reaches considerably more than a hundred miles, the ruins of once magnificent tombs are to be seen in greater or less profusion. In a columbarium, or receptacle for the ashes of the dead, discovered near Rome whilst we were there, were found all the vases or urns, containing burnt bones, arranged as in a sort of pigeon-house, from whence the name. There are several epitaphs, but the prettiest is one from a mother to her son, who died, I think, at twenty-three. It is in the original, "Quod tu mihi facere debebas, ego tibi facio, mater pia;" which, literally translated, signifies, What you owed to do for me, I, your affectionate mother, do for you. It will bring to your mind Burke's passage on his son—"I live in an inverted order—they, who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors." Cicero has a passage of still nearer resemblance.

From tombs we will go to a different subject—the Carnival, in the midst of which we arrived. The scene is the Corso, the principal street in Rome, about three quarters of a mile long, quite straight, with many handsome palaces, some churches and convents, and other public buildings in it. Stages or platforms are erected on each side the street, with chairs and benches upon them, and from the windows and balconies hangs in great profusion, tapestry, as you have seen at fêtes in Paris. About two o'clock for the last eight days, the people begin to assemble in carriages and on foot, in masks and without, and in all sorts of characters, and parade about, amusing themselves as well as they can till the race, which begins and ends just before dark. I saw no humour or fun, except what arose from pelting with sugar-plums and comfits. Sometimes there were very hot contests, and in places the ground looked as if there had been a violent hailstorm. It is the English, you must know, who introduced the more vigorous, and, as I think, only amusing warfare; the noble Romans heretofore having contented themselves with a sort of a courteous interchange, as dull as themselves. The most tremendous conflicts used to take place between the Englishmen passing by, and a party of English ladies' maids, posted in front of the shop of one Samuel Lowe, wine merchant. Samuel Lowe in the "eternal city!" and English ladies' maids on the soil of Livia, Octavia, and company! What changes! But, as Gibbon somewhere prognosticates the future ascendency of the negro race, perhaps the Timbuctooians may hereafter figure in London, as we now figure at Rome. We may as easily imagine that, as Julius Cæsar could have imagined the present change. Before the race, the Corso is cleared in an instant, and some eight or ten horses without riders start, all covered with gold leaf, and such trumpery; and indeed, in spite of Madame de Staël's high-flown description, the whole affair is too trumpery to have any thing more said about it. At night there were masquerades at one of the theatres—very dull. I do not understand the assertion that the English are less fitted for masquerades than foreigners; my experience tells me the exact reverse. At the last masquerade the grandees of Rome attended, dressed up. The ladies, principally in scarlet, looked superb in the boxes. The last day of the Carnival is the most spirited; and as soon as it is dark commences its funeral, previous to the sombre season of Lent. The funeral is ideal; but every person in the street, and at the windows, holds one or more lighted tapers in their hands; some have a great many bundled together. It happened to be a very favourable night—dark, still, and clear; and, from the purity of the atmosphere, the lights are much more brilliant than with us. The scene was highly curious. Even the people driving about in their carriages held lights. The joke is to put out your neighbour's lights, and keep in your own; but it lasted sadly too long, and it was impossible to get away without being covered with wax, as many were. At length darkness resumed her reign, and so ended the silly delight of the degenerate conquerors of the world.

June 12th.

The country is beginning to lose its youthful beauty. We find Florence so very pleasant now, that we have kept prolonging our stay. The hot weather suits me amazingly, and what with baths, ices, riding in the shade, temperance, and some pleasant people, I have passed the last ten days paradisically; but those who do not know how to manage themselves suffer much. Our thermometer is generally near eighty all night, in a north room to the river. To return to where I left off. During Lent there are no amusements at Rome, public or private; but it is the best time for seeing the place. At the end of Lent comes Holy Week, in the ceremonies of which I took no interest. The music is fine; but I saw none of the effects said to be produced by it, such as tears, &c. The illumination of the exterior of the dome of St. Peter's, which is effected almost instantaneously, is very striking, and the fireworks are more magnificent than any I ever saw, but I was dreadfully tired of the whole business. The simplicity of our service, performed every Sunday in three small rooms in a private house, to a congregation of remarkable propriety of appearance and behaviour, was much more to my taste than any of the ceremonies in St. Peter's.

There are fewer unpleasant objects or circumstances at Florence, than in any city I have been in, the towns in England not excepted. Naples is just the reverse, but very fascinating at first. I prefer Rome to both, on account of its interest. If I might have my choice of one statue, it should be the Venus, whose attraction ever heightens by contemplation. Of all the paintings I have seen, I should prefer to possess Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola in the grand duke's palace. It is a representation of the Virgin; and the painter has made

her of that merit, which is above all modes and fashions, and which would equally become a palace or a cottage. Existence here, under the most favourable circumstances, is certainly much superior to existence with us. The climate throws a charm round every thing, which is quite indescribable. I can only give you some idea of the brilliancy of the atmosphere, by saying, that it is more different from ours than the light from wax is from that from tallow. The sensations, too, approach much nearer to something exquisite; or as Moore expresses it,

"And simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joys life elsewhere can give."

Virgil attributes the same superiority of atmosphere to Elysium, that Italy seems to me to have over England; and a charm, indeed, it is, that almost compensates for the many advantages which, in other respects, we enjoy.

No. XIII.

ARISTOLOGY, OR THE ART OF DINING.

According to the lexicons, the Greek for dinner is *ariston*, and therefore, for the convenience of the terms, and without entering into any enquiry, critical or antiquarian, I call the art of dining Aristology, and those who study it, Aristologists. The maxim that practice makes perfect, does not apply to our daily habits; for, so far as they are concerned, we are ordinarily content with the standard of mediocrity, or something rather below. Where study is not absolutely necessary, it is by most people altogether dispensed with; but it is only by an union of study and practice, that we can attain any thing like perfection. Any body can dine, but very few know how to dine, so as to ensure the greatest quantity of health and enjoyment—indeed, many people contrive to destroy their health; and as to enjoyment, I shudder when I think how often I have been doomed to only a solemn mockery of it; how often I have sat in durance stately, to go through the ceremony of dinner, the essence of which is to be without ceremony, and how often, in this land of liberty, I have felt myself a slave!

There are three kinds of dinners,—solitary dinners, every-day social dinners, and set dinners; all three involving the consideration of cheer, and the last two of society also. Solitary dinners, I think, ought to be avoided as much as possible, because solitude tends to produce thought, and thought tends to the suspension of the digestive powers. When, however, dining alone is necessary, the mind should be disposed to cheerfulness by a previous interval of relaxation from whatever has seriously occupied the attention, and by directing it to some agreeable object. As contentment ought to be an accompaniment to every meal, punctuality is essential, and the diner and the dinner should be ready at the same time. A chief maxim in dining with comfort is, to have what you want, when you want it. It is ruinous to have to wait for first one thing and then another, and to have the little additions brought, when what they belong to is half or entirely finished. To avoid this, a little foresight is good, and, by way of instance, it is sound practical philosophy to have mustard upon the table before the arrival of toasted cheese. This very omission has caused as many small vexations in the world, as would by this time make a mountain of misery. Indeed, I recommend an habitual consideration of what adjuncts will be required to the main matters; and I think an attention to this on the part of females, might often be preventive of sour looks and cross words, and their anti-conjugal consequences. There are not only the usual adjuncts, but to those who have any thing of a genius for dinners, little additions will sometimes suggest themselves, which give a sort of poetry to a repast, and please the palate, to the promotion of health. As our senses were made for our enjoyment, and as the vast variety of good things in the world were designed for the same end, it seems a sort of impiety not to put them to their best uses, provided it does not cause us to neglect higher considerations. The different products of the different seasons, and of the different parts of the earth, afford endless proofs of bounty, which it is as unreasonable to reject, as it is to abuse. It has happened, that those who have made the gratification of the appetite a study, have generally done so to excess, and to the exclusion of nobler pursuits; whilst, on the other hand, such study has been held to be incompatible with moral refinement and elevation. But there is a happy mean, and as upon the due regulation of the appetite assuredly depends our physical well-being, and upon that, in a great measure, our mental energies, it seems to me that the subject is worthy of attention, for reasons of more importance than is ordinarily supposed. I shall continue this article in my next number.

TEMPER.

Of all personal and mental attractions, the two most permanent are undoubtedly smoothness of skin and temper,—a sort of velvetness of body and mind. As they both especially depend upon the digestion, that is one of the strongest arguments for attending to its state. For once that the actions of human beings are guided by reason, ninety and nine times they are more or less influenced by temper. It is an even temper only, that allows reason her full dominion, and enables us to arrive at any intended end by the nearest way, or at all. On the other hand, there is no obstacle to advancement or happiness so great, as an undisciplined temper—a temper subject to pique, or uncertainty. Pique is at once the bitterest and most absurd enemy a man can have. It will make him run counter to his dearest interests, and at the same time render him completely regardless of the interests of all around him. It will make him blindly violate every principle of truth, honesty, and humanity, and defeat the most important business, or break up the happiest party, without remorse, or a seeming consciousness of doing what is wrong. It is pity that those who allow themselves to be subject to it, are not treated with a great deal more severity than they usually are; for in truth, they are greater pests to society than all the criminals who infest it, and, in my opinion, are often much more blame-worthy. I have remarked, that persons much given to pique, are frequently particularly strict in the outward observances of religion. They must have strange notions, or rather no notions at all, of the spirit of Christianity; and the doctrines they hear must fall upon the most stony of places. Nay, I have met with persons so insensible to propriety, as to avow, without scruple, that they have left off attending a place of worship from some supposed affront they have received there. The concluding sentence of Fenelon's Telemachus is so much in unison with my sentiments, and is so well expressed, that I will conclude with it.

"Above all things, be on your guard against your temper. It is an enemy that will accompany you every where, to the last hour of your life. If you listen to it, it will frustrate all your designs. It will make you lose the most important opportunities, and will inspire you with the inclinations and aversions of a child, to the prejudice of your gravest interests. Temper causes the greatest affairs to be decided by the most paltry reasons; it obscures every talent, paralyses every energy, and renders its victims unequal, weak, vile, and insupportable."

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.—*Concluded.*

Florence, June 12, 1822.

I have been reading for the second time Madame de Staël's Corinne, and generally in the places described. With a considerable quantity of nonsense, I think it excessively clever. The descriptions are often very just, and made me perceive beauties I should otherwise have missed: but they are occasionally too poetical. I perfectly agree with her, that the scenery in a warm climate in the middle of the day conveys an idea of tranquillity, quite inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it. I never mentioned that when at Naples we went to see some royal races about fifteen miles in the country. They were in imitation of English races, but they reminded me more of Astley's than of Newmarket. The whole court was present, and the king acted as steward—not in a very dignified manner. He started the horses, and abused the jockies abundantly. The most interesting sight was the peasantry, assembled from thirty miles round, regaling themselves in groups in a forest in their various very picturesque costumes. They seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly, and several parties pressed us much to partake of their cheer. By far the best view of the bay of Naples, and the most beautiful view I ever saw, is from a stone bench in the garden of the convent at Camaldoli, a few miles from the city. At a little distance from the convent there is a notice on a post, forbidding females to pass further, as contrary to the rules of the order; but I believe the most enterprising of the English ladies, in spite of this prohibition, and of the difficulties of the road, do occasionally contrive to insinuate themselves into the garden. The environs of Naples are truly delicious, especially in spring, which is by much the most favourable season for seeing Italian scenery, south of Florence. We visited Tivoli both in spring and summer, and the difference in point of beauty was immense, and still greater at Adrian's villa, near it. The ruins of the villa resemble those of a town more than of a country-seat. They contain a theatre, baths, place for the representation of sea-fights, and every thing that can be thought of in the way of luxury and delight. The first time we were there, the fruit-trees and shrubs were loaded with white and peach-coloured flowers, which, contrasted with the many kinds of magnificent evergreens, and the various masses of ruins, presented a strikingly beautiful appearance; but in summer we found a lamentable change. The flowers were gone, and with them the contrast, and the full foliage of the vines and figs obscured the ruins so as very much to diminish their effect.

Bologna, June 24th.

We quitted Florence on the 21st, and travelled all night on account of the heat. Sunrise from the top of the Apennines is glorious. We prolonged our stay at Florence to be present at a ball given at a villa about a mile from the city. I had a great desire to see a fête at an Italian villa at the best season of the year, for the better understanding of Romeo and Juliet. A terrace at the back of the house was illuminated, and looked down upon a garden planted with orange trees, with a fountain in the middle, and surrounded, as Juliet's garden was, with a wall "high and hard to climb." It was a beautiful starlight night, the sky like blue velvet bespangled with gold. There was no moon, but the lamps served to "tip with silver all the fruit-tree tops." The air was as soft as balm, and the scene as completely Julietical as possible. I would not have missed it for a great deal. I have been reading all Shakspeare's plays the scenes of which are laid in Italy; and it is surprising how very faithful they are to the manners and customs, and how many allusions are to be found in them to the objects around. The other day I observed in Florence a stuffed alligator suspended from the ceiling of an apothecary's shop. Like Juliet's nurse, both men and women still carry large green fans, to the exclusion of parasols; and nightingales and pomegranates continually reminded me of "nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree." The paintings in the gallery here are of the first merit, but unfortunately I have no appetite to enjoy them. I have seen so much of the fine arts, that for the present I am absolutely satiated. We went yesterday to see the Maid and the Magpie acted in the open air. The intense attention and variety of strong expression of countenance of the lower orders occupied me so much, that I scarcely saw any thing of the play. Performances in the open air are common at this season. I like Bologna much, and the people appear very superior to any I have seen in the Pope's states.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Lady Blessington's Confessions.—On Friday, the sixth day of January, 1837, will be published the first regular number of "Waldie's Literary Omnibus," containing "The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman," by the Countess of Blessington; it consists of the history of his several courtships and affairs of the head and heart, viz. with

Louisa, or his first Love.
Arabella, or his second Love.
Lady Mary, or his third Love.
Lady Elmscourt, or his fourth Love.
Lady Emily, or his fifth Love.
Caroline, or his sixth Love.

From the London Literary Gazette.

"This is a most charming volume, full of the nice feeling, the keen perception, and the delicate mind, of a woman. Lady Blessington seems resolved to try "each mood of the lyre," and proves herself mistress of all. Certainly an elderly gentleman, who has been in love six times, has done his duty by the female sex. However, the six lovely faces quite warrant the proceeding. Each has its separate history, delightfully done. The fair author has given the vitality of art, and the grace of poetry. First there is one of those fair and fragile creatures, that seem spiritualised by the doom of an early death. Next a brilliant coquette. Then a noble picture of

"How divine a thing
A woman may be made."

Then comes one who justifies Moore's lines,

"But still thou'rt so charming to me
I'd rather, my exquisite mother,
Repose in the twilight of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another."

She is succeeded by, to use a very lady-like expression, a perfect darling—just a phantom of delight—all youth, beauty, and happiness. Lastly, we have an arch, lively girl, transformed into the staid matron. There is one most natural touch—the widow listening to the creaking boots of the boy, because they remind her of his father.

The story is singularly lively, and lighted up by a myriad of observations either shrewd or touching. We heartily congratulate Lady Blessington on her performance. She is an admirable confessor.

The form of the Omnibus will be somewhat improved in shape, and of easier perusal than the specimen number. Orders and remittances for this cheapest of periodicals are solicited.

The Indian Biography.—Very great interest has been excited in the Philadelphia public, by the near prospect of possessing the long promised portraits and biography of the Indians, produced under the superintendence of Judge Hall, and Colonel M'Kenny. The portraits are lithographed by Newsam, and the colouring is done by artists engaged expressly for the purpose; the portraits are from the Indian bureau at Washington. We look upon this as a national work; it is undertaken by individual enterprise, and will be eminently successful. An agent has been engaged for a short time only in collecting subscriptions here, and he has procured more than enough already to insure its completion. This gentleman, Mr. Fuller, the only authorised individual, leaves shortly for the south, and we have great pleasure in recommending him to the kindness and attention of all whom he may call upon. The first number, which he will exhibit, is a treat to the eye.

List of new books published in London to latest dates.

Lives of Prominent Literary and Scientific Men of Great Britain, Vol. I, (forming Vol. LXXXIV. of Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia.) General View of the United States of America, by O. Rich, 2d edition, 12mo. Memoirs of Madame Malibran and Monsieur de Beriot, 18mo. Treatise on the Calculus of Variations, by R. Abbott, 8vo. Rev. John Bickersteth's Lectures on the Litany, 12mo. Original Sermons on the Jews, by Matthew Mead, 12mo. The Child's Commentary on St. Luke, by Mrs. Webb, 18mo. Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, by the Rev. H. Duncan, D. D., Vol. I. Winter, 12mo. New English and Latin and Latin and English Dictionary, by the Rev. Dr. Niblock. Uncle Philip's Conversations about the Whale Fishery. Contrast, or the History of a Day, by Wm. Anderson. A Country Curate's Autobiography, 2 vols. The Sacred Casket, containing Gems from English Authors, in Prose and Verse, 18mo. Alnwick Castle, with other Poems, royal 8vo. Narrative of a Journey to the Arctic Ocean under Capt. Back, by Richard King, 2 vols. 8vo.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. Ship Peacock,
At Sea, March 7, 1836.

If the midshipmen are curious characters to observe, the jacks are no less so. I sometimes think that sea air makes people inquisitive, and you know I dislike answering questions—it is a sort of innate dislike I cannot exactly account for—but before I came to sea I never was at loss to evade the most inquisitive person I ever met. Such is not the case here, however, and I look at them in astonishment, puzzled to guess what can prompt them to ask the thousand things they do. I think it is not good policy to let every body know what one's opinions are on the various subjects that are casually brought up for discussion.

You know that Batavia is a fatal place for Europeans, and that a great many sailors die there from the effects of the water and climate. On one occasion our surgeon was sent for to see some sick sailors on board of a merchant vessel, and he recommended them to send for a physician from shore, because he was very much occupied on board. They said they had no notion of doing any such thing. The doctor argued that the physicians on shore understood their cases quite as well as he did—"That be all true enough," they replied, "but then they are a pack of rascals—dont you know, sir, that they are in parternership with the coffin makers, and because poor jack haint got no money to pay much, they just kills him and then divides with the undertaker!" So firmly did they believe this, that they would not consent that any but our doctor should attend them.

Since my last, we have lost two men from dysentery; but it is supposed, they allowed the disease to run on too long before they reported to the doctor. The ship is now very healthy, and we have very fine weather.

I expected to see great gloom cast over the ship's company by the burial of two of their shipmates. It is awful to hear the shrill pipe of the boatswain, followed by his deep rough tones—"All hands to bury the dead," which is echoed by his mates. The body sewed in a hammock with two or three thirty-two pound shot hung to the feet, is placed in the gangway on a board, and covered with a flag called a jack. His messmates stand on either side; all hands are gathered round in perfect silence. The captain comes forward (having no chaplain) and takes off his hat, which is the signal for all to do the same, and reads the impressive service of the church. As he pronounces the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the corpse is launched overboard, and a heavy plash breaks the silence. Then, curiosity prompts every one, who is near enough, to stretch forward his neck over the bulwark to follow the sinking remains which the ship is leaving behind. The service over, the order is "Pipe down, sir," and the affairs of the ship instantaneously resume their routine, as if nothing had happened.

How quickly one is forgotten, thought I. Here we have thrown overboard a man who only ten days ago appeared to be a favourite of his companions—foremost in the dance, the yarn, the song, and on the yard when the storm howled—yet not a smile or a joke is abated, nor flows a single tear—His place is at once filled. In this there is an epitome of the whole world, for beyond the ties that bind us to our own hearths, we are little cared for; and when even the greatest die, the world wags on. Napoleon was scarcely missed—How ridiculously vain then is it for a man to suppose that he, as an individual, is of any importance to society. How common to say such a man's place cannot be filled; yet we daily see the contrary.

On the night of the funeral I loitered on the forecastle, enjoying the evening breeze and a cigar, and endeavoured to discover whether death had caused any serious impression on the living, but I could see none, or very little. Just as I was turning away, an old, clear-headed forecastleman, asked one near him, "I say Tom, where the devil do you think Bill is now?"

"In fiddlers' green, to be sure, drinking grog and spinning yarns about our craft, where else should he be."

"Why I don't see why he oughtn't to be in heaven, for you see, Bill was a good man—He was good *natured*, did his duty, respected the captain and superior officers, and never quarreled, except when he was drunk. He told some hard yarns, and swore too, like most on us, but that 's the worst you can say."

"According to you, then, we ought all go to heaven, for we are all as good as he was—my notion is that we sailors all go to hell, because the parsons says that we mustn't swear nor tell lies, but I can tell you, if them preachers and pious people had to go on a lee topsail yard to reef, with the wind singing a sort'o harrycane, and cold and dark at that, and just when a fellow goes to haul the sail on the yard, it gives a flirt and tears up all his finger nails; I say if he wouldn't swear at that hard enough to kill his father, he ought to be damned any how."

"Well I can tell you there be some of 'em that wouldn't swear nor tell a lie if you was to chop their heads off; but then they 've got book larnin and for that reason are obleeged to keep a bright look out, for may be you don't know that the bible says "Where much is given much is required," and for that reason you see, I don't intend to learn any more about it. Him that knows least about the matter is best off and stands the best chance of going to heaven. Now you know Bill couldn't read a word, and as nothing was given, how the devil can you expect him to give any thing back—my notion is that 'much' means book-larnin and nothing else."

"Well, I can't read neither, and I thank my father that he sent me to sea before he sent me to school, for you see its just all the same as if he shipped me for a snug berth in heaven; and I shall never be sorry any more that I can't read—any how, I don't care nothing about no books, except them yarns in Peter Simple, and Walter Scott, that Jack Smith reads for a fellow now and then. I begin to feel a sort o' sorry for every man that can read—now it would be a d——d pity if Jack should go to hell on account of his larnin, because there 'aint a better soul ever hauled *taught* (tight) a weather earin' than him. I begin to think you must have a sort a quaking yourself once in a while, and if I was you I'd knock off telling lies, swearing and drinking grog."

"Well, Tom, you're half right. I often think that it was a sore day I larned to read, and it was all owing to one of them missionary fellows that goes about in the streets, and sending boys to free schools. If it hadn't been for that I should be now as sartin of heaven as you are. Them missionaries are just like pursers; they give a fellow the 'much' in advance, when he 's little and aint got his mother wit about him, and he has a 'dead horse' to work out the rest of his days, and when he comes to be paid off, he finds himself in debt. You see and know better than to do as I do, but I can't help it, and I suppose hell 's my portion at last—Tom, take my advice and steer clear of missionaries."

At this moment the mid watch was called and the dialogue put an end to; and I retired to my hammock, thinking how melancholy it is to hear men argue so strangely. This is a fine illustration of the poet's line, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

In spite of all this, sailors are fearless people. One day, while at Batavia, a boy came to the first lieutenant and holding a scorpion between his thumb and fingers, said, "See here sir, what a queer bug; it is just like a crab!"

I hope to send you this by some homeward bound ship we may meet crossing the China seas, but when you may get it, I can form no calculation. Truly, as ever,

Simple.

P. S. I often regret that I was not well educated, for I might have written a book about the cruise. You can hardly imagine the number of things I might write about. You know that travellers always find sufficient reason for giving an account of the "survey" of a coast they have passed near; I can remember one instance only now, Captain Morrell's voyages round Cape Horn. Besides the places we have *actually* visited, we have passed in sight of the islands of Sumatra, Banka, and Borneo; and we see a good many more on the charts which are so near that they might be easily described with the aid of Horseburg's "Oriental Navigator," without any departure from established usage.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XIV.

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

Salzburg, July 1st, 1822.

For four days we have been traveling through the Tyrol. It is beautiful and interesting. It has all the features of Swiss scenery, but cultivation is richer and more extended, and there is less of boldness. Mountains covered with larch, and now and then with snow, torrents, bright corn-fields, the greenest meadows, neat villages of white houses, pretty churches, detached, comfortable looking cottages, no appearance of poverty, or accumulation of wealth, and a very picturesque peasantry, make up the country, as far as I have seen it. I do not wonder at the Tyrolese being patriotic. We have been gradually leaving every thing Italian, and are now completely in Germany. What a change in the people,

country, and climate! At Bologna the thermometer was as high as it could rise—above 118; here it is 65. The difference between the scenery we have last seen, and that of Italy, is the same as that between a picture by an old master, and one wet from the painter's brush. Italy and the Tyrol, methinks, might be personified by two persons, one dressed for a ball, and the other for the chase—the first full of grace and brilliancy; the other of freshness and strength. The Tyrol exhibits the dewy freshness of morning; Italy, even in her loveliest scenes, has something of [illegible] appearing through. But Italy! Italy for me! I do not know what I would take not to have seen it.

Vienna, August 4th, 1822.

We arrived here on the 6th of July, and leave it tomorrow. At Salzburg we visited the famous salt mines, which are said to have been first worked by the Romans, and we were told it would take eight days' good walking to explore them thoroughly. The dress we put on consisted of a white jacket and trowsers, the latter very wide, for the purpose of containing the skirts of the coat, a cap, stiff leather glove for the right hand, and a leather apron, like a cobler's, tied on behind; and ladies, many of whom visit the mines, of necessity adopt this inconvenient and unbecoming costume; but place and occasion reconcile even the most fastidious to any thing. The entrance is at the side of a hill along a level passage, at the end of which is the first descent, which is a very steep inclined plane of considerable length. The guide seats himself first, upon two parallel rounded rafters; then one of the party, with his left hand upon the guide's shoulder, and so on till all are placed, on which the guide launches himself, and the whole train descends with great velocity, and very pleasantly—each person sitting upon his leather apron, and with his glove-hand holding a rope as a sort of banister. At the end of the descent is another level, and so on for six or seven descents, till at length we arrived at a lake, about a hundred yards long and thirty wide, into which the salt-rock, or rather clay, is thrown, and when the water is saturated, it is passed through wooden conduits into the village, and there filters through long ranges of billets of wood, which collect the salt. For visitors the lake is illuminated, and there is a boat upon it, in which those who wish may make a voyage, very much like that which "poets write of," with old Charon. There are thirty-two of these lakes. We made our exit by a boarded passage, a mile in length, upon a little carriage drawn by men, and at the end is a cottage, where we left our dresses, and finished one of the most amusing expeditions I ever made.

We embarked on the Danube at Linz with our carriage at mid-day of July 5th. The voyage was pleasant; but the Danube, as far as we saw, is not to be compared with the Rhine for beauty of scenery; in size it is much superior. We saw some ruins, but none of interest; the towns presented nothing remarkable; there were some magnificent-looking convents. Now and then the scenery was good, but in general the country is flat and unvaried. We slept at a poor little inn, and landed the next afternoon. I believe the Danube above Linz is more interesting.

We have staid at this place longer than we intended, not that there is much to see, but the lounging life we lead, with a very agreeable little society of our countrymen, we find a wholesome change, and it gives us time to digest what we have seen, which I find highly necessary, for one thing had begun to drive out another for some time past. Most of our countrymen play at tennis, and we ride, dine, and sup together, every day. I like the way of living here very much; we dine about three o'clock, and on few dishes, get excellent beefsteaks and genuine beer, and very pleasant wine, principally from Hungary, and have enjoyable little suppers—excellent pickled trout, and crayfish as large as little lobsters. The English are very popular here, and we find every disposition to court us. For three Saturdays our party have gone to Baden, remaining till Monday. It is an extremely neat little town, fifteen miles off, with hot sulphureous srings. The emperor and the whole imperial family are there, living and walking about in the most simple style; they are very popular. On Sundays they are all to be seen on the promenade, in a valley something in the style of the scenery at Matlock. The concourse is large, and the costumes various, both European and Oriental. Young Napoleon walks with the Emperor, and, singular enough, the valley is called St. Helena. There is nothing remarkable about Vienna. The city within the walls does not contain more than 80,000 inhabitants. All the houses have a good appearance, there are no beggars, nor indeed any nuisance whatever, that I have seen. The suburbs contain about 170,000 inhabitants. The people of all ranks seem much given to enjoy themselves in a peaceable and moderate way, and they appear to have the means at command. For public and private gardens, promenades and places of recreation, they are particularly well off. On Sundays, the Prater, which is the Hyde Park of Vienna, but much larger, is like a fair, and the villages in the neighbourhood seem so many places of entertainment. The government is a paternal despotism, the policy of which is to keep the people in good humour, and to prevent them from thinking. The police superintend every thing, even as to which side of a bridge you are to walk upon, and no one is allowed to bathe in an immense public bath there is, and still less in the Danube, until he has proved his ability to swim—a rope being tied round his body, and a policeman holding one end of it. I have seen this with my own eyes. The Austrian system I take to be nearly perfect in its kind; but it is not a kind to my free-born English taste, and though, under the circumstances, I have passed a most agreeable month here, I have no wish to repeat my visit.

[In my only remaining letters, one from Munich, the other from Paris, I find nothing I think worthy of extraction; I hope my readers will not have thought the same of the preceding letters.]

—

SAYINGS.

If any man possessed every qualification to succeed in life, it is probable that he would remain perfectly stationary. The consciousness of his powers would tempt him to omit opportunity after opportunity to the end of his days. Those who do succeed, ordinarily owe their success to some disadvantage under which they labour, and it is the struggle against a difficulty, that brings faculties into play.

Ordinary men are often ruined by an over-estimate of their own powers; extraordinary men are kept back by the opposite error. They calculate remote difficulties, instead of advancing to them; and if they trusted to their resources, they would find no obstacle to be insurmountable.

In general, the difficulty of doing any thing chiefly lies in preparing to do it—in the proper training, or acquiring an apt disposition of mind and body. What it is difficult to do in one state, it is difficult not to do in another; and this applies equally to the exercise of physical and mental faculties, to running or fighting, to speaking or composing. Plutarch says of Paulus Æmilius, that he made little account of beating an enemy, compared with the bringing of his army to strict discipline; for he thought the one a certain consequence of the other. It is skill and resolution in acquiring the proper disposition to action, that make life easy. This disposition is what is termed alacrity, and its opposite is that distressing repugnance, denominated nervousness, both depending upon the state of the digestive powers. Under one influence existence is a perpetual source of pleasure, and under the other, an exhibition of pitiable weakness. These two states depend greatly upon natural constitution, but no less perhaps upon our own care.

—

GRUMBLERS.

There is a sect, unfortunately well known to most in this land, under the denomination of Grumblers, whose fundamental maxim is—whatever is, is wrong. Wherever they are found, and they are found almost every where, they operate as a social poison; and, though they contrive to embitter the enjoyments of every body about them, they perpetually assume that themselves are the only aggrieved persons, and with such art, as to be believed, till thoroughly known. They have often some excellent qualities, and the appearance of many amiable ones; but rank selfishness is their chief characteristic, accompanied by inordinate pride and vanity. They have a habit of laying the consequences of their own sins, whether of omission or of commission, upon others; and, covered with faults, they flatter themselves they "walk blameless." Where their selfishness, pride, or vanity are interested, they exhibit signs of boundless zeal, attention, and affection, to which those, who are not aware of their motives, are the dupes; but the very moment their predominant feelings are offended, they change from April to December. They have smiles and tears at command for their holiday humour; but in "the winter of their discontent," there is no safety from the bitterest blasts. Their grievances are seldom real, or if real, are grossly exaggerated, and are generally attributable to themselves; for, absorbed in their own feelings, they are wonderful losers of opportunities. In conclusion, I think it would be for their advantage, as it certainly would be for that of the rest of the world, if they were made subject to some severe discipline; and I would suggest, for the first, second, and third offence, bread and water and the tread-mill, for one, two, and three months, respectively; for the fourth offence, transportation for seven years to Boothia Felix, or some such climate; and any subsequent delinquency I would make capital, and cause the criminal to be shut up with some offender in equal degree, there to grumble each other to death.

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No. XV.

ART OF TRAVELING.

In my first number, I promised to make some observations on the art of traveling, which promise I shall now perform, not professing to offer a complete set of rules, but only such as occur to me at a considerable distance from actual experience, and such as I do not recollect to have seen elsewhere. Traveling may be said to be a state of great pleasure, mixed with great annoyance; but by management the former may be much increased, and the latter proportionably diminished. In whatever way you travel, I particularly recommend you to guard against the cravings of hunger, both for your health's sake, and in order the better to preserve placidity of temper, which, with every precaution, is exposed to frequent disturbance. When your mind is ruffled, you can neither see with pleasure nor profit, and the natives are pretty sure to revenge themselves for your ill humour by imposing upon you. On setting out on the last long journey I made, which was in a private carriage with one companion, I bought a small basket, and caused it to be filled with cold provisions, bread, and fruit, and I kept it constantly replenished during ten months, whenever we were upon the road, to which circumstance I mainly attribute the fact that we never had the shadow of a disagreement or an uncomfort. There is nothing like a basket of this sort for diminishing the dreadful tediousness of uncertain distances at the end of a long day, and it is a great consolation in case of accidental stoppages. In aid of it, I purchased two clasp knives, and forks attached, a couple of tumblers, and a snuff-box, with an almanac on the lid, by way of saltcellar. A quarto French dictionary served for a table, and so equipped, we almost defied fortune. At the inns where we slept, I always made special mention of the basket over night, and the consequence was, it was frequently specially filled, particularly with excellent game, which, with bread and grapes, or figs, we found extremely palateable and wholesome. Where the wine was good, we generally carried off a bottle or two; but wine, and indeed any liquid, ought to be sparingly used on such occasions, and an hour or two after eating; otherwise the motion of the carriage prevents digestion, and induces feverishness. The fruit, taken by way of vegetables, supplies in a great measure the place of liquids. The proper and most agreeable mode of refreshing is in small quantities, and frequently; and the only thing to be guarded against, to leave sufficient appetite for the meals you intend to take where you stop, and this sometimes requires a little judgment and resolution. Some people have a habit, and rather make a boast of it, of traveling long distances without taking any thing; but I strongly recommend the basket system, having tried both plans. In public conveyances, I think a sandwich-box might be convenient. I shall conclude this part of my observations, with referring my reader to the article on health in my eighth number, in which I have mentioned a remarkable proof of the efficacy of the basket.

One of the greatest annoyances in traveling, is continual exposure to imposition; but this may, by good management, be frequently avoided, either altogether or in part, as by bad mangement it may be greatly increased. There are four kinds of imposers. The first are downright rogues, who make a point of taking advantage whenever they have the power; but even they have degrees of extortion, according to the behaviour of their victims. The second are a sort of good-tempered, easy imposers, who impose as a matter of course, but whom a little good management almost immediately turns from their purpose. They are willing to impose upon you, if you are willing to be imposed upon, but otherwise not. On remonstrance they will pretend to have made a mistake, or that if you are not satisfied, they do not wish to have any dispute. The third will not attempt imposition, unless they are encouraged to it by some foolish display, or swagger; nor the fourth, until they are provoked by unreasonableness, or discourtesy. My observation tells me there is no preventive against these different kinds of imposition so sure, as a certain quiet, composed bearing, indicative at once of self-respect, and of consideration for others. I have

made many experiments in the matter under various circumstances, both in this country and abroad, and the result seems to me to be, that by such behaviour you ensure greater attention at a lower cost, than by any other course; and having adopted such a course, I think that on the continent you may still be exposed, when actually traveling, to imposition to the extent of about ten per cent. upon your expenditure, to which, for comfort's sake, and to avoid the chance of being wrong, which frequently happens in small matters, it is wise to submit—without keeping yourself in a constant fever, and a state of distraction from the objects only worthy of attention. I am speaking now of those who have no or but little experience; others will be able to protect themselves to a greater extent.

One of the most desirable qualities in traveling is punctuality, or readiness. Without it there is but small satisfaction, either to yourself or to those with you. In all my journeys I was always ready in time, but often with a good deal of bustling and hurry, till one morning in Switzerland, I looked out of my window as I was dressing, and saw a gentleman who had just joined the party, pacing backwards and forwards before the inn with a degree of composure, which made me determine to imitate what he told me was his constant rule, to be ready at least a quarter of an hour before the time. I adopted the practice thenceforth, and found the greatest advantage from it. One of the benefits of habitual punctuality is the confidence it inspires; the uncertainty of unpunctuality is a continual drawback to enjoyment. It hangs over one like a cloud.

The quickest mode of acquiring a good idea of any place, is to take the earliest opportunity of ascending some tower, or eminence, from which there is a commanding view, with some person who can point out the most remarkable objects. If this is followed up by wandering about without a guide, and trusting solely to your own observation, you will be as well acquainted with the localities in a few hours, as the generality of travellers would be in a week, or perhaps better, becase your impressions would be stronger. I do not mean by this to supersede the employment of guides in sight-seeing, for they are very useful in saving time. The first day I arrived at Rome I met a classical friend, who had been there some time, and who had made himself completely master of the place. He took me to the top of the tower in the capitol, and pointed out every thing remarkable, so that from the very beginning I acquired a sort of familiar acquaintance with the city and its environs, and was never at a loss afterwards. As soon as you have seen all you wish to see in any place, and do not mean to make it a residence, it is advisable without delay to proceed on your journey. Many people lose a great deal of time in loitering, and to no purpose whatever, because it is impossible under such circumstances to settle to any thing.

Wherever you are, it is good to fall into the customs and habits of the place; for though sometimes they may be a little inconvenient, it is generally much more so to run counter to them. Those who will have their own way, never succeed, but at a much greater cost than success is worth.

—

ART OF DINING.

There is in the art of dining a matter of special importance—I mean attendance—the real end of which is to do that for you, which you cannot do so well for yourself. Unfortunately this end is generally lost sight of, and the effect of attendance is to prevent you from doing that which you could do much better for yourself. The cause of this perversion is to be found in the practice and example of the rich and ostentatious, who constantly keep up a sort of war establishment, or establishment adapted to extraordinary instead of ordinary occasions, and the consequence is, that, like all potentates who follow the same policy, they never really taste the sweets of peace; they are in a constant state of invasion by their own troops. It is a rule at dinners not to allow you to do any thing for yourself, and I have never been able to understand how even salt, except it be from some superstition, has so long maintained its place on table. I am always in dread, that, like the rest of its fellows, it will be banished to the sideboard, to be had only on special application. I am rather a bold man at table, and set form very much at defiance, so that if a salad happens to be within my reach, I make no scruple to take it to me; but the moment I am espied, it is nipped up from the most convenient into the most inconvenient position. That such absurdity should exist amongst rational beings, and in a civilised country, is extraordinary! See a small party with a dish of fish at each end of the table, and four silver covers unmeaningly staring at the sides, whilst every thing pertaining to the fish comes, even with the best attendance, provokingly lagging, one thing after the other, so that contentment is out of the question; and all this is done under the pretence that it is the most convenient plan. This is utter fallacy. The only convenient plan is to have every thing actually upon the table that is wanted at the same time, and nothing else; as for example, for a party of eight, turbot and salmon, with doubles of each of the adjuncts, lobster-sauce, cucumber, young potatoes, cayenne, and Chili vinegar, and let the guests assist one another, which, with such an arrangement, they could do with perfect ease. This is undisturbed and visible comfort. I am speaking now only with reference to small parties. As to large ones, they have long been to me scenes of despair in the way of convivial enjoyment. A system of simple attendance would induce a system of simple dinners, which are the only dinners to be desired. The present system I consider strongly tainted with barbarism and vulgarity, and far removed from real and refined enjoyment. As tables are now arranged, one is never at peace, from an arm continually taking off or setting on a side dish, or reaching over to a wine-cooler in the centre. Then comes the more laborious changing of courses, with the leanings right and left, to admit a host of dishes, that are set on only to be taken off again, after being declined by each of the guests, to whom they are handed round. Yet this is fashion, and not to be departed from. With respect to wine, it is often offered, when not wanted; and when wanted, is perhaps not to be had till long waited for. It is dreary to observe two guests, glass in hand, waiting the butler's leisure to be able to take wine together, and then perchance being helped in despair to what they did not ask for; and it is still more dreary to be one of the two yourself. How different, where you can put your hand upon a decanter at the moment you want it! I could enlarge upon, and particularise these miseries at great length; but they must be only too familiar to those who dine out, and those who do not, may congratulate themselves on their escape. I have been speaking hitherto of attendance in its most perfect state; but then comes the greater inconvenience, and the monstrous absurdity of the same forms with inadequate establishments. Those who are overwhelmed with an establishment, are, as it were, obliged in self defence to devise work for their attendants, whilst those, who have no such reason, ape an example, which under the most appropriate circumstances is a state of restraint and discomfort, but which, when followed merely for fashion's sake, becomes absolutely intolerable. I remember once receiving a severe frown from a lady at the head of her table, next to whom I was sitting, because I offered to take some fish from her, to which she had helped me, instead of waiting till it could be handed to me by her one servant; and she was not deficient, either in sense or good breeding, but when people give in to such follies they know no mean. It is one of the evils of the present day, that every body strives after the same dull style—so that where comfort might be expected, it is often least to be found. State, without the machinery of state, is of all states the worst. In conclusion of this part of my subject, I will observe, that I think the affluent would render themselves and their country an essential service, if they were to fall into the simple, refined style of living, discarding every thing incompatible with real enjoyment; and I believe, that if the history of overgrown luxury were traced, it has always had its origin from the vulgar-rich—the very last class worthy of imitation. Although I think a reduction of establishment would often conduce to the enjoyment of life, I am very far from wishing to see any class curtailed in their means of earning their bread; but it appears to me that the rich might easily find more profitable and agreeable modes of employing the industrious, than in ministering to pomp and parade.

I had written thus far for my last number, according to my promise in my last but one; but there was not even space enough to notice the omission. I now wish to add about a page, and as, like other people I suppose, I can write most easily upon what is freshest in my mind, I will give you, dear reader, an account of a dinner I have ordered this very day at Lovegrove's, at Blackwall, where if you never dined, so much the worse for you. This account will serve as an illustration of my doctrines on dinner-giving, better than a long abstract discourse. The party will consist of seven men beside myself, and every guest is asked for some reason—upon which good fellowship mainly depends, for people, brought together unconnectedly, had, in my opinion, better be kept separate. Eight I hold to be the golden number, never to be exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration. The dinner is to consist of turtle, followed by no other fish but white-bait, which is to be followed by no other meat but grouse, which are to be succeeded simply by apple fritters and jelly; pastry on such occasions being quite out of place. With the turtle of course there will be punch, with the white-bait champagne, and with the grouse claret: the two former I have ordered to be particularly well iced, and they will all be placed in succession upon the table, so that we can help ourselves as we please. I shall permit no other wines, unless, perchance, a bottle or two of port, if particularly wanted, as I hold variety of wines a great mistake. With respect to the adjuncts, I shall take care that there is cayenne, with lemons cut in halves, not in quarters, within reach of every one, for the turtle, and that brown bread-and-butter in abundance is set upon the table for the white-bait. It is no trouble to think of these little matters beforehand, but they make a vast difference in convivial contentment. The dinner will be followed by ices, and a good dessert, after which coffee and one glass of liqueur each, and no more; so that the present may be enjoyed rationally, without inducing retrospective regrets. If the master of a feast wishes his party to succeed, he must know how to command, and not let his guests run riot, each according to his own wild fancy. Such, reader, is my idea of a dinner, of which I hope you approve; and I cannot help thinking, that if parliament were to grant me 10,000*l.* a year, in trust, to entertain a series of worthy persons, it would promote trade and increase the revenue more than any hugger-mugger measure ever devised.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Wraxall.—The booksellers have lain on their oars for a week or two past, and we have therefore little to notice in the way of new American publications. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard have published "Historical Memoirs of My Own Time," from 1772 to 1784; this is the work we have announced for many weeks past, and shall publish in the Library immediately after the Saracen, which is more than half contained in the two numbers now issued; consequently Wraxall will be forthcoming either the week after next or the ensuing. It is as entertaining as his work contained in our last volume, and relates to the period of the American revolutionary war. We shall give it at a tithe of the price in book form.

Littell's Museum for December, which we neglected to notice last week, contains two hundred and thirty pages of two columns, and is stated to hold as much printing as a volume and a half of the octavo editions of the Waverley novels. It is now cheaper than any similar periodical ever offered to the public, and in the main, continues to be well selected.

Veracious.—The following is a pithy specimen of veracious editorship. We take it from the last Court Journal received:—

"We hear that Mr. Willis has been received with 'all the honours' by his countrymen. He has had speeches and dinners, and, climax of a poet's triumph, the very steamboats have refused to let him pay for his passage. He has gone free of expense down the Ohio."

Waldie's Literary Omnibus.—The first regular number of the Omnibus, in large quarto form of eight pages, was published on Friday last, with the greater portion of Lady Blessington's Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman. It will be issued regularly every Friday, at $2.50 to single subscribers who also take this Library, or in clubs of five for the low price of $2.00 each.

The Peacock.—We have letters from the officers of the U. S. S. Peacock, of a much later date than the one published to-day, from the Sandwich islands, in September last; they came via Mazatlan and Vera Cruz. We learn that a work may be expected from one of the officers on her return. Simple himself handles

his pen so well, that we should suppose him capable of such an undertaking: he certainly hits the sailor characters admirably.

Young Lady's Library.—E. C. Biddle has bound six neat duodecimo volumes uniformly, and entitled the whole "The Young Lady's Library; they consist of "The Young Lady's Own Book," "The Young Lady's Sunday Book," "The Young Lady's Book of Elegant Poetry," "The Young Lady's Book of Elegant Prose," "The Book of Classical Letters," and "Todd's Johnson's Dictionary;" altogether a neat affair, and, as we learn, in great demand.

Edwin Forrest.—The London critics have generally agreed to favour the American actor, Forrest, but the praise is by no means universal; the Examiner is very severe upon his performance of Othello. As a specimen of the paragraphs respecting him, we find the following going the round of the English papers:—

THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN.—Mr. Edwin Forrest, the recent *debutant* at Drury Lane theatre, is possessed of considerable property, which he has amassed on the stage. He was comparatively unknown in his native country until brought forward by Kean to represent *Iago* to his *Othello*, since which his career has been one of uniform success. He is also the proprietor of the *New York Evening Post*, the principal organ of the Jackson party. He has an estate in the neighbourhood of New York. Mr. Forrest visited this country about six months ago, when he made a tour on the continent, but he returned to America without appearing at any theatre in Europe.

This is about as accurate as the following from the Examiner:—

Joseph Bonaparte is expected to leave this country early in spring, on his return to the United States, his residence at Bordentown, in the state of New York, being ordered to be prepared for his arrival.

—

Conviction without conformity is like a man's seeing and wishing to obtain a new possession, and yet declining to part with the old one, though it is only by the sale of one that he can raise the purchase money of the other.

La Bruyere remarks, "Supposing men were to live for ever in this world, I can't reflect how 'tis possible for them to do more towards their establishment than they do now."

The persecuting Archbishop Laud was a man of short stature. Charles I. and the archbishop were one day about to sit down to dinner together, when a dissenting clergyman was requested to say grace, which he did in the following words:—"All laud to the Lord, little Laud to the devil."

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Portugal and Gallicia, with Remarks on Recent Events in Spain, 2 vols. Evidence relating to the Art of Engraving, taken before the Committee of the House of Commons, 8vo. Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, new edition, 2 vols. 8vo. The Oxford English Essays, new edition, to the Present Time, 5 vols. The Great Metropolis, by the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons, 2 vols. The German Tourist, edited by Wolff and Doering. Esther More, by Mrs. Godwin, 18mo. Basil Harlow, by Mrs. Godwin, 18mo. Essays on Conversation and Quackery, 8vo. The Laird of Logan, or Wit of the West, second series, 18mo. Mrs. Jameson's Domestic History of France, 18mo. The Ettrick Shepherd's Tales, 6 vols. 8vo. De Quincy's Essay on Imitation of the Fine Arts, translated by J. C. Kent, 8vo. Humility, a Tale, by Mrs. Hofland. The Young Cadet, by ditto. Adventures of Captain John Patterson, of the 50th, or Queen's Own, Regiment, 1807 to 1821, 8vo. Col. Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula, Vol. V. 8vo. The Book of Gems for 1837, royal 8vo. Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems, 4to. A New Life of Nelson, by the Old Sailor, 12mo. Martin's Colonial Library, Vol. IV. West Indies, Vol. I., 12mo. Impressions of England, by Count De Melfort, with plates, 2 vols. 8vo. A Trip to Rome in 1835, by Thomas Barlow, 18mo. A Century of Original Sacred Songs, by T. Grinfield, 12mo. Finden's Tableaux, Scenes of National Character, &c., by Mrs. S. C. Hall, 4to. Wordsworth's Poetical Works, Vol. I., 12mo.

LONDON LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The Lady's Cabinet Lawyer, a Summary of the Exclusive and Peculiar Rights and Liabilities of Women. The Wonders of Geology, by Dr. Mantell, F. R. S. &c. First Part of the Pilgrims of the Thames in Search of the National, by Pierce Egan, author of "Life in London." Little Tales for Little Heads and Little Hearts; companion to "The Story without an End," with Cuts. Floral Sketches, Fables, and Other Poems, by Agnes Strickland. Henrietta Temple, a Love Story, by the author of "Vivian Grey." Rambles in Egypt and Candia, with Details of their Military Power and Resources, &c., by Capt. C. Rochfort Scott, h. p. Royal Staff Corps. Mr. James Bird, author of "Dunwich," and various other productions, announces a new Poem, entitled "Francis Abbott, the Recluse of Niagara," and a second series of "Metropolitan Sketches." Philosophy and Religion, with their Mutual Bearings comprehensively considered, and satisfactorily determined, on clear and scientific principles, by William Brown Galloway, A. M. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, in Six Monthly Octavo Volumes, is to appear immediately.

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.

☞ Gentlemen making remittances by checks, would confer a favour by having them marked "good," by the cashier of the bank.

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—— 22,—Henry Converse, Hinsdale, N. J.
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—— 15,—Theophilus Williams, Florence, Ala.
—— 19,—John M. Trumbull, Lexington, Ky.
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From the London New Monthly Magazine.

FIRST LOVE; OR, CONSTANCY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The assertion that "What is every body's business is nobody's," is true enough; but the assertion that "What is nobody's business is every body's," is still truer. Now, a love affair, for example, is of all others, a thing apart—an enchanted dream, where "common griefs and cares come not." It is like a matrimonial quarrel—never to be benefited by the interference of others; it is a sweet and subtle language, "that none understand but the speakers;" and yet this fine and delicate spirit is most especially the object of public curiosity. It is often supposed before it exists: it is taken for granted, commented upon, continued and ended, without the consent of the parties themselves; though a casual observer might suppose that they were the most interested in the business.

All love affairs excite the greatest possible attention; but never was so much attention bestowed as in the little town of Allerton, upon that progressing between Mr. Edward Rainsforth and Miss Emily Worthington. They had been a charming couple from their birth—were called the little lovers from their cradle; and even when Edward was sent to school, his letter home once a quarter always contained his love to his little wife. Their course of true love seemed likely to run terribly smooth, their fathers having maintained a friendship as regular as their accounts. Mr. Worthington's death, however, when Emily was just sixteen, led to the discovery that his affairs were on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Rainsforth now proved himself a true friend; he said little, but did every thing. Out of his own pocket he secured a small annuity to the orphan girl, placed her in a respectable family, and asked her to dine every Sunday. With his full sanction, "the little" became "the young lovers;" and the town of Allerton, for the first time in its life, had not a fault to find with the conduct of one of its own inhabitants.

The two old friends were not destined to be long parted, and a few months saw Mr. Rainsforth carried to the same churchyard whither he had so recently followed the companion of his boyhood. A year passed away, and Edward announced his intention of (pray let us use the phrase appropriated to such occasions,) becoming a votary of the saffron god. The whole town was touched by his constancy, and felt itself elevated into poetry by being the scene of such disinterested affection. But, for the first time in his life, Edward found there was another will to be consulted than his own. His trustees would not hear of his marrying till he was two-and-twenty, the time that his father's will appointed for his coming of age. The rage and despair of the lover were only to be equaled by the rage and despair of the whole town of Allerton. Every body said that it was the cruelest thing in the world; and some went so far as to prophesy that Emily Worthington would die of consumption before the time came of her lover's majority. The trustees were declared to have no feeling, and the young people were universally pitied. The trustees would not abate one atom of their brief authority; they had said that their ward ought to see a little of the world, and they were both of them men of their word.

Accordingly, it was settled that Edward should go to London for the next three months, and see how he liked studying the law. He certainly did not like the prospect at all; and his only consolation was, that he should not leave his adored Emily exposed to the dissipations of Allerton. She had agreed to go and stay with an aunt, some forty miles distant, where there was not even a young curate in the neighbourhood. The town of Allerton was touched to the heart by the whole proceeding; no one spoke of them but as that romantic and that devoted young couple. I own that I have known greater misfortunes in life than that a young gentleman and lady of twenty should have to wait a twelvemonth before they were married; but every person considers their own the worst that ever happened, and Edward and Emily were miserable to their hearts' content. They exchanged locks of hair; and Emily gave him a portfolio, embroidered by herself, to hold the letters that she was to write. He saw her off first, under the care of an old servant, to the village where she was to stay. She waved her white handkerchief from the window as long as she could see her lover, and a little longer, and then sank back in a flood of "falling pearl, which men call tears."

Edward was as wretched, and he was also exceedingly uncomfortable, which helps wretchedness on very much. It was a thorough wet day—all his things were packed up—for he himself was to start in the afternoon when the mail passed through—and never was young gentleman more utterly at a loss what to do with himself. In such a case an affair of the heart is a great resource; and young Rainsforth got upon the coach-box looking quite unhappily enough to satisfy the people of Allerton. It must be owned that he and the weather equally brightened up in the course of a couple of stages. To be sure, a cigar has a gift of placidity peculiarly its own. If I were a woman, I should insist on my lover's smoking: if not of much consequence before, it will be an invaluable qualification after, the happiest day of one's life.

In these days roads have no adventurers—they might exclaim, with the knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell!"—we will therefore take our hero after he was four days in London. He is happy in a lover's good conscience, for that very morning he had written a long letter to his beloved Emily—the three first days having been "like a tetotum, all in a twirl," he had been forced to neglect that duty, so sweet and so indispensable to an absent lover. He had, however, found time to become quite domesticated in Mr. Alford's family. Mr. Alford was of the first eminence in his profession, and had two or three other young men under his charge; but it was soon evident that Edward was a first-rate favourite with the mother and two daughters at all events. They were fine-looking girls, and who understood how to look their best. They were well dressed, and it is wonderful how much the hair "done to a turn," ribands which make a complexion, and an exquisite *chaussure*, set off a young woman. Laura taught him to waltz, and Julia began to sing duets with him. Now, these are dangerous employments for a youth of one-and-twenty. The heart turns round, as well as the head sometimes, in a *sauteuse*, and then it is difficult to ask these tender questions appropriated to duets, such as "Tell me, my heart, why wildly beating?" "Canst thou teach me to forget?" &c., without some emotion.

A week passed by, and the general postman's knock, bringing with it letters from his trustee, who, as an item in his accounts, mentioned that he had just heard that Miss Emily Worthington was quite well, put him in mind that he had not heard from her himself. Oh! how ill-used he felt; he had some thoughts of writing to overwhelm her with reproaches for her neglect; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to treat her with silent disdain. To be sure, such a method of showing his contempt took less time and trouble than writing four pages to express it would have done. That evening he was a little out of spirits, but Julia showed so much gentle sympathy with his sadness, and Laura rallied him so pleasantly upon it, that they pursued the subject long after there was any occasion for it. The week became weeks—there was not a drawback to the enjoyment of the trio, excepting now and then "some old friends of papa, to whom we must be civil; not," said Laura, "but that I would put up with one and all, excepting that odious Sir John Belmore."

Edward had been in town two months and a fortnight, when one evening, Julia—they had been singing "Meet me by moonlight alone"—asked him to breakfast with them. "I have," said she, "some commissions, and papa will trust me with you." He breakfasted, and attended the blue-eyed Julia to Swan & Edgar's. "Now I have some conscience!" exclaimed she, with one of her own sweet, languid smiles. Julia had an especially charming smile—it so flattered the person to whom it was addressed. It was that sort of smile which it is impossible to help taking as a personal compliment. "I have a little world of shopping to do—bargains to buy—netting silks to choose; and you will never have patience to wait. Leave me here for an hour, and then come back—now be punctual. Let me look at your watch—ah! it is just eleven. Good-bye, I shall expect you exactly at twelve."

She turned into the shop with a most becoming blush, so pretty, that Edward had half a mind to have followed her in, and quoted Moore's lines:

> "Oh! let me only breathe the air,
> The blessed air that's breathed by thee;"

but a man has a natural antipathy to shopping, and even the attraction of a blush, and a blush especially of that attractive sort, one on your own account—even that was lost in the formidable array of ribands, silks, and bargains—

> "Bought because they may be wanted,
> Wanted because they may be had."

Accordingly, he lounged into his club, and the hour was almost gone before he arrived at Swan & Edgar's. Julia told him she had waited, and he thought—what a sweet temper she must have not to show the least symptom of dissatisfaction! on the contrary, her blue eyes were even softer than usual. By the time they arrived at her father's door he had also arrived at the agreeable conclusion that he could do no wrong. They parted hastily, for he had a tiresome business appointment; however, they were to meet in the evening, and a thousand little tender things which he intended to say, occupied him till the end of his walk.

When the evening came, and after a toilet of that particular attention which in nine cases out of ten one finds leisure to bestow on oneself, he arrived at Mr. Alford's house. The first object that caught his attention was Laura, looking, as the Americans say, "dreadful beautiful." She had on a pink dress, direct from Paris, that flung around its own atmosphere *de rose*, and nothing could be more finished than her whole *ensemble*. Not that Edward noted the exquisite perfection of all the feminine and Parisian items which completed her attire, but he was struck by the general effect. He soon found himself, he scarcely knew how, quite devoted to her; and his vanity was flattered, for she was the belle of the evening.

It is amazing how much our admiration takes its tone from the admiration of others: and when to that is added an obvious admiration of ourselves, the charm is irresistible. "Be sure," said Laura, in that low, confidential whisper, which implies that only to one could it be addressed, "if you see me bored by that wearisome Sir John Belmore, to come and make me waltz. Really, papa's old friends make me quite undutiful!" There was a smile accompanying the words which seemed to say, that it was not only to avoid Sir John that she desired to dance with himself.

The evening went off most brilliantly; and Edward went home with the full intention of throwing himself at the fascinating Laura's feet the following morning;

and, what is much more, he got up with the same resolution. He hurried to Harley street, and—how propitious the fates are sometimes!—found the *dame de ses pensées* alone. An offer is certainly a desperate act. The cavalier—

"Longs to speak, and yet shrinks back,
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment."

Edward certainly felt as little fear as a gentleman well could do, under the circumstances. He, therefore, lost no time in telling Miss Alford, that his happiness was in her hands. She received the intelligence with a very pretty look of surprise.

"Really," exclaimed she, "I never thought of you but as a friend; and last night I accepted Sir John Belmore! As that is his cabriolet, I must go down to the library to receive him; we should be so interrupted here with morning visiters!"

She disappeared, and at that moment Edward heard Julia's voice singing on the stairs. It was the last duet that they had sang together:

"Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget!"

She entered, looking very pretty, but pale. "Ah," thought Edward, "she is vexed that I allowed myself to be so engrossed by her sister last night."

"So you are alone," exclaimed she. "I have such a piece of news to tell you! Laura is going to be married to Sir John Belmore. How can she marry a man she positively despises?"

"It is very heartless," replied Edward, with great emphasis.

"Nay," replied Julia, "but Laura could not live without gaiety. Moreover, she is ambitious. I cannot pretend to judge for her; we never had a taste in common."

"You," said Edward, "would not have so thrown yourself away!"

"Ah! no," answered she, looking down, "the heart is my world." And Edward thought he had never seen any thing so lovely as the deep blue eyes that now looked up full of tears.

"Ah, too convincing, dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, th' unanswerable tear."

Whither Edward might have floated on the tears of the "dove-eyed Julia" must remain a question; for at that moment—a most unusual occurrence in a morning—Mr. Alford came into his own drawing-room.

"So, madam," he exclaimed, in a voice almost inarticulate from anger, "I know it all. You were married to Captain Dacre yesterday; and you, sir," turning to Edward, "made yourself a party to the shameful deception."

"No," interrupted Julia; "Mr. Rainsforth believed me to be in Swan & Edgar's shop the whole time. The fact was, I only passed through it."

Edward stood aghast. So the lady, instead of silks and ribands, was buying, perhaps, the dearest bargain of her life. A few moments convinced him that he was *de trop;* and he left the father storming, and the daughter in hysterics.

On his arrival at his lodgings, he found a letter from his guardians, in which he found the following entered among other items:—"Miss Emily Worthington has been ill, but is now recovering." Edward cared, at this moment, very little about the health or sickness of any woman in the world. Indeed, he rather thought Emily's illness was a judgment upon her. If she had answered his letter, he would have been saved all his recent mortification. He decided on abjuring the flattering and fickle sex for ever, and turned to his desk to look over some accounts to which he was referred by his guardians. While tossing the papers about, half-listless, half-fretful, what should catch his eye but a letter with the seal not broken! He started from his seat in consternation. Why, it was his own epistle to Miss Worthington! No wonder that she had not written; she did not even know his address. All the horrors of his conduct now stared him full in the face. Poor, dear, deserted Emily, what must her feelings have been! He could not bear to think of them. He snatched up a pen, wrote to his guardians, declaring that the illness of his beloved Emily would, if they did not yield, induce him to take any measure, however desperate; and that he insisted on being allowed to visit her. Nothing but his own eyes could satisfy him of her actual recovery. He also wrote to Emily, enclosed the truant letter, and the following day set off for Allerton.

In the mean time, what had become of the fair disconsolate? Emily had certainly quite fulfilled her duty of being miserable enough in the first instance. Nothing could be duller than the little village to which was consigned the Ariadne of Allerton. Day after day she roamed—not along the beach, but along the fields towards the post-office, for the letter which, like the breeze in Lord Byron's calm, "came not." A fortnight elapsed, when one morning, as she was crossing the grounds of a fine but deserted place in the neighbourhood, she was so much struck by the beauty of some pink May, that she stopped to gather it;—alas! like most other pleasures, it was out of her reach. Suddenly, a very elegant looking young man emerged from one of the winding paths, and insisted on gathering it for her. The flowers were so beautiful, when gathered, that it was impossible not to say something in their praise, and flowers lead to many other subjects. Emily discovered that she was talking to the proprietor of the place, Lord Elmsley—and, of course, apologised for her intrusion. He equally, of course, declared, that his grounds were only too happy in having so fair a guest.

Next they met by chance again, and, at last, the only thing that made Emily relapse into her former languor was—a wet day; for then there was no chance of seeing Lord Elmsley. The weather, however, was, generally speaking, delightful—and they met, and talked about Lord Byron—nay, read him together;—and Lord Elmsley confessed that he had never understood his beauties before. They talked also of the heartlessness of the world, and the delights of solitude, in a way that would have charmed Zimmerman. One morning, however, brought Lord Elmsley a letter. It was from his uncle, short and sweet, and ran thus:—

"My dear George,

"Miss Smith's guardians have at last listened to reason—and allow that your rank is fairly worth her gold. Come up, therefore, as soon as you can, and preserve your interest with the lady. What a lucky fellow you are to have fine eyes—for they have carried the prize for you! However, as women are inconstant commodities at the best, I advise you to lose no time in securing the heiress. Your affectionate uncle, E."

"Tell them," said the earl, "to order post-horses immediately. I must be off to London in the course of half an hour."

During this half hour he despatched his luncheon, and—for Lord Elmsley was a perfectly well-bred man—despatched the following note to Miss Worthington, whom he was to have met that morning to show her the remains of the heronry:—

"My dear Miss Worthington,

"Hurried as I am, I do not forget to return the volume of Lord Byron you so obligingly lent me. How I envy you the power of remaining in the country this delightful season—while I am forced to immure myself in hurried and noisy London. Allow me to offer the best compliments of your devoted servant,

"Elmsley."

No wonder that Emily tore the note which she received with smiles and blushes into twenty pieces, and did not get up to breakfast the next day. The next week she had a bad cold, and was seated in a most disconsolate-looking attitude and shawl, when a letter was brought in. It contained the first epistle of Edward's, and the following words in the envelope:—

"My adored Emily,

"You may forgive me—I cannot forgive myself. Only imagine that the inclosed letter has by some strange chance remained in my desk, and I never discovered the error till this morning. You would pardon me if you knew all I have suffered. How I have reproached you! I hope to see you to-morrow, for I cannot rest till I hear from your own lips that you have forgiven your faithful and unhappy

"Edward."

That very morning Emily left off her shawl, and discovered that a walk would do her good. The lovers met the next day, each looking a little pale—which each set down to their own account. Emily returned to Allerton, and the town was touched to the very heart by a constancy that had stood such a test.

"Three months' absence," as an old lady observed, "is a terrible trial." The guardians thought so too—and the marriage of Emily Worthington to Edward Rainsforth soon completed the satisfaction of the town of Allerton. During the bridal trip, the young couple were one wet day at an inn looking over a newspaper together, and there they saw—the marriage of Miss Smith with the Earl of Elmsley—and of Miss Alford with Sir John Belmore. I never heard that the readers made either of them any remark as they read. They returned to Allerton, lived very happily, and were always held up as touching instances of first love and constancy—in the nineteenth century.

L. E. L.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XV.—*Continued.*

SICK WIVES.

I am strongly of opinion that sick wives are very interesting for a short time, and very dull for a long one. It is of great importance that females of all classes should reflect upon this distinction, and not abuse a privilege most readily granted them, if exercised within the bounds of moderation. Nothing is so tedious as uniformity; and as, under the bright sky of Italy, one sometimes sighs for a cloud, so, in long-continued health, a slight ailment now and then is not without its advantages. In a wife it naturally calls forth the attentions of the husband, and freshens the delicacy of his affections, which gratifying effects, it is to be feared, tend frequently, in minds not well disciplined or strongly constituted, to generate habits of selfishness, and a sort of sickly appetite for indulgence. I seem to have observed that husbands, after a certain duration of ill health in their wives, begin to manifest something of impatience, afterwards of indifference, and lastly of weariness, however much they may keep up their attentions, and try to disguise their feelings; and I am sure there are not a few, who begin to calculate and look out, before they are lawfully entitled so to do. I would not for the world mention these horrid truths, but from a conviction that those who are ill all their lives, might be well all their lives, if they took due care, or put proper restraints upon themselves. Finding illness answer, in the first instance, they are too apt to neglect, or even encourage it, till it becomes a habit, and then the rest of their habits become conformable—to the metamorphosis of the unfortunate husband's home into an hospital. Perhaps the husband may in part thank himself for his state, for not having shown firmness soon enough; and I would advise, that when things seem to be hastening on to this course, under the auspices of some silky medical attendant, he be as speedily as possible replaced by one of rougher mould, by way of experiment. When a course of treatment long tried produces no benefit, but rather the reverse, it is good to try a change, and therefore, if uninterrupted indulgence cannot effect a cure, if every request complied with, every wish anticipated, only aggravates the evil, probably a dose or two of privation might be of service. If business neglected, and pleasure foregone, have been in vain, why should not a round of engagements be called in aid? A party of pleasure, with a few agreeable female friends, might produce a turn in a long-standing disorder, when nothing else could, and, being repeated at proper intervals, might effect a permanent cure. I admit this is a strong remedy, a sort of mineral poison, likely in the first instance to cause an access of malady; but anger is a strong stimulant, and tears often afford great relief, and a desire to witness what is going forward hath a wonderful efficacy in rousing to exertion. I have the more faith in such medicines, as I have known a sick wife completely cured for a time by the serious illness of her husband, or her children, or by any exciting event, either of joy or grief.

This is a subject of great importance, for it concerns the well-being of so many homes, the comfort and morals of so many men, the good training of so many children, and the peaceable enjoyments of so many dependents. The instances of habitual illness, which could not have been prevented by care at first, or by prudence and resolution afterwards, must be too few to have much effect on domestic enjoyment, and when they do occur, they ought to meet with unceasing consideration, especially as they are almost ever borne with an instructive patience and resignation. But it is far otherwise with the ill health I mean, which has its origin and its continuance, one or both, in mismanagement; and those who suffer themselves to be the victims of it, ordinarily exact, under one guise or other, a very annoying degree of sacrifice from all about them. The sooner the evil is put out of fashion, the better.

EDUCATION.

It is a great art in the education of youth to find out peculiar aptitudes, or, where none exist, to create in-

clinations, which may serve as substitutes. Different minds are like different soils; some are suited only to particular cultivation; others will mature almost any thing; others, again, are best adapted to a round of ordinary products; and a few are wasted, unless they are reserved for what is most choice. The common run of minds may be compared to arable land, and are suited indifferently to the drudgery of any business. There is a more rugged, and apparently sterile class, which yields no return to ordinary cultivation, but is like the mountain side rearing, in a course of years, the stately forest; and there are the felicitous few, which resemble the spots calculated for the choicest vineyards. It is fortunate for the individuals and society, when each class is put to its proper use. To pursue the comparison, minds, like soils, are often deceitful in their early promise; and, as a young orchard will sometimes thrive vigorously for a time, and when its owner expects a fair return, will canker and die,—so youth will promise success in a particular line, till some hidden defect begins to operate, and the fondest hopes are blasted. However, these are the exceptions, and not the rule, and sound judgment in the destination of children will, in the vast majority of cases, be amply repaid. The great error, I apprehend, that parents fall into, and often unconsciously, is, that they consult their own interests and inclinations rather than those of their children, and that vanity, ambition, and avarice, too often blind their understandings. There are difficulties even with the purest intentions, because apparent aptitudes are not, as I have already observed, always real ones, and because inclinations often arise from accidental causes, and change for the same reason. Where there is a great and undoubted aptitude, it must be injudicious to thwart it; for though the indulgence may be attended with objections, it must in the nature of things be compensated by keen enjoyment, and it is better to be eminently successful in an inferior line, than moderately so, with a great chance of failure, in a superior one. Where it seems a matter of indifference to what a young person is destined, it is important when the choice is made, to create a corresponding inclination, which will serve in some sort instead of an aptitude, and this may be easily accomplished in general, by contriving some attraction to the calling, as by bringing about an intimacy with one already engaged in it, and turning the will of the parent into the choice of the child. Some such course is the most likely to ensure that willingness and steadiness, which are the forerunners of success. There are certain useful branches of learning, which it is expedient, or rather necessary, that every one should be instructed in, according to situation in life, whatever may be the individual repugnance, or unfitness. But it is otherwise with accomplishments and the higher parts of learning; for they profit really nothing, where there is no turn for them, and the time and attention they are made to occupy, might often be advantageously employed on plainer objects. I will instance the routine of accomplishments that young ladies are constrained to acquire, whether they have any taste for them or not, the display of which, when unaccompanied by taste, is a great annoyance in society. A taste cultivated affords pleasure both to the possessor and to others; and if people would only addict themselves to that in which they excel, they might well afford to be ignorant of most other matters. What a quantity of dancing, singing, playing, and drawing, there is, which has no other effect but to expose and bore!

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ART OF TRAVELING.—*Concluded.*

Before setting out upon a journey, it is advantageous to be rather more abstemious than usual for a day or two, as the sudden change of habits, even with the most regular livers, is apt to produce some derangement of system; and at any rate such a course makes the body accommodate itself better to the motion and confinement of a carriage, upon which I have made some remarks in my articles on the attainment of health. It is particularly desirable to make the necessary arrangements with respect to luggage, passports, &c., a little beforehand, and not to be in a feverish hurry and bustle at the last moment, with the chance of forgetting something of importance. Setting out at one's ease is a good omen for the rest of the journey. With respect to luggage, I recommend the greatest compactness possible, as being attended with constant and many advantages, and in general I think people are rather over-provident in taking more than they want. Avoid being intrusted with sealed letters, or carrying any thing contraband, for yourself or others. A necessity for concealment causes a perpetual anxiety, and has a tendency to destroy that openness of manner, which is often very serviceable in getting on. Avoid also commissions, except for particular reasons; they are generally very troublesome and encumbering. When the weather will permit, avail yourself of opportunities of quitting your carriage to take exercise; as, whilst the horses are changing, walk about, or walk forward, taking care only not to get into a wrong road, of which sometimes there is danger. If you pay yourself, a great deal of your comfort will depend upon management. I once posted a considerable distance through France, with a Bohemian courier who did not understand paying, so I undertook it for my companion. As I wished always to walk forward on changing horses, it was an object to me to save time, and the course I pursued was this: I took care to have a constant supply of change of every necessary denomination, and to ascertain what it was usual in the different parts of the country to give the postillions. Before arriving at each post-house, I calculated by the post-book the charge for the horses, and on arrival I had the exact sum ready, which I put in the postillion's hand, saying, with a confident air, so much for the horses, so much for driving, and so much to drink. The consequence was, I lost no time; the money was recived without any objection, and almost always with thanks. By a less decided or less accurate method, the trouble and vexation are great, and you have to do with a set of people who are never satisfied. If you do not know what the amount is, or hold your purse in your hand, or exhibit any hesitation or doubt, you are immediately attacked and pestered in the most importunate and tormenting manner. It has a great effect, I believe, with the postillions, to separate their gratuity into the driving, and the drink-money. They consider it, I was told, as a sort of attention, and certainly I found the observance of the rule very useful. A certain sum for driving, with four or five sous to drink, will elicit thanks, when a larger amount, not distinguished, will only excite importunity. I am speaking of what was the case fifteen years since, and I think it was the same in Italy. Decision of manner in paying has universally a very good effect, but then it is necessary to make the best enquiries as to what is right.

An Englishman in foreign countries need have no fear that any courtesy he may be disposed to show, will not meet with an adequate, or more than adequate, return. A foreigner connects with his idea of an Englishman, wealth, freedom, and pride. The two former qualities inspire him with a feeling of his own inferiority, whatever he may profess to the contrary, and the last has the effect of preventing him from hazarding the first advance, or, if he does venture, it is generally with caution and distrust. For the same reason he will not unfrequently receive an advance with a degree of suspicion, which has the appearance of dislike; but the moment he feels any thing approaching to a confidence of courteous treatment, he is eager to meet it more than half way. English reserve, and this foreign suspicion, combine to keep up a distance, and a sort of alienation in appearance, which do not exist in reality, and which it is in an Englishman's power to dispel whenever he pleases. All things considered, it is next to impossible that foreigners should not feel that Englishmen enjoy a decided superiority, and it is useful in traveling to bear in mind this fact, not for the purpose of gratifying pride, but of showing a disposition above it. English courtesy bears a high premium every where, and the more so, because it has universally the credit of being sincere. An habitual exercise of it in traveling is an excellent passport. I do not at present recollect any other observations on the art of traveling, which are not commonly to be met with, but I feel confident that the few I have given, if attended to, may be of considerable service.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Books.—No new books since our last, except the second part of the Pickwick Papers, from Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The Omnibus.—Several Subscribers to "Waldie's Literary Omnibus" must have been neglected last week, owing to sundry causes proverbially inseparable from a first issue. It is hoped, however, that the number was limited to a few, and that those will give notice of the fact at the publication office.

The Original.—With the Art of Dining and Traveling Mr. Walker appears to be entirely at home; his extent of knowledge is such as only *practicians* could acquire. The Quarterly Review, in its facetious article on the subject, says, "The author of the 'Parson's Daughter,' when surprised one evening in his arm-chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologised by saying, 'When one is alone the bottle *does* come round *so* often.' It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, we believe, who being asked on a similar occasion, 'Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?' answered, 'No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira.'" The *teetotallers* must not be offended if we repeat such things, when we add that they are now altogether out of fashion, and serve only for a joke. The same will apply to the following, which we take from the John Bull:

CHEATING THE DEVIL.

Sly Hodge had long a toper been;
At length he did agree,
Because he had his folly seen,
He'd only drink bohea.

But e'er a month was gone and past
Hodge felt his stomach leer,*
And fain would wash down a repast,
With half a pint of beer.

His vow to keep, a cake he buys—
Then to the alehouse takes it,—
"Bring me a pint of beer," he cries,
And into it he breaks it.

Then having soaked up all the beer,
He eats it, slyly thinking
He still was a teetotaller,
"For eating isn't drinking."

Quoth he,—"I have a conscience clear,
Unperjured—God be thanked!
For though I paid for this same beer,
It was the bread that drank it."

The above is a true bill.

T. E. K.

* Weak and faint from emptiness.—BEN JONSON.

The Quarterly adds truly, that Mr. Walker's maxim, "State without the machinery of state, is of all states the worst," is worthy of Bacon.

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"A man," says La Bruyere, "may have virtue, capacity, and good conduct, and yet be insupportable. The air and manner, which we neglect as little things, are frequently what the world judges us by, and make them decide for or against us." This remark of the French Addison is most just.

By a calculation made from the best dictionaries for each of the following languages, there are about 20,000 words in the Spanish, 22,000 words in the English, 25,000 in the Latin, 30,000 in the French, 45,000 in the Italian, 50,000 in the Greek, and 80,000 in the German. Of the 22,000 in the English language, there are about 15,000 that a man understands, who is before master of the Latin, French, and Italian; and 3000 more if he be master of the German. The other 4000 are probably the old British.

The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand million of years, write out all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote forty pages daily, each of which pages contained forty different transpositions of the letters.

Books written with a pen usually brought double or treble their weight in gold. As they generally belonged to monasteries, reading was considered an act of religion. A fancy obtained currency at one period, of reducing manuscript books to the very smallest compass. In the 16th century, an Italian monk, named Peter Almunus,

wrote the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospel of St. John, within the circumference of a farthing. The Iliad was once written on vellum, so small that a nutshell contained it.

When the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas Moore was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect, but visionary republic, in an island supposed to have been newly discovered in America. "As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budæus, and others, took it for a genuine history; and considered it as highly expedient that missionaries should be sent thither, in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity."

Justice and generosity, rightly blended, constitute a dignified character; but certainly so far as a person is more just than generous, or more generous than just, that character is defective.

Mrs. Coghlan, the lady referred to in Davis's Life of Burr, relates in her memoirs, that dining one day with a party of American officers, during the revolutionary war, when the health of General Washington was drank, her tory principles restrained her from honouring the sentiment; this being observed, she appeared to recollect herself, and saying wittily to the proposer, "General *Howe* is the toast?" emptied her glass, to the infinite amusement of the party, who pardoned the sally for its point.

Seneca has very elegantly said that malice drinks one half of its own poison.

The bee and the butterfly are both busy bodies, but they are differently employed.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, says Lord Bacon, he is superior.

A German translated Cato's soliloquy from the French into Dutch, which on being restored to its native language, the following line,

"It must be so: Plato, thou reason'st well,"

reads literally,

"Just so; Mynherr Plato, you 're quite right."

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. Ship Peacock,
Siam Roads, April 1, 1836.

A few nights after listening to the religious conversation I spoke of in my last, the subject was again renewed in my hearing. Every thing was tranquil—the sails were just asleep, and mother moon was shining on the blue sea as softly as the parent over a sleeping babe.

"Come," said Tom, "rouse out of that moonshine, or you'll find your neck as crooked to-morrow as a cork screw."

"That be ——," replied Ben. "That notion is like some of your bible ideas—not straight and not proved, no how. Do you think moonshine is going to make me change colour like a dying dolphin?"

"It might be better for you, if your ideas was like most folks' about the bible. My notion is, you had better believe it, and if it aint true, there 's no harm done."

"How can you believe," said Ben, raising on one elbow, "what you can't understand?"

"Why, well enough—them preachers understands the bible, and if you obey their orders they 'll navigate you straight to heaven. You don't understand navigation, but you believes the captain knows what course to steer into port, and you steers it and no grumbling."

"That's clear enough, Tom; but you see this difference; the captain pays me my wages, allows me my grog, tobacco, and now and then a 'blow' ashore; your preacher stops all except the wages, and axes me to subscribe to bible societies and build churches, and they begs you like a woman. I gave one fellow a dollar once just to get rid of him, and I have damned his whole tribe ever since. What has a sailor got to live for, after you take away rum and tobacco? Then there's another difference.—The captain always *does* carry you into port—but you only find out the preacher when may be its too late to do any good. No, no, I' ll be a jolly jack-tar all my life, and take my turn at psalming it in the cold clouds, with nothing to eat and no grog, in the next world."

"Well, I' ll try and believe any how. You talk as if you don't believe in a future world."

"Well, the fact is, I don't much; for I don't somehow see any use in it, 'specially when you've got to be psalm-singing, or crying all the while, and that for ever. I tell you it is mighty hard to believe such things. Why, I can't so much as believe about Adam and Eve. How did she get black children I'd like to know! I guess they were both niggers, for I've seed more coloured folks in the Indies and Africa than I ever saw white folks altogether. Now, if you will prove, *pint blank*, that we've got to go to another world in the first place, and that Adam and Eve, being white folks like you and me, got black children, you 've got to prove, in the second place, that they were white or black, and that Jesus Christ was the same colour; then if you 'll prove that God Almighty wrote the bible, your 're a smarter man than I took you for, and damme if I don't turn Christian and take to farming."

"Well, Ben, I might maybe agree with you if I did not hear every body say they believed the truth. And then, see how the missionaries go all over the world to convert the heathens—and do you 'spose they'd be fools enough for that, if all they say was n't true. But somehow I think, too, it would be doing them a good turn to let them alone; for if they don't know no better than to worship idols, they can't be sent to hell for doing it."

I regret to write so much horrible ignorance, but I am bound to let you know about sailors' notions of religion. I have heard the same kind of arguments again and again, and often endeavoured to convince them of their errors, but I fear with little success. They often laugh at chaplains; and I am sure they often pretend to piety, merely to show their dexterity in deceiving. I remember overhearing one man say to his companions, when we had a chaplain—"I say, Jack, just mind now, how I'll make the parson think I am getting good." He walked aft on the quarter deck, took off his hat to the chaplain and begged him for some tracts, which he brought off in triumph, swearing they were as good as oakum. All in hearing laughed heartily, but I could not discover the wit of the joke.

If you have any friend who visits sailors for religious purposes, you may show him these letters, for he may gather from them, that sailors are often very strong minded, but the difficulty is they will never express their opinions to persons they look on as superiors—and, therefore, they are with more difficulty instructed. The missionary or divine who would benefit seamen, should be "as wise as serpents and harmless as doves," and not visit Jack with the avowed purpose of his conversion, but as Hamlet says, "use all gently," for "We can't be by compulsion blest."

The fact is, that sailors form a class of beings *sui generis*, and do not belong to what is commonly termed society, though society might be badly off without them. They are above public opinion, and if they have the pride of reputation, it is of a false kind. The applause of their shipmates is more valuable than that of all the world besides; lying and pilfering are common, but amongst seamen these are not crimes, but practical jokes. They seldom fear any thing in this world, nor in that which is to come. It is no wonder that Johnson thought a ship was a state prison enlivened by the prospect of being drowned, and after becoming acquainted with the morals and habits of its indwellers, the comparison is the more striking. Houses of refuge and jails, furnish a goodly quota of sailors; while the marine corps is made up of the degraded scapegraces of good families, who endeavour to hide their own shame and that of their parents by sinking into the files of marines. Though generosity is unknown amongst seamen, prodigality on shore is almost universal. Sailors usually spend, in a few days, all they accumulate in a cruise of two or three years.

I hope to get up to town in a few days, and on my return will endeavour to give some more agreeable observations. Truly as ever,

Simple.

P. S. The musquitoes of Siam are regular Jack Cades—they oppose all literary pursuits, whether reading or writing. They sing loud and bite deep. I wonder they did'nt bite the Siamese Twins apart before they left this country. I understand that those "noble brothers" have got a bad reputation here. The captain of the port says their "good old mother cries plenty about them," and fears that they have grown vicious and fond of bad company in consequence of mingling in so much society of all kinds in the United States. She thinks they might have sent her a little money.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XVI.

ORNAMENT.

Nature is the true guide in our application of ornament. She delights in it, but ever in subserviency to use. Men generally pursue an opposite course, and adorn only to encumber. With the refined few, simplicity is the feature of greatest merit in ornament. The trifling, the vulgar-minded, and the ignorant, prize only what is striking and costly—something showy in contrast, and difficult to be obtained. Nothing can more truly satirise this taste, than the fancy of the negro chief in the interior of Africa, who received an Englishman's visit of ceremony in a drummer's jacket and a judge's wig. I always think of this personage, when I see a lady loaded with jewels; and if I had a wife, and she had such encumbrances, from the anxiety of which I saw no other chance of her being relieved, I should heartily rejoice in one of those mysterious disappearances, which have been so frequent of late, and which, it may be, have sometimes originated in a feeling on the part of husbands, similar to mine.

GIVING SECURITY.

Society is governed much more by false than by true principles; by expedients and substitutes, rather than by sound rules. When abuse has arisen from the neglect of a principle, it is a very common error to abandon the principle, and adopt some expedient with reference to the particular abuse, which is the beginning of endless botchery. There are very numerous instances of this both in the practice of government and in legislation. A true principle, if adhered to, has a self-adjusting power; a false one requires constant bolstering, and every quack has his nostrum. There never was a period, probably, in the history of this country, when there was a greater tendency to wander from sound principles, than at the present. The undoubted necessity for great changes has raised up a host of reformers, who think, because they can see abuses, that they can with equal facility see the proper remedies; but they appear to me, one and all, incapable, from the double disqualification of party blindness, and want of elementary experience. It is not often that I trouble myself about the lengthy debates in the two houses of parliament; but on two or three questions, which have been the objects of my particular attention, I have read every thing that has been said on both sides, and I can say, without exaggeration, that I have been perfectly astonished at the general absence of accurate information and clear views, and I have often had occasion to doubt, whether those who took my side of the question, or those who took the opposite, were the most deficient. The reason of this I believe to be twofold; first, the want of schooling in the art and practice of government, which can

never be supplied by information at second hand; and, secondly, because, even with the purest and highest minded, according to the present standard, I fear zeal for some party end constantly predominates over that for the establishment of truth. Nothing but the organisation of local governments upon such principles as will induce the best qualified there to begin their training, will ever produce a race of sound legislators and practical statesmen. It is not in the nature of things that either minister or legislator should learn their business in office or in parliament; they are beginning where they ought to end. They should enter upon their career in a smaller field, and in closer contact with mankind. The minister should know from his own gradual experience, or he will ever be vague in his views, as well as in trammels to interested and narrow-minded underlings; and the legislator should draw from nearer sources than the biassed and imperfect information to be obtained through committees and commissions, in which information, as far as I have seen, there is at least as much of falsehood as of truth. Our leading men are formed very much upon the plan of making a general, by giving at once the command of an army. To say that any man has great official or parliamentary experience, is ordinarily to say little more than that he is a tactician in trick and intrigue, and, in proportion, removed from the straightforward path of patriotism. However, the fault lies principally in the want of opportunity for preparation, owing to a system of overgrown government-in-chief, instead of a duly organised ascending scale.

Having wandered into these remarks, I will bring myself back to my subject proposed, by repeating my first sentences. Society is governed much more by false than by true principles; by expedients and substitutes rather than by sound rules. When abuse has arisen from the neglect of a principle, it is a very common error to abandon the principle, and adopt some expedient with reference to the particular abuse. A strong illustration of this seems to me to be found in the practice of taking security from persons in public trusts of a pecuniary character—a practice, the reasonableness of which I have never heard even doubted; but let us see how it is likely that it operates. In my article on Preferment to Place, in my thirteenth number, I have observed, "It is not enough to prefer those who are fit; the choice should fall upon those who are most fit. It is not enough to choose from those who apply; the most meritorious should be sought out." If this principle had been followed, the idea of requiring security would never have occurred. It would have been unnecessary, and would have been a degradation. But neglect of the principle induced a frequent violation of trusts, and the most prominent feature being a defalcation in accounts, the remedy applied had solely a reference to that, though it is not to be supposed that a public defaulter could originally have been very fit for his situation. The real remedy lay in an enquiry on each defalcation into the mode of appointment, and a demand on the part of the public of the enforcement of the principle I have above laid down. The expedient of taking security has a tendency to lower still farther the standard of qualification, because, the principal abuse being professed to be guarded against, greater carelessness as to general fitness will be the consequence, and though the public may be saved from pecuniary loss in particular instances, the class of servants will be deteriorated. They have other duties to perform beside receiving money; but, provided they can get security considered sufficient, those other duties will be comparatively little thought of by those who have to appoint. They will easily justify to themselves a bad appointment with a good security. But if character were the only security, it would be otherwise, and the public would have the chance of being well served in every particular. Suppose a situation vacant, where security is required. The most likely person to obtain it, is some one with a large family, who by improvidence or mismanagement, has become an unceasing burden to his connections. They exert all their influence, and most strenuously, to get rid of him, and are quite willing to run the risk of finding him security, in order to relieve themselves from the present pressure. What chance has an independent man, who is a burden to nobody, with such a competitor? and what chance has the public of being considered? The meritorious are generally too backward in urging their claims, and it is not to be expected that their friends will be as zealous as the interested supporters of a hanger on. As I can conceive nothing much more irksome to a man of honest intentions and high feeling, than to have to ask his friends to become his sureties, I believe that very circumstance has often prevented the most fitting applications; and, after all, the securities taken for the undeserving, when they have been recurred to, have often proved unavailing, or, on the other hand, have caused the ruin of innocent persons, after a world of previous anxiety. There is also this evil in the system, that it frequently induces neglect in those, whose place it is to see to the punctual discharge of official duties; and their reliance upon the security produces the very inconvenience meant to be guarded against. Though the practice of requiring security is undoubtedly not uniform in its evil operation, I believe its general tendencies to be—to encourage the improvident and mismanaging, by opening to them situations, of which otherwise they would have no chance—to promote jobbing amongst the connections of such—to discourage merit, and to lower the value of character—to increase carelessness and corruption in the dispensation of patronage, and to defeat its own particular end by injuring the public service, instead of promoting it. The true principle is, to make character the only security, and a few departures in practice would only work their own cure; but a departure from the principle produces a permanent deterioration.

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ART OF DINING.

I shall begin this article with stating, that the dinner at Blackwall, mentioned in my last number, was served according to my directions, both as to the principal dishes and the adjuncts, with perfect exactness, and went off with corresponding success. The turtle and white-bait were excellent; the grouse not quite of equal merit; and the apple fritters so much relished, that they were entirely cleared, and the jelly left untouched. The only wines were champagne and claret, and they both gave great satisfaction. As soon as the liqueurs were handed round once, I ordered them out of the room; and the only heresy committed was by one of the guests asking for a glass of bottled porter, which I had not the presence of mind instantly to forbid. There was an opinion broached that some flounders water-zoutched, between the turtle and white-bait, would have been an improvement—and perhaps they would. I dined again yesterday at Blackwall as a guest, and I observed that my theory as to adjuncts was carefully put in practice, so that I hope the public will be a gainer.

In order to bring the dinner system to perfection according to my idea, it would be necessary to have a room contrived on the best possible plan for eight persons, as the greatest number. I almost think six even more desirable than eight; but beyond eight, as far as my experience goes, there is always a division into parties, or a partial languor, or sort of paralysis either of the extremities, or centre, which has more or less effect upon the whole. For complete enjoyment, a company ought to be one; sympathising and drawing together, listening and talking in due proportions—no monopolist, nor any ciphers. With the best arrangements, much will depend upon the chief of the feast giving the tone, and keeping it up. Paulus Æmilius, who was the most successful general, and best entertainer of his time, seems to have understood this well; for he said it required the same sort of spirit to manage a banquet as a battle, with this difference, that the one should be made as pleasant to friends, and the other as formidable to enemies, as possible. I often think of this excellent saying at large dinner parties, where the master and mistress preside as if they were the humblest of the guests, or as if they were overwhelmed with anxiety respecting their cumbrous and pleasure-destroying arrangements. They appear not to have the most distant idea of the duties of commanders, and instead of bringing their troops regularly into action, they leave the whole army in reserve. They should at least now and then address each of their guests by name, and, if possible, say something by which it may be guessed who and what each person is. I have witnessed some ridiculous and almost incredible instances of these defects. I remember once at a large dinner-party at a great house, the lion of the day not being called out once, and going away without the majority of the company suspecting who he was. On a similar occasion, as a very distinguished man left the drawing-room, a scarcely less distinguished lady enquired who that gentlemen was, who had been so long talking to her,—though she had sat opposite to him at dinner. It appears to me that nothing can be better contrived to defeat its legitimate end, than a large dinner-party in the London season—sixteen, for instance. The names of the guests are generally so announced that it is difficult to hear them, and in the earlier part of the year, the assembling takes place in such obscurity, that it is impossible to see. Then there is often a tedious and stupifying interval of waiting, caused perhaps by some affected fashionable, some important politician, or some gorgeously-decked matron, or it may be, by some culinary accident. At last comes the formal business of descending into the dining-room, where the blaze of light produces by degrees sundry recognitions; but many a slight acquaintance is prevented from being renewed by the chilling mode of assembling. In the long tedious days, the light is more favourable, but the waiting is generally more tedious, and half the guests are perhaps leaving the park, when they ought to be sitting down to dinner. At table, intercourse is prevented as much as possible by a huge centre-piece of plate and flowers, which cuts off about one half the company from the other, and some very awkward mistakes have taken place in consequence, from guests having made personal observations upon those who were actually opposite to them. It seems strange that people should be invited, to be hidden from one another. Besides the centre-piece, there are usually massive branches, to assist in interrupting communication; and perhaps you are placed between two persons with whom you are not acquainted, and have no community of interest to induce you to become so, for in the present overgrown state of society, a new acquaintance, except for some particular reason, is an encumbrance to be avoided. When the company is arranged, then comes the perpetual motion of the attendants, the perpetual declining of what you do not want, and the perpetual waiting for what you do, or a silent resignation to your fate. To desire a potato, and to see the dish handed to your next neighbour, and taking its course in a direction from you, round an immense table, with occasional retrograde movements, and digressions, is one of the unsatisfactory occurrences which frequently take place; but perhaps the most distressing incident in a grand dinner is, to be asked to take champagne, and, after much delay, to see the butler extract the bottle from a cooler, and hold it nearly parallel to the horizon, in order to calculate how much he is to put into the first glass, to leave any for the second. To relieve him and yourself from the chilling difficulty, the only alternative is to change your mind, and prefer sherry, which, under the circumstances, has rather an awkward effect. These and an infinity of minor evils are constantly experienced amidst the greatest displays, and they have from sad experience made me come to the conclusion, that a combination of state and calculation is the horror of horrors. Some good bread and cheese, and a jug of ale, comfortably set before me, and heartily given, are heaven on earth in comparison. I must not omit to mention, amongst other obstacles to sociability, the present excessive breadth of fashionable tables, for the purpose of holding, first, the cumbrous ornaments and lights before spoken of; secondly, in some cases, the dessert, at the same time with the side dishes; and lastly, each person's cover with its appurtenances; so that to speak across the table, and through the intervening objects, is so inconvenient, as to be nearly impracticable. To crown all, is the ignorance of what you have to eat, and the impossibility of duly regulating your appetite. To be sure, in many particulars you may form a tolerably accurate guess, as that, at one season, there will be partridges in the third course, and at another, pigeons, in dull routine. No wonder that such a system produces many a dreary pause, in spite of every effort to the contrary, and that one is obliged, in self-defence, to crumble bread, sip wine, look at the paintings, if there are any, or if there are not, blazon the arms on the plates, or, lastly, retreat into one's self in despair, as I have often and often done. When dinner is over, there is no peace till each dish in the dessert has made its circuit, after which the wine moves languidly round two or three times, and then settles for the rest of the evening, and coffee and small talk finish the heartless affair. I do not mean to say that such dinner parties as I have been describing have not frequently many redeeming circumstances. Good breeding, wit, talent, information, and every species of agreeable quality, are to be met with there; but I think these would appear to much greater advantage, and much oftener, under a more simple and unrestrained system. After curiosity has been satisfied, and experience ripened, I imagine most people retire from the majority of formal dinners rather wearied than repaid, and that a feeling of real enjoyment is the exception, and not the rule. In the long run, there is no compensation for ease; and ease is not to be found in state and superabundance, but in having what you want, when you want it, and with no temptation to excess. The legitimate objects of dinner are, to refresh the body, to please the palate, and to raise the social humour to the highest point; but these objects, so far from being studied, in general are not even thought of, and display and an adherence to fashion are their meagre substitutes. Hence it is, that gentlemen ordinarily understand what pertains to dinner-giving so much bet-

ter than ladies, and that bachelors' feasts are so popular. Gentlemen keep more in view the real ends, whereas ladies think principally of display and ornament, of form and ceremony,—not all, for some have excellent notions of taste and comfort; and the cultivation of them would seem to be the peculiar province of the sex, as one of the chief features in household management. There is one female failing in respect to dinners, which I cannot help here noticing, and that is, a very inconvenient love of garnish, and flowers, either natural, or cut in turnips and carrots, and stuck on dishes, so as greatly to impede carving and helping. This is the true barbarian principle of ornament, and is in no way distinguishable from the "untutored Indian's" fondness for feathers and shells. In both cases the ornament is an encumbrance, and has no relation to the matter on which it is placed. But there is a still worse practice, and that is, pouring sauce over certain dishes to prevent them from looking too plain, as parsley and butter, or white sauce over boiled chickens. I cannot distinguish this taste from that of the Hottentot besmearing himself with grease, or the Indian with red paint, who, I suppose, have both the same reason for their practice. To my mind, good meat, well cooked, the plainer it looks the better it looks, and it certainly is better with the accessories kept separate till used, unless they form a part of the dish. In my next number I shall give my ideas of what dinners ought to be.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

New York Book.—A superb volume from the press of Mr. George Dearborn, entitled "The New York Book of Poetry," has reached our table during the scarcity of the last two or three weeks. It has an engraved title-page, and is otherwise produced in a high style of art. The contents afford specimens of great variety from the pens of New Yorkers, alphabetically arranged on the first page, from Francis Arden to Gulian C. Verplanck. We presume every body who *once* lived in Gotham and wrote poetry is a New Yorker in the opinion of the editor, as several non-residents are included, and a few unknown to fame, but nevertheless not undeserving of it. The volume is a handsome one, and well adapted to popular taste.

Speeches.—A volume of speeches, by Windham and Huskisson, with preliminary biographichal sketches by R. Walsh, Esq., in octavo, from the press of E. C. Biddle, closes our catalogue for the present week. When the rivers shall become water instead of ice, the public will again benefit by the labours of the bookmakers.

Wraxall.—Next week we shall commence the publication of Wraxall's "Historical Memoirs," which precedes in point of time the "Posthumous Memoirs," published in our last volume; they are no less entertaining than the work we have already given. Previous to their insertion, we shall indulge in inserting a couple of gems from our late accession of British periodicals, viz: a humorous piece of satire from Blackwood, and a tale from the New Monthly Magazine.

The Original, of which but about twenty-six numbers were published, continues to be very entertaining.

The Literary Omnibus.—Number three of "Waldie's Literary Omnibus," published last Friday, contains the whole of Kotzebue's celebrated account of an escape from the dungeons of the Inquisition, and the commencement of Latrobe's Rambler in Mexico, with the usual variety of intelligence.

When the Rev. John Cotton, one of the early ministers of New England, died, in 1652, one of his friends, a Mr. Woodbridge, wrote the following singular epitaph, which is supposed to have given rise to the celebrated one written by Dr. Franklin, on himself:—

"A living, breathing bible; tables where
Both covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel and law in 's heart had each its column,
His hand an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and next,
His life a commentary on the text.
O! what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth!
Without errata, we may think he 'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity."

Amongst the various instances of literary precocity, perhaps that of the learned Delrius is the most extraordinary. At the age of nineteen, he published a work illustrative of Seneca, quoting 100,000 different authors.

Cervantes, whose romance, replete with character, incident, pleasantry, and humour, is held in admiration throughout the civilised world, starved in the midst of a high reputation, and died in penury. Philip III., seeing a student reading a book, and stamping with delight, remarked, "That youth is either mad or he is reading Don Quixote." This is worth a volume of panegyric. According to Dennis, Butler, the author of Hudibras, died in a garret. Boyse who translated Chaucer's Tales into modern English, with great spirit, at the rate of three pence per line, wore a blanket, because he was destitute of breeches, and was, at last, found famished to death with a pen in his hand.

At the time a reward was offered for the best epitaph on General Wolfe, two gentlemen submitted their attempts to Dr. Johnson for his opinion as to which was best. After reading them both, he gave his opinion to this effect:—"The epitaphs are both extremely bad, and therefore I prefer the shorter of the two."

The following, from one of our last London papers, is the latest—

Curious Discovery at Pompeii.—A letter from Naples of the 23d of October, published in the Paris National, says—"Professor Zahn has this moment returned to town with the intelligence of the most curious discovery that has just been made at Pompeii. A complete table service in silver has been found. It consists of forty-four plates, a large dish, three small vessels, two spoons, and four forks. The workmanship is admirable, and the articles are all in the highest state of preservation."

Rouelle, the celebrated French chemist, was remarkable for his extraordinary absence of mind. One day in the absence of his assistant, being left to perform his experiments before a large class, alone, he said, "Gentlemen, you see this caldron upon this brazier. Well, if I were to cease stirring a single moment, an explosion would ensue, which would blow us all into the air." This was no sooner said than he forgot to stir, and his prediction was accomplished; the explosion took place with a horrible crash, all the windows of the laboratory were smashed to pieces, and two hundred auditors whirled away into the garden; fortunately no serious injury was received, the greatest violence of the explosion being directed to the chimney. The forgetful stirrer himself escaped with the loss of his wig only.

M. de Saint Ange having gone to pay his respects to M. de Voltaire, and being ambitious to conclude his visit by some striking remark, said, "I am only come to day, sir, to see Homer, another day I shall come to see Euripides and Sophocles, afterwards Tacitus, and then Lucian." "Sir," answered Homer, "I am very old, could you not make all the visits at once?" A naval officer talking very absurd nonsense respecting Shakspeare and the drama, Garrick exclaimed, holding up his hands, "From this time forward I promise never to talk of naval actions." The point of both these anecdotes is not the less striking for laying a little under the surface.

Four Polish noblemen, says Baron de Grimm, having desired to see the country seat of the Count d'Artois, were shown about by one of the officers of the prince's household. He was exceedingly surprised at seeing them stop on a sudden before one of the statues in the eating room, look at each other with great emotion, and then burst into tears. When somewhat recovered, they told their guide that they had been thus deeply affected on contemplating that beautiful statue, which was the perfect likeness of a relation of theirs recently dead. The count hearing this, immediately sent the statue as a present to them. They desired afterwards to see the gallery of pictures in the Palais Royal, and here they shed torrents of tears at some of the best pieces of Corregio and Titian. At the Luxembourg they were quite in agonies at beholding some of the chefs-d'œuvre of Rubens. But this excess of sensibility appearing at last likely to occasion them some embarrassment, they were obliged to give it up. The baron adds, "It is said they purpose making the tour of Italy with equal enthusiasm, and it is supposed that they will at least swoon, if not expire with tenderness, before the lovely Venus de Medicis."

In this age we require nothing but what we call eloquence, though the term is miserably abused; but such as it is, eloquence in the political world now-a-days is like charity in the Christian character; without it a man is accounted dead.

There is often great point contained in a good epitaph, though we doubt whether there be two good things more difficult to construct pleasingly than a handsome monument,* and a good inscription. The epitaph on Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher, is a gem:—"Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple; poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favourite of heaven." Of all places a pun is most to be shunned in epitaphs. Over the grave of Dr. Fuller was inscribed—"Here lies Fuller's earth," and over Hobbes, the philosopher—"This is the Philosopher's Stone."

Tarring and feathering is a custom as old as the Crusades, as we learn by Keightley's history; probably dentists and artificial teeth are as old as King Pyrrhus; Plutarch says of him, "Pyrrhus had in his countenance an air of majesty more terrible than Augustus. The teeth in his upper jaw were not separate or distinct: it was all one continued bone, divided with small lines, resembling spaces of a row of teeth." This is a good description of many modern "upper jaws!" Silver *cheek stretchers* are an old invention.

The "holy war" lasted one hundred and ninety years, and was the most costly on record, both for time, blood, and money. No conflict, says an elegant writer, is so fierce and cruel as when religion animates the war, and makes it piety to be irreconcileable.

The learned Agrippa tells us, that all the inconveniences of married life happen, not so much through the fault of the women, as the negligence of the men, for it seldom happens that the women are bad unless their husbands are worse.

Fox's remark, "Did you ever hear of a savage that did not buy a mirror in preference to a telescope?" cuts deeper than he intended. Would it not apply to most modern mansions, where the luxury of mirrors is carried to a "savage" extent?

* Philadelphia boasts a cenotaph over the remains of a citizen whose heirs have inserted on the apex an emblem of his trade, no less than a sculptured *marble umbrella*, handle and all!

RETORT.—A nobleman who had the character of not possessing much courage, one day asked a miser what pleasure he experienced in hoarding up so many guineas, and not making use of them? "I find as many charms in them," replied he, "as you do in carrying a sword."

ANTICIPATIONS FOR 1936.

There is capital pleasantry in the *anticipations* below. They must have derived additional zest to English readers, from the fact of their being published in London at the moment when the British Association was holding its annual meeting in Bristol.

From the Morning Chronicle.

Anticipated Meeting of the British Association in the Year 1936.

After some observations from Dr. M'Grig,
On that fossil reliquium, called Petrified Wig,
Or *Perruquolithus*—a specimen rare
Of those wigs made for antediluvian wear,
Which, it seems, stood the flood without turning a hair,—
Mr. Tompkins rose up, and requested attention
To facts no less wondrous which *he* had to mention.
Some large fossil creatures had lately been found,
Of a species no longer now seen above ground,
But the same (as to Tompkins most clearly appears)
With those animals lost now for hundreds of years,
Which our ancestors used to call "Bishops" and "Peers,"
But which Tompkins more erudite names has bestowed on,
Having called the peer fossil th' *Aristocratodon*,*
And finding much food under t'other one's thorax,
Has christened that creature the' Episcopus Vorax.
Lest the *savans* and dandies should think this all fable,
Mr. Tompkins most kindly produced on the table
A sample of each of these species of creatures,
Both tolerably human in structure and features,
Except that th' Episcopus seems, Lord deliver us!
To 've been carnivorous as well as graniverous;
And Tompkins, on searching its stomach, found there
Large lumps, such as no modern stomach could bear,
Of a substance called Tithe, upon which, as 'tis said,
The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed;
And which having lately, himself, decompounded,
Just to see what 'twas made of, he actually found it
Composed of all possible cookable things
That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd upon wings,—
All products of earth, both gramineous, herbaceous,
Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farinaceous,
All clubbing their quotas, to glut the œsophagus
Of this ever-greedy and grasping Tithophagus†
"Admire," exclaim'd Tompkins, "the kind dispensation
"By Providence shed on this much favour'd nation,
"In sweeping so ravenous a race from the earth,
"That might else have occasion'd a general dearth,—
"And thus burying 'em deep as ev'n Joe Hume would sink 'em
"With the Ichthyosaurus and Palœorynchum,
"And other queer *ci-devant* things, under ground,—
"Not forgetting that fossilised youth,‡ so renown'd,
"Who lived just to witness the Deluge,—was gratified
"Much by the sight, and has since been found *stratified!*"

This picturesque touch,—quite in Tompkins's way,
Call'd forth from the *savans* a general hurra;
While enquiries, among them, went rapidly round,
As to where this young stratified man could be found.
The "learn'd Theban's" discourse next as lively flowed on,
To sketch t'other wonder, the *Aristocratodon*,—
An animal differing from most human creatures,
Not so much in its speech, inward structure, or features,
As having a certain excrescence, T. said,
Which, in form of a coronet, grew from its head,
And devolv'd to its heirs when the creature was dead;
Nor matter'd it, while their heir-loom was transmitted,
How unfit were the *heads*, so the *coronet* fitted.
He then mentioned a strange zoological fact,
Whose announcement appeared much applause to attract.
In France, said the learned professor, this race
Had so noxious become in some centuries space,
From their numbers and strength, that the land was o'er-run with 'em,
And every one's question, "what's to be done with 'em?"
When, lo! certain knowing ones,—*savans*, mayhap,
Who, like Buckland's deep followers, understood *trap*§
Slyly hinted that nought upon earth was so good
For *Aristocratodons*, when rampant and rude,
As to stop or curtail their allowance of food.
This expedient was tried, and a proof it affords
Of th' effect that short commons will have upon lords.
For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's morn,
Shed their coronets, just as the deer sheds his horn,
And the moment these gewgaws fell off, they became,
Quite a new sort of creature—so harmless and tame,
That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain 'em
To be near akin to the *genus humanum*,
And the experiment tried so successfully then,
Should be kept in remembrance when wanted again.

* * * * * *

* A term formed on the model of Mastadon, &c.

† The zoological term for a tithe eater.

‡ The man found by Schouchzer, and supposed by him to have witnessed the deluge ("homo diluvio testis,") but who turned out, I am sorry to say, to be merely a great lizard.

§ Particularly the formation called *Transition* Trap.

*** Editors with whom we exchange, will now please send their papers regularly directed to "Waldie's Literary Omnibus."

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. Ship Peacock,
Port St. William, Bonin Isles, July 16, 1836.

My last (in May) told you how sick and how hungry we all were. It was forwarded from Macao; but as I have enough to fill this sheet without repeating the contents of the last, as is the fashion in diplomatic letters, I will mend my pen and begin.

There is no picture of desolation equal to that presented by an empty hen-coop, that has been washed out more than two weeks, ready to receive a new colony. Salt beef and salt pork, water and rice, and nothing else besides! Live thus for two or three weeks, and then look into an empty hen-coop—and if it don't put you in mind of the "Deserted Village," or bring tears in your eyes, you are a good deal harder of heart than I am; or, what is the same thing, your heart is not so low down. The avenue to a dog's heart is down his throat—and the same is true of a good many right worthy men; for you know the stout-heartedness of an Englishman, it is asserted, depends altogether upon the vacuity or plenitude of his stomach.

It was after taking many a daily look at the said coop—my eyes wandering insensibly from it ahead, straining to see our destined port—that we at last reached Macao. It was under these circumstances that I sat down before a famous fatted capon of China, the day after my arrival, with an old friend—who, you cannot possibly guess—and, in several glasses of choice Sherry, washed away all recollection of sorrow. That Macao is a pretty place—but I shall never think of it without pleasure, and bear an indistinct taste of the first capon I ate there to my grave. One is served there by the Chinese *en prince*—nay, *en roy;* that is, they feed you well, charge high, and cheat you into the bargain. I did not see much of the place, however—for it showered, and thundered, and lightened, almost every day; but, sir, I did exploits of the table during this time, which made as much impression upon me as if they had been exploits of the field, which carpet knights contend are equally hazardous. I grew fat—but I am getting egotistical.

Soon after our arrival, the fleet surgeon opened a hospital on shore, where he had all the sick removed. The establishment was a large, airy mansion, that had been just vacated by some Portuguese nabob, and was as clean and comfortable as a palace. Most of the men speedily improved; and two of them, who were bedrid when they went, returned stout, athletic loooking fellows. A ship is but a poor place for sick folks. In spite of the comforts, two gentlemen fell victims to disease. Captain Campbell, of the Enterprise, whose amiability and gentlemanly bearing won him many friends—far from wife, children, friends, country, and home—died of dysentery contracted at Bankok, in the career of his honourable calling. A monument to his memory has been erected by his brother officers. In a few days afterwards, Mr. Roberts, who made the treaties with Muscat and Siam, followed to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." Their remains lie side and side, and two monuments mark the spot in the British burial ground. They have gone! We sorrowed for them. Time rolls on—our grief is ended—the world continues its diurnal revolutions—and the ship, unmindful of the past, breasts the surge, and as gaily spurns the crested wave from her bows, bounding forward over the vast waste of waters rejoicing towards her home;—and let me add, no ship, no people, have such a country—such a home.

I was fortunate enough to visit Canton for a short season, but I will tell you about it some other time. They are curious, cunning, demi-civilized sort of people. They are ignorant of geography, but profound skilful diplomatists—for they carried their point with Lord Napier, as you heard, by empty reasoning—they starved him, sir; on which account he got sick and died, and the English charge the Chinese with his murder; but some of the knowing ones on the spot say folly and chagrin killed him. During the events of that time, the governor was disgraced by losing his two-eyed peacock's feather, which the emperor afterwards very compassionately restored to the old gentleman. It is remarkable how many irreconcilable things we meet with in wandering about the world; indeed, I have seen some things this jaunt which you would not believe, were any body else than myself to tell them to you. I have often read about the kings of England giving gentlemen a garter, and the kings of France giving their subjects ribbons, as honorary distinguishing marks; but, in China, the emperor gives his nobles a peacock's feather, which they wear as proudly in their bonnets as the bird did in his tail. In Siam, the magnificent king makes nobles and knights in a very different way. To judge him from this one custom, you might fancy his "magnificent highness" was an old maid, or an old woman at least. When any individual of his realm merits favour, the good king presents him with a tea-kettle, a tea-pot, and tea-cup of enameled gold or silver, according to rank; and, on all occasions you see the princes and nobles followed by slaves bearing these badges of distinction, or rather patents of nobility. At the king's audience, there were present tea-kettles enough to have supplied hot water to all the maiden tea-drinkers in Philadelphia. This is the most rational distinction of them all, and shows that "his magnificent majesty of the magnificent kingdom of Thai" has an eye to domestic comforts in bestowing his favours.

On the 23d of June we sailed again. We were detained by head winds for several days in the China seas, but at last, passing through the Bashee Passage, entered upon the great Pacific Ocean, not less than ten thousand miles across. How refreshing we found the breeze blowing over the vast bosom of its waters. Those who were worn down with fatigue and sickness revived—the gloomy silence that had reigned on the forecastle, since leaving Batavia, was overthrown by a general revolt, led on by a gay young tar, beneath the soft silver smiles of mother moon, as she waded through the blue heavens to bear light to other regions. It was a splendid night; the song rose upon the breeze, and feet moved gaily to the notes of the merry fife. I would have anchored time, if the happiness of the tars could have been prolonged by it. When the watch was set, the song and dance ceased; but the spirit of tranquil pleasure was seen in the several little groups gathered round a shipmate "spinning a yarn," which absorbed the attention of all the rest. While I watched the scene, I thought of Lamartine's lines—

"O temps! suspends ton vol! et vous heures propices,
Suspendez votre cours!
Laissez-nous les rapides délices
Des plus beaux de nos jours!

"Assez de malheureux ici-bas vous implorent,
Coulez, coulez pour eux;
Prenez avec leurs jours les soins qui les dévorent—
Oubliez les heureux!"

Yesterday, after some delay in searching for the port, we anchored in Port William, Bonin Isles, in Lat. 27° north, and longitude 142° east. It is a pretty bay to look at, and affords a place of resort to whale ships to "fresh and vegetate," as the term is. There is a colony of adventurers—English, Danes, Portuguese, and Americans—in number about twenty, who established themselves here to cultivate the soil, to grow virtuous, and make fortunes, and then return to their homes. It is a place for an alderman to visit. The people live altogether on green sea-turtle;—"think of that, Master Brooks."

We remain until the 20th, or thereabouts, when we shall sail for Honolulu, Oahu. Every thing looks prosperous, and we hope to see you next May; but whether I shall have an opportunity of writing you again, is questionable.

Very truly, as ever,

Simple.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. X[illegible]

CLUBS.

One of the greatest and most important modern changes in society is the present system of clubs. The facilities of living have been wonderfully increased by them in many ways, whilst the expense has been greatly diminished. For a few pounds a year advantages are to be enjoyed, which no fortunes, except the most ample, can procure. I can best illustrate this by a particular instance. The only club I belong to is the Athenæum, which consists of twelve hundred members, amongst whom are to be reckoned a large proportion of the most eminent persons in the land in every line, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, peers spiritual and temporal, commoners, men of the learned professions, those connected with science, the arts, and commerce in all its principal branches, as well as the distinguished, who do not belong to any particular class. Many of these are to be met with every day, living with the same freedom as in their own home. For six guineas a year, every member has the command of an excellent library, with maps; of the daily newspapers, English and foreign, the principal periodicals, and every material for writing, with attendance for whatever is wanted. The building is a sort of palace, and is kept with the same exactness and

comfort as a private dwelling. Every member is a master, without any of the trouble of a master. He can come when he pleases, and stay away as long as he pleases, without any thing going wrong. He has the command of regular servants, without having to pay or to manage them. He can have whatever meal or refreshment he wants, at all hours, and served up with the cleanliness and comfort of his own home. He orders just what he pleases, having no interest to think of but his own. In short, it is impossible to suppose a greater degree of liberty in living. To men who reside in the country, and who come occasionally to town, a club is particularly advantageous. They have only to take a bed-room, and they have every thing else they want in a more convenient way than by any other plan. Married men, whose families are absent, find the nearest resemblance to the facilities of home in the arrangements of a club; and bachelors of moderate incomes, or simple habits, are gainers by such institutions in a degree beyond calculation. They live much cheaper, with more ease and freedom, in far better style, and with much greater advantages as to society, than formerly. Before the establishment of clubs, no money could procure many of the enjoyments, which are now within the reach of an income of three hundred a year; and the difference between that part of men's lives when they are entering the world, heretofore and at present, is very remarkable. Neither the same facilities of living, nor the same opportunities of cultivating society, could have been commanded twenty years since, on any terms. In those days, every mode of living for a young man upon the town, was attended with something irksome—expense on one hand, uncomfort on the other—confinement very much to the same limited circle of acquaintance, not so much from choice, perhaps, as from necessity, and obligation to conform to arbitrary rules of living instead of, as now, freely following the inclination. Clubs, as far as my observation goes, are favourable to economy of time. There is a fixed place to go to, every thing is served with comparative expedition, and it is not customary in general to remain long at table. They are favourable to temperance. It seems that when people can freely please themselves, and when they have an opportunity of living simply, excess is seldom committed. From an account I have of the expenses at the Athenæum in the year 1832, it appears that seventeen thousand three hundred and twenty-three dinners cost, on an average, two shillings and nine-pence three farthings each, and that the average quantity of wine for each person was a small fraction more than half a pint. Many people drink no wine, some only one glass, and excess, or even any thing approaching to it, may be said to be unknown. I have often found that the beginning of excess was to be traced, at taverns and coffee-houses, to calling for more than was wanted, for the good of the house, and not to appear shabby. The consequence was an unfitness for leaving the table, which induced further indulgence, not from absolute inclination, but from not knowing what else to do. It is otherwise, where people begin only with what they desire; as soon as they are satisfied, it is easy to stop; but if a man who only wants half a pint of wine, thinks himself obliged to order double the quantity, when he has finished it he will probably go on still further, from a mere disinclination to move, caused by the first trifling excess. One of the most important advantages attending clubs, is the circumstance of their affording a harmless place of resort at all hours. They are harmless, because there is nothing going on but conversation, study, or a little play, for the sake of amusement; and it is a great preventive of expense and irregularities to be able to pass those intervals from business or other engagements, which are otherwise difficult to dispose of, in security from temptation. Lord Chesterfield, who must be allowed to have been a good judge in such matters, has given it as his opinion, that ten times more men are ruined from the adoption of vice, than from natural inclination. Now nothing leads people more to adopt vice, than the difficulty of employing their leisure hours, and those periods when a disinclination to solitude comes on. Men do not in general acquire a habit of bad company for the love of bad company, but because it is the easiest to get into, or perhaps at the moment the only resource; and those who only make occasional aberrations, are probably most frequently induced to do so by temptation presenting itself, and there being no other attraction at hand. A club is a constant provision against these dangers for those who wish to avail themselves of it; and whether a man is weary of solitude, or is not quite ready for it, after the enjoyments of society, he has always a resource in the easy attractions of his club, where he may harmlessly while away the hour or half hour, which he would otherwise be at a loss to dispose of. In my opinion, a well-constituted club is an institution affording advantages unmixed with alloy. I am aware that such is not the view which ladies are disposed to take of the subject, but I think they judge from a misapprehension of facts, and that in the end they will be no small gainers by the improvement of the habits of the men, likely, or rather certain, to result from the course of life pursued in clubs. The objections I have heard stated, are, that clubs make men independent of female society, the effects of which are already sensibly felt; that they prevent men from thinking of marrying, and that, if they do marry, the luxury and comfort they have enjoyed at so easy and cheap a rate, render them discontented with home. With respect to the objection that clubs make men independent of female society, I can only say, that at the Athenæum it is certainly not the case. In the first place, very few members breakfast there; and of those few, the majority are generally visiters to town, who, if not at the club, would be at a coffee-house. There is a greater number to read the morning papers, who have breakfasted at home, and take the club in the way to their business. During the day there is a succession of stragglers who look in as they pass by, or have occasion to consult books or write letters. There is generally the largest assembly between the arrival of the evening papers and the hour of dinner, when people congregate on their way to their respective homes; but as it is to learn the news, and to give invitations, the ladies can be no losers by such a practice. From the number of dinners I have already mentioned to have taken place at the Athenæum in 1832, it appears the daily average of dinners was forty-seven and a fraction; and if from that number be deducted those members, who, independently of clubs, from their avocations or their habits, or any other reason, would have been taking a solitary meal, it cannot be said that female society is much affected; nor is it more so at present. In those hours of the evening, which are peculiarly dedicated to society, I should think, on an average, twenty members could not be counted at any one time throughout the suite of rooms up stairs, the largest of which is one hundred and three feet long, and thirty wide; indeed, in general, when I have gone there in the evening, it has been as into a sort of desert. If female society be neglected, it is not owing to the institution of clubs, but more probably to the long sittings of the house of commons, and to the want of easy access to family circles. For the most part, female society is only to be met with at formal and laborious dinners, and over-crowded and frivolous parties, attendance on the latter of which men of sense soon find out to be a nuisance and a degradation. It was said by a man of high rank, large fortune, and extraordinary accomplishments, that he did not know a single house in London where he could venture to ask for a cup of tea; and though this might not be literally true, it argues a lamentable degree of restraint. An easy access to female society, and the club system for men, in my opinion, would go very well together. I must here remark, that at the Athenæum I never heard it even hinted that married men frequented it to the prejudice of their domestic habits, or that bachelors were kept from general society. As to the objection that clubs prevent men from thinking of marrying, I think they can only have that effect so far as to prevent them from thinking of marrying prematurely, but that their ultimate tendency is to encourage marriage, by creating habits in accordance with those of the married state. In opposition to the ladies' objection to clubs, I would suggest this important distinction—that they are a preparation, and not a substitute, for domestic life. Compared with the previous system of living, clubs induce habits of economy, temperance, refinement, regularity, and good order; and as men are in general not content with their condition, so long as it can be improved, it is a natural step from the comforts of a club to those of matrimony, and I certainly think there cannot be a better security for the good behaviour of a husband, than that he has been trained in one of those institutions. When ladies suppose that the luxuries and comforts of a club are likely to make men discontented with the enjoyments of domestic life, I think they wrong themselves. One of the chief attractions of a club is, that it offers an imitation of the comforts of home, but only an imitation, and one which will never supersede the reality. As to luxuries, I have shown that in the Athenæum the mode of living is simple, rather than luxurious, and in some of the other clubs the scale is still more economical; whilst at the 'Travellers', which is the most expensive, there is no approach, considering the class of which it is composed, and taking the average, to any thing like excessive luxury. There is one hint, which I think ladies might take with advantage from clubs, in their domestic management, and that is, that the style of dinner is the easy, and not the ornamental—a difference upon which I have made some remarks in the article on the Art of Dining in my last number; and I will conclude with recommending them not to fancy any comparisons unfavourable to themselves, but confidently to trust to those powers, which, if they use well, they cannot use in vain.

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ART OF DINING.

In the article in my last number on the Art of Dining, I promised to give this week my ideas of what dinners ought to be. I shall begin with repeating a preceding passage.

"In order to bring the dinner system to perfection according to my idea, it would be necessary to have a room contrived on the best possible plan for eight persons, as the greatest number. I almost think six even more desirable than eight; but beyond eight, as far as my experience goes, there is always a division into parties, or a partial languor, or sort of paralysis either of the extremities, or centre, which has more or less effect upon the whole. For complete enjoyment, a company ought to be one; sympathising and drawing together, listening and talking in due proportions—no monopolist, nor any cyphers."—I am now supposing the whole object to be the perfection of dinner parties, without reference to number of family or acquaintance, and without reference to display or any other consideration; but I suppose every other consideration postponed to convivial enjoyment alone. Spacious and lofty rooms destroy, or at least weaken, that feeling of concentration which is essential to perfect fellowship. There is a sort of evaporation of one's self, or flying off into the void, which impairs that force of attention necessary to give and receive complete enjoyment. A party, to use a familiar phrase, should be, as it were, boxed up, comfortably packed, with room enough, but not to spare, or, as the French revolutionists used to have it, should be "one and indivisible." Those who have dined in the very small rooms, called *cabinets particuliers*, at the restaurateurs at Paris, must have remarked the beneficial influence of compactness in promoting hilarity, and banishing abstraction and restraint; but those rooms have no other desirable qualification but their smallness, which is often extreme, and they have not been originally contrived for the purpose for which they are used, yet they have a capability of producing more of a festive disposition than is to be found amidst space and display. Dining-rooms in London are, in general, I think, very tasteless and uninspiring in themselves, and, when set out, they are decorated, after the barbarian style, rather for display than with reference to their use.

From the architect to the table-decorator, there seems to be a total absence of genius for the real objects to be aimed at. Justness of proportion, harmony of colouring, and disposition of light, are the most desirable qualities in any room, but especially in a dining-room, without any individual ornaments or objects to distract the attention; so that the moment one enters there may be a feeling of fitness, which is productive of undisturbed satisfaction, and disposes the mind to the best state for enjoyment. Attention should be directed to produce an effect from the whole, and not by the parts. For this reason, light should be thrown in the least observable manner, and not ostentatiously from ornamented objects. There should be the pleasing effect of good light, with the least perception whence it comes. There is no art in lighting a table by cumbrous branches; but there is in throwing a light upon it, like some of Rembrandt's paintings, and the effect is accordingly. The first is vulgar; the latter refined. In the same manner, light from windows should be admitted only with reference to the table; and during dinner the view should be shut out to prevent distraction. With respect to the proportions of a room, they should be studied with reference to the table, which, as I have said, should in my opinion be of the size to accommodate not more than eight persons. In point of width, I would not have more space than necessary for the convenient circulation of the least possible number of attendants. In point of length, there should be room for a sideboard at one end, and a sufficient space from the fire-place at the other; so that the length of the room would be somewhat greater than the width. In respect to height, it should be proportioned to the length and width, and therefore the height would not be considerable. A high room is certainly not favourable to conversation, because it is contrary to the principles of concentration; and the prejudice in favour of height arises from its effect considered with respect to large parties, and to overloaded tables. I would have the door in the side, at the end near the sideboard, and

the windowe on the side opposite. As to colouring, the same rule ought to be observed as in every thing else, that is, to study general effect. To suit all seasons best, I think the walls ought to be of rather a sober colour, with drapery of a warm appearance for cold weather, and the contrary for hot. Perhaps it may be thought by many, that all these particulars are very immaterial, and that the consideration of them is very trifling; but my opinion is, that in all our actions, whether with reference to business or pleasure, it is a main point, in the first place, to produce a suitable disposition; and, as dining is an occurrence of every day of our lives, or nearly so, and as our health and spirits depend in a great measure upon our vivid enjoyment of this our chief meal, it seems to me a more worthy object of study than those unreal occupations, about which so many busy themselves in vain. But I am forgetting an important matter in the dining-room; I mean the due regulation of the temperature, upon which comfort so much depends, and from want of attention to which, there is annually so much suffering both from heat and cold. In hot weather the difficulty is the greatest, and is best to be overcome by attention to ventilation and blinds. In winter there is little difficulty, with due care, and no stinginess, which latter is apt to appear both in having the fire only lighted just before dinner, and in not keeping it up properly to the end of the party; and I do here protest against the practice I have often witnessed, of letting the fire actually go out in cold weather before the guests. There is nothing more cheerless, or of more inhospitable appearance. On the other hand, a bright blazing fire has a very inspiring effect on entering the dining-room, and is an object worthy of special attention to those who wish their parties to succeed. Moreover, in such a room as I have described, the opening after dinner on a dreary day to admit a cheerful fire would be a very inspiring moment, with an agreeable party brought into perfect unison by a well-imagined, well executed repast—a scene to kindle equally attachment to one's friends, and love of one's country. The cultivation of the fire-side is one of the greatest import, public and private.

Having said, I think, every thing I have to say, as to the arrangement of the dining-room till I come to the table, I will here dedicate a word or two to its necessary appendage, the kitchen, which I would have literally an appendage, and not, as at present, a distant and unconnected establishment. As I said before, I am now supposing the whole object to be the perfection of dinner parties, without reference to any other consideration, and therefore I put aside custom, fashion, and prejudice, as enemies to the true theory and practice, and I boldly advance my own opinions. I must beg the reader to bear in mind, that I am speaking with reference to small parties, and that I am an advocate for dinners, which, as nearly as can be calculated, are just enough, and no more. I speak not of the bustle of preparation for twelve, sixteen, or twenty people, with about four times as much as they can possibly consume, and with a combination of overpowering heat and disagreeable scents. I have in view a quiet, little kitchen, without noise, or annoying heat, or odour, save some simple savoury one, provocative of the appetite, and incapable of offending the most fastidious. Such an establishment would I have immediately adjoining my dining-room, and communicating with it by an entrance close to the sideboard, closed during the process of dinner by a curtain only, so that the dishes could be brought in without noise, or current of air, or constant opening or shutting of a door. As Matthew Bramble, in Humphrey Clinker, talks, in his delights of the country, of eating trout struggling from the stream, I would have my dishes served glowing, or steaming, from the kitchen-stoves—a luxury not to be compensated, and a quality which gives a relish, otherwise unattainable, to the simplest, as well as the most highly-finished dishes. Let those who have sense and taste, conceive a compact dinner, quietly served in simple succession, according to such an arrangement, with every thing at hand, and in the best possible state, and compare it with a three-course repast, imported under cover, in tedious procession from underground. In my next I shall treat of the table, the dinner, and the mode of conducting it.

Conceit.—Northcote, the artist, whose intellectual powers were equal to his professional talent, and who thought it much easier for a man to be his superior than equal, being once asked by Sir William Knighton what he thought of the Prince Regent, replied, "I am not acquainted with him."—"Why, his Royal Highness says he knows you."—"Knows me!—Pooh! that's all his brag."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The North American Review, for January, is more than usually pleasant and instructive. We have read with pleasure the articles on Southey's Cowper, on Insanity, Everett's Orations, (a little too much praise), and that on the "Misconceptions of the New England Character." The others are Michael Angelo, Wheaton's International Law, Mrs. Child's tale of "Philothea," "Reformation in Italy," "University Education," "Irving's Astoria," and a number of critical notices. We have to regret that the North American is rather too sectional in its feelings and judgments for its title, which would imply more scope and a wider expansion sometimes. Mrs. Child and Mr. Everett are "reviewed to death" as a friend at our elbow remarks. Mr. Preston's praise of New England, and his remark that Massachusetts has nothing native to export but rocks and ice, "absolutely nothing but rocks and ice," are quoted in two articles in this number, an oversight which the editor could and should have avoided. There are marks of vigour and good writing which bid us anticipate a long and healthy life to this valuable work. The article on Insanity is well drawn up; the disease is declared to be increasing among us, and the singular doctrine of M. Pariset, physician to the largest lunatic hospital in the world is declared to be sound, that "The more there is of liberty, the more numerous are the chances of mental derangement; though," he continues, "this does not prevent our allowing that liberty is favourable also to the expansion of human reason." The Review advocates, feebly we think, the passage of an international copyright law.

The following promises a little excitement; no wonder Miss Martineau is a petitioner to the American Congress for a copyright law:—

Miss Martineau on America.—It is announced in an English newspaper that Miss Martineau's new work on America is preparing for publication. It is to be entitled "Society in America," and will appear in three volumes octavo.

We have seen nearly the whole of the second edition of "Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption—its Anatomical Character, Causes, Symptoms and Treatment:" To which is added a view of the climate of the United States, the West Indies, &c., with thirteen plates drawn and coloured from nature. By Samuel G. Morton, M. D. It has more than double the quantity of matter contained in the first, and some additional illustrations. It will shortly be published by Edward C. Biddle.

Buckland's Geology.—The American edition of Buckland's Geology is in a forward state, the plates being nearly completed. We have had an opportunity during the past week of examining most of them, and of comparing their execution with the English, which they rival in beauty and finish. Mr. Yeager, the engraver, has done them justice and himself great credit.

Those who, without knowing us, think evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.

Every body almost believes that the often quoted lines,

"He that fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

are from Hudibras, but they are not to be found in that inimitable work. The nearest approach is in the following:—

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain;
Hence timely running 's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art,
By which *some* glorious feats achieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive."

The *home truths* of Butler are so numerous, it is surprising that he has gone somewhat out of fashion with the present generation. Take the following on smatterers;—

"All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that gave them light."

Fragments.

Our temperance societies might safely quote much of his verses on drunkenness. We offer the following:—

"So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore—
He made it first his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mortals, one by one.
Than all the flood before had done."

The reason that most people cast their eyes upon the follies of others is, that they may not have to perceive their own.

True merit, says the Marquis of Halifax, like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

To seek redress of grievances by having recourse to the law, is too aptly compared to sheep running for shelter to a bramble bush.

The first time General Howe went to court after his return from America, he had to his carriage a very handsome pair of bay horses. A person who observed them, exclaimed, "Where could the general have got his *bays?*" "Not in America!" replied a bystander.

Among other curiosities destroyed by fire in the Basilican Library at Constantinople, was a MS. of the Iliad and Odyssey, written in letters of gold upon the intestine of a serpent, 120 feet in length.

There is a curious book in MS. in the British Museum, proving incontestably, in the author's opinion, that *one meal a day* is the only rational system of living. If the author were alive and would visit this country, he might preach a crusade on the subject, and would easily find followers in abundance; he would be a good successor to Graham, now out of fashion. We have witnessed "in my time," as Wraxall has it, so many crusades to succeed for a time, that there seems nothing too absurd to claim converts. A crusade against books at reasonable rates is now about to be preached, and as usual there are plenty to throw up their caps for a temporary excitement. We shall soon give a drawback to London shopkeepers to come to America and open store.

"The Mirror of the World," edited and printed by William Caxton in 1487, was lately sold in perfect condition, for the sum of two shillings, by an illiterate widow in the Isle of Wight. The book may be estimated as fully worth £70 sterling.

Literary prices afford some criterion of the state of literature in a country, and of the reputation of authors with their cotemporaries, and are therefore interesting. Pope is said to have received upwards of six thousand pounds for the Iliad; Warton received five hundred for his edition of Pope's works; Dryden cleared about twelve hundred pounds by his Virgil, and received sixpence each line for his Fables. Gay gained four hundred pounds by the first Beggars' Opera, and eleven hundred by the second. Dodsley gave Akenside one hundred and twenty guineas for his Pleasures of Imagination, and Mallet the same for his Amyntor and Theodore. Dr. Young received two hundred guineas for the first three Night

Thoughts. Thompson sold his Winter to Millar for three guineas. He gained but little more for his Summer, but when his reputation rose, Millar gave him fifty guineas for his Spring, and £137 10s. for Sophonisba, a tragedy. The commentators on Shakspeare received more than Shakspeare himself; Theobald had the largest remuneration for his labours, £650. Warburton received £560; Johnson £480; Capell £300, &c.

Human Nature.—The Maréchal D'Etrees, aged 103, heard of the death of the Duke de Tresme, at the age of 93. "I am very sorry for it," said the maréchal, "but not surprised; he was a poor worn out creature; I always said that man would not live long."

Every body has heard of the "Port Royal" Grammar, &c., but every body does not know, perhaps, the origin of the name. The society of Port Royal des Champs was so called from a valley near Chartreuse, about six leagues from Paris. In 1637, a celebrated advocate, Le Maitre, abandoned his lucrative offices, and, with his brother, a military officer, resolved henceforth to dedicate themselves to God at Port Royal. Numbers followed them from all the learned professions. The society had no rules, no vows, no constitution, no cells, nor anything of the kind. They employed themselves assiduously in prayer and study, and in the instruction of youth in the sciences and the practice of virtue. Racine was educated there, and requested to be buried in the cemetery of Port Royal, at the feet of his old master.

Towards the close of the last century, the bibliomaniacs of Paris were sadly taken in by some roguish merchants, who sent over from India a number of Arabian manuscripts, in excellent condition, and written in a very beautiful character. They were received and bought with profound respect by some *collectors;* but as soon as those acquainted with the language cast their eyes upon them, they discovered, to the consternation of the purchasers, that these rare volumes were common account books of Arabian merchants! A good laugh was the result.

Louis XII., one day looking at himself in his mirror, was astonished to see a number of gray hairs on his head. "Ah!" said he, "these must be owing to the long speeches I have listened to; and it is those of Mr. C—— in particular, that have ruined my hair." American politicians are said to become prematurely gray; it is unquestionably because they listen to so many long speeches.

The actor Beaubourg, who was extremely ugly, playing the part of Mithridates, in Racine's play, Monime said to him in character, "Ah! sire, you change countenance;" a wag in the pit exclaimed, "Let him do so—don't stop him."

Mr. Theodore Hook, the witty author of "Sayings and Doings," it appears has undertaken the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine, an office for which his varied talents eminently qualify him. The newly-announced publication of the "Humourist," will, at his suggestion, be blended with the New Monthly Magazine: many of the contributors being friends and correspondents of that magazine.

The Young Woman's Consolation.—A village pastor was examining his parishioners in their catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg Catechism is this:—"What is thy only consolation in life and death?" A young girl, to whom the pastor put this question, laughed and would not answer. The priest insisted. "Well, then," said she, at length, "if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker that lives in the Rue Agneaux."

—

Slave Compensation Fund.—It appears from a return presented by order to the house of commons, on the motion of Mr. Baring, that the total amount provided for the payment of the compensation to slave proprietors is 16,492,379*l.*; and there is consequently remaining to be provided for, to complete the 20,000,000*l.*, the sum of 3,507,621*l.* The compensation awarded and paid, or payable on demand of the claimants, is 16,428,709*l.*

In the bay of Argostoli, in the island of Cephalonia, there are two streams which flow *from* the sea *into* the land, and one of them has been employed to turn a mill. Many hypotheses have been started to account for this phenomenon, some supposing a difference of level on different sides of the island, and that the stream flowing through a subterranean tunnel restores the equilibrium; others suppose that some volcanic relations are involved, although there does not exist any recent volcanic formation in the neighbourhood, and during an earthquake no effect was produced upon these rivulets.

A striking illustration of the great utility of life insurance was related to us a few days since as having occurred at the office of the American Life and Trust Company of this city. A clergyman who had lately removed to this city was induced by circumstances some months since to get his life insured in a small sum, to secure a debt to a friend.—Subsequently, becoming sufficiently prosperous to enable him to lay out a larger sum in the way of premium, he increased the insurance to three thousand dollars, which amount was afterwards enlarged to five thousand, and in the course of a short time to ten thousand dollars. Two members of the family of the gentleman insured, having gone on a visit into the country, were taken ill, and it became necessary that he should join them, which he did, and was obliged to remain for some days at the place, owing to their unfitness for removal. The delay thus created proved fatal to him; he was also taken sick, and in the course of a very few days died. In due time the members of his family, to visit whom he had gone, recovered, and on their return to Baltimore found themselves possessed of ten thousand dollars, the amount insured by the deceased, without which they would have been left in the most straitened circumstances.

Such facts as the above require no comment; they go to show conclusively the advantages to be derived from an insurance, the annual cost of which might well be spared from a very moderate income. Independently of the security afforded to creditors, which to an honest poor man is a matter of vast importance, the sum insured brings comfort and temporary relief at all events to families which without it must sink into penury and want. We do not hesitate to say that persons who have a fixed salary or limited income dependent on their individual exertions, should not remain a day without insurance to such an amount as may be consistent with their means.—*Baltimore American.*

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.

☞ Gentlemen making remittances by checks, would confer a favour by having them marked "good," by the cashier of the bank.

Jan. 17,—Robert Kimball, Lebanon, N. H.
—— 17,—James A. Wood, Ellsworth, Me.
—— 17,—Alfred Moore, Hillsboro, N. C.
—— 19,—C. H. Larned, Wheeling, Va.
—— 16,—Chas. Racklyft, Portland, Me.
—— 16,—J. L. Whiting, Detroit, Mich.
—— 13,—Peter M'Nie, William Henry, L. C.
—— 19,—Edmund Weston, West Randolph, Mass.
—— 12,—Thos. Parker, Calhoun's Mills, S. C.
—— 5,—Lieut. B. A. Tenett, Fort Leavenworth, Mo.
—— 1,—S. S. Phelps, P. M., Oquawka, Ill.
—— 17,—E. A. Brush, Detroit, Mich.

—

Agents, on remitting money, will confer a great favour, and save much unpleasant feeling, by letting us know the individual subscribers who should be credited. For want of this information, bills are sometimes sent to those who have paid.

—

We must insist on subscribers, sending for missing Nos. to do so free of expense to us. A single postage of a letter is trifling, but the amount we have to pay is really onerous. Very rarely, indeed, does the mistake occur in our office.

—

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

From the London Metropolitan.

UNCLE GEORGE'S STORY.

TEMPER.

Oh, Waly, Waly, gin love be bonny,
A little while when it is new;
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.

Experience, though the most valuable, is the most despised product of human labour. Our friends and neighbours offer us theirs gratis, though they have themselves suffered long in its acquisition; but we will accept of none that is not the purchase of our own toil and tears. Still it is not wholly useless to record those instances where human passions and faults, not fate, have wrought out human misery. In this belief, I will recall sorrows which time has softened, without obliterating any, even the minutest trace.

I will not commence the confession of my errors by imputing any share of them to my beloved mother, who strove, though with too feeble and too fond a hand, to check that impetuosity of temper, which has been the main cause of every sin and every sorrow of my life. There is little in my existence to interest, except that period of it in which I acted as the evil genius of one far dearer and more worthy than myself. To this period, therefore, I shall limit my details.

I met Miss Montgomery, for the first time, at a subscription ball in the Rotunda. She was chaperoned by her aunt, a lady with whom I was slightly acquainted. I would fain indulge myself in a description of her charming face and person, but I know that when finished, I should turn from a commonplace catalogue of eyes, hair, height, and shape, which might delineate fifty other women as well, but which would not convey the slightest image of the picture in my heart. Words can no more describe the varying shapes and shades of beauty than they can explain to one born blind, how "star differeth from star in glory." Alas! it had been well for poor Lily Montgomery if her mild and modest beauty had never met my gaze, or won my heart. On that, the very first evening of our meeting, I devoted myself to her worship. Worship I may call it, for my love soon became a wild and passionate idolatry, and as such I doubt not it was punished. I resolved, with all the vehemence natural to me, that she, and none other, should be my wife. I neither knew nor cared what were her rank, circumstances, education, or who her relatives. I saw that goodness and loveliness were legible in every lineament, and these were all I valued. There was, indeed, one consideration that made me pause and tremble: this was the fear that the pearl of price, her virgin heart, might be already bartered. Her tender age, however, (she was scarce seventeen,) and the blushing bashfulness of her general manner, reassured me; for I have always remarked, that women whose affections have set up their rest in some chosen haven, regard all other men with an abstracted indifference, equally remote from timidity and boldness. My almost extravagant homage could not escape the charming Lily's observation. I danced with none but her. When she danced with another, I stood by and gazed my soul away; and when she sat I hovered near, like an attendant spirit. The gay and numerous company flitted before me like a gallery of moving pictures, but my eye still sought the one pure, fair face, that alone seemed to me to bear the impress of the "hand divine."

The cheerful, social intercourse maintained in this pleasant city between young people, facilitates a gentleman's introduction to any young lady whom he may admire. By the exercise of a little ingenuity, I became a guest and frequent visiter at Mr. Montgomery's, a prosperous silk mercer in Dame street. This man, whom were I not a Christain, I should hate with all the bitter fervour of which my soul is capable, was upright in his dealings, but of a gloomy, tyrannical temper, and an inflexibility of will which had never been known to yield. His stern features never softened, except when gazing on his child, whom it was his pride to adorn with a magnificence that, in any place but Dublin, would have been considered above her rank.

Mrs. Montgomery was a kind, quiet woman, the mere echo of her arbitrary husband. By his command she underwent the fatigue of accompanying his daughter to places of amusement. He never went himself, but he loved that Lily's beauty and rich apparel should be seen and admired. He seldom discouraged any tolerably eligible admirer. The possibility of his daughter's disposing of her heart without his sanction, never even occurred to him; and it seemed to me that he gloried in the adulation which so many fine young men paid him for the sake of his fair child. Had not my heart been surprised by love while pride was asleep, I should have scorned an alliance with a mercer's daughter. I ranked in the higher class of merchants, and had a long struggle between false dignity and necessity, before I could prevail on myself even to enter that class. My family was as honest, and almost as poor, as that of a Spanish hidalgo; but as I was beginning to prosper in business, I was gradually shaking off that silly dislike of trade which is too prevalent among the Irish gentry. Such petty distinctions are always lost in love's republic. Lily was not to me the mercer's daughter: she was the queen of my fate, the mistress of my happiness, and the slightest symptom of even her indifference would have been more terrible to me than the heaviest sentence of any earthly tribunal. The demonstrations of my sincere and lively passion were in time repaid by a deep, but silent attachment on her part. It seemed impossible for her to give her feelings voice, and it was not till grief had destroyed timidity that passion found a language. When I spoke of applying to her father, she anxiously implored me to defer it, as I now believe from a fear of my failure, and a desire of watching a favourable opportunity, but, as I then feared, from wavering affection.

I had been seized with a sharp and dangerous indisposition, which confined me for a week. Mrs. Montgomery had every day sent her servant to enquire for me, and this politeness I fondly imputed to Lily's solicitude. Impatient to see her, I hastened to Dame street, the very first day I was able to leave my bed. She was alone in the drawing-room when I entered. Surprised out of her reserve by grief at the paleness of my countenance, she ran towards me, both hands outstretched, and yielding to a tenderness deepened by my danger, burst into tears. Transported by this strong, involuntary proof of love, I pursued my advantage, and obtained her consent to an immediate application to her father. That hour, in which I became assured that I possessed her undivided heart, was, I need not say how joyful. I looked on it as the beginning of happiness—alas! it was almost the end of it; first doubts, then fears, and lastly, a wretched, wretched certainty succeeded. That very day I laid my proposals before Mr. Montgomery. He stopped my professions of regard by an enquiry into the amount of my capital. I thought this but reasonable, and made a candid statement of my circumstances and prospects. The latter were better than the former, but neither had much attraction for cupidity. Mr. Montgomery's manner was cold and unsatisfying: he did not accept, but neither did he reject my suit. He spoke of me, though, to my face, in the depreciating style of a bargain-maker. I had embarked in some brilliant, but hazardous speculations, the fate of which a year would determine. On their success his consent to my marriage with his daughter was to depend. Meantime I was permitted to visit as usual. Only conceive the cruelty of suffering his daughter to become attached under such circumstances. But I verily believe it was only a pretence, for I had not been so blamably absurd as to risk the stability of my regular business on these contingencies; even in case of failure, I should have enough to satisfy moderate desires. But I saw, with scorn I saw, that I was to be caressed or spurned in proportion to the low or high fortunes of succeeding suitors. Relying on Lily's disinterested love, I consented to wait the probationary year, and, careless of consequences, gave myself up to the enjoyment of the halcyon days of courtship.

After a few months had elapsed, a formidable rival, at least in Mr. Montgomery's eyes, appeared. He was a young and wealthy Scotsman, who visited Ireland three or four times a year on business, and of whose commercial worth Mr. Montgomery was well assured. He had manifested unequivocal admiration of Lily, but I took care to pay her such attentions as should lead him to believe her pre-engaged, and he returned to Scotland without declaring himself. The hope that he would do so, however, had already caused Mr. Montgomery to look askance upon me, a caprice which I bore with much impatience.

One evening I had obtained permission to attend Lily and her mother to a public assembly. By agreement I went before tea, in order to spend the early part of the evening with them. My dear girl was already adorned for the ball when I entered. Her dress was, I remember, a pale blue brocaded silk, her ornaments pearls and white roses. I was in high spirits, and rallied her on the depression of hers, so little accordant with the gaiety of her attire. Ah me! they were truly prophetic, although the result of superstition. I belive I have not mentioned that she was of a most imaginative temperament, the veriest thrall to her own fantasies, a dreamer of dreams, and an observer of omens. I had often rallied her on this peculiarity, but warm and solemn fancies derive so much pleasure from superstitious feelings, that they often wilfully encourage them. In her, however, they were combated in some degree by firm religious principles, and she seldom, as in the present instance, suffered them to prey upon her spirits.

"O George, I have had such a strange, such a frightful dream!"

"And what was it, my queen of lilies and roses? A frightful dream must indicate something pleasant; for dreams, you know, go by contraries."

"It is not so much the dream itself, as the strange presentiment of evil it has left upon my mind, that affects me. I am sure you will think me weak, but perhaps, when I have told it, I may be able to shake off the impression it has made. I thought I was in St. Patrick's cathedral, alone, and at midnight. I heard unearthly voices whispering, 'Poor thing, poor thing! she is coming among us.' And I knew that they were ghosts, telling my doom, and looking up I saw, through the gloom, the vaulture of their white robes as they passed the narrow apertures in the friars' walk. Suddenly, at the farther end of the long aisle, appeared a huge mirror, shining, as it were, by its own light, in which I saw my own figure from head to foot, dressed in long, black garments, my hair streaming loosely over my shoulders, and my face pale as ashes. Then I thought I fell upon my knees to pray, but instead, found myself borne along with inconceivable swiftness, and when the motion ceased, I was standing beside you, at the foot of a lofty altar. My father was standing at the top, and was, I thought, about to unite us, when, instead, he came towards me, and began to bind my hands and feet with black cords. Looking back, I saw a deep dark grave close to me, and called to you for help, and you came nearer, but instead of releasing me, you assisted my father to throw me into the horrid grave. My struggles and dreaming grief awoke me, but I cannot recall the terrible vision without a shudder."

Such was the solemn earnestness of eye and voice with which she spoke, that I, for a moment, shared

the infection of her visionary fears, but unwilling that she should perceive it, I said gaily, "This is a charming dream, dearest. It shows that you will be too cruel in delaying my happiness, and that your father and I will join in binding you with the sweet and snowy bonds of Hymen. Why, Lil, I thought you better skilled in dreamers' lore, than to be ignorant that death means marriage, and black white."

She smiled incredulously, and hearing her father's step, moved as it were instinctively away from me, and busied herself about the tea equipage. Mr. Montgomery had this evening learnt the failure of a Dublin house, by which he was a considerable loser, and was in consequence in a very bad humour. As, however, his general manner was somewhat morose, I, not observing him closely, perceived no change. He talked as much as usual, and the conversation by some mischance led to the national character of the Scots and Irish. One would think that this was not a very dangerous topic between two Irishmen. Almost, however, before I was aware, it became a masked battery on either side; under cover of which he vented his dissatisfaction with his daughter's Irish lover, and I my jealousy of her Scotish one. Poor Lily, who saw the bitter sarcasm evident in both our countenances, joined playfully in the conversation, supporting now one, and now the other party, endeavouring to turn it into jest.

"Now, I am sure, papa, you do not like to deal with the Sawnies, coming back perhaps a dozen times before they will buy any thing, saying 'Weel, sir, will you no throw off the odd shillins?'"

He did not even smile at her playful attempt to mimic the Scotish dialect, but replied, "Yes, child, I do like to deal with them, for at least they pay what they promise. Our gay Dublin gentlemen would scorn to higgle. They are off-handed, clever fellows, little solicitous about the price of goods for which they never intend to pay. I wish we had fewer fine coats, and more hard honest men than are to be found among our Dublin popinjays, from whom the Lord deliver me and mine!"

I was deeply stung by this manifest sneer at me, and at the elaborate elegance of my gala dress. My quick temper was already in a flame. Lily, who saw the angry flush overspread my features, and who knew by the tinge of ghastly white stealing over her father's cheek and lip, that his dark spirit was slowly rousing itself to some act of tyranny, glided unobserved behind his chair, and raising her white arms, stretched her clasped hands towards me, while her eyes said more eloquently than her words, "For my sake, forbear!"

I was a wretch to disregard her mute prayer. But what is so selfish as anger? Secure of her love, and despising her father's gold, I indulged my temper at the cost of her peace. I replied tauntingly, and with marked emphasis, "Yet I trust that, even under these despised fine coats, we should find few hearts base and mean enough to traduce their father land."

"Doubtless they will, Sir Knight Errant, do nothing so base as tell the truth. They will only drink, and dress, and cheat their creditors, and swagger, and bully, and beat out the brains that shall dare to think that they are swindlers and spendthrifts. They will not give their country a bad name, but they will sell their countrymen. Our much landed Hibernians have not earned even the poor praise of standing by each other; we all know the adage, 'Put one Irishman on a spit, and you will find another to turn it.'"

"And I vow to Heaven!" said I, with ungovernable transport, "that did all Irishmen deserve it as well as you, I would myself become a turnspit."

I rose as I spoke, and so did he. "I think," he said, with treacherous mildness, "that you, Mr. Harman, some time since proposed honouring my daughter with your hand. Since, however, your regard for me is of so fiery a nature, I beg in her name to decline now and for ever the proffered condescension. Permit me, sir, to request that you will now leave my house, and never again enter it."

"Your house I shall certainly leave with all alacrity, but my right to your daughter's heart and hand I will assert in face of heaven and earth."

"As you please, sir. And let me tell you, the sooner you assert your rights in heaven, the greater my content."

I had reached the door, choking with rage, when I heard Lily murmur low and brokenly, "Oh most unkind, most cruel George, you have destroyed us both."

I looked back. Our eyes met, and my heart sank with an ominous foreboding, as I encountered her wild upbraiding glance. Her father seized and shook her violently, exclaiming in hoarse, suppressed accents, "What! minion, do you dare to weep for the insolent wretch who could so grossly insult your father?"

I returned to rescue her from his grasp; but before I could reach her, she screamed out, "Leave us instantly, if you would not have me hate you." I obeyed her then, when my obedience was of little avail. The fatal mischief was already a-foot. Reason soon returned under the sobering influence of the cool night air, but I strove to deaden the growing sense of self-blame, by persuading my conscience that all was for the best, and that passion had, once in my life, befriended me. For I did not doubt my power to persuade Lily to a clandestine marriage, in which case, my happiness would be much accelerated; while, but for the pain I knew it would give my bride, I would have rejoiced at the breach between her father and me, as it promised to free me from his society. Thinking it possible that her father might insist on her fulfilling her original intention of going to the ball, I went there to seek her, but she was absent. Her aunt, however, was there, to whom I related the circumstance, and implored her to procure me an interview with Lily at her house the ensuing day. This she promised.

When, however, I hastened there at the appointed time, instead of Lily, I found a brief note, written in faint unsteady characters. It ran thus:—

"I am made miserable for life. An awful impediment is placed between us. My aunt will give you particulars. I will not reproach you. Your sufferings will, I fear, be cruel as my own. As soon as I can go abroad I will see you at my aunt's; but, O! dearest, dearest George, it must be for a last farewell."

Agonised by apprehension, I learnt from her aunt, that as soon as I had left his house on the preceding evening, Mr. Montgomery walked quietly up to his own room, and returned in a few minutes, bringing with him the large family Bible, upon which, with shocking impiety, he vowed the most appalling curses upon his daughter, should she ever, either before or after his death, unite herself to me. His unfortunate child fell into a long and death-like fainting fit, and had since continued very ill; but my informant added, that such was her brother-in-law's inflexible obstinacy, that he would see his child die by inches rather than revoke his horrid imprecations. This I did not doubt; but I could not believe that Lily would sacrifice her own love and mine to a few words of wicked breath. I was sure I could convince her that curses recoil upon the heads of the guilty utterers, and cannot reach the innocent. I could not, however, avoid owning to myself that there was something shocking to human nature in the idea of a parent's curse, and I vainly wished that I had restrained my turbulent temper.

It was an entire fortnight before I again saw the gentle girl, and then how wan, how wasted, yet how more than beautiful she looked! Never before was she so kind, so tender. Her soft and uncomplaining love overflowed in tears and words of eloquence; but never shall I forget her gaze of horror when I proposed to her to elope with me, and brave her father's baneful curse. She needed not to speak; that one glance told me I had lost her for ever. My reliance on her yielding nature was misplaced. She was indeed wax in the hands of her stern father, and of all who sought their own will at the price of her peace; but from what she considered crime, she revolted with irresistible strength.

But, although compelled to resign all hopes of bringing her to my views, I determined that no earthly power should prevent my seeing and conversing with her. Accordingly, by her aunt's connivance, I occasionally met her there. Things went on in this state of hopelessness for a few months, when I was one day stunned with a report that Miss Montgomery was about to be married. I flew to her aunt, and learnt, to my utter consternation, that the detested Scotsman had returned; and perceiving that I no longer visited at her father's, had made his proposals, and was strenuously supported by her father. "And he will force her to accept them!" I exclaimed, in a frenzy; "he has only to curse her into compliance. And is she then not only lost to me, but given to another? O! that I should have given my happiness into the keeping of a creature so tame and unresisting!"

I had not seen Lily for some weeks, and I found it almost impossible to procure an interview; while, on every side, I heard of the eligible match which the beautiful Miss Montgomery was about to make, and several of my own intimates unconsciously tortured me with such observations as, "Why, Harman, I once thought you would yourself be the happy man—but, *mutabile femina*."

At last, maddened by uncertainty and jealousy, I wrote to Lily, demanding, rather than entreating, an interview; and threatening, in case of refusal, to brave all hazards, and visit her at her father's. This had the desired effect. She came. I addressed her with constrained calmness, "Is this true, Lily, that I hear of you? Are you faithless, and is all our hapless love forgotten?"

"O! that it were forgotten, or that it had never been, or might from henceforth cease to be?"

"Cruel girl! And can you wish that our great love should cease?"

"Can I do otherwise, when, a week hence, I must be the wife of another?—when, a week hence, even the dark remembrance of that love will be a crime?"

A dizzy faintness seized me at this stunning intelligence; I sank back in my chair speechless, tearless, almost unconscious. I was first roused from this torpor of affliction by seeing Lily cast herself at my knees. She took my chill, motionless hands in hers, and her bright tears fell fast and heavily upon them while she spoke. "O! dearest George, do but hear how I have been wrought upon. My father declared (and none who knew him could doubt that he would keep his word) that if I did not marry Mr. Logan, he would sell all that belongs to him; and leaving my mother and me to our fate, would go to some foreign land where we should never see him more: and this he would also do, if, by any confession of reluctance or of prior attachment, I should induce the gentleman to withdraw his proposal. I withstood this threat—O! George, indeed I did withstand it, for my inmost soul loathed the thoughts of marriage with another than you; but my good, my tender mother, knelt to her unworthy child. Yes, with tears and anguish she knelt to me, and prayed me not to part her from the husband of her youth—the father of her child. She abjured me not to put asunder those whom God had joined."

"And, Lilly," I replied, "has not God joined us? Have not our hearts been united in his sight?"

"Ah! what is our imaginary union, who, eight months since, were strangers to each other, compared to the sacred nuptial bond cemented by the joys and sorrows of twenty years."

"Then I am to understand," I said, my temper again rising, "that, of your own free will, you cast me off, and marry with another."

"Surely you do not call it free will to be reduced to an alternative so frightful? Heaven knows how gladly I would exchange lots with you. You need not wear a mask. You are not obliged—— O! my heavenly Father," she added, casting her streaming eyes upwards, "how shall I go through this dreadful—dreadful task?" My fierceness melted before her overwhelming grief, and I in turn attempted to comfort her. After a short pause, she said, abruptly, "George, *my dream is accomplished*. This fatal marriage is the grave of the vision, and, O! is it not too true that you have helped my father to cast me into it? Had your ill-temper not caused the breach, he must have waited the result of your speculations; and had you retained your place near me, Mr. Logan would never have addressed me. Your speculations have been fortunate, you tell me, but it is now too late—too late! *The dream is accomplished*." Conscience, "the solitary seer in the heart, from whose eye nothing is hid," pleaded guilty to every word of the indictment. I was silent, and she proceeded. "I would not heedlessly reproach you, but you must feel that you owe me some atonement. Let it be this. Give me back my promise, forgive and bless me, and I may yet know a melancholy peace on this side the grave."

Distracted at the thought of losing her sweet presence and society for ever, I stipulated, as the terms of my consent, that she should promise to receive a visit from me once each year of her life. She refused this strenuously, until I protested that I would attend at church and forbid the banns, even should the consequence be death to me and ruin to her. She then reluctantly consented; I wrote out the promise, that she might conceive the higher idea of its solemnity. She wept bitterly as she signed it, saying, "These violent spirits sway me at their will: but I tell you, George Harman," she added, rising with dignity, "I tell you, in the spirit of prophecy, that days will come when you will mourn, and repent in your heart of hearts, for this act of tyranny." Alas! alas! she did indeed speak in the spirit of prophecy.

Despite her displeasure, she parted from me with lingering tenderness, and assurances of everlasting friendship—she would not say love.

I did not see her again till I saw her in her bridal dress, a decorated victim. I had discovered the church in which the ceremony was to be performed, and could not resist the morbid desire I felt to witness it. By bribing the sexton, I was suffered to screen myself behind the curtains of the organ-loft, from which I had a full view of the bridal party. In thinking of the scene since, or, rather of Lily's appearance in it, for I saw none but her, I have always recalled a verse of an old ballad, describing a bride,

"And when she cam into the kirk,
She shimmered like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi' pearles bedone."

I strove to catch the bride's responses, but the silvery tones were lost in weeping. Once, when all was over, I saw her fixed and lifted eye gleam with an expression of unutterable misery, and for a moment I lost all consciousness of my own bereavement in painful pity for her unmerited affliction.

It was in the month of June, just one year after Lily's marriage, that I embarked for Scotland. On arriving there, I hastened to the neighbourhood of Mr. Logan's summer villa, where Lily was then residing. I put up at a small inn in a neighbouring village, and wrote to her, reminding her of her promise, and requiring to know when and where it would be fulfilled. Her nurse, whom she still retained about her person, brought me her brief and indignant answer.

"Unrelenting persecutor! I see you are determined to exact the full penalty of your bond. I thank you for thus changing my former regard into fear and resentment of your conduct. You shall not cross my husband's threshold in his absence, and without his knowledge. Since I must meet you, it shall be on the beach, between seven and eight o'clock.

I repaired to the sea-shore long before the appointed hour. It was a lovely and secluded scene. A broad firm beach of yellow sand edged the blue, boundless ocean, which was the only object visible, the view of the surrounding country being shut out by shelving rocks. The distant hum of rural voices, and the low dirge of the everlasting waters, hushed my warring passions, and lulled me into a dreamy patience while I awaited the arrival of her whom I still madly loved. Towards eight o'clock she appeared at the upper extremity of the little bay, accompanied by her venerable nurse. Leaving her seated on a rock at a little distance, she advanced towards me with an ease and loftiness of carriage I had never before seen in her. The descending sun shone on her bright pale features, "severe in youthful beauty." I felt that she was changed and sanctified since I had seen her last. New and holy hopes had dawned upon her. Though still a child in years, she was now a mother and a matron, the mistress of a family, and the guardian of its peace and honour. I felt that I dared not address the offended wife as I had the tender and tearful virgin, and for a moment I repented that I had disturbed the serenity which she had evidently attained. She spoke first, and without any courteous greeting.

"Let me know, in brief, Mr. Harman, what you propose to yourself by such an interview as this."

The coolness of her tone and manner thrilled every nerve with anguish, and I exclaimed bitterly, "Heartless, unfeeling girl, why did I squander my affections on such a mere automaton? Is, then, one hour, out of the many thousands the year contains, too much to give to pity for the misery you have caused?"

"That *I* have caused! but I will not recriminate. I will show you the state of my heart, in hopes that when you know it, you will cease to torture me. I will reveal it to you, as clearly as it is revealed to Heaven. I will go back to my wedding-day. My husband imputed my wild grief to my separation from my parents. All that the most considerate tenderness could suggest was done to solace me; still no answering tenderness repaid his care. Often, in the very height of my selfish indulgence of sorrow, my heart smote me when I saw the cloud of disappointed affection steal over his honest countenance. The pang of conscious ingratitude is a dreadful pang. I could not endure it. I prayed incessantly that God would tear from my heart the sinful love so deeply rooted there; I seconded my prayers by my own best endeavours, and I succeeded. Now I do indeed love my husband as, before Heaven, I promised to love him; and, but for your persecutions, I might enjoy a calm and happy conscience."

Maddened by the irresistible conviction that she no longer loved me, my passion was, if possible, increased by mingled adoration and envy of the angelic mind that could so nobly reconcile inclination to duty. Exasperated by her praises of her husband, and censure of me, I was deaf to her urgent and even humble entreaties that I would cease to molest her. Then, finding petitions vain, she declared that she would no longer consider her promise binding, wrung from her, as it was, by terror, and that she would never again meet me. But I knew too well how to subdue her gentle spirit; I vowed that, if she would not willingly meet me, I would visit her openly at her house, in her despite and in her husband's, and bade her beware, lest by such a step she might be made a widow, or her husband a man-slayer. Aware of my resolute and restless character, she submitted to necessity, and the hour being expired, she parted from me in anger and in tears. Would to Heaven she had rather braved the utmost my vile temper could inflict!

For a long time these annual meetings continued, and every year during that time poor Lily lost one of her beloved infants. Before they had learnt to lisp her name, almost before they could distinguish her by the first sweet recognitory smile that gladdens a mother's heart, they were successively cut off. These repeated bereavements her superstitious fancy ascribed to a deserved judgment on her clandestine interviews with me. In vain I represented that our conversations were such as might be published to the world with honour to her, and that they were all that enabled me to endure a miserable being; still, the mystery, the secrecy with which they were attended, wounded her tender conscience. Her youngest and only child, Jessie, I think it was called, had lived several months, and gave promise of a healthful constitution, when, at the usual time, I paid my visit. Anxiety and fear had thrown the fond mother into a low nervous fever as the period of my coming approached. She was confined to her bed when I arrived, and sent her nurse to inform me of her inability to see me, and to entreat my forbearance, at least, this year. I complied, and the event seemed to justify her former fancies, for her child continued to live. I myself began to fear that uneasiness of mind, fostering an inherent delicacy of constitution, might be the remote cause of her trying calamities. Touched with compassion, and doubting the permanence of my favourable dispositions, I resolved to put it out of my own power to harass her further, by going to India. Accordingly, I wrote to her, stating my determination to quit these kingdoms, on condition that she would permit me to take a last farewell of her. I received her joyful, grateful assent, and we again met, for the last time on earth.

She sat beside me in a small recess formed by the rock, considerably above the beach, and almost on a level with the adjoining valley. As I gazed on her faded cheek and altered eye, I rejoiced that I had agreed to her wishes before it was too late. Misjudging fool! it was already too late. She spoke to me more kindly than she had ever done since her marriage; yet I perceived that she was solicitous to shorten the interview. When about to leave me for the last time, she held out both her hands to bid me farewell. I seized and pressed them to my lips and heart, shedding sadder, but purer and sweeter, tears than any I had ever known. Suddenly a sharp tread rung upon the rocks above us, and, before I could look round, or recognise the intruder, I received a pistol-shot in my right arm.

"Base villain!" shouted the infuriated Logan, "has it not reached your wicked heart? Oh, for another weapon!"

The wound I had received rendered me faint, but not insensible. Lily remained motionless as the rock on which she sat. I saw with horror and ineffectual remorse the fatal effects of my passionate and selfish conduct. I valued not my life, could I but restore my hapless victim to her husband's confidence. I attempted to explain—to state the simple truth; as well might I have talked to the raging sea. Some officious, but, perhaps, well-intentioned person had acquainted him with our correspondence. He had hastened up from town and witnessed what he thought an assurance of his wife's attachment to me. He knew I was once her admirer; he had heard that we had met often since, and he found me now at her feet, her hands clasped in mine. These things had an aspect black as guilt could wear.

He furiously demanded instant satisfaction. I refused it; I submitted to be called *coward;* I was patient now, when patience availed so little; inexpressible contempt for me seemed to restore his self-possession; he turned from me as from a reptile unworthy hatred, and folding his arms, looked sternly into the face of his mute, heart-stricken wife. "For you, fair serpent, you shall live as long as Heaven will let you. From this day I devote myself to your punishment. The world shall not know your shame, for your shame is mine and my child's; you shall live under my roof, but you shall neither know peace nor rest; my ears shall be deaf to your prayers, my eyes shall be blind to your beauty. I divorce you from my heart henceforth and for ever. Penitence may serve you in another world, but I am no God, that I should forgive so black a wrong as this."

The mistaken, but not, therefore, less miserable man, after uttering these words with almost maniacal vehemence, rushed down the rocks towards the beach. Lily rose to follow him, saying to me in a changed, hollow tone "Are you much hurt, unhappy man?"

"Ay, to the heart's core with vain remorse. How you must hate me!"

"No, oh no, indeed, you are not more guilty now than you were five minutes since, when I called you my friend. Be still my friend, and, to prove it, leave these kingdoms instantly. You have my pity, for your misfortunes have far outweighed your crimes; farewell, and may God bless you! My prayers shall follow you to the ends of the earth."

Ah! noble and tender heart that never yet was pierced, but it gave forth balm.

She hastened after her husband, fearless in her innocence, and, in her noble simplicity, convinced that truth had but to speak and be believed. Her low but clear tones were borne to me by the balmy evening breeze.

"Dear Richard, what frenzy is this? Am I not your own loved and loving wife?"

"Fawning hypocrite, begone! Dare not to touch me!"

"Richard, as I hope to meet my heavenly Judge, I am innocent in thought—in word—in deed."

"Devil! but I will not kill you. I will not put you out of pain. My revenge shall be as deep and lasting as my torments." He threw her slight, clinging form from him with a violence that prostrated her on the sand; then raising his hand menacingly towards me, cried, "Pitiful poltroon! if Scotland holds you to-morrow, the earth shall be rid of you or me before to-morrow night."

Having said this, he strode out of sight. Faint with grief and loss of blood, I sat listening to Lily's convulsive sobs as she lay on the spot where her unhappy husband had cast her. I dared not approach to offer assistance. At last she arose, and waving her handkerchief to me in adieu, pointed to the sea in intimation of her wish for my departure, and proceeded slowly towards her changed and melancholy home.

In less than a month after, I was on my voyage to India. I had been there five or six years, when I read in an old newspaper that—"Lily, wife of Richard Logan, died of a lingering disease, esteemed and lamented by all who knew her."

I wrote to my sister, requesting her to learn from her nurse the particulars of Lily's death, and of her husband's treatment of her. She did so; and the intelligence infixed still more deeply the deadly arrows of remorse. Logan kept but too fatally his vow of vengeance. His incomparable wife, loving him sincerely, and compassionating a mistake which, with her usual heavenly indulgence, she considered an ample apology for his worst harshness, tried every feminine, every affectionate art, to win back his esteem and love. With trembling solicitude she adorned her lovely person, in hopes to catch one favouring glance; she sent humble and loving messages by the lips of their only child, but he was immovable—nay, savage. Doating on her as he had done, he was stung to madness by the fact, which she could not deny, that she had married him while her heart was mine; and he laughed to scorn her assurances of after love for him, knowing, as he did, that she had privately continued her former acquaintance with me. Still he was careful of her reputation, and perhaps it was with the intention of accounting to the world for his changed conduct to her, that he rushed at once into habits of intoxication. Perhaps he might have originally encouraged them as a refuge from painful thought, but they gained strength; and when, shortly before her death, his once loved wife wrote him a long, exculpatory letter, imploring forgiveness and a last embrace, he was incapable of reading or comprehending it. She died (and terrible to her it must have been so to die) unpitied and deserted; and the love and justice which she had so long and vainly craved, were lavished without measure on her memory.

There is no need "to point the moral" of my tale. All may read it in my childless, hopeless, and unhappy old age. It was, perhaps, more the fault of another than my own that I lost the object of my early affection, yet even then happiness was not placed beyond my reach. When the impassable barrier was placed between my lost love and me, had I left her alone with her destiny, she would soon have made it a happy one. For myself, absence, and the death of hope, would have been the death of passion, and I might, in time, have made another and more fortunate choice. But I spent the prime of manhood in madly cherishing an attachment which finally drove me into exile, haunted by a remorse which left no space for gentler passions.

It may seem strange that, being so conscious of the source from which my misfortunes have sprung, I should still yield to the transports of a temper which render me a plague to myself and to my friends. To this I can only reply, that age, and sorrow, and disease, are sorry sweeteners of a temper that was not sweet even in the "morn and liquid dew of youth."

Youths and maidens, if you would choose a wife, if you would choose a husband, let temper be your first—second—and third consideration.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Waldie's Literary Omnibus, five numbers of which have been published, has already contained as much or more book matter, besides news, tales, and reviews, as the cost of a whole year's subscription of two dollars and a half. We have published in it Lady Blessington's amusing novel, "The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman," published at three dollars by the booksellers, and Latrobe's "Ramblor in Mexico," which costs at the stores seventy-five cents; and for the two dollars and a half there are *forty seven* more numbers to appear. Subscriptions are taken for the Omnibus, commencing with any number in the course of the year.

Embassy to Muscat and Siam.—The author of "Three Years in the Pacific," a work received both here and in Europe with distinguished favour, designs, we understand by letters recently received from the Peacock, to publish, immediately on his return, an account of his extensive and varied cruise round the world, under the title of "An Embassy to the Courts of Muscat and Siam." He has enjoyed unusual facilities for acquiring information on the manners, customs, politics, commerce, and religion of several countries in the East, and has taken uncommon pains to acquaint himself of the state of the several Armenian mission stations in Asia and Polynesia. Our last letters from the Peacock are dated in November, 1836, at Mazatlan, on the west coast of Mexico; on the 5th of December the ship was at Acapulco, when the officers and crew were all well.

We hope the author's recent visit to the Pacific will afford him materials for a second edition of the Three Years, and that he may be rewarded in his literary enterprises in proportion to his sterling merits.

Important to Reviewers.—In the small debt court of Edinburgh, a case was tried lately of immense interest to reviewers. A Mr. Marjoribanks, who had perpetrated a tour to the Loire, and published an account thereof, summoned Professor Wilson for the sum of 4*s.* 6*d.*, as the value of his volume, which had been sent with a request to notice and recommend it. The professor demurred, and the court held that a tourist had no right to impose on a reviewer.

Gummere's Astronomy.—We take an early opportunity to announce the fact that a new and greatly enlarged octavo edition of "An Elementary Treatise on Astronomy, by John Gummere, A. M.," has been published by Kimber & Sharpless, of this city. It consists of two parts, the first part containing a clear and compendious view of the theory; the second, a number of practical problems; to which are added solar, lunar, and other astronomical tables. This is a practical work, by an eminent teacher, and has not yet been generally introduced, except in higher schools, such as West Point, partly because astronomy is not thoroughly taught in general, and partly from the modesty of the author, who has not thrust it before the public with the same pertinacity as is practised by the *two-penny* school-book makers, whose last thought is to make their books well; more depends upon the bookseller than the author in these matters, unless those immediately interested take the matter up, which in the present case we trust they will do. It is too much the case with teachers as it is with heads of families; the first go to a store as we go to a grocery, where we are very apt to take up with any fair sample of sugar that may be on hand, only satisfying ourselves it is sweet! Teachers, professors, trustees, &c., should go further, and enquire for such sterling books as Gummere's Astronomy. We copy the following preface to the second edition, explanatory of the improvements:—

"The work has undergone a careful revision, and has received considerable additions in both parts. In the appendix to part first, a general analytical investigation of eclipses of the same occultations and transits has been introduced. The tables of the sun's epochs, commencing with 1836, has been improved by the application of Bessel's corrections. The epochs for the preceding years are retained as in the former edition, as several of them are used in examples which it was not deemed necessary to change. And tables of the planet Mercury, abridged from Lindenau's tables, and adapted to the meridian of Greenwich, have been introduced. These serve to illustrate the method of calculating the place of a planet, and are sufficiently accurate for determining, nearly, the times of a transit of this planet over the sun's disc. Several other useful tables have also been added."

The Indian Portraits.—The Indian Portraits and Biography, just issuing from the press in America, by E. C. Biddle, the subscriptions to which are flowing in with wonderful rapidity, are to be simultaneously issued in Europe. The last London Literary Gazette has the following remarks on the work:—

"A few weeks since, we noticed a forthcoming American publication, entitled, 'The Indian tribes of North America,' of which we have the first specimen, No. I., from Philadelphia, before us. We can now say that it is, indeed, more than we could have expected, and truly a national—no, not a national, but a universal work. The frontispiece, an Indian war-dance preparatory to sacrificing a prisoner, is a singularly interesting and affecting exhibition of the red man's customs; and the portraits of Indian chiefs in the body of the number are extremely striking and characteristic. The descriptive and historical text is also of the most valuable and impressive order, and we, on the whole, may well consider this production to be *unique*. We look with impatience for its appearance in England about Christmas; where, as well as on the continent, we are sure it will excite a very vivid sensation."

Henrietta Temple, the new novel by the author of "Vivian Grey," will be published in Waldie's Literary Omnibus next Friday; this can be done for *twenty cents*—the price of the American book edition is *one dollar*.

Silliman's Journal for January, a rich and varied number, was received in this city last week. It forms No. 2 of Vol. XXXI.

Mr. Harrison Hall has in the press, and will shortly publish, a new edition of the Conversations on the Bible, by Mrs. Sarah Hall, formerly of this city. This beautiful work ought to be in every family library in the land.

LONDON LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new periodical, to be entitled, the Church of England Quarterly Review and Ecclesiastical Record, is announced for publication with the new year.

The Twelve Minor Prophets, in Coptic, with a Latin Translation, by the Rev. H. Tattam, M. A., F. R. S. &c., Rector of St. Cuthbert's, Bedford, has been very judiciously published by the University of Oxford, to which the work was, we believe, given by the author. We rejoice to hear that the same able scholar is now preparing Ezekiel and Daniel in the same way, from Coptic MSS. in the Royal Library in Paris. As the Coptic version of the Scriptures is supposed to have been made as early as the second century, every portion of it must be of importance to the Biblical student.

In the Press.

Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator, a Tragedy, in five acts, by Jacob Jones, Esq., author of "Longians," a tragedy. The Transactions of the Institute of British Architects, with plates. Hints to Chairmen, or Precepts for Presidents, by Presses. Beauties of the Country, or Descriptions of Rural Customs, Objects, Scenery, and the Seasons, by Thomas Miller, author of "A Day in the Woods." To be published by subscription, for the benefit of his widow, the Poetical Works (now first collected) of the late Thomas Pringle, with an enlarged Memoir and a Portrait of the author. The Americans, in their Social, Moral, and Political Relations, by Francis J. Grund. A History of British Birds, by Mr. Yarrell, and a History of British Reptiles, by Mr. Bell, which works, with the British Fishes, now finished, and the British Quadrupeds, now in course of publication, will complete a uniform series of the vertebrate animals of Great Britain.

New American Publications.

An Elementary Treatise on Astronomy, in two parts. By John Gummere, A. M. 8vo. Philadelphia: Kimber & Sharpless.

Goetz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, a drama in five acts. From the German of Goethe. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

A Manual of the Diseases of the Eye. By S. Littell, Jr., M. D., one of the surgeons of the Will's Hospital for the Blind and Lame, Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, &c. &c. J. S. Littell.

Principles of Pathology and Practice of Physic, by John Mackintosh, M. D.; with notes and additions, by Samuel George Moreton, M. D. Second American, from the fourth London edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle.

Classical Library, Vols. XXIV, XXV, XXVI, XXVII, and XXVIII; containing Livy, translated by George Baker, A. M. In five vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Young Ladies' Wreath, a selection from the female poetic writers, with notes. By Mrs. Hale, author of Northwood, &c. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon.

Lectures on Moral Philosophy, delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, and reported for the Edinburgh Chronicle. By George Coombe, Esq. Same publishers.

A Manual of the art of making and refining Sugar from Beets, including the cultivation of the plant, and the various improvements in the manufacture. Translated by M. J. de Fontenelle. Same publishers.

Wraxall's Historical Memoirs of his Own Times. 8vo. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The Spirit of Holiness, by James Harrington Evans, A. M., Minister of John St. Chapel; with an introductory preface, by Octavius Winslow.

Head's Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England. 1 vol. 12mo. Harper & Brothers.

The Christian Orphan. 18mo. Boston: James B. Dow.

An Elementary Treatise on Anatomy. By A. L. J. Bayle. 12mo. N. York: Harper & Brothers.

Henrietta Temple, a Love Story. by the author of Vivian Grey. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.

☞ Gentlemen making remittances by checks, would confer a favour by having them marked "good," by the cashier of the bank.

Jan. 30,—Wm. Howe, Columbia, S. C.
—— 30,—Wm. H. Webster, Piscataway. Md.
—— 30,—Daniel M. Smyser, Gettysburg, Pa.
—— 30,—James P. Erskine, Baltimore, Md.
—— 30,—Thos. Irvine, Portsmouth, Ohio.
—— 20,—R. Tilden Moulton, Cherryfield, Va.
—— 29,—James W. Hall, Beaver Meadow, Pa.
—— 27,—Quinton Gibbon, Salem, N. J.
—— 10,—Professor Tutwilla, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
—— 17,—Robt. W. Carnes, Upatore, Ga.
—— 26,—A. B. Arquhart, Smithfield, Va.
—— 27,—Thos. M'Carty, Wellsburg, Va.
—— 10,—R. J. Waters, New Madrid, Mo.
—— 28,—Johnston & Stockton, Pittsburg, Pa.
—— 7,—John Russell, Bluffdale, Ill.
—— 21,—P. R. Adams, Tecumseh, Mich.
Feb. 3,—James Lawson, Little Rock, Ark.
—— 3,—Matthew Smith, Chambersburg, Pa.
—— 3,—Joshua Whittell, New Boston, Ill.
—— 3,—F. A. Koranslar, Middleway, Va.
—— 3,—E. W. Toppan, Hampton, N. H.
—— 3,—Wm. Howard, P. M., Windsor, Con.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XVIII.

YOUTH AND AGE.

There is a paper in the Spectator, No. 449, descriptive of the devoted attentions of a lovely female in the bloom of youth to her decrepit father. This paper has frequently been the subject of unqualified commendation. It is one of Steele's, and, like most of his, it is in my opinion very inferior, both in judgment and taste, to those of Addison. Parental and filial affection are reciprocal duties, but, like all other duties, they ought to be kept within the bounds of reason. Where they are not, they savour more of vanity and selfishness than of that true good feeling, which is to be depended upon under all circumstances. Parents, who are unboundedly wrapped up in their children, are apt, if disappointed by them in their views, to become unreasonably unforgiving, though perhaps that disappointment is principally owing to their own injudicious indulgence. They blind themselves to the real nature of their fondness, and then suffer their feelings to be embittered by what they conceive to be the height of ingratitude; and the same false species of attachment often leads them to sacrifice the true welfare of their offspring to the suggestions of avarice or ambition. In the same manner, I do not think unmeasured devotion on the part of children so much to be depended upon, as that in which there is a reasonable portion of self-consideration—or rather, I apprehend, there is self-consideration in disguise, and proceeding from an unsure foundation. In the case described by Steele, far too much is given up, and I should be apprehensive that in real life the assiduities of an accomplished lover might tempt the lady to pass from one extreme to the other—at any rate, I should have more confidence in a female, who set out by distinguishing how much was due to her father, and how much to herself. A feeling of total devotion is somewhat dangerous, because if it changes at all, it is probable it will be wholly transferred; and as love in its nature is much stronger than filial affection, the chances against the latter would, in the long run, be fearful. But it is otherwise where the strongest feeling is yielded to, but in such manner that the weaker ones may have place in their proper order. Then is the best security that each will be permanently and duly acted up to. For instance, love, filial affection, and friendship, may exercise at the same time their respective influences, but any attempt to invert the order, except temporarily, is against the laws of nature, the force of which has a constant tendency to recur. It is to my mind extremely revolting to see the enjoyments proper to the season of youth remorselessly sacrificed to the selfishness of age—to see a young person indefinitely withering under a slavish attendance, for the performance of those services which might be equally well rendered with no personal privation, and this too under the mask of affection—under a pretence of being unable to bear the ministration of any other hand. It is a sacrifice, which a well-constituted mind would not only not require, but would not permit; and any parent, with a proper feeling for a child, would rather reverse the practice, and study how least to let age and infirmity interfere with the enjoyments and interests of youth. "As long as I live, think only of me," is detestable. The true doctrine is, "whilst you requite my tenderness, do not let me feel that the few years I have to remain, exercise any baneful influence on the many you may hope to enjoy." It would be unnatural in an only daughter to give way to an attachment, which would lead to an entire separation from an aged and infirm parent; but it is equally or more unnatural in a parent to oppose an advantageous alliance, which would admit the fulfilment, in reasonable proportions, both of conjugal and filial duties—besides that, to witness the satisfactory establishment of a child ought to carry a consolation with it, incomparably beyond the selfish pleasure of a monopoly of attentions. Devotion, such as that described by Steele, however easy, or even pleasurable at first, cannot, when indefinitely continued, but become somewhat irksome both in practice and reflection, which feeling will of necessity, more or less, mix itself up with the object; whereas a reasonable mean, which does not exclude other sentiments, may go on without the slightest diminution, and every attention from first to last may be a genuine offering of the heart. It is good that this should be reciprocally borne in mind, as an additional reason why too much should not be required, nor too much undertaken. The extreme of devotion has generally, I apprehend, part of its foundation in a feeling of self-importance and a love of applause, which part, after a time, is likely a little to give way, unless strengthened by the accession of pride. In this, as in all things, a reasonable beginning is most likely to have a reasonable end.

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ART OF DINING.

To those who are the slaves of custom or fashion, or who have never thought for themselves, the doctrines on the art of dining laid down in my last number must appear startling, absurd, or impossible to be carried into practice, except in a very limited number of cases. The simple style I propose is as different from the ornamented and cumbrous one now in vogue, as the present cropped, unpowdered, trowsered mode of dress is from that of a gentleman in the middle of the last century, when bags, swords, buckles, and gold lace were universally in use, and I may be thought as much out of the way in my notions by some, as any would have been in the year 1750, who should have advocated the dress of 1835. But simplicity and convenience have triumphed in our dress, and I have no doubt they will equally do so in time in our dinners. With respect to the practicability of my system, I lay down rules which I think the sound ones, with a view to their being approached as nearly as circumstances will permit. For instance, I am of opinion a party, to be the most satisfactory, should not exceed eight persons, and therefore I would keep as near that number as possible. I think it is a very material point to have a dinner served up quite hot, and therefore I would have a kitchen as close to the dining-room as conveniently it could be. I differ from those who like large parties, and who think the kitchen ought to be remote, and I frame my rules accordingly, and would bring my practice as near my rules as circumstances would allow. I should prefer two small parties simply regaled, to one large one with an overloaded repast, and I would make all my arrangements with reference to the style I think best, and keep to it as strictly as I could. As it appears to me that the more intent we are upon what we are doing, the greater is our enjoyment, I have dwelt in the article in my last number upon the means of preventing distraction at the dinner-table—not that I mean all that I have said always to be adhered to, but I give it by way of guide and specimen. I endeavour to exhibit the true philosophy of dining, leaving the practice to be modified according to tastes and circumstances, and as I am decidedly of opinion that the true philosophy of dining would have great influence upon our well-being, bodily and mental, and upon the good ordering of our social habits, I think it well worth serious attention. The above observations apply as well to what I am going to say, as to what I have said; the application of my rules must depend upon circumstances.

I concluded the article on dining in my last number with promising to treat, in the present, of the table, the dinner, and the mode of conducting it. A great deal of the pleasure of a party depends upon the size of the table being proportioned to the number of those sitting at it. The other day, when dining alone with a friend of mine, I could not help being constantly sensible of the unsocial influence of too large a table. The circular form seems to me to be the most desirable, and as tables are now made with tops of different sizes, to put on as occasion requires, those, who think it worth while, can adapt their table to their party with what precision they please. According to my system of serving the dishes in succession, the only thing to be considered in the size of the table is convenient room for sitting, so as neither to be crowded, nor to be too far apart. For any number not exceeding four, I think a square or oblong table quite as comfortable as a round one. With respect to setting out a table, every thing should be brilliantly clean, and nothing should be placed upon it except what is wanted; and every thing wanted, which can conveniently be placed upon the table, should be there, so as to dispense as much as possible with attendance, and thereby avoid the trouble of asking for things, and the frequent occurrence, even with the best arrangements, of having to wait. I rather think the best mode of lighting a table has not yet been discovered. I think it desirable not to have the light upon it, nor indeed any thing which can interrupt the freest communication between the guests, upon which sociability greatly depends. The art of throwing the most agreeable light upon a table is well worth cultivating. Instead of those inconvenient and useless centre pieces, which I have already denounced, I would have a basket of beautiful bread, white and brown, in the middle of the table, with a silver fork on each side, so that the guests could help themselves, which would be perfectly easy with a party not exceeding eight, which limit I understand in all I say. I would have the wine placed upon the table in such manner as to be as much as possible within the reach of each person, and I hold stands for the decanters to be impediments, and coolers also, except, perhaps, in very hot weather. If the wine is served at a proper temperature, it will in general remain so, as long as ought to be necessary; but it is often set upon the table before it is wanted, for show. As I am an enemy to a variety of wines, I think one wine glass only most convenient at dinner, nor do I think in general that water glasses for the wine glasses are of much use. I like to simplify as much as possible; and instead of the supernumeraries we now see, I would have one or more sets of cruets upon the table, according to the size of the party, and containing those things which are continually wanted, and which it is desirable to have at hand. When they are to be asked for, they are not half so much used as when they are within reach. Whatever dish is placed upon the table, it ought to be preceded by all its minor adjuncts, and accompanied by the proper vegetables quite hot, so that it may be enjoyed entirely, and at once. How very seldom this is fully experienced, for want of previous attention, or from the custom of sacrificing comfort to state and form! I suppose I hardly need add that I am an advocate for the use of dumb-waiters: and the smaller the party is, the more they are desirable, because attendants are a restraint upon conversation and upon one's ease in general, in proportion to the limited number at table. I will conclude this part of my subject with recommending, in the arrangements of the dining-room, and the setting out of the table, Madame de Stael's description of Corinne's drawing-room, which she says was "simply furnished, and with every thing contrived to make conversation easy and the circle compact," as nearly as possible the reverse of what is aimed at in English dinners of the present day.

With respect to the dinner itself, there are two kinds of dinners—one simple, consisting of few dishes, the

other embracing a variety. Both kinds are good in their way, and both deserving attention; but for constancy, I greatly prefer the simple style. As it is not my purpose to give a series of bills of fare, after the manner of the authors of books on cookery, I shall perhaps find it difficult to make my notions on dinners sufficiently comprehended. I mean only to lay down a few general rules, and leave the application to the genius of those who read them. In the first place, it is necessary not to be afraid of not having enough, and so to go into the other extreme, and have a great deal too much, as is almost invariably the practice. It is also necessary not to be afraid of the table looking bare, and so to crowd it with dishes not wanted, or before they are wanted, whereby they become cold and sodden. "Enough is as good as a feast," is a sound maxim. as well in providing as in eating. The advantages o having only enough are these: it saves expense, trouble, and attendance; it removes temptation, and induces contentment, and it affords the best chance o having a well-dressed dinner, by concentrating the attention of the cook. The having too much, and setting dishes on the table merely for appearance, are practices arising out of prejudices, which, if once broken through, would be looked upon, and deservedly, as the height o vulgarity. The excessive system is a great preventive of hospitality, by adding to the expense and trouble of entertaining, whilst it has no one advantage. It is only pursued by the majority of people for fear of being unlike the rest of the world. In proportion to the smallness of dinner, ought to be its excellence, both as to quality of materials, and the cooking. In order to ensure the best quality of materials, it is necessary to have some intercourse with the tradesmen who provide them, that they may feel an interest in pointing out and furnishing whatever happens to be most desirable; and judicious criticisms on the cooking, whether in blaming or commending, are essential to keeping up a proper degree of zeal. There is a mean in these things between too much meddling and total negligence, and I think it is to be lamented on many accounts, that there is so much of the latter on the part of the higher classes, towards those with whom they deal. Both parties would find their account in a mutual good understanding. To order dinner well is a matter of invention and combination. It involves novelty, simplicity, and taste; whereas, in the generality of dinners, there is no character but that of dull routine, according to the season. The same things are seen every where at the same periods, and as the rules for providing limit the range very much, there are a great many good things which never make their appearance at all, and a great many others, which, being served in a fixed order, are seldom half enjoyed; as, for instance, game in the third course. This reminds me of a dinner I ordered last Christmas-day for two persons besides myself, and which we enjoyed very much. It consisted of crimped cod, woodcocks, and plum-pudding, just as much of each as we wanted, and accompanied by champagne. Now this dinner was both very agreeable, and very wholesome from its moderation; but the ordinary course would have been, to have preceded the woodcocks by some substantial dish, thereby taking away from their relish, and at the same time overloading the appetite. Delicacies are scarcely ever brought till they are quite superfluous, which is unsatisfactory if they are not eaten, and pernicious if they are. When the materials and the cooking are both of the best, and the dinner is served according to the most approved rules of comfort, the plainest, cheapest food has attractions, which are seldom found in the most laboured attempts. Herrings and hashed mutton, to those who like them, are capable of affording as much enjoyment, when skilfully dressed, as rare and costly dishes. I think it would be a great improvement to introduce, as a mode of enjoying easy society, small parties to plain savoury dinners, without state or ceremony. They need not supersede more expensive repasts, but might be adopted as a variety and a relief. At present such a thing is scarcely heard of as asking half a dozen people to a dinner, unless it be an affair of trouble and expense. If people can dine alone in a plain manner, they could do so in society much more agreeably.

I shall proceed with this subject in my next number.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

It is now nine o'clock at night of Monday the fourteenth of September, and I have four pages of this number to write by nine o'clock to-morrow morning. In my number for the twenty-sixth of August, I concluded an article on composition with saying, that I intended to avail myself of the comparative solitude of the present month, to pay special attention to my state, both for my own ease, and to see the result as to my facility in writing. I have done no such thing; but thinking my temptations would be fewer, I have been more off my guard than usual, and have deteriorated instead of improving. The consequence is, I write with difficulty, and what would have been perfectly easy to me, if I had followed up my resolution, is now an irksome task; but I rejoice at it nevertheless, because it makes me feel more strongly the expediency of discipline, and I hope by this time next week to have made a regular progress. Self-discipline is the most important occupation of man, and ought to be the never-ceasing object of his attention. There can be no spectacle so noble as a human being under perfect self-control—self-control, not only in abstaining from what is wrong, but in pursuing what is right. In such a state alone is to be found perfect freedom. Every other is more or less a state of servitude to indolence or ill-directed energy. Till this morning, when necessity compelled me, I could not bring myself to put pen to paper for this week's number, and the consequence was, that during the previous days I was a slave to irresolution, which irresolution was produced by inattention to diet and too much sleep. Self-discipline is the regulation of the present with a view to the future; but unfortunately the temptations of the present generally prevail against advantages which are not present, and we content ourselves with deferring the execution of our resolves from occasion to occasion throughout our lives. It seems to me as if the first thing we ought to attend to was our physical state, or bodily health, and that every thing else would follow almost as a matter of couse. I mean that sound state, which is equally removed from debility and feverish excitement, and the attainment of which implies the exercise of many virtues, whilst it is favourable to the development of many more. It is the character of the Christian religion to inculcate the practice of self-discipline to a much greater extent than was ever thought of before, and the Christian religion is constantly represented by its earliest teachers as holding out perfect freedom to its disciples. It appears to me certain that the practice of its precepts is calculated to ensure the greatest quantity of happiness here, as well as hereafter, because, whilst it permits every rational enjoyment, it imposes restraint only in those things which are injurious. An individual who acted up to the rules of Christianity, could not but enjoy existence in the highest perfection of which it is capable. But a degree of perseverance is necessary, to which few can bring themselves. It is not by violent efforts that a proper state can be attained, for they are never lasting. It is not by plunging into extremes that we can ensure our well-being, for they defeat every object of living; but it is by a steady, temperate course, with a constant check upon ourselves even at the thought of evil. When we have gone wrong, we must get right by degrees, so as to acquire a new habit as we reform. A violent resolution is only made to be broken. A sudden start from the wrong to the right road, is followed by as sudden a start back again. It is necessary also in self-discipline, in order to make it effective and permanent, that it should be extended to all our actions and habits. It is the whole man that must be reformed, or there is no safety. There must be no reserves, no compromises, no granting ourselves, as it were, a lease of certain irregularities, with a determination to quit them at the expiration of a term. We must begin from the present, and go steadily on, watching ourselves unceasingly, making our aberrations daily less and less, and securing every advance by all the precautions in our power. We must never be too sure, which is the almost certain forerunner of a relapse, but must distrust our strength on every occasion of temptation, either of commission or omission. It shall be my endeavour to practice somewhat of all I preach; and, indeed, I feel to a certain extent the beneficial influence of turning my thoughts to the subjects I have treated of in these papers. I shall set to work in earnest in carrying that resolve into execution, which I have mentioned at the beginning of this article.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Countess and Captain Hall.—From more than one member of the family of the Countess of Purgstall assertions have been made derogatory to the veracity of Captain Hall's statements in his book entitled, "A Winter in Lower Styria." The last is contained in Blackwood's Magazine for December, being a letter from the countess's brother, Mr. Cranstoun; as we published the book itself in our last volume, we feel bound to insert this communication, that our readers may be able to judge for themselves; we think the captain's veracity is seriously impeached.

From Blackwood's Magazine for December.

To the Conductor of Blackwood's Magazine.

Sir,—It has been justly observed, that an insult is more keenly felt than an injury. Among other motives for this feeling, is the sense that an injury may receive some redress from the laws of our country, whereas an insult can, in many cases, have no reparation, but from the press publishing the grievance complained of. I avail myself of your permission to send for insertion in Blackwood's Magazine, whatever had the sanction of my name, regarding a volume published some time ago by Captain Basil Hall, entitled "Schloss Hainfeld." At pages 37 and 8, is the following statement of Madam Purgstall's situation after the death of her husband and son.

"No sooner was the last gone, than upwards of seventy claimants as heirs-at-law pounced on the noble estates of the ancient family of Purgstall, and the poor desolate widow had enough to do to establish her right even to that portion of the property which had been settled upon her. The difficulties she encountered in arranging this matter, and the severe distress to which she was reduced by innumerable and apparently interminable lawsuits, might have broken the spirit and wearied out the resolution of a less vigorous mind. With all her fortitude, indeed, she seems to have been almost subdued; and but for the generous assistance of the late Lord Ashburton, a near connection of hers, she must in all probability have sunk under the joint weight of poverty and law proceedings."

This last assertion is utterly unfounded. Madam Purgstall never was indebted to Lord Ashburton for one shilling during his life; he left her, indeed, a considerable legacy by his will. When she married in 1797, his lordship was not fifteen years of age: they never met after that time during more than twenty-one years, nor had any intercourse by correspondence. The unavoidable impression given to every reader by Captain Hall's narrative must be, that she was left utterly desolate and destitute in a foreign country, totally neglected by her family, and had owed her being rescued from misery to the generous compassion of one connected with her only by marriage. I will give a precise statement of every circumstance connected with her story; and I call upon Captain Hall to point out any part of it that is misrepresented or exaggerated.

When the state of Europe in 1815 permitted at last traveling on the continent, my brother instantly availed himself of the opportunity; and, accompanied by his eldest niece, paid a visit of some months to his sister; her son was then living. The account of his death reached us in the last week of January, 1816. I set out four days afterwards, in a stormy season; and by traveling day and night, I accomplished a journey of fully seventeen hundred English miles, in nearly seventeen days. My brother had supplied me with ample funds to pay off all immediate demands upon Madam Purgstall; those caused by lawsuits required a tedious investigation. I remained at Hainfeld for two months. On taking leave, she earnestly entreated me to procure for her, if possible, the gratification of a visit from her favourite neice Lady Ashburton. I represented this wish to Lord Ashburton, who most kindly complied with it; and accompanied by his wife, her sister, brother, and myself, he remained at Hainfeld seven months. Lady Ashburton was so fondly attached to her aunt, that she determined to pass a whole year in her society, after the rest of the party left Lower Styria. I pledged myself to return at the end of that time and reconduct her to England. Accordingly, I took a third journey to Germany, making in all, going and returning, more than ten thousand miles, from the sole motive of serving and giving pleasure to a sister whom I had loved from her earliest infancy. Before taking leave of her, Lady Ashburton and myself had repeatedly urged Madam Purgstall, by every entreaty that the most sincere and glowing affection could suggest, to return with us to her native country, and dispose of Hainfeld and the land around it, for which an ample price had been offered by a nobleman of high rank, whose estates nearly surrounded hers; but the thought which incessantly engrossed her imagination, of being buried in the same grave with her husband and son, rendered her inexorable to our prayers. Such was the conduct of two brothers, (though not claiming the smallest merit from it,)

towards one who is represented as left utterly deserted by them. While conscious of having paid every attention that fraternal affection could bestow, what must be the feelings of men possessing the sensations and sentiments of gentlemen, on finding themselves held up to public contempt as beings destitute of both. I was strongly urged by friends, of whose understanding I had justly a higher opinion than of my own, to take no public notice of the volume, which they assured me would sink into merited oblivion, from its gossiping insignificance, and no second edition of it would ever appear. A second edition of one thousand copies has, however, been published, circulating more widely the groundless aspersions contained in the first. I am utterly at a loss to assign any motive for Captain Hall's misrepresentations. He *must* have heard of my *first* visit to Hainfeld. Even if by some most unaccountable circumstance it was never mentioned by Madam Purgstall, during six months of intimate daily conversation with her, the faithful domestic Joseph, who appears to have been admitted into familiar intercourse, in consideration of his long services, would unquestionably speak of the countess's brother having arrived at Hainfeld soon after the death of the young count, and of his having brought a large sum in ducats for the use of his mistress. Mr. Thinnfeld, of whom Captain Hall speaks with merited approbation, and with whom I was very intimate during his residence in England, saw me repeatedly at my sister's house in 1816, and would probably mention it to him. Is it possible that Captain Hall could suppose that I incurred the expense, and encountered the fatigue of such a journey, in a severe winter, to insult a broken-hearted sister by the barren assurance that her brothers were sorry for her situation, but could not give her any pecuniary assistance? She knew that the youngest of them had acquired fortune as well as fame by his professional talents.

But my intention of remaining silent is no longer permitted me; an article in the Quarterly Review of last October demands a reply. In it the writer, after recapitulating Captain Hall's account of Miss Jean Anne Cranstoun's birth and marriage, proceeds to state:—"The younger sister married in 1790 Professor Dugald Stewart, and it was probably through this connection that she came acquainted with Godfrey Wencislaus, Count of Purgstall, of a good and wealthy house in Austria, then—*we believe*—one of Professor Stewart's pupils." There is not a shadow of pretext for this belief. Count Purgstall was twenty-five years of age when he visited Edinburgh, having been born in 1772, as the inscription on his monument in Riegersburg castle (of which a copy is at this moment before me,) fully proves. He had letters of introduction to Mr. Stewart, and was included in his evening parties, at which men of superior talents and rank, natives and foreigners, were assembled. The *belief* of the writer is an insidious mode of insinuating that the influence which Mr. Stewart had acquired over the mind of his young pupil was used to procure an opulent match for his sister-in-law. It would be an insult to suppose that the character of Dugald Stewart required any vindication; his highly honourable principles were as well known to his numerous friends as his philosophical works are to the world. It was not surprising that an enthusiastic young man was captivated by the elegant manners and powers of conversation which Captain Hall testifies were not destroyed, though inevitably diminished, by many years of severe suffering, sickness, and sorrow.

But this is a venial offence to what follows at pages 128 and 9, viz.:—"It is remarkable, that during the protracted illness of the countess, no mention is made of her having sought the consolations of religion; and during her last days, of which Captain Hall gives copious and minute details, there seems to have been no intimation on her part of any concern about, or even belief in, a future state. No expression of affection, no mark of beneficence, no tenderness, no charity—nothing that has even the appearance of a sentiment, is recorded to have fallen from her lips in those supreme moments, but her gratitude to Captain Hall, to his servants, and even to his infants, for their care of her. Her last recorded words are—'I die contented, however, when I have you about me to see me laid in my grave, and know, that in spite of all the fears that have haunted me for so long a time, I shall not be left forlorn and desolate to die among strangers. You may well be happy to think of the good you have done me.' This is a kind of lip-gratitude, in which selfishness cloaks itself, but not a word escapes, which shows the smallest feeling of Chistianity, or even of natural religion. Nor can this be supposed to be a mere omission on the part of Captain Hall, who, we are well aware, from his own right feeling on this point, wauld have been happy to have been able to add that which would at once have softened, exalted, and purified the harsh and egotistical character of his heroine."

Here, in the eagerness to display his own piety, the writer unguardedly proves himself utterly destitute of that charity in judging others, which we are told by the highest authority is the greatest of Christian virtues.

There was indeed no *parade* of religion, because a consciousness of having led a most exemplary life, and of having proved herself a most devoted wife, and most affectionate mother, rendered all professions of her faith unnecessary. The dignified serenity with which she welcomed her approaching dissolution, and "courted death, kind nature's signal of retreat," is construed into a proof of her having no feeling of Christianity, or even of natural religion. The simple refutation which I will give of such unexampled injustice, shall be an extract from the conclusion of her last letter to myself, without a date, but probably one of the last she ever wrote. It was forwarded to me by Captain Hall, who was perfectly acquainted with our punctual correspondence, as during his residence at Hainfeld, he added a few lines on the third page of the sheet of two former letters:—"Judge what I feel, and still feel, when I think of your having hurried over half Europe to support one deprived of every hope."

"No selfish thought ever soiled our friendship. Oh! let me trust that it will be continued so when time is no more! I was destined, as you know, from my cradle, to sorrow, and sorrow conducts me to my tomb. In this our land of being, matter and death are synonimous. But a hope that makes a part of our nature, tells us, that mind is life, and life eternal. How awful, and sublime, and lovely, is the thought of immortality! of being reunited to all we love! I will not bid you farewell, my dearest, dearest brother. I grasp the hope that we are to meet where sin and sorrow are no more."

To prove the accurate authenticity of these lines, I have submitted the letter containing them to the perusal of my valued friend Sir David Brewster, who adds his attestation of their being literally copied.*

I will not condescend to any intemperate expressions of reproach or resentment; they are, indeed, unnecessary. I appeal to every candid and generous-minded reader to decide, if the writer of such an article as I have quoted, has not outraged all decorum, or rather common decency.

I know not who is the author of such gross malevolence; but I know that the editor of the Quarterly Review is the very last man on earth who ought to have permitted its publication. He knew that Madam Purgstall had once been the bosom friend and confidante of Sir Walter Scott in his early youth; that her native taste, and rapid perception of the beautiful in composition, enabled her to appreciate the talents displayed in his first poetical attempts, while he was himself unconscious of powers which were destined at a future period to charm mankind. What would have been his feelings had he lived to read the lines which I have quoted! But the writer of them would not have *dared* to trace, nor would the editor have *dared* to sanction one of them, had the illustrious friend of Madam Purgstall survived her. As the son of a gallant old soldier, disabled by wounds received in the service of his country, I feel myself called upon not to permit the name which I inherit from him, to be disgraced by my tamely and silently submitting to have the memory of his beloved daughter insulted, and the peace of his remaining family invaded by the most unprovoked and most unfounded calumnies. I am, sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant, HENRY CRANSTOUN.

The Pavilion, near Melrose, 5th Nov. 1836.

Allerby, Nov. 1836.

* Having examined carefully a letter from the Countess Purgstall, produced to me by my friend Mr. Cranstoun, I have no hesitation in vouching, that the extract from it, given in the preceding communication, is authentic, and that it is in the handwriting of the countess. DAVID BREWSTER.

We shall give Capt. Hall's reply in our next.

Littell's Museum for January was published last week, containing ninety-six pages, as usual filled with selections from the best class of the London journals.

The rumours of extensive preparations for the spring book trade continue to reach us. Dr. Bird's new tale, "Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay," a Kentucky story, will appear in March. One of Washington Irving's nephews will publish in April, "The Hawk Chief, a Tale of the Indian Country." Dr. Thomas Harris is preparing a life of Commodore William Bainbridge. Mr. Cooper has nearly ready a work on France, to be followed by one on England. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise is in the hands of the binder. The author of the South West and La Fitte has a novel in the press, and Miss Leslie is again collecting her newspaper and annual tales into a volume. The Embassy to the Courts of Muscat and Siam will be put to press on the return of the Peacock, by the author of "Three Years in the Pacific," Dr. Ruschenberger. The long announced life of Thomas Jefferson, by George Tucker, has been issued. There is a goodly array for the literary appetite of the reading public.

We fear that the time anticipated by M. Senac in his essays is now as far off as when he wrote; he says:—"When I reflect on the progress of genius, on the advance of the sciences, on their general distribution, on the multitudes of works of every kind, it appears to me that a time will come when wit and talent will be useless. The domain of thought will be like some vast country, the map of which will be traced out on a grand scale, and every part of it will be known. At that epoch no more books will be written. All thoughts will be reduced to proverbs or sentences; there will be sentences on every subject, and education will doubtless consist in inculcating at an early age, three or four volumes of proverbs. It will be so easy to make verses that it will no longer be a merit; there will be nothing but cantos and hemistichs, selected from all known works."

The original publication of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire was in quarto, and as the volumes appeared singly, Gibbon used to take them to his grace the Duke of Cumberland. Conveying the third to him one day, elated with pride, and imagining as he went what handsome things the duke would say to him, what a mortification it must have been to the historian, when his grace, in his usual rough manner, exclaimed,—"What? ah! another d—d big square book, eh!"

Mrs. Macauley having published what she called "Loose Thoughts," Garrick was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. "By no means," replied he, "the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

It is not, probably, generally known that the author of "Philidor on Chess" was named André Danican; he was a native of Dreux, near Paris. Philidor was a *soubriquet* or nick-name, given him by the King of France, after an Italian musician of that name. He was near seventy years of age at his death, and so remarkable for his skill in the difficult game of chess, that about two months before he died he played two games, blindfold, at the same time, against two excellent chess-players, and was declared the victor.

Algebra was originally called the *Cossic* art. Robert Recorde, an English mathematician of the sixteenth century, published the first treatise on the subject; it was entitled, "The Whitestone of Witte, which is the Secunde Part of Asithmetike; containing the Extraction of Rootes, the Cossicke Practice, with the Rule of Equation, and the Workes of Surde Numbers.

Lope de Vega wrote five times the number of leaves that he lived days, and if any one has the curiosity to know in what manner such facility of composition is acquired, let him listen to the advice of Rinnelbergius to an author under his tuition. "Tell the printers," says he, "to make preparations for a work you intend writing, and never alarm yourself about it because it is not even begun, for after having announced it, you may, without difficulty, trace out in your head the whole plan of the work and its divisions; after which compose the arguments of the chapters, and I can assure you that in this manner you may furnish the printers daily with

more copy than they want. But remember, when you have once begun, there must be no flagging till the work is done." If we are not mistaken, most of the modern novels, such as "Plebeians and Patricians," and so forth, have been thus commenced.

The diminutiveness of a large portion, and the beauty of the whole of the Classics, printed by the Elzevirs at Leyden and Amsterdam, have long rendered them celebrated, and the prices they still bear in public sales, sufficiently demonstrate the estimation in which they continue to be held. There were five of these Elzevirs, viz. Lewis, Bonaventure, Abraham, Lewis second, and Daniel. The whole of the Greek, Latin, and French works printed by these celebrated men, form a collection of about one hundred volumes.

One of Catherine the Second's chief officers gave the following order to his bookseller: "Fit me up a handsome library: little books above, and great ones below." "Range me," said a modern *general collector* to his carpenter, "the grenadiers (folios) at bottom, battalion (octavos) in the middle, and light bobs (duodecimos) at top."

List of new books published in London to latest dates.

Adventures in the Moon and Other Worlds, post 8vo. A History of Russia, Vol. II., Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Contributions to Modern History, by F. Von Raumer, (Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots,) 8vo. Henrietta Temple, a Love Story, by the author of "Vivian Grey," 3 vols. Lionel Wakefield, by the author of "Sydenham," 3 vols. The Andalusian Annual, edited by M. B. Honan, twelve coloured drawings, 4to. Nicrographia, Essays on Microscopes, by C. Goring, M. D., and A. Pritchard, 8vo. Introduction to the Study of Geology, adapted to Walker's Map, by F. Burr, 8vo. Mrs. Maberly, or the World as it Will Be, 3 vols. Rev. R. B. Paul's Journal of a Tour to Moscow in 1836, 12mo. Live Joyfully, or the Duty and Means of being Happy, 18mo. The Life and Persecutions of Martin Boos, an Evangelical Preacher, from the German, by the Rev. C. Bridges, 12mo. The Duchess de la Vallière and Mad. de Maintenon, by the Countess de Genlis, 2 vols. Walpole's Correspondence with G. Montagu, &c., new edition, 3 vols. 8vo. The Fallacy of the Art of Physic, as taught in the Schools, by S. Dickson, M. D., 8vo. White's Natural History of Selborne, with the Naturalist's Calendar, a new edition, by E. T. Bennett, 8vo. The Merchant's Daughter, by the author of "The Heiress," 3 vols, post 8vo. The Lady's Cabinet Lawyer, by a Barrister, 18mo. Political History of England during the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries, by F. Von Raumer, Vols. I. and II. British Annual, an Epitome of the Progress of Science, by Dr. R. D. Thomson, 18mo. The Forsaken, a Tale, 2 vols. The New Covenant of our Lord and Saviour, by G. Penn, 8vo. Annotations on ditto, by ditto. Library of Anecdote, Book of Human Character, by C. Bucke, 12mo. E. W. Lane's Account of the Modern Egyptians, 2 vols. 8vo. Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, 8vo. The Duke of Monmouth, by the Author of "The Munster Festivals," 3 vols. Blayney's Treatise on Life Assurance, second edition, 12mo. Statistical Account of the British Empire, by J. R. M'Culloch, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. The Choir and the Oratory, by Josiah Conder.

New American Publications.

The Life of Thomas Jefferson, Third President of the United States, with Parts of his Correspondence never before published, and Notices of his Opinions on Questions of Civil Government, National Policy, and Constitutional Law, by George Tucker, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia, in 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Paulding's Works, Vols. XII. and XIII., The Dutchman's Fireside. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Sketches of the Life and Character of the Rev. Lemuel Haynes, A. M., late of Granville, N. Y., by T. M. Cooley, D. D.

The Tuggs at Ramsgate, and Other Tales. 12mo. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The last *London Quarterly Review*, just received, is as pungent and as agreeable as usual. Its "third article" on Col. Napier's History of the Peninsular War assists materially to destroy the illusion under which critics, and the reading world in general, have laboured as to the accuracy and candour of that celebrated production. We trace in the writer a little jealousy in favour of Southey's History of the same period; and can believe that one object, besides that of truth, is to favour the poet laureate, himself a distinguished member of the Quarterly clique, and a contributor. Colonel Napier's fifth volume, which is before us, contains an "Answer to some attacks of the Quarterly Review" which claims only the cutting remark in the "third article"—"We shall deal with him as fairly as if he had been *well-bred* and *well-founded* in his reclamation."

Something of the spirit of *party* and of savage delight in butchery, marks the long and painstaking article on Wraxall's *Posthumous* Memoirs, which are taken in hand with a scalpel, gloating on any chance error of the memoir writer; as regards Wraxall's mistakes we are not his apologists, and we have perhaps discharged our duty as publishers when we name the source to which the reader may turn for the refutation of certain errors of Sir Nathaniel.

The article in this number on Campbell's poems is, on the whole, disparaging. That on Goldsmith's life, by Prior, is the most attractive to the literary. As is not uncommon with Mr. Murray's books, his review precedes the work in point of time, for at our latest dates, the life (2 vols. 8vo.) was not published, but was soon expected. As soon as it was announced, we ordered a copy from our London agent to be sent immediately on its publication, and if it answers our expectation, we design to insert it in the Library; if it does not we shall copy the review; the volumes certainly throw much light upon the character and habits of Goldsmith, defamed by jealous Boswell.

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.

☞ Gentlemen making remittances by checks, would confer a favour by having them marked "good," by the cashier of the bank.

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46 CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XIX.

ART OF DINING.

I was obliged to break off suddenly in my last article on the art of dining, for want of space.

Suppose a party of eight assembled in a room and at a table arranged according to what I have said in this and the preceding number, to a dinner either plain or costly, and, in the latter case, either of few dishes or of considerable variety; I would have every dish served in succession, with its proper accompaniments, and between each dish there should be a short interval, to be filled up with conversation and wine, so as to prolong the repast as much as possible, without inducing excess, and to give time to the digestive powers. By means of such intervals, time would be given to the cook, and to the attendants, so that nothing would have to wait for the guests, nor would the guests have to wait for any thing, due preparation being made for each dish before its arrival, without bustle or omissions. In dinners of few dishes, they ought to be of rather a substantial kind; but, when composed of variety, the dishes should be of a lighter nature, and in the French style. It must be confessed that a French dinner, when well dressed, is extremely attractive, and from the lightness felt after a great variety of dishes, it cannot be unwholesome; though I do not think, from my own experience and observation, that the French mode of cookery is so favourable to physical power as the English. If I might have my choice, I should adopt the simple English style for my regular diet, diversifying it occasionally with the more complicated French style. Although I like, as a rule, to abstain from much variety at the same meal, I think it both wholesome and agreeable to vary the food on different days, both as to the materials and the mode of dressing them. The palate is better pleased, and the digestion more active, and the food I believe assimilates in a greater degree with the system. The productions of the different seasons and of different climates point out to us unerringly that it is proper to vary our food; and one good general rule I take to be, to select those things which are most in season, and to abandon them as soon as they begin to deteriorate in quality. Most people mistake the doctrine of variety in their mode of living. They have great variety at the same meals, and a great sameness at different meals. Let me here mention, what I forgot before, that after dinner on Christmas day, we drank mulled claret—an excellent thing, and very suitable to the season. These agreeable varieties are never met with, or even thought of, in the formal routine of society, though they contribute much, when appropriately devised, to the enjoyment of a party, and they admit scope for invention. I think, in general, there is far too little attention paid to varying the mode of dining according to the temperature of the seasons. Summer dinners are for the most part as heavy and hot as those in winter, and the consequence is, they are frequently very oppressive, both in themselves, and from their effect on the room. In hot weather they ought to be light, and of a cooling nature, and accompanied with agreeable beverages, well iced, rather than with pure wine, especially of the stronger kinds. I cannot think there is any danger from such diet to those who use it moderately. The danger, I apprehend, lies in excess, from the pleasure felt in allaying thirst and heat. The season in which nature produces fruit and vegetables in the greatest perfection and abundance, is surely that in which they ought to be most used. During the summer that cholera was most prevalent, I sometimes dined upon pickled salmon, salad, and cider, and nothing else; and I always found they agreed with me perfectly, besides being very agreeable. Probably, If I had taken them in addition to more substantial food, so as to overload my appetite, it might have been otherwise, and yet that course would have been adopted by many people by way of precaution. In hot weather the chief thing to be aimed at is, to produce a light and cool feeling, both by the management of the room and the nature of the repast. In winter, warmth and substantial diet afford the most satisfaction. In damp weather, when the digestion is the weakest, the diet ought to be moderate in quantity, but rather of a warm and stimulating nature; and, in bracing weather, I think plain, substantial food the most appropriate. By studying to suit the repast to the temperature, the greatest satisfaction may be given at the cheapest rate. Iced water is often more coveted than the richest wine.

One of the greatest luxuries, to my mind, in dining, is to be able to command plenty of good vegetables, well served up. But this is a luxury vainly hoped for at set parties. The vegetables are made to figure in a very secondary way, except, indeed, whilst they are considered as great delicacies, which is generally before they are at their best, and then, like other delicacies, they are introduced after the appetite has been satisfied; and the manner of handing vegetables round, is most unsatisfactory and uncertain. Excellent potatoes, smoking hot, and accompanied by melted butter of the first quality, would alone stamp merit on any dinner; but they are as rare on state occasions, so served, as if they were of the cost of pearls. Every body of genuine taste is delighted with a display of vegetables of superior order; and if great attention was bestowed upon that part of dinners, instead of upon the many other dishes, dinners would be at once more wholesome and more satisfactory to the palate, and often less expensive. I have observed, that whenever vegetables are distinguished for their excellence, the dinner is always particularly enjoyed; and if they were served, as I have already recommended, with each dish, as they are most appropriate and fresh from the dressing, it would be a great improvement on the present style. With some meats something of the kind is practised, as peas with ducks, and beans with bacon, and such combinations are generally favourites; but the system might be much extended, and with great advantage, by due attention. With respect to variety of vegetables, I think the same rule applies as to other dishes. I would not have many sorts on the same occasion, but would study appropriateness and particular excellence. There is something very refreshing in the mere look of fine vegetables, and the entrance of a well-dressed dish of meat, properly accompanied by them and all their adjuncts, would excite a disposition to enjoyment much greater than can the unmeaning and unconnected courses now placed before our eyes. This is a matter of study and combination, and a field for genius. It is a reasonable object of attention, inasmuch as it is conducive to real enjoyment, and has nothing to do with mere display. In French cookery, vegetables meet with attention much more proportionate to their importance than in ours, and appropriateness in serving them is much more studied.

I think I have now said all I had to say respecting dinners. My object has been to point out what I consider to be the true philosophy, and to put people upon the right scent of what ought to be done, rather than to particularise it. Those who wish to succeed, can only do so to much extent, by first getting into the right course, and then thinking for themselves, with such aids as they can derive from observation, and the best treatises on cookery. The chief point to be aimed at is, to acquire a habit of thinking only of the real object of dining, and to discard all wish for state and display in a matter which concerns our daily enjoyment of health and pleasure. I consider my observations on the art of dining as part of what I had to say on attainment of high health, from the necessary dependence of our health upon the judicious and satisfactory manner in which we make our principal meal. I think the art of dining, properly understood, is especially worthy the attention of females of all classes, according to their respective means. It comes peculiarly within the province of domestic economy, and is indeed one of its most important features. But females ought to be especially on their guard, in this essential affair, not to divert their views from realities to show, to which they have a strong propensity. There are many things in which they can indulge their taste for ornament, provided it is not carried too far, with advantage to themselves and to the satisfaction of others; but in the article of dinners it is misplaced, because destructive of something of much more importance; and the realities, when in full force, have quite sufficient attractions without any attempt to heighten them by "foreign aid." In conformity with my dislike to show or display in every thing connected with dinners, I prefer a service of plain white ware—the French manufacture, I believe, or an imitation of it—to plate or ornamented china. There is a simplicity in white ware, and an appearance of cleanliness and purity, which are to me particularly pleasing, besides which it is, I always think, indicative of a proper feeling, and a due attention in the right direction. As to desserts, I am no great friend to them. I enjoy fruit much more at any other time of the day, and at any other meal; besides which, I think they are unwholesome from being unnecessary. At any rate, I would have them in great moderation, and confined to a few kinds of ripe fruit. Preserved fruits are in my opinion cloying after dinner, and I believe injurious to the digestion of a substantial meal, and confectionary I think still worse. Desserts are instruments of show as much or more than dinners, and though, unlike dinners, they cannot well be spoiled by it, yet it makes them a perpetual source of temptation to excess. It is most unphilosophical to set things before people, and to tell them they need not take them unless they please. Contentment and safety mainly depend upon having nothing before us, except what we ought to take.

I purpose in my next number coming to a conclusion on the subject of the art of dining. My remaining topics are, wine, the means of limiting dinners to small parties, and the effect of such limit upon the mode of carrying on society in the most convenient and agreeable manner. It seems to me, that great improvements are practicable, at least with those who prefer real enjoyment to mock, and who like ease and liberty better than state and restraint.

SAILORS.

There is no class of men who meet with such ill treatment from their fellow-creatures as sailors. After suffering the hardships of the sea, and toiling with unconquerable labour, they are beset upon their return from each voyage by the most villanous and the most profligate of the species, for the purpose of robbing them of their hard-earned wages; whilst those who should step forward to protect them, leave them to their fate, or even hold that they are capable of nothing better. When a vessel arrives from a long voyage, the crimps, or keepers of sailors' lodging-houses, are on the alert to get as many of the crew into their power as possible. Boats are sent to fetch the men ashore, and the watermen receive a fee from each crimp for every sailor they can bring. The sailors leave the vessel, often I believe made half drunk, without money, and with nothing but their chest, upon which the crimps advance them money, till they receive their wages. Every temptation is put in their way to lead them to extravagance and recklessness. An exorbitant bill is made out, the amount of which is deducted from their wages, and they are very soon robbed or defrauded of the balance. As soon

as they land, they are sponged upon by a set of idle fellows, who hang about the docks, pretending to be unable to get employment, or to have been old shipmates; they are defrauded by low Jews under colour of selling them worthless articles cheap, and they are plundered and imposed upon by the most profligate women. It is in a great measure a confederation against them, from which they have no chance of escape. Each party plays more or less into the other's hands. I have occasion to see frequent instances of these abominations, and in general they are so contrived, that there is no remedy or punishment. It frequently happens, that a sailor, who has sixty or seventy pounds to receive, will have, at the end of a few days, an enormous bill made out against him by a crimp, for what he and his hangers-on are alleged to have consumed, and for money advanced to supply his extravagance in his freaks of intoxication. For his balance there is an eager contest among the harpies who surround him, which leads them sometimes to the most barefaced and scandalous practices. I remember one instance of a sailor having his wages taken from him by force in open day, in the High street, Whitechapel, whilst in a hackney coach with a man and woman, who had accompanied him to the India House. They robbed him under such dangerous circumstances to themselves, from fear that some one else would anticipate them. In the lowest of the sailors' public-houses, there are, at the back, what are called long-rooms, the walls of which are painted with ships, or other devices, and here are to be witnessed at almost all hours, but principally at night, scenes of the greatest villany and debasement.—*To be continued.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Rolliad, so often mentioned by Wraxall, took its name from Lord Rolle, who is still alive. The last Court Journal has the following paragraph in its "Gaieties in High Life:"

"The venerable Lord Rolle, notwithstanding he is verging on his eighty-first year, enjoys the most perfect health, and the pleasures of society. His lordship is now at his seat at Bicton, near Exeter, where he is surrounded by a host of friends, and is there sustaining old English hospitality upon a large and liberal scale. Lord and Lady Rolle intend to be at their house in Upper Grosvenor street early in February."

The two magnificent carriages building in London for the emperor of the Brazils, were to be ready about the middle of January. With the harness, the order has extended to twenty-five thousand pounds.

Allston.—The London Spectator a short time since enquired what had become of Mr. Allston, the painter; the last number contains the following paragraph:

"Our enquiry respecting Allston, an associate of the academy, who has not been heard of in this country for several years past, has been thus characteristically answered by Mr. Haydon, who knew him intimately.

"Allston was a painter of great genius. His grand work was a picture of 'Elisha's Bones reviving the Dead Man:' he also painted a poetical picture of 'Jacob's Dream;' which was bought by Lord Egremont. He drew with great knowledge and anatomical skill. He was shamefully treated by the British Institution and the Royal Academy. He went to America; and the academy *then* elected him an associate, and sent his diploma after him—he ought to have returned it. He was modest, unassuming, and unfortunate. He fell a victim to the accursed system that killed Hussey, ruined Barry, insulted Reynolds, degraded Wilkie, and brought me four times to a prison. He was the friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Sir George Beaumont, Wilkie," &c.

M'Henry's Poems.—The seventh edition of "The Pleasures of Friendship, and Other Poems," by James M'Henry, has been kindly laid upon our table by a friend, who asks our candid opinion of its merits. We have read it with much pleasure, and are free to say that the author is a poet; many of the passages evince talent of a high order, and portray the emotions of the human heart with great power and grace. It is the fashion to decry this gentleman's poetry in certain circles, but when the fashion is a bad one, we are always the last to follow it. A seventh edition! who of the modern poets has reached this distinction; and they have been, we hear, large ones; this alone disarms criticism, and is evidence of great popularity which squibs cannot extinguish. We could wish the plates had been executed by better artists; that preceding a beautiful poem, "The Star of Love," is awfully unendurable, and we have expurgated it from our otherwise neat copy, by drawing a pen through the figures of the stumpy lovers.

Goldsmith.—The following anecdotes from Prior's Life of Goldsmith, which it will be seen by the list of London books has been published, is all that we can present our readers with to-day. Very soon we hope to make them better acquainted with the work:—

Johnson and Goldsmith, "While at supper on one occasion, *tête-à-tête*, at Jack's coffee-house, Dean street, Soho, on rumps and kidneys, Johnson observed, 'Sir, these rumps are pretty little things, but then a man must eat a great many of them before he fills his belly.' 'Aye, but,' said Goldsmith, 'how many of these would reach to the moon?' 'To the moon! ay, sir, I fear that exceeds your calculation.' 'Not at all, sir,' says Goldsmith, 'I think I could tell.' 'Pray, then, let us hear.' 'Why, one if it were long enough.' Johnson growled at this reply for some time, but at last recollecting himself, 'Well, sir, I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question.'"

"In the house he usually wore his shirt collar open, in the manner represented in the portrait by Sir Joshua. Occasionally he read much at night when in bed; at other times, when not disposed to read, and yet unable to sleep, which was not an unusual occurrence, the candle was kept burning, his mode of extinguishing which, when out of immediate reach, was characteristic of his fits of indolence or carelessness: he flung his slipper at it, which in the morning was in consequence usually found near the overturned candlestick, daubed with grease. No application of a charitable description was made to him in vain; itinerant mendicants he always viewed with compassion, and never failed to give them relief; while his actions generally evinced much goodness of heart, and great commiseration for the poorest classes of society."

Captain Hall.—The following, from Blackwood's Magazine for January, is the reply of Captain Hall to Mr. Cranstoun, published in the journal last week:—

Captain Hall's reply to Mr. Cranstoun.

To the Conductor of Blackwood's Magazine.

Edinburgh, 9th December, 1836.

Sir,—In Blackwood's Magazine for this month there appears a letter from Mr. Henry Cranstoun, in which he calls attention to an inaccurate statement, and to an omission which he had found in a book published by me nearly six months ago, called Schloss Hainfeld.

The *inaccuracy* consists in my having ascribed to the late Lord Ashburton some pecuniary assistance, for which, it appears, the late Countess Purgstall was indebted to her own family, at the period of her son's death, the distressing circumstances of which are alluded to at page 37 of my work.

The *omission* relates to my not having mentioned Mr. Cranstoun's name in my narrative, nor adverted to the nature and extent of his intercourse with his sister, the late countess.

There are other topics dwelt upon in Mr. Granstoun's letter; but as they relate to remarks in a publication which is not mine, and to opinions for which I am not responsible, I shall confine my observations to the above two points.

With respect to the pecuniary aid lent to the countess, I have only to remark that, in the conversations with her from which I drew my information, I was quite unconsciously led into the above mistake, by confounding her descriptions of the distress and difficulties she went through at the time of her son's death with those she had to struggle with at subsequent periods of her life, when the considerable legacy, mentioned by Mr. Cranstoun as having been left her by Lord Ashburton, proved of such importance to her.

As to the *omission*, I have to observe, that as my purpose was merely to give an account of the visit which I and my family, at her own earnest entreaty, paid to the late Countess Purgstall—and as I had no intention whatever of giving a history of her whole life—still less of entering into the details of the private intercourse which took place between her and her connections in this country—I felt that it would be more delicate not to touch at all upon those purely domestic topics, which had reference to the surviving members of her family in Scotland.

So far, indeed, was I from imagining that, by adopting this course, I should displease Mr. Cranstoun, I was, until very lately, under the fullest conviction that he would give me credit for proper delicacy in maintaining this reserve. Accordingly, I learned, only towards the end of last month, and greatly to my surprise, that in thus confining my narrative strictly to the details of my own visit with my family at Hainfeld, my purpose had been misapprehended. I then learned—also for the first time—that I had inadvertently been led into the error above alluded to respecting pecuniary affairs.

Immediately upon obtaining this information, (which was some days before the magazine appeared, and before I had any knowledge of its contents,) I canceled the page of my book in which the inaccuracy occurred, and substituted, in all the unsold copies, another page, containing the note given below,* in which the error pointed out to me was corrected, and the omission, which I understood was complained of, supplied.

I need scarcely add, that I regret exceedingly having been led, however unwittingly, into statements or omissions which should have given a moment's uneasiness to any one connected with the late countess, to whom I became so deeply attached that it will ever be a source of happiness to me that, by a train of such unlooked-for circumstances—by her considered quite providential—I was enabled to watch over the latter days of so estimable a person.

I regret also that nearly a month must elapse before I can set myself right with the public. But I conceive it better to make use of the widely-circulated and enduring medium of communication selected by Mr. Cranstoun for his appeal, than to print my answer in the transient journals of the day.

I have the honour to remain
Your most obedient humble servant,
BASIL HALL.

Mr. Pitt.—At the close of the review of Wraxall's Posthumous Memoirs in the London Quarterly, we find the following beautiful letter from Lord Wellesley on the habits and manners of Mr. Pitt, intended to correct Sir Nathaniel's remark, that the premier had no mental resources in his retirement.

Hurlingham, Fulham, Nov. 22, 1836.

* * * * * * —In attempting to convey to you my recollection of Mr. Pitt's character in private society, I cannot separate those qualities which raised him to the highest public eminence from those which rendered him a most amiable companion. Both proceeded from the same origin, and both were happily blended in the noble structure of his temper and disposition.

Mr. Pitt's mind was naturally inaccessible to any approach of dark, or low, or ignoble passion. His commanding genius and magnanimous spirit were destined to move in a region far above the reach of those jealousies, and suspicions, and animosities, which disturb the course of ordinary life. Under the eye of his illustrious father, he had received that "complete and generous education which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

* "After a considerable portion of this edition had gone into circulation, I was made aware that the above statement contained a material omission, which I hasten to supply.

"It ought to have been mentioned that, at the trying period of her son's death, the countess's two brothers not only went from this country to cheer her by their presence, but by pecuniary aid essentially relieved her embarrassments at that moment; while the assistance derived from Lord Ashburton, above alluded to, was due to a legacy left her some years afterwards.

"I was led unconsciously into the above error, by confounding the countess's description of her difficulties, at the time alluded to, with those which took place at a later period of her history."—*Schloss Hainfeld, second edition*, p. 37.

Such an education, acting on such a natural disposition, not only qualified him to adorn the most elevated stations in the counsels of his country, but furnished him with abundant resources to sustain the tranquillity and cheerfulness of his mind.

He had received regular and systematic instruction in the principles of the Christian religion, and in the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, and in every branch of general ecclesiastical history. His knowledge on those subjects was accurate and extensive. He was completely armed against all sceptical assaults, as well as against all fanatical illusion; and, in truth, he was not merely a faithful and dutiful, but a learned member of our established church; to which he was most sincerely attached, with the most charitable indulgence for all dissenting sects.

No doubt can exist in any rational mind that this early and firm settlement of his religious opinions and principles was a main cause of that cheerful equanimity which formed the great characteristic of his social intercourse, and which was never affected by adversities nor troubles.

He was perfectly accomplished in classical literature, both Latin and Greek. The accuracy and strength of his memory surpassed every example which I have observed; but the intrinsic vigour of his understanding carried him far beyond the mere recollection of the great models of antiquity in oratory, poetry, history, and philosophy; he had drawn their essence into his own thoughts and language; and, with astonishing facility, he applied the whole spirit of ancient learning to his daily use.

Those studies were his constant delight and resort, at Holwood, in Kent (his favourite residence,) and at Walmer castle, his apartments were strewed with Latin and Greek classics; and his conversation with those friends who delighted in similar studies, frequently turned on that most attractive branch of literature; but he was so adverse to pedantry or affectation of superior knowledge, that he carefully abstained from such topics in the presence of those who could not take pleasure in them. In these pursuits, his constant and congenial companion was Lord Grenville; who has often declared to me that Pitt was the *best Greek scholar* he ever conversed with. Mr. Pitt was also as complete a master of all English literature as he was undoubtedly of the English language. I have dwelt on this branch of Mr. Pitt's accomplishments, because I know not any source from which more salutary assistance can be derived, to chase from the spirits those clouds and vapours which infest vacant minds, and, by self-weariness, render retirement melancholy and intolerable.

But Mr. Pitt amply possessed every resource which could enliven retirement. No person had a more exquisite sense of the beauties of the country. He took the greatest delight in his residence at Holwood, which he enlarged and improved (it may be truly said) with his own hands. Often have I seen him working in his woods and gardens with his labourers for whole days together, undergoing considerable bodily fatigue, and with so much eagerness and assiduity, that you would suppose the cultivation of his villa to be the principal occupation of his life.

He was very fond of exercise on horseback, and when in the country frequently joined the hounds of his neighbourhood, both at Holwood and Walmer Castle.

At the latter place he lived most hospitably, entertaining all his neighbours, as well as the officers of the neighbouring garrisons and of the ships in the Downs; and he was most attentive to his duties of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, which called him frequently to Dover, and sometimes to the other ports.

But in all places, and at all times, his constant delight was society. There he shone with a degree of calm and steady lustre which often astonished me more than his most splendid efforts in parliament. His manners were perfectly plain, without any affectation; not only was he without presumption or arrogance, or any air of authority, but he seemed utterly unconscious of his own superiority, and much more disposed to listen than to talk. He never betrayed any symptom of anxiety to usurp the lead or to display his own powers, but rather inclined to draw forth others, and to take merely an equal share in the general conversation; then, he plunged heedlessly into the mirth of the hour, with no other care than to promote the general good humour and happiness of the company. His wit was quick and ready, but it was rather lively than sharp, and never envenomed with the least taint of malignity; so that, instead of exciting admiration or terror, it was an additional ingredient in the common enjoyment. He was endowed, beyond any man of his time whom I knew, with a gay heart and a social spirit. With these qualities he was the life and soul of his own society; his appearance dispelled all care; his brow was never clouded, even in the severest public trials; and joy, and hope, and confidence, beamed from his countenance in every crisis of difficulty and danger.

He was a most affectionate, indulgent, and benevolent friend, and so easy of access that all his acquaintance, in any embarrassment, would rather resort to him for advice than to any person who might be supposed to have more leisure. His heart was always at leisure to receive the communications of his friends, and always open to give the best advice in the most gentle and pleasant manner.

It is a melancholy but a grateful task to pay this tribute to the memory of my departed friend. "Aut me amor negotii suscepti fallit,"—or the character which I have endeavoured to draw, is not less just and true than it is amiable and excellent; and I cannot resist the conclusion that a pure and clear conscience must have been the original source of such uniform cheerfulness and gaiety of spirit. The truth which I have asserted I possessed ample means of knowing. From the year 1783 to 1797 I lived in habits of the most confidential friendship with Mr. Pitt

In the year 1797, I was appointed governor-general of India, and in the month of September in that year I went to Walmer Castle to meet Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, and to receive my last instructions. I found Mr. Pitt in the highest spirits, entertaining officers and country gentlemen with his usual hospitality. Amongst others, Admiral Duncan was his constant and favourite guest. His fleet was then in the Downs, preparing for the memorable victory of Camperdown. The admiral was a lively and jovial companion, and seemed to be quite delighted with Mr. Pitt's society. I embarked for India early in the month of November, 1797, and I returned to England in January, 1806.

Not wishing to state any thing beyond my own personal knowledge, I will not attempt to relate the history of Mr. Pitt's social habits during the period of my absence; but I cannot believe that, during that time, the whole frame of his magnificent mind had been so broken and disjointed, that he could not endure the temporary loss of power, nor reconcile himself to that retirement, and to those recreations, which were his relief from the labour of official business, and his consolation in the hour of political solicitude and care. But I know that the first summer after his resignation was passed with Mr. Addington at Wimbledon, and that soon afterwards Mr. Pitt was closely occupied at Walmer Castle, in forming a corps of volunteer cavalry, living with his officers, and passing the greater part of his time on horseback, under the firm expectation of a French invasion. This does not well agree with the story which represents him wrapped in sullen seclusion, sunk in despondency, shunning all society, and yet unable to relieve the gloom of solitude by any mental resource.

On my arrival in England in January, 1806, Mr. Pitt was at Bath; I wrote to him, and I received from him a very kind invitation to meet him at Putney Hill. It may interest you to see this, one of the latest letters Mr. Pitt ever wrote, and I therefore subjoin a copy. I met him accordingly, in the second week in January, and I was received by him with his usual kindness and good humour. His spirits appeared to be as high as I had ever seen them, and his understanding quite as vigorous and clear.

Amongst other topics, he told me with great kindness and feeling that, since he had seen me, he had been happy to become acquainted with my brother Arthur, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms of commendation. He said, "I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service; but none after he has undertaken it."

But, notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's kindness and cheerfulness, I saw that the hand of death was fixed upon him. This melancholy truth was not known nor believed by either his friends or opponents. In the number of the latter, to my deep affliction, I found my highly respected and esteemed friend, Lord Grenville, and I collected that measures of the utmost hostility to Mr. Pitt were to be proposed in both houses at the meeting of parliament.

I warned Lord Grenville of Mr. Pitt's approaching death. He received the fatal intelligence with the utmost feeling, in an agony of tears, and immediately determined that all hostility in parliament should be suspended. Mr. Pitt's death soon followed.*

* Parliament met on the 21st, Mr. Pitt died on the 23d of January, 1806.

If any additional evidence were required of the excellence of his social character, it would be found abundantly in the deep sorrow of a most numerous class of independent, honest, and sincerely attached friends, who wept over the loss of his benevolent and affectionate temper and disposition, with a degree of heartfelt grief, which no political sentiment could produce. Many of these were assembled at the sad ceremony of his funeral; with them I paid the last offices to his honoured memory. We attended him to Westminster Abbey. There the grave of his illustrious father was opened to receive him, and we saw his remains deposited on the coffin of his venerated parent. What grave contains such a father and such a son? What sepulchre embosoms the remains of so much human excellence and glory?

Always yours, faithfully and sincerely,

WELLESLEY.

The New Monthly Magazine *and* Humorist for January contains some broad caricatures, but we confess a little disappointment as to its general excellence. The scene of the manager's room at the Little Pedlington theatre, is by far the best. The *effort* to get out a good first number has been too great, and many of the papers are failures, otherwise we should republish the whole.

Phrenology.—Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be conceived the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The *barrel* organ," interrupted Bannister.

A farce was performed in Bannister's time, under the title of "Fire and Water." I predict its fate," said he. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate?" said Bannister, "Why, what can fire and water produce but a *hiss?*"

Factory System.—The last London Quarterly Review has a stirring article on the factory system of England, by which young "*white slaves*" are imprisoned at work such unseasonably long periods. We would call public attention to it in this country, where, however, if the abuse exists, it is in a modified form. Mr. Foster's reprint of the Review is of course near at hand.

Fraser's Magazine has ceased to give the portraits of literary characters which have heretofore been copied into Littell's Museum, the Albion, &c., and the editor announces in the January number that he does not intend to be quite so savage as heretofore.

Gratitude.—A letter from Edwin Forrest is going the rounds of the newspapers, in which he is pleased to say that "the comments of the English editors always show one thing—that they have read and appreciated the writings of their chief dramatists; while, *with us*, there are many who would hardly know, were it not for actors, that Shakspeare had ever existed." So much for the gratitude of a man who has been elevated to his present position by this very class of editors.

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VARIETIES.

A singular occurrence took place the other night in Regent street, at one of those dens not inappropriately called "hells." A baronet had lost 500*l.* at chicken hazard at this house the night before, and by means which he began to suspect were not fair. On the evening in question his losses were repeated, when he demanded the dice to be given up to him. This was readily complied with, excepting two dice, which were withheld, but which he eventually obtained, and putting the whole of them into his pocket, declared that he would have them broken to pieces and examined. In vain did the groom porter remonstrate, and try various devices to get the dice back again. The next day they were examined, and found quite correct, except that two of them were fraudulently marked, each die having two cinques and two deuces. A threat of exposure induced the gambling-house keeper to return all the money which the baronet had lost at the tables.—*Evening Paper.*

The Old Snake.—The late Lord Stowell was noted for his eager pursuit of exhibitions. One day seeing a puff of a rare and curious crocodile, which was likely to prove the wonder of the town, his lordship determined to be, as usual, the first in the room; however, as he was in the act of presenting his shilling to the beefeater who stood at the door, the latter refused it, and pulling him back, said, "No, my lord! you shan't be so taken in neither; it is only the old snake your lordship has seen under three different disguises already."

Musical Kaleidoscope.—Some years ago, an attempt was made—it was said, successfully—to produce tunes on a principle not unlike that by which the kaleidoscope was made to produce carpet and shawl patterns. The materials employed for the purpose consisted of prepared cards, on each of which a bar of an air was arranged according to a certain rhythm and key. Four packs of these cards, marked A, B, C, and D, were mingled together, and the cards were drawn and arranged before a performer at random. Thus an original air was obtained. The plan was said to succeed particularly well in waltzes.

A pet lap-dog having bitten a piece out of a man's leg, the heartless mistress exclaimed, "Poor Dash! I hope it won't make *him sick!*"

Epigram—by Sydney Smith.

Thoughtless that all that's brightest fades,
Unmindful of that Knave of *Spades*,
The Sexton and his Subs;
How foolishly we play our parts:
Our wives on *Diamonds*—set their *Hearts*,
We set our Hearts on *Clubs*.

There is undoubtedly, much of the real temper to be learned both of men and women, from the manner at which they play at hazard, ombre, whist, quadrille, and even picquet. Some will cheat, some be little scrupulous as to truth and concealment, some are overjoyed at winning or miserable at losing. But chess shows less of the temper than of the mind. This game has been compared to a battle; but it resembles much more intimately the intrigue of a cabinet, in which no one can adequately act the part of first minister who does not see the various motives and observe the different vibrations which agitate or harmonise the entire machine of general politics.

No one hated to lose at cards more than Napoleon. "He could not bear," says Bourrienne, "that fortune should frown upon him in a game of cards any more than in a field of battle."

In going to Egypt, his conversation was of science and art, hope and victory sitting near him. But on his return all was monotonous, and apprehension rendered him listless. Then he resorted to cards; and, as a short game suited best, vingt-et-un was the game.

He played chess, too, occasionally; but never liked to lose. "I remember, at Mantua," says Bourrienne, "his losing a game to General Beauvoir, reckoned one of the best players in Europe, who gave him odds. He was any thing but well pleased. He liked very well to play with me, because, though the superior, I was not so much so as to gain always. When successful, he would give over playing in order to rest upon his laurels."

When closely analysed, these exceedingly great men are but too often found to be exceedingly little.

Happiness of Children.—Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.—*Dublin Penny Journal.*

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by James Prior, 2 vols. 8vo. Sketches by Boz, second series. History of the Reformation, by the Rev. H. Stebbing, M. A., Vol. II., (forming Vol. 86 of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.) Annual Biography and Obituary, Vol. XXI., for 1837, 8vo. J. Paterson Clark's Treatise on the Teeth and Dentism. An Atlas of the Divisions of the House of Commons, 1836, 4to. The Walk, or Pleasures of Literary Associations, by W. Robson, 12mo. The Letters and Works of Lady M. W. Montague, edited by Lord Wharncliffe, 2 vols. 8vo. Inglis's Switzerland, France, and the Pyrenees, 8vo. Lyra Apostolica, folio. Biography of the Early Church, by the Rev. R. W. Evans, (being Vol. 14 of the Theological Library.) Tales of the Wars, Vol. I. 8vo. Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. 16. Christian Institutes, a Series of Discourses and Tracts. by C. Wordsworth, 4 vols. 8vo. Pocket Byron, Vol. I. Childe Harold, royal 24mo. Mr. Jones's Anglo-Polish Harp, third series, 8vo.

New American Publications.

The Pickwick Papers, by Boz. Second Series. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

An Essay on the political grade of the free coloured population under the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of Pennsylvania. Pamphlet.

The Books of Saint Nicholas, being Vol. XIV. of Paulding's works. New York: Harpers.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. Ship Peacock,
North Pacific Ocean, August, 10, 1836.

To-day is the tenth and to-morrow will be the tenth, and with the Roman I exclaim, "I have lost a day!" To make time even, to correct it for west longitude, a day was thus dropped into the greedy abyss of relentless time, because we have passed the meridian of longitude one hundred and eighty degrees, east of Greenwich. We are only half way round this great ball of land and water, though we have been eastward going for nearly a year and a half. How lonely 'tis to look abroad over the bosom of this vast ocean, almost as infinite as time—without beginning or end. Every where is the blue expanse of waters heaving and rolling away from us, till it kisses, on the distant horizon, the blue heavens. Though in the world, we are out of it. What are empires, and kingdoms, and states, and politics, to us, thus sea-girt? Yet are we not away from the busy stir of man. We have a "little warlike world within." The sails are trimmed to a gay west wind. The ship swims gracefully and gallantly; and the sun shines warmly through the gently moving air. Here are the carpenters breaking the monotony by the dubbing of their adzes and hatchets; the armourer, before his glowing forge, by his hammer and sledge; and the cooper marches blithely round his cask; the stewards are feeding the poultry and pigs; the boatswain and his mates are preparing blocks and ropes in the case of need; staidly struts the lieutenant of the watch, carelessly swinging his bright trumpet, and ever and anon casting a look aloft to see the sails are trimmed to the best advantage; the middies lean idly against the hammock rail, watching the graceful motions of the sea-bird. This is our epitome—our miniature abstract of the world. A masculine world it is;—no bright face of beauty, wreathed in sunny smiles, to cheer us as we wander on—all is whiskered and mustached. But the lassies are not forgotten, for, after all, they are our hopes, our cynosure.

On the 21st of July we left the Bonin isles, all green and alone, and on the 25th—the melancholy task of burying the remains of a fellow wanderer, one who had been of our mess—who had joined in our hopes and in our mirth—who rejoiced and sorrowed with us. Regrets are vain, and betray weakness. He is gone; and his body is sinking beneath the blue waters of the bottomless Pacific, to the realms of sea-shells and peris.

At eleven, A. M., the deep tolling bell summoned us upon deck to do the last offices of humanity to "our deceased brother." The day was as sunny and balmy as May. The flag floated lazily at half-mast. The Enterprise approached, nodding and bowing to the impulse of the heaving billow, and we could also perceive, as she neared, the sounds of her tolling bells. The coffin, covered by a flag, rested at the gangway while the solemn service of the church was read. The officers and crew stood uncovered. The Enterprise was now abreast and close to us. The silence was at last interrupted by a plash, at the words, "we therefore commit his body to the deep." The coffin could be seen sinking down, down, long after the ruffled surface of the transparent waters had regained their usual state.

"Pipe down, sir," was the order, and the boatswain and his mates seemed to cast a forgetting influence over the minds of all, for, from that moment, the feelings rose to their wonted level, and poor Mendenhall was forgotten, except by those who knew him best. Calm be his slumbers, though his grave be in the sea, for it shall give up its dead.

A few days after this, there was a public auction on the quarter-deck, for the sale of the effects of the deceased. This is a law of the service; and it is remarkable that articles frequently sell for very much more than they are worth on such occasions. Sometimes it arises from a desire to possess a relique of the departed, and very often to give as much to his heirs as possible, in case the individual be poor. The master-at-arms is the auctioneer. On this occasion a waiter on board, who is remarkable for economy, bid for a coat, but did not long contend with his opponent, who was more generous. He was asked why he did not buy. "Because that coat too dear; by and by some other gentleman die, then me buy a long coat."

November 17th—Such is our little world. It moved on till the 7th of September, when we anchored in the harbour of Honolulu, in the island of Oahu. There we spent a month very pleasantly. The sick got well, and those who were dejected regained their spirits. We rode much about its beautiful valleys, but found no turnpike, or any thing resembling one, as described by the former missionary, the Rev. Mr. Stewart. Indeed, the "Visit to the South Seas," has a spirit of romance and fiction in it, which, however agreeable to the homestaying, is little calculated to guide those who may be on the spot. By the way, talking of books, at about page 400 of the "Voyage of the Potomac," by Reynolds, it is stated that a Sandwich islander, who had been carried to the United States in the Peacock, returned in the Potomac. The brother of this man soon paid him a visit on board. "Not a word was spoken by either—no greeting, no salutation passed—off they went together. But the stranger soon afterwards returned, dressed in some of his brother's clothes; and, with some under his arm, got into his boat and pulled ashore." This passage was read by a gentleman to the brother, who has been a house-servant since his return. He said, "that man what write that make one mistake about me—I no give no clothes to my brother; them clothes he take shore, some man give him to go get wash." As far as the islands are concerned, the "Voyage," with a few such slips as the above, and trifling inaccuracies of description and genealogy of the chiefs, is pretty just.

The missionaries are doing all they know, but I fear they have more zeal than worldly knowledge. Indeed, two or three of them are of the old Muckhwrath and Poundtext school of divinity, and I suspect will not be of very great service to the people. They number now an ordained preacher to every four thousand of the population; a proportion much larger than will be found even in the United States.

On the 9th ult. we left Oahu, visited Monterez, the capital of Upper California, and Mazatlan. We are now in St. Blas, on our way to Valparaiso. Some of the officers are to take a jaunt to Tepic, and I wish I could join them.

We hope to get home in July, but I fear this will be my last opportunity to write, so you may expect to hear no more from your sincere friend

Simple.

St. Blas Roads, West Coast of Mexico, November 17th, 1836.

P. S.—Officers and crew are all well.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XX.

ART OF DINING.

Before I proceed to the topics I proposed to discuss in this article, I wish just to add one observation to what I have said in my eighteenth number on the introduction of delicacies at dinner. I have there observed that "delicacies are scarcely ever brought till they are quite superfluous, which is unsatisfactory if they are not eaten, and pernicious if they are." Frequently when I have expressed my sentiments on this subject in conversation, the objection made has been, that it would be difficult, or too expensive, if delicacies were introduced in the early part of dinner, to provide enough. The answer is, that it is not necessary to have a sufficient supply for each guest to make a dinner upon, but enough to afford each a reasonable portion before the appetite is pulled. For instance, at a party of six persons, if the dinner consisted of soup, fish, a joint, and three woodcocks, I maintain it would be much better to serve the woodcocks before the joint, both on the score of enjoyment and of health—of enjoyment, because a delicacy, when the appetite is nearly satisfied, loses a great part of its relish, and is reduced to the level of plainer food whilst the appetite is keen—of health, because it is much more easy to regulate the appetite when the least tempting dishes are brought last. By serving delicacies first, people would dine both more satisfactorily and more moderately, and entertainments would be less costly and less troublesome. I have often seen a course of game taken away, nearly or quite untouched, which would almost have dined the party, and much more agreeably than on the preceding dishes. The truth is, and a melancholy one too, that set dinners are managed more with a view to the pageant than the repast, and almost in every particular, besides that of delicacies, there is a sacrifice of enjoyment to an unmeaning and vulgar-minded style. Let us hope that some daring and refined spirits will emancipate us from such barbarous thraldom, and that we may see a rivalry of inventive genius instead of the present one of cumbrous pomp. Simplicity, ease, and sound sense, are making progress in many things relating to our way of living, and surely they will not be excluded from one of the most important of our temporal concerns.

A matter suggests itself to me here, which it is expedient not to pass over; I mean the practice of persons in different stations of life, or enjoying different degrees of affluence, in their intercourse with each other, all adopting, as far as they are able, the same style of entertainment. The formal, stately style is certainly not that of the greatest enjoyment, but it is tolerable only when it is adequately kept up, and with a disciplined establishment. Those who maintain large

establishments, feel a necessity to find them employment to prevent greater inconveniences, but for those who have only a moderate household, to go out of their way for the purpose of badly imitating what is rather to be avoided altogether, is the height of folly. I do not know any thing more unsatisfactory than a state occasion, where the usual mode of living is free from all state. It excites my pity, and wearies me; and I cannot be at my ease while I am conscious that the entertainers are giving themselves trouble, and suffering anxiety to a greater degree than it is probable they can be recompensed, and are perhaps incurring expense which is inconvenient, and for which some comfort is to be sacrificed. In whatever style people live, provided it is good in its kind, they will always have attractions to offer by means of a little extra exertion well directed within their own bounds, but when they pass those bounds, they forego the advantages of variety and ease. It is almost always practicable to provide something out of the common way, or something common better than common; and people in different situations are the most likely to be able to produce an agreeable variety. The rule generally followed is to think what the guests are accustomed to, whereas it should be reversed, and what they are not accustomed to should rather be set before them, especially where the situation of the entertainer, or his place of residence, affords any thing peculiar. By adopting such a course, persons of moderate income may entertain their superiors in wealth without inconvenience to themselves, and very much to the satisfaction of their guests—much better than by laboured imitations of their own style. Contrast should be aimed at, and men used to state and luxury are most likely to be pleased with comfort and simplicity. We all laugh at the idea of a Frenchman in his own country thinking it necessary to treat an Englishman with roast beef; but it is the same principle to think it necessary to entertain as we have been entertained, under different circumstances. There are people in remote parts of the country, who, having the best trout at hand, and for nothing, send for turbot at a great expense to entertain their London guests; and instances of the like want of judgment are innumerable. In general it is best to give strangers the best of the place; they are then the most sure to be pleased. In entertaining those who are in a different class from ourselves, it is expedient to provide for them what they are not used to, and that which we are most in the way of procuring of superior quality. Many people, from their connection with foreign countries, or with different parts of their own, are enabled to command with ease to themselves what are interesting rarities to others, and one sure way to entertain with effect is, as I have before recommended, to cultivate a good understanding with those with whom we deal for the supply of the table. By way of illustration of what I have said on the subject of choice, plain dinners, I will give an account of one I once gave in the chambers of a friend of mine in the Temple, to a party of six, all of whom were accustomed to good living, and one of whom was bred at one of the most celebrated tables in London. The dinner consisted of the following dishes, served in succession, and with their respective adjuncts carefully attended to. First, spring soup from Birch's on Cornhill, which, to those who have never tasted it, I particularly recommend in the season, as being quite delicious; then a moderate sized turbot, bought in the city, beautifully boiled, with first-rate lobster sauce, cucumber, and new potatoes; after that, ribs of beef from Leadenhall market, roasted to a turn, and smoking from the spit, with French beans and salad; then a very fine dressed crab; and, lastly, some jelly. The owner of the chambers was connected with the city, and he undertook specially to order the different articles, which it would have been impossible to exceed in quality; and though the fish and beef were dressed by a Temple laundress, they could not have been better served, I suppose principally from the kitchen being close at hand, and her attention not being distracted; and here I must remark, that the proximity of the kitchen was not the least annoyance to us in any way, or indeed perceptible, except in the excellence of the serving up. The beef deservedly met with the highest praise, and certainly I never saw even venison more enjoyed. The crab was considered particularly well introduced, and was eaten with peculiar zest, and the simplicity of the jelly met with approval. The dessert, I think, consisted only of oranges and biscuits, followed by occasional introductions of anchovy toast. The wines were champagne, port, and claret. I have had much experience in the dinner way, both at large and at small parties, but I never saw such a vividness of conviviality, either at or after dinner, which I attribute principally to the real object of a dinner being the only one studied; state, ornament and superfluity being utterly excluded. I hold this up as an example of the plain, easy style of entertaining. There was nothing which any body may not have with the most moderate establishment and the smallest house, perhaps not always in exactly the same perfection as to quality of materials, but still sufficiently good, with a little trouble and judgment.

It is the mode of dinner that I wish to recommend, and not any particular dishes, or wines. Common soup, made at home, fish of little cost, any joint, the cheapest vegetables, some happy and inexpensive introduction, like the crab, and a pudding, with sherry and port, provided every thing is good in quality, and the dishes are well dressed, and served hot and in succession, with their adjuncts, will insure a quantity of enjoyment, which no one need be afraid to offer, and so it will be with any combination in the same style; but then it is absolutely necessary not to overdo the thing on the one hand, and, on the other, to direct the attention entirely in the right course; to think nothing of display or fashion, but only of realities, and to dispose every thing for comfort and ease. Such dinners admit of an endless variety of combination, and by more or less additional expense, often very trifling, may be made greatly sought after. There is one precaution, which I would recommend to those who step out of the common way in entertaining, and that is, to make some mention of what they mean to do at the time they give their invitation, otherwise a sort of disappointment may be sometimes felt, which is destructive of that disposition to be pleased, which guests ought to feel. For instance, speaking from my own experience, I greatly prefer small parties to large ones, and simple dinners to overloaded ones; but it has happened to me, that, if from the style of the invitation I have made up my mind to a state party, I have been disappointed at finding a small one, though I should have preferred it in the first instance, and so it might be to invite any one to a simple dinner, however excellent, without giving some notice. There is often a little art in giving an invitation, not only so as to prevent disappointment, but to prepare the invited for any particular circumstance, in order that they may come with the proper disposition, created by anticipation. I recollect at the dinner above described, I stated in my invitations, verbal and written, what I meant to attempt, and the names of the party. As the success of it so strongly illustrates my positions in favour of compactness of dining-room, of proximity of kitchen, of smallness of party, of absence of state and show, of undivided attention to excellence of dishes, and to the mode of serving them in single succession, I am tempted to add the names here by way of authentication, and to show that my guests were competent judges, not to be led away from want of experience. The party consisted of Lord Abinger, then Sir James Scarlett, Sir John Johnstone, the present member for Scarborough, Mr. Young, private secretary to Lord Melbourne, Mr. R. Bell, of the firm of Bell Brothers, who occupied the chambers and acted as caterer, and lastly, my excellent friend, the late honourable George Lamb, whose good-humoured convivial qualities were held in high estimation by all who knew him, and who on this occasion outshone himself. I had seen him on many and many a festive and joyous occasion, both amidst the revelries of the northern circuit and in private society, but I never saw him, or any other man, in such height of glee. Such a scene could not take place at a table set out, however well, in the customary style. There could not be the same ease and inspiration, the same satisfaction, and concentration of mind on what is to be done, the same sympathetic bringing together of a party over one thing at once. What is there in state and show to compensate for this enjoyment? They are the resources by which dulness seeks to distinguish itself, and it is pity that those who are capable of better things should submit to such trammels. In proportion as the set-out is brilliant, I have observed the company is generally dull, and every ornament seems to me an impediment in the way of good fellowship. I must add a word or two to what I have said respecting the mode of giving invitations, upon which, I think, more depends than at first sight appears. If a formal invitation on a large card requesting the honour, &c., at three weeks' notice were to be received, and the party should prove to be a small familiar one to a simple dinner, however good, some disappointment would almost unavoidably be felt, partly because the mind would have been made up to something different, and partly on account of the more laboured preparation. It is in general, I think, advisable to give some idea to the invited what it is they are to expect, if there is to be any thing out of the common way, either as to company or repast; at any rate, it is expedient not to mislead, as some people are very much in the habit of doing, and then receiving their company with an apology, which throws a damp over the affair in the very outset. Now, instead of a formal invitation, let us suppose one to such a dinner as the under-mentioned, couched in these words—"Can you dine with me to-morrow?—I shall have herrings, hashed mutton, and cranberry tart. My fishmonger sends me word herrings are just in perfection, and I have some delicious mutton, in hashing which I shall direct my cook to exercise all her art. I intend the party not to exceed six, and, observe, we shall sit down to table at half-past seven. I am asking as follows." Now I should greatly prefer such an invitation to a formal one in general terms, and I suppose most other people would do the same. It would show an intentness and right understanding on the matter in hand, from which the happiest results might be expected, and the guests would go filled with the most favourable predispositions, which is starting at an advantage; for at parties in general it requires some time before they can be raised to any thing like the proper tone of fellowship. Such a style puts dinner-giving within almost every body's reach, and would induce a constant flow of easy hospitality, instead of a system of formal parties, "few and far between." The same mode is equally desirable in invitations to simple dinners of the most costly, or rarest dishes, and in some respects more so, as the anticipations would be more vivid. I have heard it frequently objected to the simple style, that some of the guests, when there is little or no choice, may not be able to make a dinner; but this objection is entirely obviated by particularising, as above, what the dinner is to consist of, and those whom it does not please, can then decline the invitation. A simple dinner, well served, to a party of similarity of taste, cannot fail to have peculiar success; it makes perfect the union. These snug little parties, I must confess, have very much the air of being confined to bachelor ones, but I think them equally applicable to a mixture of the sexes. Ladies are very apt to suppose that men enjoy themselves the most when they are not present. They are in a great measure right, but for a wrong reason. It is not that men prefer their own to a mixture of female society, but that females delight in a number of observances, and in forms, upon some of which I have already touched, and upon a certain display and undeviating order, which conspire to destroy that enjoyment which they seem to think they are debarred from. The fault is their own. If they will study my doctrines, and fall a little into the herring-and-hashed-mutton system, they will soon find a difference in their favour. In their management of dinners, let them think only of what contributes to real enjoyment. Such a system will afford them plenty of scope for the display of their taste in realities, instead of in vanities, which have no charms for men in the article of conviviality. If they wish to witness any thing like the enjoyment I have described to have taken place at my dinner in the Temple, they must adopt something of the same course to ensure it. Side-dishes, centre-pieces filled with flowers, and such encumbrances and impediments, are fatal to it. They may make their election, but they cannot have both. I rather believe they think their system necessary to keep up a proper degree of respect to themselves, and that without it men would become too careless and uncivilised; but this I apprehend to be a mistake. There may be well-regulated ease without running into disorder and brutality; and whatever facilitates the social intercourse between the sexes, will of course increase refinement on the part of the men. I think it would be a vast improvement in society if the practice of familiar dining were introduced—parties not exceeding eight, without the trouble of dressing beyond being neat and clean, with simple repasts, costly or otherwise, according to the means or inclinations of the givers, and calculated to please the palate, and to promote sociability and health. I will explain myself further on this head in my next number; till which I must defer the consideration of my remaining topics on the art of dining.

Sailors.—*Concluded.*

Sailors, who are entrapped into these long-rooms, or similar places, are kept in a constant state of reckless excitement, and they never think of returning to sea till they have got rid of all their wages; indeed, I believe they are not unfrequently glad when their means are gone, as the only chance they have of escaping from the fangs of those who surround them. This forced disposition, as I consider it, I have often heard it taken for granted to be the necessary disposition of sailors, and thus it is argued, that the sooner they are deprived of their money the better, both for themselves and their

employers. Now, it seems to me, that if sailors had fair play, and the maritime part of sea-port towns could be reformed, their natural character would rather be that of thought and carefulness than of recklessness and extravagance. Hardship, and the scenes frequent on the ocean, are not the best calculated to produce levity; and the peculiar ease with which they might accumulate their wages, if it once became the custom amongst them, is much more likely to make them more saving than other men, rather than less so. A habit of accumulation, when once acquired, is the most constant of all habits, and prompts the most forcibly to industry and exertion—so that a sailor, who should reasonably enjoy a portion of his wages, and put by the remainder, would be more certain to return to his calling and to exercise it steadily, than one of the present race. I believe there are now a great many exceptions to what is considered to be the usual character of sailors, and that they are happily increasing from various causes; but unquestionably a great deal remains to be done, and it is quite melancholy to see how many instances there are of noble and generous fellows falling a prey to the most worthless, for want of a little protection. It is a matter of great consequence also to the rest of society on its own account, because the harvest which the present state of seafaring men affords to the vicious and the criminal, is one great cause of so many depredators, who prey at other times upon the various classes of the public.

During the last war, when so many sailors were wanted both for the navy and the merchant service, every art was used to entrap them, and every species of demoralisation encouraged to keep them in a state of dependence. The object on the part of government was to get their services for less than they were willing to take for them, and though the pay was kept down, and the expense of manning the navy was not so great as it would have been, if sailors had been fairly dealt with, yet the system in its consequences has cost the nation a great deal more than a just course would have done. The same system is to a degree still pursued in manning merchant vessels, so far as keeping sailors in a state of dependence, though great improvements have taken place, and there is a much more enlightened policy on the part of many ship-owners. Whenever the government or individuals contrive to purchase labour for less than its real value, the public has to make up the difference, and something more. On this subject, which is a very important one, I will extract a few sentences from my pamphlet on pauperism.

"There is a certain price for every thing, and any attempt to force it below produces a contrary effect, though it may cause a division of the payment. Individuals may contrive to lower wages, and may throw the difference, with the increased cost of labour, upon the public—the state may inadequately remunerate those it employs, and thereby keep down the amount of taxation; but the means of paying the taxation will be inevitably diminished in a greater proportion. * * * It is beyond a doubt, that an armed force, raised by conscription or impressment, by ballot, or by the seductions of enlistment, costs a nation more than the necessary price, though it may cost the government less. The general rule for obtaining labour, of whatever kind, at the cheapest rate, seems to be, first, to render the service as agreeable and respectable as its duties will permit, and then to offer in open market the lowest direct remuneration, which will induce the best qualified spontaneously to engage themselves, and willingly to continue. I believe if the subject were closely pursued, it would appear, that by rendering the various offices of labour as little irksome as may be practicable, and by approximating by all possible means the direct wages of labour to the cost of labour, pauperism and crime might be very considerably reduced. * * * The hope of an immediate and adequate reward, and the certainty of the secure enjoyment of it, are indispensably necessary to obtain labour at the lowest price, and however high that price may be, still it is the lowest possible. By a law of nature, the slave is the dearest of labourers, and the man whose *heart* is in his work, the cheapest—nay, even the brute, who is going home in the hope of eating his corn in comfort, is able to accomplish more than by any urging that can be inflicted upon him. Heart, kept constant by prudence, constitutes the perfection of a labourer." It is to be observed, that the immense quantity of crime and pauperism that springs directly and indirectly from the present want of moral cultivation among sailors, is to be paid for by the public in addition to their wages; and that if they were prudent, though their wages might be somewhat higher, those wages would constitute the whole cost of their labour, instead of, as now, being only one part. If any labourer by his improvidence becomes a pauper, or causes any of those who ought to be dependent upon him to become paupers, the expense of that pauperism is to be added to his wages, to make up the whole cost of his labour; and, in the same manner, if he is guilty of crime, or tempts others to be guilty, the expense incident to that crime is likewise to be reckoned part of the cost of his labour, though it is not paid by his employers, but by the public. I believe there are now in the maritime districts of this metropolis a great many respectable lodging-houses for seafaring men, and a great many prudent characters amongst them; but there is a vast number who are quite the reverse, and who are the cause of great public detriment. It is very desirable that there should be some systematic provision for the protection of sailors, so as to give them a fair chance of becoming prudent, by having facilities afforded them for escaping bad company, and for placing in safety such part of their wages as they would not wish to spend. It seems to me that it would answer extremely well as a speculation for respectable persons, acquainted with the habits of seamen, to establish comfortable places for their reception, and to manage their affairs for them from their arrival till their departure. There could be no risk with proper caution; and the sailors, the public, and, I doubt not, the shipping interest, would be great gainers by the consequent improvement in morals.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Indian Portraits.—No. 1 of the work entitled "The Indian Tribes of North America," having been delivered to the subscribers, has made no ordinary sensation; the portraits, the first matter that strikes the observer, are probably all that could be desired, and they will effect the object designed, that of transmitting to posterity the lineaments and dress of the fast-fading aborigines of our country. It is a subject of regret, however, and we speak it not without some feelings of mortification, that some of the letter-press, set off as it is with large type and elephant paper, should have been so sadly neglected; this is the more inexcusable in the Philadelphia editor, as the work has been long in preparation. Unless a corrected copy is sent to Europe to be printed from, this first *livraison* will surprise the good people of Great Britain, where the English language is written with some degree of grammatical accuracy.

The work is called *national* here, and in the London Literary Gazette *universal*, and so it is, or would properly be, if it were well written. To make our charge good:—The *first* leaf of number one is filled with a description of the frontispiece, "An Indian War Dance," and, sad to relate, the author is Caleb Atwater, a person who has a reputation for knowledge, but who cannot write English; his language should have been corrected. He says on the very first page of this great work:

"3. This person represents a prisoner at the stake, with his hair so tied up, that his scalp may be taken whenever the moment arrives, rendering it proper to take it."

This beautiful description is closed thus:

"Every feather in the picture, is an exact resemblance of the thing itself, and so is each war-club, with its looking-glass inserted in it. The whole, and every part of this beautiful painting represent the reality itself, in a masterly manner, and do great honour to the talent of the artist."

Every feather, each war-club, the whole and every part represent the reality itself *in a masterly manner, and do great honour to the artist.* Some parts of this description remind one of the letter of a loving husband separated from his wife, who says to her in his involved manner:—"There is one thing steps forward to speak the thoughts of a sequestered, affectionate, devoted, and over-fond heart, overflowing with gratitude, that my slender body hardly can confine its palpitation from the external view of my fellow-soldiers."

The first two pages, we are happy to say, are by far the worst, but the ensuing are not free from blemishes, and contain some figures of speech unworthy of a great work. Take the following as a specimen: in the biography of Red Jacket, page 11, the editor says, "Whereupon, and as had been promised him at Washington, the council unanimously replaced him in the office of chief, *which* he held till his death, *which* happened soon after. It is due to him to state, that a cause, *which* has retarded the progress of Christianity," &c. Here are three *whiches* in close contact and grating upon the ear; if the first had been converted to "*this* situation," all would have been well enough. These remarks are made in the spirit of kindness, and because we would impress upon editors and publishers of such expensive productions, the importance of attending to other matters besides the mechanical department. The pictures in Wilson's Ornithology, beautiful as they are, will always be considered secondary to the letter-press; this will endure when the engravings are destroyed by time, and will prove a lasting monument of the author's simplicity and love of nature.

Probably, since this number went to press, Judge Hall of Cincinnati has been enlisted in the enterprise, and we confidently anticipate that the errors we have alluded to will hereafter be corrected, but we cannot the less regret that the impression which must be made by the first issue should be unfavourable. The "History of the Indian Tribes of North America," commencing at the end of this *livraison*, and to be continued, is better; when the work is bound, it will occupy the first place in the volume.

The portraits of Mo-hon-go, the Osage woman, and her child, are singularly beautiful, and her history is deeply interesting. The following translation, by Mr. Johnson, of a Chippewa song, though not now first published, we are induced to copy for its originality and beauty:—

WAR SONG OF WAAB OJEEG.

On that day when our heroes lay low, lay low,
On that day when our heroes lay low,
I fought by their side, and thought ere I died
Just vengeance to take of the foe, the foe,
Just vengeance to take of the foe.

On that day when our chieftains lay dead, lay dead,
On that day when our chieftains lay dead,
I fought hand to hand, at the head of my band,
And here on my breast have I bled, have I bled,
And here on my breast have I bled.

Our chiefs shall return no more, no more,
Our chiefs shall return no more;
And their brothers in war, who can't show scar for scar,
Like women their fates shall deplore, deplore,
Like women their fates shall deplore.

Five winters in hunting we'll spend, we'll spend,
Five winters in hunting we'll spend;
Then our youth grown to men, to the war lead again,
And our days like our fathers we'll end, we'll end,
And our days like our fathers we'll end.

With the exception of a line or two, this is almost perfect, and very musical.

Notwithstanding the exceptions we have taken in the foregoing article, the work, even from the specimen number, promises much; the traits of the Indian character are well understood by Colonel M'Kenney, and his intercourse with

the various tribes, as well as his enthusiasm in the cause, give him great advantages; had either the publisher or himself been aware of the importance of smooth periods and accurate language, and had they employed a *literateur* to superintend the press, the "pale faces" might have been proud that, at least in a book, they had done justice to the much abused Indian; the pictures alone would command for it what it is receiving, patronage of the most substantial character.

We have received, from a most intelligent and acute observer, some interesting remarks made during a recent visit to the British West Indies, on the working of the apprentice system among the slaves, and shall insert the first number in the next journal.

Wordsworth.—Professor Reed, of this city, has edited an edition of the complete works of William Wordsworth, arranged according to a plan suggested by the author, but not yet executed by him. Messrs. Kay & Brother have produced it in a handsome royal octavo volume, in a manner highly creditable. Wordsworth's fame continues to increase as his poems become better known, and it is now the fashion to admire, while but lately the mere mention of his name was accompanied by a sneer. The simplicity of his mind, and his love of nature and goodness, will continue to win affection when various of the so called poets are sunk in oblivion.

Laurel Hill Cemetery.—A favourable charter for the Laurel Hill company has been passed by the legislature of Pennsylvania, and a section inserted, preventing streets or roads from ever passing through the grounds without the consent of the proprietors; the power of repealing the said charter, which is usually reserved by the legislature, has been waived in this instance; our citizens may therefore justly congratulate themselves that they now have a cemetery secured from desecration, in a spot of ground unrivaled any where for its beauty of scenery, and admirably adapted in every respect to its object. The sale of lots has already been such as to insure its permanent success, and the plan of interring out of the city becomes daily more popular with all classes.

My Little Hymn Book.—Parents are frequently at a loss to know what books to purchase for children just beginning to read, and for want of a better, they too often buy such absurdities as "Mother Goose's Melodies," &c. An improvement is taking place in this particular, and one of the best works of the kind we have ever seen is entitled, "My Little Hymn Book," published by Perkins & Marvin of Boston, and Henry Perkins of this city. It is adapted to the comprehension of children, and altogether good.

CURIOSITIES IN THE ARTS.

Petrus Ramus tells us of a wooden eagle and an iron fly, made by Regiomontanus, a famous mathematician of Nuremburg, whereof the first flew forth out of the city, aloft in the air, met the Emperor Maximilian a good way off, coming towards it; and, having saluted him, returned again, waiting on him to the city gates. The second, at a feast, whereto he had invited his familiar friends, flew forth from his hand, and, taking a round, returned thither again, to the great astonishment of the beholders; both of which the excellent pen of the noble Du Bartas rarely expressed.

In the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scallot, a blacksmith, made a lock, consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, all which, together with a pipe key to it, weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, whereunto having fastened the lock and key before mentioned, he put the chain about a flea's neck, which drew them all with ease. All these together, lock and key, chain and flea, being weighed, the weight of them was but one grain and a half.

Inyrmecides was also excellent in that kind of workmanship. He wrought, out of ivory, a carriage, with four wheels, and as many horses, in so small a compass that a fly might cover them all with her wings. The same man made a ship, with all her tackling to it, so small that a bee might hide it with her wings.

Oswaldus Norhingerus, the most excellent artisan of this or any former ages, made sixteen hundred dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small, thin, and slender, that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a pepper-corn of the common bigness. Johannes Carolus Shad, of Mitelbrach, carried this wonderful work with him to Rome, showed it to Pope Paul the Fifth, who saw and counted them all by the help of a pair of spectacles; they were so little as to be almost invisible to the eye. He then gave liberty to as many as would see them, amongst whom were Gaspar Scioppius, and Johannes Faber, of Bamberge, physician in Rome.

New American Publications.

The complete works of William Wordsworth, edited by Professor Henry D. Reed. 1 vol. royal 8vo. Philadelphia: Kay & Brother.

The Honey Moon, and other Tales by celebrated authors. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

The Great Metropolis, by the author of Recollections of the House of Commons, &c. Saunders & Otley.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

For the Journal of Belles Lettres.

SLAVE TRADE AND SLAVES IN ST. JAGO DE CUBA.

From the Note Book of a Traveller.—No. 1.

By an especial treaty with Great Britain, granting an indemnity to Spain, the Spanish king consented to relinquish the traffic in slaves, and this trade should have ceased, by virtue of the royal decree, on the 13th of Dec. 1817. But the officers of the Spanish government in the islands are secretly instructed, by what are called *ordittes reservados*, to allow the introduction of slaves, and the trade has continued, in contraband, to such an extent, that the number of Africans who annually enter the province of St. Jago alone are estimated at from 3 to 8000. It is thought that 20,000 were last year imported into the island. The rapid increase of this class of the population in Cuba has indeed become a subject of serious alarm with some of the proprietors, because all the difficulties which have hitherto occurred among the slaves, originated with the native born Africans. It is believed by many intelligent French planters who have settled in Cuba, that most of the enormities in St. Domingo resulted from the enormous importation of the wild native tribes of Africa into that island, a few years previous to the revolution. During the last seventeen years, there have been twenty-six cases of capital punishment in the city of St. Jago, which contains a population of about 30,000. Of these twenty-six criminals, twelve were negroes, all native born Africans except one. I saw some of their heads still hanging, *in terrorem*, in an iron frame-work, on the outskirts of the city. The other offenders enumerated were principally soldiers, many of whom are enrolled in the army, and sent to Cuba for crimes committed in Spain.

The governor of St. Jago, Gen. Lorenzo, received 14,000 dollars within a few weeks of our arrival, (28th Sept. 1835,) as a *present* from the consignees or owners of three cargoes of Africans, who were landed about twelve miles down the coast. They are brought to market in small parties at a time, with heads closely shaven and clean linen dresses; while the infirm are received into an hospital at the landing-place, without the risk of endangering the health of the city by any of the diseases to which they are subject.

A doubloon for each head put on shore from the slaver, without distinction of age or health, is the fee expected by the governor. Other officers have similar favours in proportion to their respective authority. The two former Spanish governors of St. Jago, I was informed, were offered the customary compliment; the money, however, was declined, although their private instructions did not allow them to enforce the laws which interdict the trade. One vessel, fitted out to receive slaves, sailed for the coast of Africa during our residence at Cuba, and several others were seen preparing for departure. They are generally fast sailing, and American built. I saw a handsome brig arrive in ballast, for sale, from one of the northern states, especially adapted to this traffic. The Spanish schooner in which we took passage for Kingston, Jamaica, was understood to visit that port for articles of British merchandise essential to, and especially provided for, the traffic in Africans. Insurances upon the slavers, it is said, are usually effected in the English island. In fact, the whole arrangement between the two nations would seem to serve as an enticement to every kind of practical deception. The humanity of the provisions in the treaty, towards the Africans, appears also very questionable.

I had an opportunity of conversing with owners and officers of slavers, as well as with some naval gentlemen who have captured these vessels. They all agreed that the conventional laws between the two governments alluded to, without interrupting the trade, have required such arrangements to escape their provisions, as to render the health and comfort of the negro much more precarious than formerly. Numbers are killed during the engagements of slavers with vessels of war, and the delays in reaching the shore, beating up to the Havana, are often increased. Forty-three out of 445 negroes died after the capture of a Spanish slaver by a British vessel of war, before they reached the land. The risk of capture induces the employment of very sharp built, fast sailing vessels, badly calculated to stow such a cargo, or to carry a sufficient supply of water and provisions. The mortality therefore is often enormous, especially when a crew and officers not accustomed to this trade are first engaged in it. The Spanish slavers are frequently owned and manned by natives of the island of Minorca, who are described by some who have captured them as a very respectable race of men. They engage in this trade because it is sometimes lucrative, and having been sanctioned, time immemorial, by law and custom, is only regarded (like many other matters in which the results are mischievous,) in relation to its contingencies of profit. In some instances the deaths on board *these* slavers are astonishingly small. A gentleman who was engaged in the capture of a schooner of only 75 tons, bound for the Brazils, and taken in the neighbourhood of Maranham, informed me, that she had embarked 292 negroes at the coast, of whom 116 were females from five to eighteen years of age. These women and girls were found enclosed in a place about twelve feet square, by two feet nine inches high; yet only three persons were lost on the passage. Two were in irons for being unruly, the others were on deck daily.

During the chase the Spaniards told the negroes that if they were taken, the English would cut off their heads and *eat* them—a risk which, we are informed, some of them encounter at home—they believed it, and actively engaged in the defence of the vessel. After the capture, they were allowed a larger quantity of water and some additional provisions, when a little negro girl composed and sang in her own language, a rude comparison of their condition, and thus revealed the expression of the Spaniards.

I paid some slight attention to a Spaniard who sat next me one day at table, and discovered that he was the captain of a slaver then lying in the harbour. Of 480 negroes he took on board his brigantine at Bonny, he lost 80—30 of whom first became blind. He said the wild negroes all had an idea that the whites intended to *eat* them; but when, by kind treatment and explanations, through an old negro interpreter, this suspicion was allayed, they became cheerful and confiding, and the fetters were taken from them. He had 200 perfectly free from shackles on his decks a short time after he left the slave coast. As these Spanish vessels are fitted out upon the same principle as our whalers, *all* the crew are *interested* in the preservation of the slaves. After the capture of a slaver in these seas, she is taken to the Havana, where a mixed commission sits to decide upon such cases. If the vessel is condemned, the Africans are apprenticed for a term of years in Cuba, according to the convention. They are, in fact, sold—and remain to all intents slaves, according to the original design of those who imported them. The only difference is, that the captors receive a certain sum for their part of the transaction, as a bounty upon those negroes who survive the engagement and subsequent navigation, while the owner or insurer loses. Those who purchase the time of the African apprentices, must be careful to look over and correct their registers, and to charge any deaths which occur among their other slaves to the account of these apprentices,—who, individually, assume the *names* of deceased creoles—and every thing is understood to be arranged in accordance with the letter of the treaty.

These are not only said to be facts in Cuba, but I have heard them acknowledged as true by the captors.

However odious in many respects is this traffic to our feelings, it is certainly not rendered more tolerable, even by the well-intentioned measures taken to prevent it. The marks upon the faces and bodies of the newly imported Africans, to discriminate their different tribes, are very varied. These gashes no doubt serve to keep up national pride, jealousy, or antipathies, as well as to add an unnatural feature to the expressions of the countenance—a disposition towards which is not exclusively confined to the uncivilised. These scars may also have some religious references, as the practice is distinctly objected to by the ancient Hebrew moral laws.

I frequently visited the slave mart at St. Jago, and happened to be at the copper mines, and on some large coffee plantations, on the days when winter clothing was delivered to nearly 1000 Africans.

The shades of colour, as well as the character of the countenance, head, and figure, differ very materially among them. The faces of some looked as if one of the largest sized tortoise-shell combs, with a carved top, such as the women of the South American continent wear, had been applied, and the various emblems been cut with the point of a knife, or seared with a red-hot iron, upon their skins. On some, the whole forehead and side of the face seemed to have been scalded by the intentional application of a boiling fluid; while others must have had threads or splinters of hard wood passed

deeply through the skin, at intervals, from the top of the forehead to the tip of the nose, like the stitches of a seamstress, the effect of which was to raise the skin in knotty cicatrices. An African of a brownish colour was variegated by blue lines, fantastically and permanently impressed on the skin of the body, limbs, and face. They disavow any recollection of the period when these operations were performed; which therefore must have been accomplished at a very early age by their parents.

While a number were hauling a net for fish in one of the mountain streams, I observed that they had undergone the rite of circumcision, and were probably Mahomedans. This practice of circumcision, however, is of such great antiquity in Africa, that mummies, supposed to have been deposited at the earliest periods among the monuments of Egypt, are found to be thus distinguished.

Many of the slaves I saw required to be addressed by an interpreter, and some by signs alone, as their native language was not known by any of their fellows. I found among the Bossales (as the native Africans are called by the creoles or indigenous negroes of the island,) many of very handsome appearance; having small hands, feet, and ancles—well developed calves to their legs—finely-formed heads—prominent features—and sometimes broad, open foreheads;—nothing, in fact, of that caricatured appearance which has been supposed essential to the negro. The natives of Africa differ, indeed, as much in personal appearance as those in distinct parts of Europe or Asia.

The Spanish laws and customs are generally mild and considerate toward the slave. He can purchase his own freedom, if he procures means, which he frequently has the power to do, or change his master, if badly treated, by application to a syndic, or attorney, appointed especially for his protection, but who is seldom referred to in either case, as the affair is usually regulated by an arrangement between the slave and his owner, without the intervention of the legal arbiter. The slave is generally asked to name his own price, and the master then adjusts the value with him, sends him to seek another owner, a period for which is fixed by law, or disposes of him to a friend. I saw an instrument of writing drawn up by a notary, in which the mistress of a valuable slave, only five years from Africa, relinquished all right to her services, in consideration of the payment of 460 dollars, part of which she had acquired during her servitude: the remainder the intended husband advanced. The owner had no desire to sell this slave.

I am told that it is not common for a negro to undervalue himself; he has a pride in bringing a full price, and to show his worth, even when he pays for it. Where there are few topics of general interest, or conversation, the value of a slave is as likely to be discussed by his white acquaintance as any thing else, and a change in his condition is promptly enquired about. A lady who had cause to complain, in one particular, of the conduct of a very good house servant, was offered seven mules in exchange for her, which were accepted, and the girl sent to her new master. Several days after, the negress came crying and complaining to her old mistress for mentioning to some one that she had "swopped her away for seven jackasses!" This expression appeared exceedingly to molest the slave.

A gentleman of much experience informed me, that the life of a negro on the plantations in Cuba was thought to average fifty years; and that they live longer than any white population in the cities, because both their labour and living are regular. Upon an average the year round they work eleven hours in the twenty-four.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XXI.

ART OF DINING.

As the season for fires is approaching, or rather, from the wet weather, is arrived, I must make an observation or two upon that important head. A cheerful fire is our household sun, which I, for one, like to have ever shining upon me, especially in the coming months of November and December, when the contrast between that and the external fogs and mud is most striking and agreeable. A good fire is the next best substitute for a summer sun, and, as our summer sun is none of the brightest, we are wise to make the most of its successor. An Englishman's fireside has, time out of mind, been proverbial; and it shows something of a degenerate spirit not to keep up its glories. There is an unfortunate race, who labour under a constant pyrophobia, or dread of fire, and who cannot bear the sight of it, or even the feel, except from a distance, or through a screen. When we have to do with such, we must compromise as well as we can between comfort and consideration; but I am speaking to the real enjoyers of the goods of life, without any morbid infirmity about them. A bright, lively fire I reckon a most excellent dinner companion, and in proper fire weather I would always have it, if I may so say, one of the party. For instance, two or three at each side of the table, one at the top, and the fire at the bottom, with the lights on the mantelpiece; but then, to have this disposition in perfection, the room should be something after the plan I have recommended in my seventeenth number. Under such circumstances, I think if melancholy herself were one of the guests, she could not but forget her state. A fire is an auxiliary at dinner, which diffuses its genial influence, without causing distraction. As Shakspeare says of beauty, "it is the sun that maketh all things shine;" and as Dryden sings after Horace,

> "With well-heaped logs dissolve the cold,
> And feed the genial hearth with fires;
> Produce the wine that makes us bold,
> And sprightly wit and love inspires.

It might be supposed, from the way in which the fire is ordinarily treated during dinner, that it was a disagreeable object, or a common enemy. One or more persons are made to turn their backs upon it, and in that position screens are obliged to be added, to prevent fainting. This is a perverse mode of proceeding, arising partly from the ill adaptation of dining-rooms to their use, partly from the custom of crowding tables, and partly from the risk of oppressiveness, where there are large numbers and overloaded dinners, so that in this, as in most instances, one abuse engenders another, and the expediency of adhering to a rational system is clearly manifested. We are the creatures of habit, and too seldom think of changing according to circumstances: it was but the other day I dined where the top of the table was unoccupied; but though the weather was cold and wet, the master of the house maintained his position at the bottom with his back to the fire, protected by a screen. If I could have wheeled him round, "the winter of my discontent" would have been made "glorious summer," and I should have dined with complete satisfaction.

The conservancy of fires ought principally to fall within the superintendence of the female part of a family, because they are least seldom out of the way, and it is a subject of very great importance in the maintenance of domestic comfort, especially where the males, either from pleasure or business, are exposed to the vicissitudes of weather. Let any one call to mind the difference between two houses where good and bad fires are kept. To the labouring classes, a good fire at meals is the greatest source of health and enjoyment; and at public-houses a cheerful blaze seen through the windows, is a bait well understood to catch the labourer returning from his work to a comfortless home. If he once gets

> ——————— "planted unco right,
> Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,"

there is no chance of his quitting, till, like Tam o' Shanter, he is compelled by necessity. The essential quality of a fire is to be bright without being too hot, and the best and quickest mode of restoring a neglected fire is to stir out the ashes, and with the tongs to fill up the spaces between the bars with cinders. If carefully done, it is surprising how soon this process will produce an effective and glowing fire.

Whilst I was writing the above, a friend of mine called to propose that we should dine together at the Athenæum, and he would send a brace of grouse he had just received. We dined very satisfactorily, but agreed that a perfect edition of our dinner would have been as follows:—First, a dozen and a half of small oysters, not pampered, but fresh from their native bed, eaten simply, after the French fashion, with lemon juice, to give an edge to the appetite. In about twenty minutes, the time necessary for dressing them, three fine flounders, water-zoutched, with brown bread and butter—a dish which is better served at the Athenæum than any where I know. At a short interval after the flounders, the grouse, not sent up together, but one after the other, hot and hot, like mutton chops, each accompanied by a plate of French beans. With the flounders, half a pint of sherry, and with the grouse, a bottle of genuine claret, which we get for three and sixpence a bottle; after which, a cup of strong, hot coffee. This is a style of dining which made us think of the gorgeous, encumbered style with pity and contempt, and I give these particulars by way of study, and as a step towards emancipation. After my desultory manner, I must here mention an instance of barbaric ornament I witnessed a short time since at a dinner which, substantially, was excellent. I had to carve a tongue, and found my operations somewhat impeded by a couple of ranunculuses stuck into it, sculptured, one in turnip, and the other in carrot. It was surrounded by a thin layer of spinach, studded with small stars, also cut in carrot. What have ranunculuses and stars to do with tongue and spinach? To my mind, if they had been on separate and neighbouring dishes, and unadorned, it would have been much more to the purpose.

At length I am come to the consideration of that important accompaniment to dinner—wine, in the management of which there is ordinarily a lamentable want of judgment, or rather a total absence of it. Besides an actual want of judgment, there is frequently a parsimonious calculation on one hand, or an ostentatious profusion and mixture on the other, both destructive, in their different ways, of true enjoyment. The art in using wine is to produce the greatest possible quantity of present gladness, without any future depression. To this end, a certain degree of simplicity is essential, with due attention to seasons and kinds of food, and particularly to the rate of filling the glass. Too many sorts of wine confuse the palate, and derange digestion. The stronger wines, unless very sparingly used, are apt to heat in hot weather, and the smaller kinds are unsatisfactory when it is cold. The rate at which to take wine is a matter of great nicety and importance, and depends upon different circumstances at different times. Care and observation can alone enable any one to succeed in this point. The same quantity of wine, drunk judiciously or injudiciously, will produce the best or the worst effects. Drinking too quick is much more to be avoided than drinking too slow. The former is positively, the latter negatively, evil. Drinking too quick, confuses both the stomach and the brain; drinking too slow, disappoints them. After long fasting, begin slowly and after a solid foundation, and quicken by degrees. After exhaustion from other causes than fasting, reverse this order. Small wines may be drunk with less caution as to rate than the fuller bodied. As soon as the spirits are a little raised, slacken the pace, contrary to the usual practice, which is to quicken it. When the proper point of elevation is attained, so use the glass as just to keep there, whereby enjoyment is prolonged without alloy. The moment the palate begins to pall, leave off. Continuation after that will soon produce a renewed desire, the gratification of which is pernicious. This state is rather an unfitness for leaving off, than a fitness for going on. In respect to simplicity, I think four kinds of wine the very utmost ever to be taken at one time, and with observance of what wines go well together, as sherry, champagne, port, and claret; but they should be drunk in uniform order, and not first one and then another, and then back again, which is a senseless and pernicious confusion. For my own part, I rather like one kind of wine at a time, or at most two; and I think more is lost than gained by variety. I should lay down the same rules as to wines, as I have already done as to meats; that is, simplicity on the same day, and variety on different days. Port only, taken with or without a little water at dinner, is excellent; and the same of claret. I think on ordinary occasions, such a system is by far the most agreeable. Claret, I mean genuine, undoctored claret, which, in my opinion, is the true taste, is particularly good as a dinner wine, and is now to be had at a very reasonable price. I would not wish better than that given at the Athenæum at three and sixpence a bottle. Rhenish wines are very wholesome and agreeable, drunk simply without other wines; I do not think they harmonise well with champagne. As to

seasons, the distinction is obvious, that light wines are the best in summer; but then care should be taken, for the sake of health, that they are sound; and with much fruit, perhaps, a little of stronger wine is advisable. In winter, generous wine is to be preferred, and it is a pleasant variety to have it occasionally spiced or mulled, especially in very dreary weather, or after severe exposure. In hot weather, beverages of various kinds, having wine for their foundation, and well iced, are very grateful. There is scarcely any luxury greater in summer than wine and water cooled with a lump of ice put into it, though it is seldom practised in this country. In Italy, a plate of pure ice is regularly served during the hot season. In England, unfortunately, a great deal of money is wasted on excess, whilst simple luxuries are almost altogether neglected. The adaptation of wines to different kinds of food is a matter not to be neglected. The general rule is, to drink white wine with white meats, and red with brown, to which may be added, that light wines are most suitable to light dishes, or to the French style, and the stronger to substantial dishes, or the English style; but this latter rule has many exceptions. I must not here pass over altogether the excellence of malt liquor, though it is rather difficult to unite the use of it judiciously with that of wine. When taken together, it should be in great moderation, but I rather prefer a malt-liquor day exclusively now and then, by way of variety, or to take it at luncheon. There is something extremely grateful in the very best table beer, and it is to be lamented it is so rarely to be met with in the perfection of which it is capable. That beverage at dinner, and two or three glasses of first-rate ale after, constitute real luxury, and I believe are a most wholesome variety. Good porter needs no praise, and bottled porter iced, is, in hot weather, most refreshing. Cider cup, lemonade, and iced punch in summer, and hot in winter, are all worthy of their turns; but I do not think their turns come as often as they ought to do. We go on in the beaten track, without profiting by the varieties which are to be found on every side.

What I have hitherto said has been with a view principally to individual guidance in the use of wine, though much of it may be applied to the management of parties. In the management of parties, so far as relates to wine, judgment, liberality, attention, and courage, are necessary; and calculation, inattention, ostentation, profusion, and excess, are the vices to be guarded against. I always take for granted, that whatever wine is produced, it is to be good of its kind. Judgment is necessary in knowing what wines are suitable to the season, the food, and the description of guests; in what order to serve them, at what rate to drink, and when to stop. Liberality is necessary to furnish promptly and cheerfully the requisite supply; attention is necessary to execute what the judgment suggests; and courage is necessary to keep the erring, either from ignorance or refractoriness, in the right path, and to stop at the right point. The master of a feast should be master in deed as well as in name, and on his judicious and confident control depends for the most part real convivial enjoyment; but he should govern rather by imperceptible influence than by any outward demonstration, or appearance of interference. He should set the wine in circulation at the earliest fitting moment, for want of attention to which there is often a flagging at the outset. He should go on rather briskly at first, and should then contrive to regulate its pace according to the spirits of the party. He should cause the wines to be served in their proper order, and should preserve that order as much as in him lies, both by his own example, and by good-humoured recommendation. He should let his guests know what he intends, so that they may have an opportunity of regulating themselves accordingly; as if he thinks proper to produce only a certain quantity of any particular wine, he should say so. Uncertainty is fatal to convivial ease, and the re-introduction of any kind of wine, after other wines have intervened, is specially to be avoided. This error arises either from want of courage in allowing a violation of propriety, or from a calculation that there would be enough, when there turns out not to be enough, and then hesitating to supply the deficiency at the proper moment. He should be liberal as long as liberality is beneficial, and as soon as he perceives that the proper point to stop at is arrived, he should fearlessly act upon his perception. There is a liberal, hearty manner, which prevents suspicion, and enables the possessor to exercise his judgment not only without offence, but with approbation. Calculation, however studiously concealed, sheds a baneful influence over conviviality, which nothing can counteract. Inattention causes things either to go on wrong, or not to go on at all. Ostentation excites disgust or contempt, and destroys enjoyment for the sake of display, by introducing variety without reference to reason. Profusion produces the same effect from ignorance, or mistaken liberality. There may be excess without variety, though it is not so probable. It is much more often the result of want of courage in the master of the feast, than of inclination on the part of the guests, and good government in the beginning is the surest guarantee of a temperate termination. In what I have said, I have supposed the giver of an entertainment to have means at his command, but where it is not so, the plainest wines, provided they are sound, and are heartily and judiciously given according to the rules I have laid down, cannot fail to give satisfaction to the reasonable, and more satisfaction too than the most costly, with the many drawbacks which usually accompany them. They are for the most part exposed to the same fate that I have already described to await delicacies in food; that is, they are so mixed up and encumbered with other things, as to be deprived of their relish, and reduced to the level of their inferiors, or even below. It is to be wished that those who are not in the way of giving costly wines, would never attempt it; because they are only putting themselves to inconvenience, and their guests to greater. It is a very serious tax upon one's palate and veracity, to be obliged to drink and pronounce upon compounds, with names to which they have not the most remote pretension. What I have said heretofore about dinners applies equally to wines. Let people keep to their own proper style, and endeavour to excel in what is within their ordinary reach. A little extra attention and a little extra expense are then productive of satisfactory results, and they are sure to please others without any sacrifice of what is due to themselves. I have yet to make some particular observations on the use of champagne, which I must defer, with two or three other topics, to my next number.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence.

From a pile of recent "London lists," reviews, magazines, and weekly journals, we have compiled the following literary intelligence, from Great Britain and the continent.

ENGLAND.

Sir A. Brooke Faulkner is about to publish "Letters to Lord Brougham, containing details of a recent visit to Italy."

The appearance of Lady Morgan's new work, "Woman and Her Master," is likely to be postponed for a time, in consequence of an affection of the eyes, which prevents her completing it.

Lady Blessington's new novel, "The Victims of Society," is in a forward state.

The appearance of Miss Martineau's new work, entitled "Society in America," will be looked for with interest. The first volume has been already transmitted to Messrs. Saunders & Otley, who have arranged to publish the work simultaneously in London and New York.

The admirers of Captain Marryat's singularly graphic productions, will be pleased to hear that an illustrated edition of his popular novels is on the eve of appearing in London in monthly volumes, to be published with the magazines. The series will commence with "Peter Simple."

Miss Mary Boyle's new work, "The State Prisoner," is nearly ready.

Mrs. Shelley has nearly completed her new novel, entitled "Falkner." Report speaks of it as one of her best productions.

Lady Emmeline Stewart Wortley's new poems are nearly ready.

A new periodical, to be entitled the Church of England Quarterly Review and Ecclesiastical Record, is announced for publication with the new year.

Early in February was to be published, with twenty-five beautiful illustrations, Beauties of the Country, or Descriptions of the Rural Customs, Objects, Scenery, and the Seasons, by Thomas Miller, author of "A Day in the Woods,"

To be published by subscription, for the benefit of his widow, the Poetical Works (now first collected) of the late Thomas Pringle, with an enlarged Memoir and a Portrait of the Author.

FRANCE.

M. Henri Ternaux, whose collections concerning and knowledge of the early history and literature of Spain and America are well known, and who has lately published a bibliographical catalogue of works relating to America, from its first discovery to the year 1700, is now publishing a series of French translations of the earlier works on America. Three volumes are just published, containing the Narration of Nicholas Federmann of Ulm, from the edition of 1557; the History of the Province of Santa Cruz, (Brazil) by Pedro de Magalhanes de Gandavo, from the Lisbon edition of 1576; and the relation of Hans Staden, of Homburg in Hesse, from the German edition of 1557. Three other volumes are in the press, which will contain the History of the Conquest of Peru and Cuzco, by F. Xeres, the secretary of Pizarro; the Voyage of Ulrich Schmidel of Straubing to Brazil and the Rio de la Plata; and the Expedition of Don Alvar Nunez Cabeça de Vaca, from the edition of 1.555, printed at Valladolid.

M. Paulin Paris has published, in octavo, the first volume of his catalogue of the French manuscripts of the Bibliothèque de Roi. It includes the MSS. in large folio, and contains a very detailed and interesting account of the history and contents of each volume.

The first two volumes of "L'Empire, en dix ans sous Napoleon, par un ancien Chambellan," are just published. Two more will complete the work, which is intended by the author rather to present a faithful picture of society and the court under the imperial government, and of the manners of the remarkable epoch from 1804 to 1814, than to produce a political book, or to relate what has been already so often related.

Madame Dudevant, one of the most eminent, if not the most moral of the present French novelists, has obtained a divorce from her husband, to whom, however, she is obliged to pay an annuity of 5000 francs; and she is authorised to educate her children herself. She will now probably cease to write against marriage.

Paul de Kock, a French novelist, to whom criticism adjudges a very subordinate rank in his own country, and whose works are chiefly read by shopmen and ladies' maids, has lately been brought into a court of justice by Barba, the bookseller, who had purchased of him the copyright of his detached works, because he had sold to another bookseller the right to publish them collectively. The court awarded 30,000 francs damages to Barba. A Count d'Orsay, who is well known in the fashionable circles of London, has thought fit to appeal to the British public in behalf of M. de Kock, whom he is pleased to style the French Smollett, in apparent expectation that its liberality will bear him harmless for this flagrant breach of common honesty!

M. de Chateaubriand has sold to a joint-stock society the copyright, not only of his collective works which have already been published, but of all that he shall hereafter write. These consist of his memoirs, the manuscript of which is deposited with M. Cahouet, notary of the society, and which will form ten or twelve volumes octavo; but may be extended, by supplementary matter which the author intends adding, to from sixteen to twenty. These memoirs are not to be made public during the lifetime of the author, without his consent. He has also engaged to furnish an historical work in four volumes octavo, concerning the epoch of the congress of Verona, and the Spanish war in 1823, which he is to deliver not later than the year 1840, to be then published.

It has been calculated that no less a sum than five millions of francs have been lost in Paris since 1830, by unsuccessful attempts to establish periodical works. As the booksellers have learned prudence from experience, they seldom have any concern in such undertakings; so that this loss has mostly fallen upon shareholders, though it is true that many an author, who hoped to secure the editorship, has sacrificed the whole of his little property in them.

The year 1835 gave birth to 177 new novels in France, and only 11 of these were translations. The number of authors in this line amounted to 144: of these 40 were debutants; 27 were females—being about one fifth of the whole. The most celebrated names in the list were Alfred de Vigny, Balzac, and George Sand. The same year brought forth 299 poetical works, among which Victor Hugo's deserved particular distinction. The drama was not less fertile, as 151 new pieces were represented. Eugene Scribe continued to be the most prolific writer in this department.

M. Gasparin, minister of the Interior, has written to

Count Philip de Segur, announcing the intentions of the government to appoint a commission for the purpose of enquiring what improvements can be made in the legislative enactments, relative to copyright—as many artists, authors, and literary men, have solicited a prolongation of the term fixed by the existing laws for the benefit of their families. Count de Segur is appointed president of this commission, to which are also nominated several of the most eminent writers of France—and among others, Villemain, Jay, Lamartine, Viennet, Renouard, Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, Scribe, Auber. M. Roger Collard, director of the department for the sciences in the ministry of public instruction, and M. Cavé, director of the department for the fine arts in the ministry of the interior, will likewise take part in this commission.

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Wraxall. The Omnibus.—The edition of the first five numbers of Waldie's Literary Omnibus is exhausted though it was a large one. New subscribers are supplied as far back as it is possible, but only a few of the earlier sheets are now on hand. We announced our intention of printing only the quantity subscribed for each week, so that new applicants could only be promised the current number when their orders were received.

Next week a considerable increase of the edition will be made; we shall then, in number *eleven* of the Omnibus, commence the publication of another piquant and highly entertaining work by Sir N. W. Wraxall, entirely unknown in this country, entitled "Memoirs and Private Anecdotes of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna." It bears a strong family likeness to the memoirs we are now publishing in this Library, which will be concluded in our next number. We should rather say, perhaps, that it is more anecdotical and amusing, and as the personages described are all prominent historical characters, we think we are safe in saying it will be equally acceptable to the public. No similar works have been more in demand in America than the two we have issued, by Sir Nicholas Wraxall; they are emphatically *the fashion*, and are sought for and read with avidity in all circles.

We make this announcement thus early that those who like the style and manner of Sir Nicholas, and desire to possess his anecdotes of foreign courts, may apply in time for the Omnibus, and we take the liberty of again repeating the terms; they are for fifty-two numbers $2.50 in advance to those who take this Library, or five copies for ten dollars. Sir Nicholas's work alone would cost to import three times the above sum.

The Indian Portraits.—It is matter of regret that the motives which prompted the notice of the Indian portraits in the last Journal should have been misinterpreted; we intended to convey our admiration of it as a whole work, but also our mortification that it should have been disfigured by a few inelegances which no one could palliate. In this course we followed the avowed and usual course for which this journal was added to the Library, a course that has received the sanction of the public, and which we cannot consent to waive even to the claims of friendship or neighbourhood; if we have lent our aid to disabuse the public, it has often been, as it was in this case, by doing violence to private feelings; for the publisher we feel and shall ever express the kindest sentiments; that we desired the work should be successful is amply proved by our repeated notices of its progress for three years past, and within a very few weeks, before we had an opportunity of perusing it. We took a subscriber's copy, and with the freedom to which a subscriber is entitled, we pointed out defects; but it was, and is, not too late to prevent their recurrence. Being anxious that so great a work should eminently prosper, we held the first number up as a beacon to warn the proprietors of their error, and to guard them from a coast on which they were likely to split. We shall ever take pride in encouraging this laudable national enterprise; even in the number we noticed, there is much more to praise than to blame.

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

The Americans, in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations, by Francis J. Grund, 2 vols. 8vo. An Essay on the Welsh Saints, by the Rev. R. Rees, M. A., 8vo. The Scientific Reader, by R. T. Linnington, 12mo. The Duchess de la Vallière, a Play, by E. L. Bulwer, 8vo. The Stories of Aunt Alice, by Louisa F. Dibdin, 18mo. My Travels, 8vo. Philosophy and Religion, by W. B. Galloway, A. M., 8vo. The Principles and Practice of Leveling, by F. W. Simms, 8vo. D. Jardine on the Use of Torture in the Criminal Law of England, 8vo. Pensive Musings on the Pleasures of Melancholy, a Poem, by W. J. A. Abington, 12mo. Home, its Joys and its Sorrows, 2d edit., 18mo. An Autumn Dream, Thoughts in Verse, by J. Sheppard, 12mo. The Tithes' Commutation Act, by S. R. Bosanquet, 12mo. Camus on the Teeth of Wheels, 2d edit. 8vo., with plates. Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries, by H. Hallam, Vol. I., 8vo.

New American Publications.

Gleanings in Europe, by the author of "The Spy" &c. &c.—France, in 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Sketches of Every Day Life and Every Day People, by Boz. 1 vol. 12mo. Same publishers.

Minor Morals for Young People, illustrated in Tales of Travels, by John Bowring. Same publishers.

Buckland's Geology and Mineralogy, being the last of the Bridgewater Treatises, with nearly eighty plates. 2 vols. 8vo. Same publishers.

Pope's Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, vols. 22, 23, and 24 of Harper's Family Classical Library. 12mo. New York.

Ways of Living on Small Means, by the author of the Young Man's Guide. 18mo. Boston; Light & Stearns.

Three Experiments on Living. 18mo. Boston: Dutell & Colman.

The Humourist; Papers from the January New Monthly Magazine. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

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46 CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

A COFFEE ESTATE AND NEGROES IN CUBA.

A NOVEL RECEIPT FOR REFORMING A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

From the Note Book of a Traveller.—No. 2.

23d October, 1835.

Upon a few coffee plantations in the mountains, near St. Jago de Cuba, rewards and punishments are distributed in a very original, and, apparently, very effectual manner, by a considerate, decided, and intelligent proprietor, who has about 400 negroes under his charge, all under fourteen years of age being native born Africans. To each common workman, or woman, seventy-six pounds of vegetable provisions, as potatoes, yams, plantains, &c., are allowed weekly; besides seventeen and a half pounds of ground corn meal, and six herring or three mackerel; with salt, tobacco, pipes, and soap. In the wet season, rum, in moderate quantity, and molasses, are given to about one fourth of the people, to encourage the best hands.

Although there appeared a great quantity of pigs and poultry—ducks, Guinea fowls, chickens, and pigeons on the estate, they all belonged to the negroes; the proprietor does not own a pig or a fowl on his plantation. When a couple of slaves are married, a cock, two hens, and a pig, are purchased for and given to them, and the negroes sell pork, poultry, and eggs to their owner, and to each other. The only inconvenience the master speaks of as connected with this arrangement, is having to settle the accounts which occur between the slaves from the exchanges, barters, and sales.

Sufficient time is allowed them to kill and dispose of their produce at the markets, at certain hours.

Two suits of linen dresses, and one suit of woollens are given to each slave annually, besides two woollen caps, two pairs of sandals, thread, needles, and articles of a similar kind. Each family has a separate house, water bucket, tables, boxes, beds, cooking pots, and other utensils. The drivers and head men receive larger rations and more varied allowances; their wives get calico dresses and handkerchiefs as premiums; and after crop time the negroes receive presents in money, of from three to sixteen dollars, according to their conduct. A few who have behaved very badly during the year, obtain at the same time a whipping, as a reasonable contrast. The head driver received a present of fifty dollars in money last season.

The slaves generally carry very comfortable woollen cloaks to the field with them, as showers are frequent in the mountains. In case of sickness there is an ample provision of rooms, nurses, and medicines; a well educated physician resides on the plantation. To prevent them from rambling about at night, the doors of the huts are regularly fastened by a wooden plug inserted in an iron staple, easily withdrawn on the outside. The negroes are directed to break the door open in case of an earthquake, but for no other occasion.

A guard is stationed upon the glacier, where the coffee is dried, to give warning in case of fire. In order so keep him awake, and to prove that he is so, he is obliged to beat a drum every five minutes throughout the night. The watchman was changed some time ago because he was said to have learned to beat the drum while he slept. I do not recollect the peculiar punishment inflicted upon him, but the penalties are generally such as to have the best effects upon the character, while at the same time no vindictive feelings are displayed. The proprietor refused to *speak to* an old negro for several months, although formerly a great crony, for wantonly setting a dog after a girl who was injured by him; while at the same time the old man received his regular money, termed extra allowance, of five bits weekly for his usual comforts, but was exceedingly annoyed by his master's passing him unnoticed, while the slave strove by every deference and attention to show his contrition.

Some years ago the head house servant of this gentleman was found frequently drunk, having daily access to all the liquors; this was a very serious inconvenience in the family. To correct the bad example, expostulation and reproof, cautions and ordinary punishments, were tried, but in vain. He had been several times whipped by the overseer, yet this did not cause him to refrain. William, as this slave was named, had married a favourite family servant, to whom he was very partial, and who received many presents in consequence of her husband's station. Her master spoke seriously to the wife about his habits, insisted that she could exercise *her* influence to correct his extravagance. The owner was so well satisfied she could prevail if she duly exerted herself, that he plainly and finally said, as the last resort in his power, that next time the husband was found drunk, he would certainly whip *her*. In effect, the head waiter being some time after discovered in his usual condition, the wife was ordered twenty-five lashes, although the master assured me he would rather have given her five dollars for each lash, than have put his threat into execution.

The cure, however, was effectual; it was four years since this curious treatment was enforced, and the man has never since been drunk, although having constantly access to the means of intoxication. Whether there are many wives who would be willing to understand the usual "for better for worse" in this way I know not; I am sorry I did not ascertain from the good woman herself exactly how she managed the affair.

It was supposed his kind feelings towards the wife had some effect to repress the dissolute disposition evinced by the husband; but it was also hinted to me that, in order to prevent any future application of the whip to her own shoulders, which had been threatened in case of relapse, she locked him up and applied it severely with her own hand to his back, whenever she suspected any symptom or renewal of the old habit. His breath was inspected periodically, and even cigars were interdicted to assist her scrutiny. This counter irritation, as in many other instances, was found most effectual; and the master being satisfied with results, did not too scrupulously examine the means employed. It was favourable to the treatment in this case that the wife was stout and robust, the husband diminutive and sensible of his weaknesses. Upon this estate, female drivers or overseers are always employed to direct and superintend the women and children labourers; they are better judges in many matters relating to them than men, who are elsewhere generally placed over the working people. Short-handled, long-lashed whips, formed of cowskin, are carried, often hung over the shoulder, by all the drivers, who are selected from those found to have the greatest acknowledged authority among their fellows. They soon assume a tone of command which is not agreeable to such as are unused to hear it.

The whip is not often employed although it is always carried; the physician who had resided several months on the estate had never heard it applied but once.

Whether from early habit, for conveniences, or the result of instinctive preferences from peculiar conformation, the negro carries every thing he can upon his head, even when the hands are unoccupied. I saw a girl with a bellows poised in this position while she was peeling and eating an orange. Some carry an empty porter bottle or a tin cup on the head, while their hands are swinging loosely at their sides. I recollect an active waiter running up stairs with the lighted candle in a flat-bottomed candlestick on his head, while both hands were burthened with the baggage of a traveller. The servant girl follows her little mistress with books and slate upon her head. An empty brandy hogshead, a large basket loaded with vegetables and live poultry, a good-sized, grunting pig, tied upon a piece of board, bundles of wood, the heaviest and the lightest, the most fragile or refractory articles, I have met thus borne among the mountains or in the towns.

When heavy loads are carried too early in life, they sometimes distort the limbs; but, in many instances, I have seen their burthens borne by negroes with peculiar ease, and even with grace.

The indifference which is felt here to many matters which require increased exertions and toil with us, serves to alleviate many of the circumstances which would otherwise bear hard upon the slave. I stopped upon the road to listen to an instrument of music played upon by some old crone, while the voices of the gang, engaged in picking the coffee berries, joined in the chorus with the most hearty mirth; from my elevated position, surrounded by *mountains and hills*, covered by the vivid green of the coffee plants, which concealed the labourers, *they* seemed "to laugh and sing."

Malouin, physician to the Queen of France, was so fond of dragging, that it is told of him that once, having a most patient patient, who diligently and punctually swallowed all the stuff he ordered, he was so delighted in seeing all the phials and pill-boxes cleaned out, that he shook him cordially by the hand, exclaiming, "My dear sir, it really affords me pleasure to attend you, and you *deserve* to be ill." The London practitioners must surely meet with incessant delight.—*Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XXII.

EASE OF MIND.

Ease of mind is incomparably the most valuable of all possessions—not the ease of indolence, but of action—the smoothness of the unruffled current, not of the stagnant pool. This possession is not the gift of fortune; the gifts of fortune frequently destroy it. It must be of our own acquiring, and is in a great measure within the reach of all who diligently seek after it. It does not depend upon the amount of our worldly possessions, but upon our mode of using them; not upon our ability to gratify our desires, but upon our regulation of them. It is essentially the result of our habits, which habits are entirely within our own control. To enjoy ease of mind, there must be a feeling that we are fulfilling our duties to the best of our power, otherwise we only sear instead of satisfying our conscience. The possession of riches, or the pursuit of them, beyond the limits of moderation, are unfavourable to this state, because temperance in the use of worldly enjoyments is absolutely necessary to it, and then comes the responsibility of the application of our superfluity. How many men's ease must be destroyed by superabundance, who would have been happy with less temptation, or with the feeling that less was expected from them! The pursuit of riches for the sake of riches, unfits the mind for ease, by generating a perpetual restlessness and anxiety, and by exposing to continual disappointments; and the same may be said, even in a stronger degree, of an ambitious love of those worldly distinctions, which, neither in the pursuit nor in the possession, can confer any real enjoyment. A steady advance by honest roads towards those things which are within our reach, without too arduous efforts, and which, being attained, are worth our having, should be the aim of all who have their fortunes to make; whilst they who have had theirs made for them, should habituate themselves to temperance in their own enjoyments, and to active and discreet liberality towards others. They who diligently cultivate the habits necessary to attain ease of mind, place themselves almost above its disturbance. To the mortifications of disappointed ambition they are not at all exposed, and to the crosses of adverse fortune very little, whilst unavoidable afflictions, in the well-constituted, soften rather than sour the mind, and cannot be said to destroy its ease. Like cypresses, they throw a shade over the current, but in no way disturb its smoothness. Strict and constant discipline can ensure ease of mind in poverty or privation, of which St. Paul has afforded a beautiful example in his own person. *I have learnt in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.* But it must not be forgotten, that in this discipline is included the fixed contemplation of things above. They of this world only, cannot expect to bear the afflictions of the world, as if they looked upon it as a mere state of preparation for another, which is the peculiar advantage possessed by the true Christian. There is no book comparable to the New Testament for teaching that temper of mind which is alone capable of ensuring a current of happiness independent of external interruptions. It gives that tone which prevents us from annoying or feeling annoyance. It teaches us to bear all things, to hope all things, and to think no evil. How different such a state from that of those who bear nothing, hope nothing, and are ever thinking evil! In order to derive full benefit from the doctrines of the New Testament, it is not sufficient to recur to them occasionally, but by daily attention to make them part of our system, so that the mind may become its own master, and as much as possible independent of every thing without. Goldsmith says,

> "How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part, which laws or kings can cause or cure!
> Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
> Our own felicity we make or find."

Shakspeare observes, "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so;" and Milton expresses it,

> "The mind is its own place, and in itself,
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

In order to enjoy ease of mind, in our intercourse with the world, we should introduce into our habits of business punctuality, decision, the practice of being beforehand, despatch, and exactness; in our pleasures, harmlessness and moderation; and in all our dealings, perfect integrity and love of truth. Without these observances we are never sure of ease, nor indeed taste it in its highest state. As in most other things, so here, people do not aim at more than mediocrity of attainment, and of course usually fall below their standard; whilst many are so busy in running after what should procure them ease, that they totally overlook the thing itself.

Ease of mind has the most beneficial effects upon the body, and it is only during its existence that the complicated physical functions are performed with the accuracy and facility which nature designed. It is consequently a great preventive of disease, and one of the surest means of effecting a cure when a disease has occurred; without it, in many cases, no cure can take place. By ease of mind many people have survived serious accidents, from which nothing else could have saved them, and in every instance recovery is much retarded by the absence of it. Its effect upon the appearance is no less remarkable. It prevents and repairs the ravages of time in a singular degree, and is the best preservative of strength and beauty. It often depends greatly upon health, but health always depends greatly upon it. The torments of a mind ill at ease seem to be less endurable than those of the body; for it scarcely ever happens that suicide is committed from bodily suffering. As far as the countenance is an index, "the vultures of the mind" appear to tear it more mercilessly than any physical pain, and no doubt there have been many who would willingly have exchanged their mental agony for the most wretched existence that penury could produce. From remorse there is no escape. In aggravated cases, probably, there is no instant, sleeping or waking, in which its influence is totally unfelt. Remorse is the extreme one way; the opposite is that cleanliness of mind, which has never been recommended any where to the same extent that it is by the precepts of the Christian religion, and which alone constitutes "perfect freedom." It would be curious if we could see what effects such purity would have upon the appearance and actions of a human being—a being who lived, as Pope expresses it, in "the eternal sunshine of the spotless mind."

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DIFFICULTIES.

It is weak to be scared at difficulties, seeing that they generally diminish as they are approached, and oftentimes even entirely vanish. No man can tell what he can do till he tries. It is impossible to calculate the extent of human powers; it can only be ascertained by experiment. What has been accomplished by parties and by solitary individuals in the torrid and the frozen regions, under circumstances the most difficult and appalling, should teach us that, when we ought to attempt, we should never despair. The reason why men oftener succeed in overcoming uncommon difficulties than ordinary ones, is, that in the first case they call into action the whole of their resources, and that in the last they act upon calculation, and generally undercalculate. Where there is no retreat, and the whole energy is forward, the chances are in favour of success; but a backward look is full of danger. Confidence of success is almost success; and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them. There is something in resolution which has an influence beyond itself, and it marches on like a mighty lord amongst its slaves; all is prostration where it appears. When bent on good, it is almost the noblest attribute of men; when on evil, the most dangerous. It is by habitual resolution that men succeed to any great extent; impulses are not sufficient. What is done at one moment is undone the next; and a step forward is nothing gained, unless it is followed up. Resolution depends mainly on the state of the digestion, which St. Paul remarkably illustrates, when he says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

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ART OF DINING.—*Concluded.*

I concluded the article on the art of dining in my last number with promising to make some observations on the use of champagne. Of whatever materials composed, I never knew a party that could be said to go off ill, where there was a judiciously liberal supply of good champagne. I say judiciously liberal, because there may be too much, as well as too little, though the error, comparatively speaking, is seldom on the side of excess; but I have seen, when a party has been raised to what I call the champagne point of conviviality, that an extra quantity has caused a retrograde movement, by clogging the digestive powers. In this, as in all other matters relating to the table, but here especially, much must depend upon the eye, the judgment, and the resolution of the master. He must have liberality to give, attention and skill to regulate, and courage to stop. There are two classes of dinner-givers to whom I do not address myself on this subject, because I know it would be in vain. The first is that class who began their career, and had their habits formed during the war, when champagne was double the price it is now. They gave it then like drops of blood, and I have never yet seen an instance of liberalisation. The second class is that who merely give it as a part of their state, and deal it out to the state prisoners round their table only to tantalise them. I have no hope, then, of producing any effect, except upon those who date their assumption of table government on this side the battle of Waterloo, and who have, or are capable of acquiring, the same contempt of show that I myself have.

To give champagne fair play, it ought to be produced at the very beginning of dinner, or at any rate after one glass of sherry or madeira. Any other wines rather unfit the palate for it. The usual mode is, as with other delicacies, to produce it after the appetite is somewhat palled, and I have often thought it particularly ungallant and ungracious, where there are ladies, to keep it back till a late period of dinner, and such a practice often presents an absurd contrast of calculation and display. According to my doctrines, the champagne should be placed upon the table, so that all may take what they like, when they like, till the presiding genius pronounces in his own mind that there has been enough, which is not difficult to a practised eye. This supposes a supply at discretion up to the champagne point, which is very agreeable on particular occasions, or now and then without any particular occasion, but would not be convenient to most people, or even desirable, if convenient. I am far from objecting to a limited supply, even the most limited—that is, one glass round; but I do object to the period when it is usually served, and to the uncertainty with which it is served. Where it is handed round, and meant to be so only once, twice, or any greater fixed number of times, to which limits there can be no objection, the rule I would lay down is, that it should be handed round after the first glass of sherry, and if more than once, without any other wine between, and that it should be contrived to notify beforehand what the supply will be. It might be thought rather awkward to make the communication. That, I think, would depend on custom and tact. I am sure I should have no hesitation in making it, and, at any rate, the awkward effects often arising from uncertainty would be much greater. What can exceed the awkwardness of two persons who are going to take wine together, beating about the bush to get each the other to propose champagne—a scene I have frequently witnessed between the best bred people? What can exceed the awkwardness of asking for it when there is no more, or of waiting till a fresh supply is brought, contrary to the original intention? All these awkwardnesses are the consequences of uncertainty, and are much at variance with the ease which is essential to conviviality. An announciation that there is champagne without limit, or that it will be handed round once, or twice, or oftener, saves these embarrassments. If it is placed upon the table, I would make a similar announciation, as indeed I always do, that there is to be one bottle, two, or more, or at discretion. Then people know what they are about, and are at their ease, for want of which there is no compensation. By means of previous announciation, even the entertainers of the old school, and the men of state, might make their calculation available to a satisfactory purpose. The advantages of giving champagne, with whatever limit, at the beginning of dinner are these: that it has the greatest relish, that its exhilarating quality serves to start the guests, after which they seldom flag, and that it disposes people to take less of other wines after, which is a relative, and sometimes even an absolute, saving to the pocket of the host, and it is undoubtedly a saving to the constitutions of his guests. With wines, as with meats, serving the most delicate first diminishes consumption—a desirable effect in all respects. I know that a couple of glasses round of champagne at the beginning of dinner, will cause a less consumption, and with better effect, than the same quantity, or more, at a later period; and where there are ladies, the portion they choose to take, is most grateful to them upon this plan, and often the only wine they wish to accept. At the present price of champagne, if it is judiciously given, I believe it is on many occasions little or no additional expense, and its effect is always contributive of exhilaration. By promoting exhilaration it promotes digestion, and by diminishing the consumption of other and perhaps stronger wines,

is consequently favourable to health. No other wine produces an equal effect in increasing the success of a party; and a judicious champagne giver is sure to win the good will and respect even of those who can command it at pleasure, because a great deal depends upon the mode of dispensing it. If it is handed round often it should not be handed round quick, at least after the second glass, but at such intervals as the host points out. If it is placed upon the table within every one's reach, his nicely regulating power is requisite to give it sufficient, but to restrain over circulation. As the only anxiety of many, who give parties regardless of expense, is that they should go off well, I must repeat that they cannot fail, if there is a liberal supply of good champagne heartily given. Of course there will be various degrees of success depending upon various circumstances, but champagne can always turn the balance to the favourable side, and heartiness in giving will compensate for many defects in other particulars. I must here add, that in little *fêtes champêtres* champagne has great efficacy, and is a specific against that want of spirit that not unfrequently occurrs; also on any convivial occasion, where there is an absence of something desirable in the way of comfort or convenience, or where any disappointment has happened, champagne is the most powerful auxiliary in remedying the omission, and making it forgotten. In short, where champagne goes right nothing can well go wrong. I think it quite a waste to produce it, unless it is iced, or at least of the temperature of cold spring water, and in hot weather, its coldness is one of its most effective qualities. The less it is mixed with other wines, the better it agrees with any one, and the objectionable effects attributed to it are often in reality the result of too much combination with other liquids. Taken simply, and in due quantity, I think there are few constitutions to which it would not be beneficial, and I have frequently seen invalids, who I have thought would have been all the better for an alterative course of it.

With respect to the kind of champagne to be preferred, that depends, I think, upon the occasion. The kind I have been alluding to throughout this article is the sparkling. I know many people affect to hold it in utter contempt in comparison with the still; but I suspect not a few of them do so to show their grandeur and their learning, rather than from their real taste. Undoubtedly still champagne, generally speaking, is a higher class of wine, and in a more perfect state than the sparkling; but it is almost as difficult to compare the two as it would be to compare champagne with port. Still champagne is suitable to a grave party, talking over matters of state. But the sparkling is much better adapted to give brilliancy and joyousness, and for that purpose I believe would be preferred by almost every body. Its very appearance is inspiring. In wines there is about the same difference between these two, that in poetry exists between Paradise Lost and the Rape of the Lock. When sparkling champagne is opened, the cork should not fly out as from a bottle of soda water. When it does, it marks that the wine is in too crude a state, and has not been sufficiently fermented. I think its good qualities are the most effective when it is somewhat more active than merely creaming; when it has a certain liveliness, combined with flavour and coldness, which makes it, according to my taste, delightfully grateful. I believe I am now come to the end of the observations I had to make upon the use of champagne. I will here supply a slight omission in the proper place, on the subject of desserts. I have stated that I was no great friend to them, but I must mention that the most eligible mode I ever saw of serving them was by grouping the fruit upon a low wooden plateau, which was placed in the middle of the table. It was the least trouble in setting on, it left the greatest space, and had the richest and most tasteful appearance. I doubt whether after dinner is a proper time to serve ice, that is, if dinners are arranged, as I have recommended in a former number, according to the season. I am rather inclined to think that ice would be better alone, and later in the evening. It certainly spoils the palate for a time for wine, and is principally grateful, before the dessert, in counteracting the heating and oppressive effects of overgrown repasts.

My next topic is the means of limiting dinners to small parties, and the effect of such limit in carrying on society in the most convenient and agreeable manner. The apparent impediments to small parties are large families and numerous acquaintance. I shall here assume that small parties are the most desirable, if attainable, and that the system I advocate of moderate repasts, whether simple as to the number of dishes, or varied, and totally free from state and ostentation, is the best. In such a system the trouble of cooking and serving would be much less than in the present mode of entertaining company, and the whole business less complicated and anxious, and as far as acquaintances are concerned, one party might be divided into two without any increase of household care, but the reverse. If it is considered necessary to have a numerous company on the same day, I should think it advisable to divide them into two or more tables; because, as it is impossible there should be an unity of party at a table above a certain size, there is the best chance of it by such divisions as may each secure an unity. By an unity I mean where there is general conversation only, instead of particular or partial. It is absurd to call that one party which is broken into many, but which sits at one table. Sociability would be much promoted by at once forming it into divisions at different tables. I have heard of this being practised at ball suppers with the greatest success, and I do not see why there should not be equal success at dinners. It is always to be borne in mind that setting out a dinner-table is a far less operose business according to my doctrines than according to prevailing custom, and that setting out and serving two tables for eight persons each, would not be so much trouble as it now is to set out and serve one table for sixteen; whereas in the former case there would be two agreeable parties, instead of one dull one in the latter. The same principle applies most strongly where there is a large family. Division of tables on occasion of entertaining company would then in my opinion be particularly convenient and advantageous; and I should think that often dinners at different hours of the day, according to the avocations or inclinations of a large family, and their intimacies, would greatly promote its well being. It might suit some to dine at one hour and some at another, and to entertain their particular friends in an easy way, with a reunion of the whole in the evening, when numbers may meet advantageously. A free, simple style of living would admit of this without difficulty. Suppose for instance one part of a large family dining at four o'clock, with or without any strangers, and another at seven, according to their previous arrangements, and all meeting in the drawing-room, or disposing of themselves according to their different pursuits. One of the great advantages of a simple, stateless style of living is, that it admits of so much liberty in various ways, and allows of many enjoyments, which the cumbrous style totally prevents. I think it would be the perfection of society if there were a constant current of small dinner parties for the purpose of enjoyment only, and a general mixing up on easy terms in the evening, according to each person's circle of acquaintance. I have heard people say that they have tried to get evening society, according to the French manner of droppers in, but that they have never been able to succeed. The truth is, that no individual, or small number of individuals, will ever make such a plan succeed for long together. It must be the general custom in order to have permanent and complete success. I have frequented houses in that way at times, but always found it more irksome than agreeable, simply from the uncertainty of finding the inmates at home, and the repeated disappointments of finding them out. These objections would vanish if the custom of receiving in an evening were general, because if one family was not at home, another would be, and a person in search of society would be sure to find it somewhere, instead of returning unsuccessful. It is an annoyance to prepare, and make up one's mind, for society, and then not to meet with it. The temptation to remain at home is too strong to venture upon a speculation, where there are so many chances against success. But if any one had a number of acquaintances in the same quarter, who received in an evening, an inclination for society might always be gratified with sufficient certainty to induce the attempt. Some visible sign, indicating whether they received at any house on any given evening, or whether the number was full, would save trouble to visiters, and would ensure complete privacy, whenever desired, or society to the extent desired, and not beyond. It would be a great improvement in the world, and a great advantage to the rich, if they would spend that portion of their means which they dedicate to social intercourse, in procuring real enjoyment for their visitants, rather than in that state and display, for which no reasonable person cares, or which, it may be truly said, every reasonable person dislikes and despises. If, for instance, a rich man were to give simple dinners, and provide his guests with accommodation at places of public amusement, he would give them more satisfaction than by inviting them to the most sumptuous entertainments, and would most likely much increase his own enjoyment. Such a practice would tend greatly to improve public amusements, and would add to their interest by giving brilliancy to the scene. There are many ways in which those who have a command of means, have opportunities of rendering social intercourse with them peculiarly advantageous and interesting to persons of smaller fortunes; but as it is, in general, the richer the host the duller the entertainment, principally because expense is lavished in the wrong direction, without taste, or invention, or rational end.

In order to make a dinner go off well, a good deal often depends upon the giver's mode of receiving his company. In the first place, he should always be ready; he should receive cordially, so as to let his guests feel inspired by an air of welcome; and he should set them well off together by the introduction of suitable topics. It is usually seen that the host receives his guests almost as if they were strangers to him, and after a word or two, leaves them to manage for themselves as well as they can, by wandering about, or turning over books, or some resource of that sort, if they happen not to be well known to some of the company; and even persons who are in the habit of meeting, often seem to be actuated by a feeling of mutual reserve, for want of being well started by the host. It frequently requires some time after the dinner has commenced, to take off the chill of the first assembling; and in respect to individuals, it sometimes never is taken off during the whole party. During dinner it is expedient for the head of the feast to keep his eye upon every thing around him, and not to occupy himself exclusively, as many do, with those immediately near, or, what is worse, to sink into fits of abstraction or anxiety. The alacrity and general attention of the host furnish the spring from which the guests usually take their tone, and where they are not well known to each other, it is good to address each frequently by name, and to mention subjects on which they have some common interest. There is also much tact required in calling into play diffident or reserved merit, and in preventing too much individual monopoly of conversation, however good. In order to have perfect success, the guests must be capable of being well mixed up together, and the host must be capable of mixing them, which unfortunately few are; but many are much more capable than they appear to be, if they would turn their attention to the subject. These latter observations are more applicable to large parties than to small ones, but they do apply to both.

I have now come to the conclusion of what occurs to me on the subject of aristology, or the art of dining and giving dinners, which subject the reader will perceive I have treated in the most familiar, and perhaps too careless a way. I have written off-hand, as matter suggested itself from the stores of experience. I have always advanced what I thought to be right, without the slightest fear of being sometimes wrong; and I have given myself no thought as to exposure to ridicule, or any thing else. My object is in this, as in every other subject on which I touch, to set my readers to think in the right track, and to direct them in their way as well as I can. I consider what I have said on the art of dining to be a part of my observations on the art of health, which subject I shall continue under the latter title in my next number.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Saracen.—Madame Cottin's romance has been taken as the ground-work of a new opera by Costa; it was performed at Paris in January, and on the first night met with a success unequaled since the first representation of Bellini's "Puratani." At the conclusion of the second act the young composer was dragged rather than led forward by Lablache, to receive the compliments of the public. Much disapprobation, however, is bestowed by the critics upon a mad scene assigned to Grisi. Bellini and Donizetti had already satiated the public with crazy heroines. The dramatist has deviated but little from Madame Cottin's beautiful romance; the subject which he has selected is half religious, half heroic; it treats of that portion of history when the English, with its puritans of that period, enlisted under the banners of the cross to deliver the holy city from the grasp of the Saracens; the poet, it is said, has succeeded in describing the stirring scenes of the time, sometimes in verse of extreme poetical

beauty, and in perfect keeping with musical and dramatic effect.

Dr. R. M. Bird has become associate editor of the American Monthly Magazine, which will no doubt prosper.

The Original.—"The Art of Dining" is concluded in the Journal to-day, and with it nearly close the papers of "The Original," much to the relief of some readers, probably, but to the regret of others who understand the author's pecular humour, and relish a good thing as well as a good dinner, and "high health." The writer died in Belgium, whither he had gone with a commission to examine into the nature of poor laws and prisons.

Wordsworth.—Two weeks since we mentioned the fact that a new library edition of Wordsworth's complete works had been issued by Kay & Brother, of this city, arranged and edited by Professor Henry Reed. In looking over the new half volume of the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, we were pleased to find in the memoir of our esteemed fellow townsman, Dr. Thomas C. James, that he had not only justly estimated the beauty and value of Wordsworth's writings, but had anticipated the fact which is now manifest, that his poems would become general favourites. Mr. Tyson remarks:—

"Of the poets of the present day, he gave the highest praise to Campbell, though he slyly but intensely admired Wordsworth for unaffected beauty and nature. When the current of popular taste was running in opposition to the gentleness and quiet of Wordsworth, Dr. James, in reply to the playful allusion of his friends to his partiality for the poet, would sometimes seriously, sometimes jestingly remark, that a time would yet come when the felicity and powers of Wordsworth would be appreciated and acknowledged. Judging from the present tenour of the British periodicals, that time, at least, in England, is fast approaching, if not already arrived."

This edition, prepared with so much care, and printed in a beautiful style of art, is destined to assist materially in making known to American readers "the felicity and powers of Wordsworth."

Wraxall's Historical Memoirs are concluded to-day in the Library, much to the regret, no doubt, of many readers who are fond of "the gossip of history." On Friday next the "Memoirs and Private Anecdotes of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw and Vienna," by the same entertaining author, will be commenced in Waldie's Literary Omnibus, from which date new subscribers to that work will be served, the early numbers being all disposed of. The London Monthly Review bears the following high testimony to the value of the memoirs and anecdotes:—

"Though few subjects furnish more interesting matter than may be derived from anecdotes of living characters, yet they are too frequently ushered into the world under very exceptionable circumstances. Nevertheless as they contain amusement they will find readers; whence it sometimes happens that a work of this kind is received with avidity, while the publication of it incurs general censure. In the memoirs under present consideration, we have particularly to commend the writer's sense of propriety in this respect. Though originally collected with a view to publication, their appearance was delayed by a reluctance to disclose facts of a private nature, during the lives of the persons to whom they related. Mr. Wraxall has been one of our most useful travellers; he has united great diligence with good opportunities of acquiring information. The style of his memoirs is clear and polished, without other ornament than what naturally occurs, and they are concise without obscurity. We shall only add that they abound throughout with enlivening anecdote, and that the reader's time and attention will be amply repaid, whether his search be for information or amusement."

The Indian Portraits.—The *fluttering* of the editor of the Indian Biography is sure evidence that he deserves the arrow; but a word to the wawise is not enough; we wait for the second number.

Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence.

"Bent's list of New English Books and Engravings for 1836," exhibits a decrease of new publications last year, the number of books amounting to 1250, (1500 volumes,) exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being 150 *less* than in 1835. The number of engravings is 98, (including 40 portraits,) 17 of which are engraved in the line manner, 66 in Mezzotinto, and 15 in chalk, aquatinta, &c.

In the Press.

The fourth and last volume of the Fauna Boreali Americana, containing the Insects, by the Rev. W. Kirby, F. R. S., &c. Saint Agnes' Fountain, or the Enshrined Heart, an old English Legendary Ballad, with other Poems, by T. W. Kelly, author of "Myrtle Leaves." With numerous illustrations, Temples, Ancient and Modern, or Notes on Church Architecture, comprising the Principles which should guide us in the erection of new churches, by W. Bondwell, architect. Sermons preached at Hodnet, by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M. A., author of the "Records of a Good Man's Life." Lectures on Romanism and Dissent, by the Rev. J. H. Newman, M. A. A Treatise on the Church of Christ, by the Rev. W. Palmer, author of "Origines Liturgicæ."

List of new books published in London to latest dates.

Glenlonely, a novel, 3 vols. Heath's Gallery of British Engravings, Vol. II., royal 8vo. The Transactions of the Entomological Society of London, Vol. I. Part III. Harmony of Christian Faith and Character, by John Abercrombie, M. D., 18mo. The Culture and Discipline of the Mind, by John Abercrombie, M. D., 18mo. Sandford and Merton abridged and modernised, by Miss R. M. Zornlin, 12mo. The Family History of England, Vol. III., by Gleig, 12mo. Beauties of the Country, by Thomas Miller, post 8vo. Lectures on the History of Moses, by the Rev. J. S. Ross, 12mo. Confirmation of Maria Monk's Disclosures, by the Rev. J. J. Slocum, of New York, 18mo. Flittings of Fancy, by R. Sullivan, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. Rambles in Egypt and Candia, by Capt. C. R. Scott, 2 vols. 8vo. An Essay on Natural Religion and Revelation, by the Rev. J. Gidderdale, post 8vo. Something New from Aunt Mary, by Mary Hughes, 18mo.

New American Publications.

Minor Morals for Young People, illustrated in Tales and Travels, by John Bowring. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The Elements of Political Economy, by Francis Wayland, D. D., President of Brown University, &c. &c. New York: Leavitt, Lord & Co.

The Youthful Impostor, a novel, by G. M. Reynolds. Carey & Hart.

Traits and Trials of Early Life, by L. E. L. Same publishers.

Wallenstein's Camp, from the German of Schiller, by George Moir, with a Memoir of Wallenstein, by G. W. Haven. Boston.

Letters of Heine on Modern German Literature, translated by G. W. Haven. Boston.

Lectures on the Morbid Anatomy, Nature and Treatment of Acute and Chronic Diseases, by the late John Armstrong, M. D., of London. Philadelphia: Desilver, Thomas & Co.

Agents for this Work.

MAINE.—Bangor, Duren & Thatcher.
VERMONT.—Montpelier, George P. Walton.
MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston, W. H. S. Jordan.
Worcester, Clarendon Harris.
CONNECTICUT.
New Haven, Herrick & Noyes.
Hartford, Roderick White.
RHODE ISLAND.
Pawtucket, J. M'Intyre & Co.
Providence, A. S. Beckwith.
NEW YORK.
New York, Peter Hill, 11, Old Slip.
West Point, J. H. Holt.
Hudson, P. Dean Carrique.
Albany, W. C. Little.
Rochester, C. & M. Morse.
Utica, Wm. Williams.
Buffalo, A. Wilgus.
Schenectady, Samuel Andrews.
NEW JERSEY.
Trenton, D. Fenton & B. Davenport.
Salem, J. M. Hannah.
Princeton, R. E. Hornor.
Newark, J. M'Intyre.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Mauch Chunk, William H. Sayre.
Lancaster, James F. Flood.
Easton, A. H. Reeder.
Pottsville, B. Bannan.
Montrose, W. L. Post, P. M.
York, D. Small, P. M.
Pittsburgh, Johnston & Stockton.
Chambersburg, Matthew Smith.
Wilkesbarre, E. W. Sturdevant.
Carlisle, George M. Phillips & Co.
OHIO.—Cincinnati, Corey & Fairbanks, M. Dawson, Alexander Flash.
Columbus, J. N. Whiting.
Maumee, John E. Hunt, P. M.
Steubenville, J. & B. Turnbull.
Zanesville, Adam Peters—Uriah Parke.
MARYLAND.
Baltimore, N. Hickman.
Annapolis, J. Greene, P. M.
Cambridge, C. Lecompte, P. M.
Darnestown, L. W. Candler.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
Washington City, Frank Taylor.
Alexandria, W. Morrison.
VIRGINIA.—Richmond, R. D. Sanxay.
Norfolk, R. C. Barclay,—U. H. Forbes & Co.
Petersburg, A. N. Bourdon.
Lynchburg, A. R. North.
Portsmouth, U. H. Forbes & Co.
Fredericksburg, John Coakley; E. M'Dowell.
University of Virginia, C. P. M'Keanie.
KENTUCKY.
Louisville, John M. Campbell.
TENNESSEE.
Nashville, White & Norvell, W. A. Eichbaum.
Lexington, John W. Trumbull.
NORTH CAROLINA.
Raleigh, Turner & Hughes.
Fayetteville, J. M. Stedman.
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Charleston, John P. Beile.
Camden, A. Young.
Columbia, B. D. Plant.
Sumterville, H. Haynesworth.
GEORGIA.—Augusta, T. H. Plant.
Savannah, W. T. Williams.
MISSISSIPPI.
Natchez, F. Beaumont.
Grand Gulf, William M. Smyth.
ALABAMA.—Mobile, J. S. Kellogg & Co.
LOUISIANA.—New Orleans, C. H. Bancroft.
Franciscville, J. M. Bell, P. M.
MISSOURI.—St. Louis, Meech & Dinnies.
MICHIGAN.—Detroit, George S. Meredith.
CANADA.
Quebec, J. Tardiff.
Cornwall, U. C. Duncan M'Donell.
Montreal, Armour & Ramsey.
Toronto, Ballard.
Brockville, Wm. Bewell, Jr. & Co.
Hamilton, James Ruthven & Co.
William Henry, Peter M'Nie.
NEW BRUNSWICK.—Fredericton, Robert Gowan.
St. Johns, Alexander Robertson.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY ADAM WALDIE.

46 CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay; a tale of Kentucky. By the author of "Calavar," &c. 2 vols. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

No one need fear the disappointment of a story without interest, in taking up this latest work of a very spirited pen. The talents of the author have been too often put to successful proof to allow any room for misgivings on this score. Power he is universally admitted to possess; and few know better when and where to expend their force effectively than he. In the present work he has been eminently happy in this respect: his epoch is in the most stirring and eventful times—his scene is the most interesting portion of our country, and his actors are Kentucky hunters, (alas! sometimes of men) marauding borderers—wild and relentless savages—or worse—half breeds and renegades; with a sprinkling of gallantry and beauty, wandering forth from the realms of the Old Dominion. With such materials, it is not at all wonderful that the powers of Dr. Bird should produce a thrilling and heart-moving (we had almost said heart-rending) book. Beyond almost every thing of the story-kind of the present day is the intense interest excited in the course of the progress through his volumes. Terrible to the senses are numerous passages, heaping horror on horrors—Pelion upon Ossa—until the surcharged breast shudders with the effort of casting off, by a burst of indignation or a flood of tears, the accumulated burden.

These are points to exhibit the powers of the writer, and strike us as being happy efforts of occasional display—isolated bursts of genius to captivate or astound—rather than harmonising parts of a great and glorious whole; and their effect on the mind is to keep it in an anxious and trembling state of suspense, throughout the whole conduct of the story, too little, scarcely at all, relieved by moments of purer pathos, or the evolution of the kindlier sentiments of the soul.

Yet this accumulation of terrors is doubtless efficient for the author's purpose. We are fully of the opinion that it will make a fair account current for him with his bookseller—for the interest created is of the most intense and vivid character—a tale of blood and craft—of wild adventure and reckless onslaught, for which the common mind is ever on the search, and the common mood ever ready to enjoy; and if the writer aimed alone at a saleable article he has fulfilled all the conditions of his authorship.

But there are other, better, nobler, purposes of book-making than this. Intellectual powers of the highest order are bestowed for worthier uses than ministering to the most vindictive and destructive passions of our nature. Is there no impropriety in catering for a morbid appetite, for blood and carnage? is the kindliness of social relationship nought—is the inculcation of Christian mercy a farce? Sternly as this may sound, the remarks are forced upon us by a reperusal of the work named above. Not upon a first reading have we ventured a dictum of rebuke to an author we so highly esteem. Our second reading was aloud, under the fairest auspices to arrive at a proper estimate of its moral tone, as well as of its all-absorbing interest, and we regret to say that it is as difficult entirely to approve of its scope and tendency as to stop short of, or even to proceed with any reasonable equanimity to, the conclusion of this fascinating yet harrowing tale of the woods.

But, though the truth may be developed, the tone of feeling it is calculated to foster is more than doubtful. It is of the borders in their wildest most vengeful days—if it be not even tainted with that "error of the moon" now raging, that would sweep from the path, not merely turn aside, every measure or man whose action is counter to the general views of feeling or interest. Now would not seem to be the most appropriate season for stirring the bile of the community against Indian barbarism and ill faith; or to trample still lower in the scale of humanity, the miserable remnant of a bloodthirsty and treacherous, yet much injured race. Cruel they ever were—vindictive also—and (perhaps) faithless—yet for all these, if punishment is atonement, deeply have they atoned (Oh! how deeply! even to their destruction) and the day has passed when it can be esteemed meritorious to awaken the slumbering passions of the whites against them.

Higher and nobler aims belong to philanthropy, and furnish fairer fields of action to the writer of fiction; and we trust that nobler themes yet await the pen of our author. He is well aware that high fame, no less than the exertion of high powers, belongs more to the peaceful themes of his art, than to the delineation of scenes of carnage; yet his is not the temper to shrink from any task for its danger or difficulty, and, when we can, we will as cheerfully bear testimony to the correctness of his tendencies, as we have always been ready to acknowledge the superiority of his genius.

The tale before us is highly dramatic in all its characteristics. The whole period of the action is comprised in a fortnight. The characters are not numerous, and but few of them elaborated—rather exhibiting themselves than depicted by the author, and scarcely a personage introduced who is not necessary to the conduct of the plot. Roland Forrester is a young Virginian, fresh from a four years' service in the army of the revolution, who at the approach of peace finds it necessary to seek his fortune, and those of a fair maiden cousin, his betrothed, in the wilds of the west. The tale opens with their arrival, in company with some hundred emigrants, at one of the "stations" in the wilderness. He is here introduced to some of the outlandish inhabitants of the borders, among whom is a certain Captain Ralph Stackpole, a "regular ring-tailed roarer," from Salt river, a fellow of daring enough to run Niagara falls in a "dug-out," and noisy enough to outroar the cataract itself—the very progenitor of the whole half-horse half-alligator tribe of the Big river. With this worthy commence the mishaps of our hero—for Roaring Ralph, who has had a very thorough practice in stealing Indian nags, takes a fancy to Forrester's brown charger, and larks it off the very night of his arrival. This delays his proceedings in the morning, and his friends jog on their way, leaving him, his fair cousin, and one servant, to follow on the recovery of the horse. The colonel of the station has promised a strong escort, but news of an Indian attack thwarts his good intentions, and they proceed on their perilous way, under the conduct of a single and reluctant guide; even he deserts them on the way, and is replaced by a wayward girl, who is aware (but does not disclose the fact) of an intention to waylay them on the road. Knowing this, she is constantly suggesting a deviation from the broad open road to avoid the danger, but without effect. The party are at length attracted into the forest by cries of distress; and, on their return to the road, are made fully sensible of an Indian ambush by the relation of Pardon Dodge, an unlucky wayfarer, who has narrowly escaped falling into their savage hands. Beset in front and rear, they at length yield to the advice of Telie Doe, their female guide, and strike into the forest in search of a different route. This brings us to a chapter in which the real difficulties of the travellers commence, and which we quote, not as a specimen of power, but because it introduces the *real hero*, and sounds the key-note to the whole story.

"Dodge's story, which was not without its interest to Roland, though the rapidity of their progress through the woods, and the constant necessity of being on the alert, kept him a somewhat inattentive listener, was brought to an abrupt close by the motions of Telie Doe, who, having guided the party for several miles with great confidence, began at last to hesitate, and betray symptoms of doubt and embarrassment, that attracted the soldier's attention. There seemed some cause for hesitation: the glades, at first broad and open, through which they had made their way, were becoming smaller and more frequently interrupted by copses; the wood grew denser and darker; the surface of the ground became broken by rugged ascents and swampy hollows, the one encumbered by stones and mouldering trunks of trees, the other converted by the rains into lakes and pools, through which it was difficult to find a path; whilst the constant turning and winding to right and left, to avoid such obstacles, made it a still greater task to preserve the line of direc-

tion which Telie had intimated was the proper one to pursue. 'Was it possible,' he asked of himself, 'the girl could be at fault?' The answer to this question, when addressed to Telie herself, confirmed his fears. She was perplexed, she was frightened; she had been long expecting to strike the neglected road, with which she professed to be so well acquainted, and, sure she was, they had ridden far enough to find it. But the hills and swamps had confused her; she was afraid to proceed,—she knew not where she was.

This announcement filled the young soldier's mind with alarm; for upon Telie's knowledge of the woods he had placed his best reliance, conscious that his own experience in such matters was as little to be depended on as that of any of his companions. Yet it was necessary he should now assume the lead himself, and do his best to rescue the party from its difficulties; and this, after a little reflection, he thought he could scarce fail in effecting. The portion of the forest through which he was rambling was a kind of triangle, marked by the two roads on the east, with its base bounded by the long-looked-for river; and one of these boundaries he must strike, proceed in whatsoever direction he would. If he persevered in the course he had followed so long, he must of necessity find himself, sooner or later, in the path which Telie had failed to discover, and failed, as he supposed, in consequence of wandering away to the west, so as to keep it constantly on the right hand, instead of in front. To recover it, then, all that was necessary to be done was to direct his course to the right, and to proceed until the road was found.

The reasoning was just, and the probability was that a few moments would find the party on the recovered path. But a half-hour passed by, and the travellers, all anxious and doubting, and filled with gloom, were yet stumbling in the forest, winding amid labyrinths of bog and brake, hill and hollow, that every moment became wilder and more perplexing. To add to their alarm, it was manifest that the day was fast approaching its close. The sun had set, or was so low in the heavens that not a single ray could be seen trembling on the tallest tree; and thus was lost the only means of deciding towards what quarter of the compass they were directing their steps. The mosses on the trees were appealed to in vain,—as they will be by all who expect to find them pointing, like the mariner's needle, to the pole. They indicate the quarter from which blow the prevailing humid winds of any region of country; but in the moist and dense forests of the interior, they are often equally luxuriant on every side of the tree. The varying shape and robustness of boughs are thought to offer a better means of finding the points of the compass; but none but Indians, and hunters grown gray in the woods, can profit by *their* occult lessons. The attempts of Roland to draw instruction from them served only to complete his confusion; and, by and by, giving over all hope of succeeding through any exercise of skill or prudence, he left the matter to fortune and his good horse, riding, in the obstinacy of despair, whithersoever the weary animal chose to bear him, without knowing whether it might be afar from danger, or backwards into the vicinity of the very enemies whom he had laboured so long to avoid.

As he advanced in this manner, he was once or twice inclined to suspect that he was actually retracing his steps, and approaching the path by which he had entered the depths of the wood; and on one occasion he was almost assured that such was the fact by the peculiar appearance of a brambly thicket, containing many dead trees, which he thought he had noticed while following, in confidence, after the leading of Telie Doe. A nearer approach to the place convinced him of his error, but awoke a new hope in his mind, by showing him that he was drawing nigh the haunts of men. The blazes of the axe were seen on the trees, running away in lines, as if marked by the hands of the surveyor; those trees that were dead, he observed, had been destroyed by girdling; and on the edge of the tangled brake, where they were most abundant, he noticed several stalks of maize, the relics of some former harvest, the copse itself having once been, as he supposed, a corn-field.

"It is only a tomahawk improvement," said Telie Doe, shaking her head, as he turned towards her a look of joyous enquiry; and she pointed towards what seemed to have been once a cabin of logs of the smallest size,—too small, indeed, for habitation,—but which, more than half fallen down, was rotting away, half hidden under the weeds and brambles that grew, and seemed to have grown for years, within its little area; "there are many of them in the woods, that were never settled."

Roland did not require to be informed that a 'tomahawk improvement,' as it was often called in those days, meant nothing more than the box of logs in form of a cabin, which the hunter or land-speculator could build with his hatchet in a few hours, a few girdled trees, a dozen or more grains of corn from his pouch thrust into the soil, with perhaps a few poles laid along the earth to indicate an enclosed field; and that such improvements, as they gave pre-emption rights to the maker, were often established by adventurers, to secure a claim, in the event of their not lighting on lands more to their liking. Years had evidently passed by since the maker of this neglected improvement had visited his territory, and Roland no longer hoped to discover such signs about it as might enable him to recover his lost way. His spirits sunk as rapidly as they had risen, and he was preparing to make one more effort to escape from the forest, while the daylight yet lasted, or to find some stronghold in which to pass the night; when his attention was drawn to Telie Doe, who had ridden a little in advance, eagerly scanning the trees and soil around, in the hope that some ancient mark or footstep might point out a mode of escape. As she thus looked about her, moving slowly in advance, her pony on a sudden began to snort and prance, and betray other indications of terror, and Telie herself was seen to become agitated and alarmed, retreating back upon the party, but keeping her eyes wildly rolling from bush to bush, as if in instant expectation of seeing an enemy.

"What is the matter?" cried Roland, riding to her assistance. "Are we in enchanted land, that our horses must be frightened as well as ourselves?"

"He smells the war-paint," said Telie, with a trembling voice;—"there are Indians near us!"

"Nonsense!" said Roland, looking around, and seeing, with the exception of the copse just passed, nothing but an open forest, without shelter or harbour for an ambushed foe. But at that moment Edith caught him by the arm, and turned upon him a countenance more wan with fear than that she had exhibited upon first hearing the cries of Stackpole. It expressed, indeed, more than alarm—it was the highest degree of terror, and the feeling was so overpowering, that her lips, though moving as in the act of speech, gave forth no sound whatever. But what her lips refused to tell, her finger, though shaking in the ague that convulsed evry fibre of her frame, pointed out; and Roland, following it with his eyes, beheld the object that had excited so much emotion. He started himself, as his gaze fell upon a naked Indian stretched under a tree hard by, and sheltered from view only by a dead bough lately fallen from its trunk, yet lying so still and motionless that he might easily have been passed by without observation in the growing dusk and twilight of the woods, had it not been for the instinct-terrors of the pony, which, like other horses, and, indeed, all other domestic beasts in the settlements, often thus pointed out to their masters the presence of an enemy.

The rifle of the soldier was in an instant cocked and at his shoulder, while the pedlar and Emperor, as it happened, were too much discomposed at the spectacle to make any such show of battle. They gazed blankly upon the leader, whose piece, settling down into an aim that must have been fatal, suddenly wavered, and then, to their surprise, was withdrawn.

"The slayer has been here before us," he exclaimed; "the man is dead and scalped already!"

With these words, he advanced to the tree, and the others following, they beheld, with horror, the body of a savage of vast and noble proportions, lying on its face across the roots of the tree, and glued, it might almost be said, to the earth by a mass of coagulated blood, that had issued from the scalped and axe-cloven scull. The fragments of a rifle, shattered, as it seemed, by a violent blow against the tree under which he lay, were scattered at his side, with a broken powder-horn, a splintered knife, the helve of a tomahawk, and other equipments of a warrior, all in like manner shivered to pieces by the unknown assassin. The warrior seemed to have perished only after a fearful struggle; the earth was torn where he lay, and his hands, yet grasping the soil, were dyed a double red in the blood of his antagonist, or perhaps in his own.

While Roland gazed upon the spectacle, amazed, and wondering in what manner the wretched being had met his death, which must have happened very recently, and whilst his party was within the sound of a rifle-shot, he observed a shudder to creep over the apparently lifeless frame; the fingers relaxed their grasp of the earth, and then clutched it again with violence; a broken, strangling rattle came from the throat; and a spasm of convulsion seizing upon every limb, it was suddenly raised a little upon one arm, so as to display the countenance, covered with blood, the eyes retroverted into their orbits, and glaring with the sightless whites. It was a horrible spectacle—the last convulsion of many that had shaken the wretched and insensible, yet still suffering clay, since it had received its death-stroke. The spasm was the last, and but momentary; yet it sufficed to raise the body of the mangled barbarian so far that, when the pang that excited it suddenly ceased, and, with it, the life of the sufferer, the body rolled over on the back, and thus lay, exposing to the eyes of the lookers-on two gashes, wide and gory, on the breast, traced by a sharp knife and powerful hand, and, as it seemed, in the mere wantonness of a malice and lust of blood, which even death could not satisfy. The sight of these gashes answered the question Roland had asked of his own imagination; they were in the form of a *cross;* and as the legend, so long derided, of the forest-fiend recurred to his memory, he responded, almost with a feeling of superstitious awe, to the trembling cry of Telie Doe:—

"It is the Jibbenainosay!" she exclaimed, staring upon the corse with mingled horror and wonder;—"Nick of the Woods is up again in the forest!"

From this moment the Jibbenainosay presides over the destinies of the travellers, and after an hundred mishaps and adventures, the tale concludes with a signal yet merited revenge of his own, and a still more fatal act of retribution by the whole Kentucky population. Blood and violence and circumvention, hold undisputed possession of the volumes; scarcely relieved by occasional glimmerings of a milder and deeper pathos.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A Correspondent.—We insert the following letter, verbatim, as received from a female correspondent in a distant southern state; not so much for the sake of the compliment it contains—for of the influence of the Library we know less than its readers do, and are not vain enough to suppose the said influence originates in the Journal, but believe it depends upon the works in the body of the Library, over which we exercise the humble office of selection—but because it affords a favourable opportunity to reply explicitly to more than one friendly correspondent, though in sooth the number, equally friendly, but of an opposite way of thinking regarding the books published, is by far the largest:

Copy of a Letter from a Lady.

Mr. Editor,

Excuse the liberty of one who, though personally a stranger, has so long been indebted to you for a weekly pleasure, that she feels as though addressing an old friend. I form one of a party of invalids who have been engaged in that most hopeless of searches, a genial clime, and while thus peregrinating, your paper has always come to us fraught with pleasure; you must therefore allow us to express our thanks for the many instructive and delightful hours you have afforded us.

The appearance of the Omnibus we have hailed with the kindest wishes for its welfare, and look to it as a means of raising the level of the Library; the necessity of introducing much of a very trifling nature into that work has always been regarded as a great evil, though, from the variety in your numerous subscribers, it became incumbent on you to cater for all tastes, and when such matter appeared, we have put by our favourite, waiting patiently until our turn should come to be served. But in the Omnibus we see a relief to the evil, this is professedly devoted to lighter literature, and will, we hope, enable you to raise the character of the Library to such a standing as will silence all those who now object to its entrance into a family of young people, being thus forced to exclude very much that is excellent, from fear of the dross which has hitherto accompanied it.

Yours is a responsible station, for I can, without hesitation, pronounce, from our own observation, that your press exerts a greater influence on the rising generation of the Union than any half dozen other periodicals. You have done much in exciting a literary taste, and to do this, it required that many of the flowers of learning

should be presented; but this point has been gained, and you must feel honoured in reflecting on your agency in promoting a reading community. But having gone thus far, allow me to entreat that you will not feel satisfied without using your powerful weapons for permanent benefit, and that you will exert your influence in leading the American youth to become scholars, and, by strengthening the nutriment, feed them, not as babes, but men.

In the second number of the Omnibus we saw a short notice of Buckland's Geology, and promises of further portions; why not give us the whole? In your expeditious mode of proceeding, it would require but a few numbers of your Library, and would afford much gratification to a large portion of your friends, who, residing at a distance from the seaboard, must wait long and tedious months ere such works reach them through the ordinary channel. Could you not thus present us with books of a higher order than hitherto, and thus gradually improve the appetite which it is too much to be feared will, without such efforts, rest satisfied with that which should only be resorted to for relief from more laborious mental labour? Every inducement is now given to make us superficial: our press teems with amusement, and too frequently the really valuable is passed by. Will not you assist in stemming the torrent? E.

February 18, 1837.

It is proper that we refer, in the first place, to the original prospectus of the Library. It distinctly avows the plan on which the work is to be conducted, and promises *elegant literature*. Its design was precisely what our correspondent has pointed out; in other words, to create a taste for books. This is often prevented rather than fostered in young people, by placing the contents of an unattractive old bookcase *solely* before them. We believed that readers would not *grow* under such regimen. The mind rejects rather than seeks uncongenial food; but when once the appetite for reading is created, its desires are almost insatiable. The means of gratification then should be copiously supplied, avoiding *trash* in all its forms. Of this we think we have been most studiously careful. But when it was stated that we designed to serve a weekly feast for the gratification of people of taste, we never promised *science* as part of our course.* It has been occasionally introduced in this Journal as a side dish, or in the shape of a recommendation; and here it may be well to remark, that we have often recommended works of this class in reviews and notices, which came not within our plan to print. We have been, indeed, especially desirous to show that there are many good books, marking the character of the present age, which it is necessary for those who cultivate their intellects to study. The context of the remarks in the journal inculcates, that there are higher aims within the reach of the *reader* than our columns can accomplish; but we have still steadily pursued the path originally sketched out as the only one that could be successful. We should at any time prefer publishing books that are sought after, and could do no injury, to copying those which would not be read when issued;—books that would make it necessary to keep an army of *solicitors* riding over the country to invite people to subscribe—*bores* is the generic term of their race, and it is not inappropriate. Hundreds of periodicals subsist for a short time on the labours of these importunate couriers. In the case of the Library, no efforts of the kind have been made. Our army is composed of healthy volunteers, and we would not exchange them for four times the number of Hessian troops, often sold by one petty prince of puffery to another ambitious mountebank, and liable to desert in debt to the quartermaster at every turn.

Of the host of imitators of our plan, all set out with more or less profession of *utility*, thinking thus to attract the attention of the public to themselves. Not one of them ever arrived at a healthy manhood; they disappeared like gossamer in the sun; a little dew nourished their youth, but they have no longer existence. Silliman's Journal has been probably the best conducted work of utility the world ever saw. It yearly appeals, almost in vain, to the justice of the public, and some of these days, it is to be feared, it will be numbered among the missing. The question results to "E." and all who are disposed to think with her, whether there shall exist this liberal and intellectal banquet, or none. We deny emphatically that any properly constituted mind can object to its entrance into the family circle, "because of the dross which has accompanied it;" and on this point we are proud to appeal to the most intellectual, the best informed families in every state and territory of the Union. The list of new books regularly reported in this Journal will show a series of works, popular in their day, which we have *not* published, because they did not come up to our standard. So desirous has the editor been not to insert "dross," that he has read over more than one of the volumes published seven or eight times before decision, and where any doubt remained, has rejected hundreds. Novels, which some choose to call "dross," have not been as numerous as biography, travels, &c. Sickly, sentimental novels and tales have never been allowed; a higher standard than has heretofore prevailed has at least been *sought*, and the way thus prepared for a better taste; stemming the torrent, we have ascended the stream, and amidst many difficulties, have reached an important point. Shall we again grapple with the desires and inclinations, the settled principles of human nature, and embark in a crusade against the confirmed opinions of our patrons, by totally excluding what a few pronounce dross? or shall we rather lead the way to a course of wholesome and intellectual reading? Shall we season our "hot rolls" unpalatably, and prevent them from being bought; or "continue to furnish good books to the body of our intellectual and industrious population, to be received at their own houses, and read for instruction and recreation in their hours of leisure; to pour the stream of knowledge into the little channels which lead to every fireside, and by *insinuating* a taste for what some one has called the most innocent and lasting of our pleasures, to impart a new charm and a new attraction to that congregation of secure and blessed enjoyments which we call *home?*"

"Popular literature" we set out with; "novels, memoirs, tales, travels, sketches, biography, &c." are distinctly our province. Happily scientific books have greatly multiplied since this press was set in motion. It is not improbable that a *taste*, such as we have endeavoured to implant has laid the foundation for this increase. Grown up "babes" we do not aim to "feed;" their supply is found where pictures addressed to the eye rather than to the mind are a principal ingredient. Let any one notice the "popular literature" which inundates our land like a flood, and decide whether the stride this Library has taken be not an *advance;* let them then say, after counting up the great majority, whether the country will yet bear entirely solid food; whether it is not better for *all* that the "flowers of literature" should be still made to bloom.

One word more, and we have done with a subject not new to our study or thoughts. Our present correspondent, as many have done before, recommends a republication. Buckland's Bridgewater treatise is fixed upon in this instance, and as in many other cases, an insuperable obstacle, which she has not observed, is at once presented—the work *requires a whole volume of engravings* to make it intelligible! We are pleased to receive propositions and suggestions, but regret to add, that they are generally of an impracticable nature. It often occurs that a reader hears of a good book which is not accessible to him; straightway he sits down and taxes us with postage to suggest it, when it happens that the work is a copy-right, or has been recently reprinted for a second or third time, and already perused by nine tenths of our subscribers. In the case of the lady correspondent who prompts these remarks, we have not been taxed in any way, and it is for this reason that her appeal has met with respectful attention, with, at the same time, an acknowledgment of a high sense of gratification at the interest felt by such an evidently intellectual correspondent.

—

Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise, just issued in a handsome dress, (2 vols. 8vo.), by Carey Lea & Blanchard, though the last of the series is the most interesting, able, and satisfactory of the whole. The author is established authority in geological science, a science which has come upon the world in all the purity of *newness* as well as of exactness. Few facts are more remarkable, says Dr. Buckland, in the history of the progress of human discovery, than that it should have been reserved almost entirely for the researches of the present generation, to arrive at any certain knowledge of the existence of the numerous extinct races of animals which occupied the surface of our planet in ages preceeding the creation of man. This work will do much to spread a knowledge of the results of modern science, for it is at once one of the most complete, impressive, and delightful books of facts and reasoning yet issued by a teeming prese. The language, at once flowing, luminous, and eloquent, establishes principles, overthrows prejudices, and conquers the most stubborn disbeliever at a blow; and here we would remark, in passing, upon the vast difference of value between a *demonstrable* science like geology, and an obsure *supposititious*, one like phrenology, the first leading to positive and valuable knowledge, the other landing the enthusiast in a mist of doubt.

The chapter on the creation of the world, has led some to believe that the facts of geology as described in this Bridgewater Treatise, are at variance with the Mosaic history; but it is, we think, only necessary to peruse it with candour to be convinced of the error; truth must be looked directly in the face, whether persecuted in words or works, and it is safe to enquire which has been the most fairly interpreted. This chapter we consider as removing the great stumbling block which has obstructed the way of some enquirers, and as bringing facts to support, in the strongest manner, the truths of revealed religion. The work reminds us of a high priest of nature taught by her organic remains, advancing easily and

* The human mind *will* have amusement; how so well procure this in town or country as by reading? Has it ever occurred to E. that hundreds may have been kept at home by this work who would have sought excitement at drinking societies or at the gaming table? Is it nothing to present a substitute for public and mixed assemblies?

steadily to a known and happy elucidation of God's goodness in his ordinances.

The extensive plains and massive mountains of our globe are at length laid open to the eye and mind; the great charnel-houses of preceeding generations, in which the petrified exuviæ of extinct races of animals and vegetables are piled into stupendous monuments of the operations of life and death, during the almost immeasurable periods of past time, are opened to the day. "At the sight of a spectacle," said Cuvier, "so imposing, so terrible as that of the wreck of animal life, forming almost the entire soil on which we tread, it is difficult to restrain the imagination from hazarding some conjectures as to the causes by which such great effects have been produced." The deeper we descend into the strata of the earth, the higher do we ascend into archæological history of past ages of creation; we find successive stages marked by varying forms of animal and vegetable life, and these generally differ more widely from existing species, as we go further downwards into the receptacles of the wreck of more ancient creations; hence we learn the great age of our planet; the study of these remains, presents extinct species and genera, supplying links that had hitherto appeared deficient in the great chain whereby all animated beings are held together in a series of near and gradual connections; this discovery, amid the relics of past creations, of links that seemed wanting in the present system of organic nature, affords to natural theology an important argument in proving the unity and universal agency of a common great first cause, every individual being shown to be an integral part of one grand original design; in the study of these remains geology has found the great master-key whereby to unlock the secret history of the earth; they are documents, says the author, which contain the evidences of revolutions and catrastrophes, long antecedent to the creation of the human race; they open the book of nature, and swell the volumes of science with the records of many successive series of animal and vegetable generations, of which the creation and extinction would have been equally unknown to us, but for recent discoveries in the science of geology.

We dare not trust our pen to its full sway on this topic, but conclude by earnestly recommending this as one of the best books of the age; a magazine of information filled with delightful knowledge. One of the volumes is mainly composed of plates; hence the price, which though $6.00, is only half that of the London edition.

Mexican Antiquities.—The reader will find in the present number of the Library, besides other interesting matter, an article on the Antiquities of Mexico, from the Foreign Quarterly Review, to which we beg to call particular attention. It is rarely we meet with so much new information embodied in so small a space, and in such a masterly manner; the hand of a master is apparent throughout.

The "Monstre" Balloon.—We have received from an intelligent Philadelphian, now in Paris, a highly graphic account of his ascent in the "monstre" balloon, as the French call it, the same which conveyed a large party from London to Coblentz. The writer had no intention of joining the party, but, arriving on the ground at the time of departure, he was told one seat was unoccupied, and, on the spur of the moment, he jumped in, entirely unprepared, and gratified a long-cherished desire. Our space is occupied this week, but the letter shall appear in our next number.

Note Book of a Traveller.—The third of the series of extracts from the Note Book of a Traveller is in type, but unavoidably excluded to-day; the intelligent author, in the course of his observations, conducts the reader to the Isthmus of Panama, a locality but seldom described, where his official situation gave him fine opportunities for observation.

Railways.—We have received from the publisher, Mr. E. C. Biddle, a valuable manual entitled, "Methods of Location, or modes of describing and adjusting Railway Curves and Tangents, as practised by the Engineers of Pennsylvania, revised and extended by Samuel W. Miflin, Civil Engineer." The talents of the author are not unknown to us, and we think he has done a service to a good cause in this publication.

Wraxall's Berlin, &c.—On Friday last Wraxall's Private Anecdotes of the Courts of Berlin, Warsaw, &c. was commenced in Waldie's Literary Omnibus, from which date all new subscribers are supplied; the earlier numbers are out of print.

Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence.

An interesting contribution to the biography of Schiller has been published with the title of "Schiller's Flucht von Stuttgart und Aufenthalt in Mannheim von 1782 bis 1785," from the pen of the late M. Stricher, teacher of music at Vienna, a native of Stuttgart, and a partner in the adventures which he describes. The work is published by his children just as it was found among his papers, and the produce is destined for the subscription to the monument preparing to be erected in memory of Schiller.

A continuation of Prince Pückler-Muskau's Travels has just appeared, with the title of "Semilasso in Africa," in five volumes, with an atlas containing seven plates. It is wholly occupied with Algiers and Tunis.

A new work by Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, entitled "Biographische und Gemäld-Saal der morgenländische Geschichte," in six volumes, will be published early in 1837, by Leske of Leipzig and Darmstadt.

A new popular poet, named Kolzow, has made his appearance in Russia; he is the son of a cattle-dealer at Woronesch, and now twenty-six years old. His poetic talent, which he every where displayed in the steppes and in the markets, was developed in consequence of Dmitrijeff's poems having accidentally fallen into his hands. A small volume of Kolzow's poems was published at Moskau about the end of 1835.

During the past year a translation of the New Testament into the Mantchoo language, made for the Bible Society, has been printed at St. Petersburg. It is considered as one of the most elegant Oriental works printed in Europe; the China paper was made expressly for it. Liposoff, the translator, resided for a considerable part of his life in the East, especially in Pekin.

We are informed that the Russian Conversations-Lexicon numbers 7000 subscribers.

A History of the Campaigns in Asiatic Turkey in 1828 and 1829 is publishing at St. Petersburg. The author is Colonel Uschakoff, who was with the army as aide-de-camp to Prince Paskewitsch.

The number of academical institutions in Russia, which are under the direction of the ministry for public instruction, amounted in April last to 1662; of these 400 have been founded by the present emperor since his accession to the throne. In the years 1833–1835, 213 were established, and among them the Wladimer university at Kiew. The number of scholars at the public schools increases at the rate of about 6000 annually.

At the suggestion of the governor-general of the Caucasus, Georgia, and the Transcaucasian provinces, the emperor has approved of the establishment of a printing office at Tiflis, and the publication of a journal with the title of "Transcaucasian Newspaper."

The "London Lists" furnish the following additional announcements:—A new edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, with illustrative notes and anecdotes—A Memoir of King Charles II., and his court, by Mr. Theodore Hook; with some works of yet slighter staple; among which are Mr. Jerrold's Nell Gwynne, (a difficult subject to manage,)—a new tale, by Mrs. Trollope, who, we hear, has wintered at Vienna—another, Rory O'More, by Mr. Lover; The Old Commodore, by the author of Rattlin the Reefer; and Mr. Gleig's Traditions of Chelsea College. We hear also of a series of Sketches of the Domestic Life and Manners of Turkey (if the words may be applied to the life of harems, bazars, and coffee-houses), in preparation, by Miss Pardoe.

The Oriental Translation Committee has resolved, that a copy of the History of the Temple of Jerusalem, lately published under their auspices, shall be presented to Lady Hester Stanhope, and that it shall be bound in green, the sacred colour of the Mahomedans.

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Glenlonely, 3 vols. post 8vo.—Selection from the Museum of the Vatican, by George Whitwick, folio.—A dialogue in the Devonshire Dialect, with a Glossary, by J. F. Palmer.—Veterinary and Physiological Essays, by R. Vines.—Modern Society, the conclusion of "Modern Accomplishments," by Miss C. Sinclair.—A Supplementary Dissertation on the Sacred Chronology, being part 2 of "The Fulness of the Times," by W. Cuninghame, 8vo.—Sermons, by the late Rev. Hugh Stowell, 12mo.—Spain and Barbary, Letters to a Younger Sister, 8vo.—The Second Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, 8vo.—Zulneida, by the author of "The White Cottage," 3 vols. 8vo.—Digest of the Homœopathic Principles, by E. Williams, 18mo.—Despatches of the Marquess Wellesley, Vol. III. 8vo.—The Ornithological Guide, by C. T. Wood, 8vo.—History of Ireland to the Union, by Elizabeth Blacker, 12mo.—A Chemical Treatise on the Epidemic Fevers of the West Indies, by W. J. Evans, 8vo.—Sermons to a Country Congregation, by A. W. Hare, 2 vols. 12mo.—Barton and Castle's British Flora Medica, Vol. I.

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.

☞ Gentlemen making remittances by checks, would confer a favour by having them marked "good," by the cashier of the bank.

Mar. 9,—Matthew Smith, Chambersburg, Pa.
—— 9,—W. G. Nelson, Long Creek, Va.
—— 9,—Henry Blake, Portsmouth, O.
—— 9,—Robt. Aull, Independence, Mo.
—— 9,—Lorenzo Lewis, Audley, Va.
—— 9,—G. H. Dunn, Lawrenceburg, In.
—— 9,—R. E. Weeks, Newark, O.
—— 9,—T. G. Christian, Newark, O.
—— 9,—M. Dawson, & Son, Cincinnati, O.
—— 9,—Matthew Thompson, Cambridge, O.
Feb. 7,—Thos. Carter, Arkansas Post, Ark.
—— 21,—Thos. A. Sharpe, Demopolis, Al.
Mar. 9,—Matthew Smith, Chambersburg, Pa.
—— 9,—Postmaster, Flint River, Michigan.
—— 9,—Kelly Thomas, Paris, Ky.
—— 9,—Mr. Flinn, Darlington C. H., S. C.
—— 9,—G. W. Pennock, Coatesville, Pa.
—— 9,—G. M. Preston, Burlington, Ky.
—— 9,—C. Chambers, Burlington, Ky.
—— 9,—Mr. Hawes, Burlington, Ky.
—— 9,—E. Towsey, Burlington, Ky.
—— 9,—J. Miller, Winchester, Va.
—— 9,—Hon. I. Davis, Worcester, Ma.
—— 9,—John Gay, Statesville, N. C.
—— 9,—Saml. Otterson, Limestone Springs, no state mentioned.
—— 9,—A. J. Henry, P. M., Somerville, Te.
—— 2,—A. L. Campbell, Winchester, Te.

Agents, on remitting money, will confer a great favour, and save much unpleasant feeling, by letting us know the individual subscribers who should be credited. For want of this information, bills are sometimes sent to those who have paid.

New American Publications.

Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay, a tale of Kentucky, by the author of "Calavar," "The Infidel," &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Methods of Location for Railway Engineers, by S. W. Mifflin, civil engineer. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle.

Paul Pry's Delicate Attentions and other Tales, by the author of Little Peddlington, in 1 vol. being papers from the New Monthly. Carey & Hart.

Life in Paris. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Henrietta Temple. 1 vol. 8vo. same publishers.

Manual of Politeness. 18mo. W. Marshall.

NOTICE.

Will the gentleman who, on the 16th instant, sent to the subscriber a letter containing an enclosure, favour him with a private interview? From the most urgent motives, but with the very kindest feelings, the request is made.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY ADAM WALDIE.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Jan. 29th, 1837.

My dear Sir,

In a hurried letter to ———, written some days ago, I gave a hasty sketch of my exciting journey of the 9th instant, and promised farther details in a future letter. My friends have made me tell the story so very often, that I forget now how much, or what I wrote, so you must excuse me if I repeat what you already know. I believe you are aware that a balloon ascension has long been a cherished project with me, and that I had even made an unsuccessful application to Mr. Durand some years ago in New York. This darling hope has at length been gratified. I have soared in the air far above the clouds. Have seen the earth recede from me until the roar of one of its greatest cities was no longer heard. Have been hurried in an instant and as by magic from the busy throng, to solitude, silence, and space.

An ascension of the "ballon monstre" was announced for the 9th of January, at one o'clock, from the "caserne" of the "Faubourg Poissonniere;" but the morning was cloudy, the season unfavourable, and I went about my usual occupation, took a lesson from my drawing-master; left him at one, the hour announced for the ascension, hoping to arrive in time to see it. At the gate they told me to make haste, as they were all ready for the start. Pushing forward through the crowd I met Dr. Tucker, who told me there was still a place unoccupied in the car. The temptation was too great for me to resist; after an ineffectual attempt of the sentinel to stop me from entering the open space immediately around the car, I scrambled into it between the cords, shook hands with the doctor and Mr. Thorne, the only friends near me, stooped for a moment to arrange my feet, when the military music and the shouts of the spectators attracted my attention, and upon looking over I found we were rising slowly and majestically above the heads of the crowd.

Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, lovely faces were smiling upon us; good wishes sent after us. Our movement was imperceptible; the crowd appeared to be receding, and I was looking down and waving a flag, absorbed in the novelty of my situation, when to my surprise, a quantity of water* was thrown from the car upon the heads of the fine gentlemen and ladies below. The next moment a cry of alarm from the crowd, and the word "sit down, hold fast," from our aeronaut, interrupted my contemplations, and I found that we were going against the houses. After a moment of suspense we struck, and were all tumbled together pell mell in the bottom of the car. We continued thumping and dragging up the wall for a few moments, the balloon making a frightful noise over head, the gas forced out by the shocks almost stifling us, and we rolling over each other, not knowing what would happen next. I must acknowledge it was a moment of intense anxiety; fortunately it did not last long. The shocks ceased, the car swung violently; I ventured to look over, and as I did so, my side of the car rose against my breast, as the prows of the fishermen's boats do at Long Branch when they ride over a high breaker. The chimneys just below us seemed swinging backwards and forwards as if rocked by an earthquake; but we were clear! the danger was past. I disengaged the flag from under the *pile* of my companions, and the moment it was waved, the signal of our safety was answered by a shout of congratulation from the multitude below. It was impossible to refrain from laughing at the figure my companions cut. They were all as pale as death, (of course I suppose I was so too,) not a word was spoken for some time, though I must say they made up for it when they recovered from the alarm. The hats had been "enfoncé" and trodden under foot, with the exception of Count Zixy's, which had gone overboard with the French flag. One of the Frenchmen was sea-sick in the bottom of the car,—"Oh, monsieur, je vous demande pardon—mais faites toujours monsieur." I felt the effects of the swinging, but it was soon over, and I was able to enjoy the joke. The car soon became steady again, and we appeared to be perfectly at rest; but the gradual diminution of objects below made us aware that we were rising rapidly. The crowds upon the house tops, in the streets, and in the squares, became indistinct, and the great city had the appearance of a plan in relief; in about three minutes after leaving the ground, we entered the clouds, the earth disappeared, and for a short time we were completely enveloped in fogs and mist.

In a minute or two more, emerging from the clouds, we found ourselves in bright sunshine, and the thermometer rose about twenty degrees. The anchor, (weighing about 120 pounds,) was now let down to the extent of the cable, say 200 or 300 feet, each passenger was requested to have a bag of sand untied, and in readiness to be thrown out, and these preparations made, we had ample time to contemplate the singularity of our situation. A sea of snowy clouds was spread out below us as far as the eye could reach. The shadow of the balloon was seen distinctly defined upon the clouds, growing smaller and more distant as we ascended. A bright sun shone upon us, and a few light clouds (such as the sailors call mares' tails) were seen still high above us in the clear blue sky. The noise of carriages from the city, heard some time after we had passed the clouds, had now ceased. The rolling of drums was then heard, probably from Vincennes, and then all was silent.

The balloon moving with the wind, not a breath of air could be perceived, nor were we at any time sensible of our movement upwards or downwards; once or twice only, a slight rustling of the balloon, and its inclination from over the centre of the car, showed that we were entering a different current of air. Occasional openings between the clouds gave us a momentary view of the earth, and we could see the dark strips of cultivated land, and we took advantage of one of these moments of "look out below" to throw overboard a *Jonas* of a passenger, in the shape of a stone weighing twenty or thirty pounds, a piece of the chimney which we had carried off in the scuffle, and been obliged to take thus far, not daring to throw it down for fear of killing somebody.

A reaction now took place, and messieurs les voyageurs became very talkative. The accident was discussed, and the difference of opinion as to its extent showed the confusion of ideas during the panic. "I fear we have hurt somebody," said one, "for we knocked down a quantity of stones and bricks." "A whole chimney," thought another. "The side of a house," said a third, and so on. "Oh, que j'ai mal en cœur," said a Frenchman. "C'est l'emotion," said his neighbour. "C'est le gaz," said another. "It is the swinging," said I. "It's fright," whispered an Englishman. All combined, perhaps. The whole party had now become so loquacious, that Mr. Green had some difficulty in establishing silence, in order that his directions to his assistant might be heard and attended to. We were cautioned to remain perfectly quiet in the car during the descent, and above all were to remain in after touching, until every thing was secure, as one person by jumping out might endanger the safety of all the rest.

We had now been about forty minutes in the air, and were at an elevation of about a mile and a half, when Mr. Green told us to look over, and say whether we appeared to be descending. No movement was perceptible, but I observed that the bottom of the balloon was becoming flaccid, and was slightly arched upwards. A more careful observation downwards showed that the openings and irregularities in the clouds were growing wider apart and more distinct, and our shadow, which had traveled off to a great distance, now approached rapidly, growing larger every instant. I hardly think these symptoms would have attracted my attention however, without his question, and was surprised when he announced that we were falling at a rate which would bring us to the ground in a very few minutes if not checked. Some little nervous feeling was produced by this piece of news, and we looked out anxiously and listened. The faint sound of a church bell now reached us, announcing our return to the abode of our fellow beings. Ave Maria! I thought of my old favourite quotation—

> "When swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
> And the faint, dying day-hymn stole aloft,"

and uncovered and crossed myself as I used to do in Italy, at that beautiful and poetical appeal to the devotional feeling. If I never felt insensible to this appeal in the luxurious enjoyment of an Italian evening, you may imagine its effect under the circumstances in which it was now heard.

The violence which attended our departure from the earth, left some feeling of anxiety as to our landing, and we now looked anxiously to ascertain the nature of the country below us. Some ballast was thrown over as we approached the clouds, and we now had a momentary

* This was ballast, which it became necessary to throw out instantly, at a moment when sand could not be thrown into the eyes of the spectators without injuring them. I at first supposed it a sort of "mauvaise plaisanterie."

view of a small extent of country, a village, and a road, river, or canal, we could not determine which. The earth appeared very dark, as seen between, and in strong contrast with the white and sunlit clouds. It was soon again concealed from our view, until we passed through them, and then more ballast was thrown out, and our aeronaut kept us sometimes along over fields and houses at an elevation of about one thousand feet. We could see the flocks and the peasants at work, who gazed up in astonishment, and when we came within hailing distance, something like the following conversation took place: "Hola! la bas,—hola!—ou sommes nous!" "Tiens, mais la haut, dans le ballon." "Mais a quel distance de Paris?" "A neuf lieues." "Sur quelle route?" "Route de Strasbourg—merci."

We had traveled about twenty miles in rather less than an hour, and now made our final preparations for landing. We were approaching a little village, Charlet, and saw the whole population running out to see us. A slight change of wind carried us towards the village, and we were obliged to rise a little to clear it. Then descended a little, but the anchor not taking hold, we rose again to clear a row of trees, then came down in the next field, the anchor fixing itself firmly in the earth. Mr. G. urged us to lie down in the car at the moment we were to strike, and we of course took his advice, anticipating a violent shock. We might, however, have kept our feet, as we did not strike with much force. When I looked up, the cable was stretched taught. Being made fast to the hoop a few feet over our heads, the car remained in its proper position, rising up and down a little, and the balloon, now half empty, was blown over on its side, rising sometimes high in the air, and then falling again, and striking the ground with considerable force. After remaining a few moments in this situation, we directed the peasants (who under a mistaken wish to serve us had nearly cast off the anchor and sent us adrift,) to hold down the car until we all got out. It was some time after our landing before we got the balloon empty, and once or twice when the wind blew, it had nearly broken away in spite of the efforts of some twenty or thirty men and women to secure it. One unfortunate wight got his foot entangled in the netting, and was carried up fifteen or twenty feet and then dropped, to the great amusement of his companions. Fortunately he fell upon soft ground, and struck upon a part where there was no danger of breaking neck or limb. He seemed, however, to consider it a "mauvaise plaisanterie," and was far from enjoying the joke with his companions. When we had got the balloon rolled up, I rode over in a cart with two of my fellow-travellers to the nearest post town, where we found a more speedy conveyance, and got back to Paris before eight o'clock.

There was a reception at General Cass's in the evening, where I found nearly all my friends assembled, and received their congratulations on my safe return, and was obliged to talk and tell my story over so often that I grew quite hoarse. It appeared that they had been in great alarm for our safety, and considered us in imminent danger until they saw my flag. Some of the crowd declared they had seen a man fall from the car; others that we had swept the people off the house top in our passage. I have been twice to examine the locality, once with our townsman Mr. Fisher—who saw the whole affair, and gave me a very distinct account of the manner in which we struck—and have a correct sketch of the chimneys and house tops, &c., from which I will send you a drawing representing our situation. We had knocked off the coping and two or three courses of stone from a wall. I could not learn that any body had been hurt by the fall of the stones.

And now you will ask me whether the enjoyment compensated me for the risk. Indeed it did. The sensations felt I shall never forget; and I never did, nor do I now consider an ascension under favourable circumstances attended with much danger. Mr. Green informs me he has made two hundred and twenty ascensions without ever having met with an accident of any consequence, or even as serious as our rencontre with the house tops. This was occasioned by an unexpected *coup de vent* at the moment we commenced rising. We had eighteen hundred weight of ballast at the time, and of course could have risen as fast as we pleased by throwing some over. It was our wish, however, to remain in sight as long as possible, and a sudden puff of wind carried us against the high walls which surrounded the "caserne." The wall we touched must have been seventy or eighty feet high. The great size of the balloon makes it rather difficult to secure in landing, as the power of the wind is enormous upon so large and light a body, and you may imagine what it is for a car containing eight persons to strike the ground when going at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It is also a disadvantage to have so many companions: too much like a steamboat full of people in search of the picturesque. One should be left to the enjoyment of his own reflections in such a situation. Entire solitude I should prefer; but it requires constant attention to manage the balloon. Mr. Green was so much occupied during our expedition, that it was difficult to get any information from him. He has since informed me that the slightest change in the temperature, a few degrees, would make the balloon rise or fall. I think the most agreeable mode for an amateur would be to ascend with one person, a man experienced and cool, (you could not find a better than Mr. Durand, of New York,) and leave the whole management to him, and occupy himself in his observations and reflections.

I have no doubt that these excursions will soon become quite common. The greatest objection at present is the expense. As one of the French papers observed, "on risque sa vie,—mais, six cents francs! c'est autre chose." Every one to his liking, but I am sure *I* should much rather have a balloon than a yacht. Mr. Green is serious in his desire to attempt an aerial voyage across the Atlantic, and wishes to find somebody who will accompany him. He thinks that by taking advantage of the prevalent winds he could cross from *some part* of the American continent to Europe or Africa in a few days. At the rate we traveled, seven days would have been enough, and there was very little wind apparently at the surface of the ground. He startled me by saying he might have been in Turkey the day after his arrival from London in Coblentz. He had better try a journey overland to India or China first. Is there not something sublime in the idea of these rapid journeys over such immense distances? I asked him how he could tell in what direction he was moving at night, when the earth could not be seen, or when he was passing over the sea. His plan is to let down a cord of one thousand feet or so, which is to trail over the land or water, and would of course be carried out in the direction from which he was moving; this direction could be determined by the stars or compass. I suppose he could ascertain his place by astronomical observations for latitude and longitude, but I see no mode by which he could keep any sort of dead reckoning. He is not, however, a communicative person, and I could not get much out of him. Like most of his countrymen, he seems disposed to make a mystery of his business, and keep the results of his experience for his own private benefit. The great capacity of his balloon enables him to carry an immense quantity of ballast, and consequently to remain a long while in the air, and I have no doubt important meteorological observations and discoveries may result from his ascensions, should he be accompanied by scientific men supplied with good instruments. Constant or prevalent winds may perhaps be found at certain altitudes, which may be taken advantage of for certain journeys, but at present the ascensions are mere matters of curiosity,—"voyages d'agrement,"—picturesque and exciting promenades.

I wish I could convey to you by words one tenth of the enjoyment I experienced, but this would require powers of description far beyond my reach.

I remain yours, sincerely.

NEGROES OF JAMAICA.

THE NEW SYSTEM IN JAMAICA.

From the Note Book of a Traveller.—No. 3.

On the 4th of November, 1835, we reached Jamaica, and one of the first peculiarities which arrested my attention was the quarrelsome manners and tone of the negroes in the streets of Kingston. Their wrangling with each other on the wharves and at the corners, strongly contrasted with the habits of the same class of persons in Cuba. Each day I walked out in Kingston, I witnessed more quarreling, scolding, abuse and fighting among the labouring class, than during the whole month I spent in St. Jago. It appeared to me constitutional—it may be partly political. There are many things which at first sight strike the stranger's eye in their true colours; there are others which time and experience modify or entirely change. The above, however, I consider a very distinct peculiarity. In the house of correction I found two thirds of the inmates women, who were confined for fighting, quarreling, and petty thefts.

It is a curious fact that the English and French creole negroes have each a language distinct from that of the white nation which governs them. It is composed of an intermingling of various African dialects with the European, and an Englishman or Frenchman must learn this, like a new language, before he can understand them, while the Spanish creole negro speaks a comparatively pure Castilian.

Since the right of suffrage has been extended to all who pay a tax or own a freehold of the annual value of ten pounds, the coloured and black freeholders (the negroes form a majority,) have such a preponderance in the city of Kingston, that I was astonished to find two out of three of the delegates to the house of assembly from that city were men of colour.

Six men of colour had recently been chosen to the legislature from different parishes. There had never been more than two of this class elected previously, and none before the year 1831. The mayor and aldermen of Kingston are chosen every three years, and with the common council form the municipality. Two of the aldermen last elected are negroes, and some of the council are men of colour. One is a master drayman, another owns property in the fisheries, two confectioners, a dealer in pickles, and a schoolmaster, are also mentioned as administrators of, and under, the new regulations. The governor, Lord Sligo, admitted some coloured persons of education to his table.

Some negroes have been introduced among the police officers of Kingston, since the institution of special magistrates by the mother country. I saw one taking his rounds through the market house, dressed in an uniform blue coat with red collar. He acts as an ordinary constable, and arrests any person, white or other, who offends the laws.

On the 10th of November the house of delegates assembled at Spanish Town, and I had an opportunity of seeing those elected. One of the coloured members of assembly appeared to be greeted with much cordiality by the gentlemen who encountered him. He was of very light complexion, respectable and intelligent in his appearance; wealthy, and the *custos* of his parish.

The darkest man of colour in the assembly, in appearance about half blood, is the editor of a newspaper in

Kingston, a distributor of tracts, and agent of the Bible Society, &c. He is said to be a man of good natural ability, but violent in his language, shrewd, and untractable.

A modest, methodistical-looking young man, neatly dressed in black, his skin and hair of such light colour that I did not distinguish the traits of African descent, was also pointed out as being of this caste. His complexion was paler than that of the great majority of white gentlemen who sat about him.

I entered the court house at Kingston and saw two of the common council presiding; one was a black, the other a man of colour. This municipal court sits every morning to hear causes referring to the apprentices. The case before it was an assault of four blacks upon another one of the same colour. The hall was filled with negroes, who looked on with great seeming interest. In dress, manner, and general behaviour, they presented a much superior appearance to any assemblage of the same colour I had ever seen upon similar occasions.

The population of Kingston is estimated at 25,000. I was informed that more than 4000 children receive instruction in 85 public schools, open to each sex, and to all classes, colours, and religions. I visited three of the largest, which are conducted according to the system of Dr. Bell, modified by the Scotish practice. In those public schools where instruction is gratuitous, as was the case with those I saw, all children are received, even apprentices. There was no distinction made according to the colour. Some of the monitors are perfectly black, but the great majority are neither black nor white. The appearance of the children exhibited good health, intelligence, and cordiality. Private schools are, of course, more exclusive; many of these are conducted by persons of the Hebrew religion.

In the churches, the schools, the hospitals, the jails, the courts, the house of correction, the house of assembly, and the king's house, there was no distinction or separation, as is usual with us, between the persons of different colours.

Dr. Bancroft did me the favour to show me the public hospital and lunatic asylum, built for the use of the island. Two hundred patients are arranged without any reference to colour. In the episcopal churches, which were well attended, the majority consisted of free persons of colour, some of whom sat in pews with respectable whites. It was much the same in the catholic chapel; but in the Scotish presbyterian church there were not so many of the coloured caste. In the large baptist and methodist chapels, overflowing with people, almost all the congregation were coloured and blacks, the latter forming the largest proportion. It is about ten years since the children of different complexions began to mingle together in the schools and churches. I am told that very great changes of sentiment have taken place within a few years upon that subject. Some years ago a black man of fortune brought over from England a white woman as a servant, whom he afterwards married. The negro women were so much scandalised at what they termed his impudence, that he was violently abused by them upon every opportunity. The marriage ceremony was lately performed in one of the country parishes, between a white English woman and a negro, without exciting any particular rebuke.

Connections between women of colour and the whites are now sanctioned by marriage, which formerly existed without that tie, and marriages are more frequent among the negroes and coloured people themselves. I was told they evince more self-respect than formerly.

I had an opportunity of seeing some of the sugar plantations near Kingston. On one of 1000 acres, at which I breakfasted, (13th November,) there were 216 apprentices, but only 130 acres in canes. The gang, at work digging cane holes, looked healthy and good-tempered. Old women were cooking in the field, while at the same time they took care of the young children, all under six years old being free. The hands received an allowance of salted fish from the proprietor, although the law does not require it, for they have a day and a half, besides Sunday, of every week at their own disposal, to raise their own provisions, on grounds allotted for that purpose. Their labour is limited to nine hours each day; thus only forty and a half hours per week are for the master's service. The daily task is set according to the strength of the gang, and this is usually completed before the period affixed by law. They seldom get to the field before six o'clock in the morning. The overseer desired the hands, upon some pressing occasion, to work a day extra for wages; only one fourth of the people accepted the invitation. Beginning at six in the morning, they accomplished their usual daily task by three o'clock in the afternoon, earning, each of them, fifty cents, at the rate of twelve and a half cents for every four feet of cane-hole or trench; they then broke off unanimously.

On Fridays and Saturdays the negro apprentices are seen approaching the city in crowds, loaded with the produce of their gardens, or leading asses carrying panniers filled with fruits, vegetables, poultry, pigs, kids, &c. The money they thus receive is all their own, and they can will it to whom they please. A physician, who was present, informed me that, during an insurrection, a negro slave who was taken in arms and ordered to be shot, mentioned to the clergyman who attended him at his last moments to whom he wished his pigs, poultry, furniture, trinkets, nets, and canoe to be given. His will was written upon the spot, and his bequest faithfully fulfilled.

I met a gentleman who had twenty German emigrants, Hanoverians and Brunswickers, in the mountains on a coffee estate, where he described them to be well satisfied. Sixteen pounds are allowed by the island for each emigrant. During one year they are fed, clothed, and lodged by the proprietor, without wages; working the same number of hours as the apprentices. After that time, they are hired and allowed grounds free of rent. This gentleman had lost none by sickness, whereas the Germans who remained in the plains suffered severely from the climate.

There exists very great difference of opinion among the people of this island, with regard to the ultimate effects of the new system. The depreciation of the value of real estate much embarrasses those interested in the sales. A master in chancery, at Spanish Town, told me that some properties would not sell for more than their former annual rents. The panic, however, among the whites is not so great as I expected to find it, and their exertions to overcome the feelings and prepossessions incidental to their peculiar position, are much greater than I thought possible there. I heard several merchants of great intelligence declare their belief that the system would work well if any thing like prudent measures were pursued by the planters. I heard two prominent members of assembly, both very much opposed to the measures pursued by the British government, acknowledge that they apprehended much more mischief would already have been felt than has yet been experienced. Some believe that the anticipated evils will certainly arise, that were looked for too early. While others, decidedly in opposition to recent regulations, are making arrangements for the quiet termination of the apprenticeships. One gentleman, extensively engaged in commerce and agriculture, has desired his people to consider, in good time, what they will do. In 1840 they will be free from their master, and, as he said, "he free from them." He proposes to warn them six months before the termination of their apprenticeship to quit his premises; they may then decide whether they will work for wages, or on shares, in the same culture as heretofore.

From all I could learn in the city, greater hopes are now entertained of permanent tranquillity than formerly, although many have very gloomy anticipations for the future.

People walk or ride about late at night in country or city, either in Cuba or Jamaica, with perfect security; and answers are rendered by any labourer, or other person casually met in the way, with very general civility.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

American Natural History, by John D. Godman, M. D.; to which is added, his last work, The Rambles of a Naturalist; with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Hogan & Thompson, Philadelphia.

The name of Godman is dear to all who know his works, and doubly so to those who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. Long will his memory be hallowed, and the remembrance of his many virtues kindly cherished. He was an ardent adorer of nature, penetrating her haunts with the spirit of an enthusiastic disciple; examining into her ways with the ardour of a true worshipper, not blindly, but zealously and wisely; paying his adoration, not to stocks and stones, but to the Great Original, whose transcendent power and wisdom spoke so pre-eminently in the evidence he was permitted to investigate.

Dr. Godman was one of the most qualified of men to write on natural history. To a mind of peculiar discrimination, he joined the modesty of real greatness; and to untiring industry, he added the quality of being open to conviction. He had no theory to support—nature was his mistress, and her laws his study. The consequence inevitably was, an intimate knowledge of the laws of organised life, satisfactory information of the habits and instincts of animals, illustrated in lucid language, conveying his own conceptions distinctly and clearly to the reader.

The work now before us bears full evidence of the truth of these remarks, and we have pleasure in adding, that the edition, in all its relations, of engraving, paper, &c., can be strongly recommended.

Those beautiful sketches, the *Rambles of a Naturalist*, are appended now, for the first time, to his natural history. These were the dashings of his pen, while prostrate on his death-bed. His mind could not be idle; and well and painfully we remember seeing him thus occupied, propped with pillows, his hand going with rapid action, embodying on paper the workings of his mind, and without reperusal sent to the world as they now appear. Death arrested him in his exertions, and thus deprived the world of another brilliant evidence of his stores of knowledge and of his charming mode of communication.

We would earnestly call on all the lovers of natural history to supply themselves with the work.

Recovery of Treasure.—In our next publication we shall insert a very extraordinary narrative of the recent loss of the Thetis frigate, near Rio Janeiro, and of the recovery of a large amount of gold and silver, by means of the diving bell; it includes a full account of the operations of the officers, and the sufferings endured. Upwards of *five hundred and eighty*

thousand dollars were recovered and shipped for London. It is an unaffected, straight-forward story, which has greatly interested all who have enjoyed an opportunity of perusing it.

Prior's Life of Goldsmith will be our next book after the above; we observe that a Philadelphian edition is to be issued this week by Carey & Hart.

Booksellers.—A booksellers' dinner is to be served at the City Hotel, New York, on Thursday next, of which several of our literary citizens have been politely invited to partake.

The French Guide.—We have examined with some care a new school-book, by A. N. Girault, entitled, "The French Guide; or an Introduction to the French language," which is certainly well adapted to the object for which it is intended. Some improvements and facilities are offered by this Guide which will prove particularly useful, and we have no doubt it will be equally successful with the author's "Vie de Washington," and other school-books, now so generally introduced. It is printed by Henry Perkins of this city.

The Difference.—The Historical Memoirs of his Own Time, by Sir N. W. Wraxall, of which a new edition is reported in our London list of new books, in four volumes octavo, is sold for eleven dollars; we gave it for fifty cents!

Balloons.—We cannot doubt that all classes of readers will be *highly* interested in the account of the balloon ascension from Paris, kindly furnished us by an attentive and intelligent correspondent. Mr. Green's balloon, with himself for captain, would be a good substitute for a pleasure yacht, and would have this advantage for the men of too much leisure, that they could create an *excitement* for themselves whenever they pleased, without resorting to the expedient of the Parisian sisters who were asked whose funeral they had been attending; they did not know; then *why go?* The answer implies an avidity for sensation which is perhaps enjoyed by many; it was "to create a sensation in the region of the heart."

Of the probability of steering balloons we find the following speculations in a late Blackwood's Magazine:—

"We understand that Mr. Green doubts of the future possibility of steering the balloon. That it is beyond our power at present, is admitted. But what steers a bird? What enables that floundering voyager, a crow, to steer perfectly at his will from field to forest, and make turnings among the branches that would raise the envy of the Jockey Club? What steers and carries the wild swan, as heavy as an infant, a thousand miles ahead through the tempest and *against* the tempest? The united action of the wings and the tail. The buoyancy of the balloon would render the wings unnecessary, except for addition to the steerage power. The true and only difficulty to be mastered is, that of enabling the balloon to go faster or *slower* than the wind; for it is only in such cases that the rudder can have any thing to act upon. The steerage of a bird and of a fish exhibit the power of direction in a surrounding element. The means are complete in both, but varied, from the circumstances of the animal. The bird derives its buoyancy from the wing; the tail, whose chief or only purpose is steerage, scarcely aiding that buoyancy, and being scarcely movable but in the lateral direction required for the steerage. The fish is generally buoyant by its nature. The tail supplies at once its progress and direction, and it is therefore a powerful and peculiarly active instrument. Either would answer the purpose of the balloon. But its buoyancy brings it nearer to the fish than the bird. Its requisite would be a rudder of such length and force, as at once to accelerate (or retard) and guide. This rudder might be a long frame, with a wheel or vane kept in rapid motion at its end. For this some modification of the steam-engine would be required; but we have overcome so many of the difficulties of the steam-engine, that we are not entitled to doubt much of ultimate success even here."

Ferney.—Ferney, replete with many recollections, has been sold by auction. This estate in the hands of the new proprietor, who has more taste for trade than for literature, is to be turned into a beet-root sugar manufactory. The little chapel which bore the inscription, "Deo erexit Voltaire," is about to be converted either into a barn or stable.

Variety.—We have taken an opportunity between the publication of two books to empty the best portion from a large selection of magazine articles which have accumulated on our table, and cannot doubt that this variety will meet with general approval.

Erratum.—In the notice of Buckland's Geology in our last Journal a singular error crept in, which we are desirous to correct. For "whether *persecuted* in words or works," read *presented.*

List of new books published in London to latest dates.

Rouillon's Bibliothèque Portative des Dames, Vols. IX. and X.; Histoire de la Grèce, par M. le Comte Ségur. Curiosities of Medical Experience, by Dr. Millengen, 2 vols. 8vo. Recollections of Europe, by J. F. Cooper, 2 vols. The Path of Peace, by John S. C. Abbott, 24mo. Rev. T. Adam's Exposition of the Four Gospels, by the Rev. A. Westoby, 2 vols. 8vo. A Geographical, Statistical, and Commercial Account of the Russian Ports in the Black Sea, from the German, 8vo. Memorial of F. R. H. Sennesby, by his Father, 12mo. Manuella, the Executioner's Daughter, a Story of Madrid, 3 vols. 8vo. Historical Memoirs of His Own Time, by Sir N. W. Wraxall, new edition, 4 vols. 8vo. The Young Christian's Anecdote Library; Christian Martyrs, 32mo. Falkner, a Novel, by the author of "Frankenstein," 3 vols. post 8vo.

New American Publications.

The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, edited by her great grandson Lord Wharncliffe, 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The Life of Oliver Goldsmith. By James Prior, Esq. 8vo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Abel Allnut. By the author of Hajji Baba. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Same publishers.

Twice Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston.

The Young Lady's Friend. By a Lady. 18mo. Boston.

Arithmetic on a New Plan. New York: Scofield & Voorhees.

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.

☞ Gentlemen making remittances by checks, would confer a favour by having them marked "good," by the cashier of the bank.

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Mar. 8,—C. Battey, Augusta, Ga.
—— 8,—E. M. Thornton, Paris, Ky.
Feb. 28,—J. G. Graham, Norfolk, Va.
Mar. 13,—E. Martin, White Hall, N. Y.
—— 16,—Anthony Ihrie, Easton, Pa.
—— 8,—Jno. G. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.
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—— 16,—A. N. Bourdon, Petersburg, Va.
Jan. 17,—H. W. Huntington, Green Oak, Mi.
Mar. 15,—Calvin Selden, Esq. Norridgewock, Me.
—— 8,—John E. Hunt, Maumee City, Ohio.
—— 8,—Mrs. J. H. Forsyth, Maumee City, Ohio.

Agents, on remitting money, will confer a great favour, and save much unpleasant feeling, by letting us know the individual subscribers who should be credited. For want of this information, bills are sometimes sent to those who have paid.

Agents for this Work.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

A KITCHEN AT CRUCES, IN THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

From the Note Book of a Traveller.—No. 4.

30th November, 1835.

Oh, what a scene is a kitchen at Cruces! what variety in its comforts, its annoyances, its simplicity, its filth, its derangements, noises, contents, and conveniences! A fire is made on the earthen floor, flanked by a pile of fagots and four large rough stones, to support the ends of the sticks, and serve as a sort of protection against burning the building; which, not much more than twelve feet square, is formed of canes, and roofed with palm leaves. Doors, opposite each other, allow the passage of air to the breakfast table, placed between them, and become outlets to the trifling smoke, proceeding from the few sticks of hard wood which accomplish the cooking. The fire is near one corner of the hut; a partition of light poles forms a chicken-pen in another angle, where the poultry are fastened up during the night; a young cock, tied by one leg to the frame-work, is now the only tenant. As you look on to see him fed with corn, to prepare him for some subsequent meal, it is politely enquired if this is a dish you are fond of, and how you would like him cooked!

A third corner is lumbered with an old table, supporting all kinds of provisions, broken bottles, clothes, and utensils; under it lie cocoanuts, and near it a bundle of dried canes, to mend any rents in the structure of the tenement. The roof is the ceiling, and some rude rafters support large bundles of plantains, ripe and green. Damp articles of dress dangle at the side of these, while long strips of dark-coloured beef, here and there relieved by a tint of green, and strings of hide dry over head. A capacious bowl, or deep wooden dish of water is conveniently placed near the door, to wash your hands, or the plates; the children dabble in it, the dogs drink of it, and sometimes a pigeon, a pig, or the cat, partakes with them.

Being invited into this eating-room you perceive a short-legged, square deal table, scarcely two feet from the ground, looking like the plaything girls place their dolls upon, covered with a cloth that some one recognises already to have served him as a napkin. Two low chairs, their backs and bottoms covered with a black, stiff, smooth leather, are dragged from beneath two naked, dark-skinned children, to be placed near the board. An omelet, mingled with sliced plantains and garlic, is the first dish; it is a good one, but being seen for the first time, there is some hesitation perceived in the manner of the guests. When an African mixture, consisting of lumps of white corn mush in a liquor containing fish bones and flesh, beans, peppers, and other indescribable materials, is hastily brought forward and extolled by a young negress, who hovers over six kettles of various calibre, and a multitude of gourds and wooden dishes; her head decorated with white flowers and birds' feathers, and her loose, light dress dragged into various guises as she glides slipshod from the pots to the table, or squats among the ashes; praising the dishes—descanting on the quality, origin, and admixture of their contents; urging, with kind good humour, the testing of each, and showing slight pique and a grimace if any is neglected or passed by. In the enumeration, of good things she is aided by the master of the house, a short, thick-set, laughing, good-humoured alcalde, who sits opposite to you, or by a tall, black muleteer, who stands near him, or a casual visiter, smoking on a trunk by his side. Interruptions occur by the occasional intrusion of a neighbour's dog, who scents the victual, but is thought by the cook to infringe the rights of two lean curs belonging to the establishment, who are seated on the floor near you with eyes and nose pointing steadily to the table—or of two cats, who purr under it, and claim their allowances. After repeatedly crying "perro!" (dog) without effect, a stick, a dish-cloth, or a shoe is hurled at the stranger beast. A broom handle might be thought a proper protection, but such an implement is not seen here, nor the convenient brush which with us is found at the end of it.

People come in, pass out, talk, smoke, laugh, and divert themselves—and you. Orders are delivered from the table about the loading of mules, the washing of cloths, the dinner, and all family concerns, as well as some public affairs. Roasted plantains, fine rolls of wheaten bread, and hot cakes of sweetened maize, are placed from time to time near your plate. A piece of stewed beef, boiled or broiled pork, rice, and nondescript patés, fried in lard, are successively presented. When the last dish is handed up, you see the copper chocolate pot placed over the coals. The liquor, odorous of cinnamon, is put before you in small quantity, thick and frothing, with rich milk in another cup, to be added if you wish it. After drinking this, a draught of cool water is usually swallowed; you wash your hands, if you follow the example of your host, in the wooden dish on the floor, and while you light a cigar by a fagot promptly dragged from the fire, you see the table occupied by some of the patient lookers-on. These are followed by the children, whose appetites have not been satisfied by the numerous offerings made them while hovering round the guests.

Such is the breakfast you may expect with the kind justice of the peace, at Cruces, the head of navigation on the river Chagres. His personal services are not spared to make you as comfortable as he can, and as much at home as himself. A large room, in the second story of a building on the opposite side of the street, is supplied with a couple of hammacs, a cot, a table, and five chairs, each one differing in size and pattern. Here you read, write, doze, smoke, dress, and receive visits. It is also the great thoroughfare to the sleeping-rooms of the family; as the members of it seem to receive no annoyance from your presence, so they appear to consider that they cannot offend. Persons of each sex and every age pass at all times as freely as if the apartment were unoccupied,—so do the dogs, the cats, and the pigeons; a pair of which last may be seated over your head, under the eaves of the house feeding their young, or alight in the window near you. Being in the second story, you are relieved from the presence of the pigs, although a goat has been seen looking out from the balcony on the second floor of a house in Panama, where it was fed to supply milk to the family.

The squire's papers are strewed over the table you write at; and as he supplies mules for transportation across the isthmus, he has his accounts to attend to as well as his civil functions; but you get on side by side as comfortably as if you had lived together for years, instead of a day and a half. Such are the frank, kind, and easy manners of the people, that a stranger who is disposed to feel himself at home in their houses, is made so at once, by the trifling introduction of the offer of a cigar.

PHANTASMAGORIA.

We extract, from "Wraxall's Anecdotes," the following curious specimen of ghost-raising.

In the great gallery, where I was presented to Prince Charles three days since, was performed the memorable scene of raising the apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe. Never, perhaps, was a more impudent, or a more successful experiment tried upon human weakness and credulity. As it happened only about four years ago, and as many persons of the first rank and consideration in this country were present, the principal circumstances attending it are well known and remembered. But the ridicule which has attached to it, and the marked disapprobation expressed by the elector towards any repetition of such experiments, render all those who witnessed it extremely shy of relating the transaction. It was not without difficulty, after repeated solicitation, that I obtained from one of the gentlemen who assisted at it, the recital which I am about to make. He is a man of sense, courage, and intelligence. I suppress his name; but you may form from it some estimate of the human mind in this part of Europe; which in many respects, is certainly more open to superstitious impressions, than with us. The Germans, almost universally, even those of the soundest and most cultivated understandings, believe in the existence of familiar spirits; in whose train follow witches, ghosts, and the whole family of invisible agents. If, however, we incline to consider such weakness with pity or contempt, we should recollect that similar proofs of human infirmity have been given by turns, in every European capital. The miracles, performed in the church-yard of St. Medard, at Paris, under Louis the Fifteenth's reign, which were only terminated by the royal interposition, are not yet forgotten. Scarcely fifteen years, I believe, are elapsed, since London had its "Chevalier de Saxe," in the memorable Cock-lane ghost.

The man who here exhibited so extraordinary a proof of his art—for such it must, in every case, be esteemed—was a person of the name of Schrepfer, who originally resided at Leipsic, of which city he was a native, and where he kept a coffee-house. But his business not producing him either as much profit, or as much distinction as he aspired to possess, he pretended to study magic,

and to have acquired many secrets connected with that imaginary science. He boldly asserted that he had intercourse with, and a control over spirits, whom he could summon, command, and cause to disappear, if not altogether at his pleasure, yet by the force of his invocations. These agents he had the ingenuity and effrontery to divide into three classes, the friendly, the evil, and the neutral; all of whom he knew how to distinguish at their approach, or on their appearance, by the noises which preceded and attended them. Whenever he affected to exert his magical powers, he always began by calling to his assistance the benevolent spirits; in order, as he said, to defend him against the attacks of the malignant ones. Pretensions so extraordinary, sustained by some exhibitions which impressed the spectators with astonishment, soon procured him no little reputation.

Schrepfer, about this time, while he still resided at Leipsic, had given offence to Prince Charles of Saxony, by expressions relative to him, of an unbecoming or insolent nature. The prince, irritated at such conduct, ordered an officer belonging to his household to repair to Leipsic, and there to inflict on Schrepfer, in his name, personal chastisement. His orders were exactly executed, but Schrepfer, though he made no other resistance, running into a corner of the room, threw himself on his knees, and loudly invoked his invisible allies to come to his assistance. Their visible appearance or interposition were however unnecessary, in order to rescue him from violence; the officer, it is asserted, having been so much alarmed at the invocation and its possible consequences, as to quit the chamber with precipitation.

A circumstance of such notoriety, as well as so degrading in itself to Schrepfer, induced him to leave Leipsic. After an absence of some time, he appeared at Dresden, where he assumed a fictitious name, and announced that he was a colonel in the service of France. In that quality he even made an attempt to be presented to the elector; but Monsieur de Marbois, who acted as chargé d'affaires in the absence of the French envoy, refused to carry him to court. His real name soon became known; and his pretences to skill in magic attracting many followers, his reputation speedily reached Prince Charles. It was accompanied with such extraordinary accounts of Schrepfer's powers, as to induce that prince to make every exertion for obliterating the recollection of the indignity lately offered him. As a step towards it, he did not hesitate to go in person to the "Hotel de Pologne," an inn where Schrepfer lodged; and, in presence of various witnesses, to ask his pardon for the blows given him, as well as to offer every amends that the nature of the affront admitted. Schrepfer, flattered by such a condescension, having accepted the apologies, the prince then requested to see some proofs of his supernatural art. It is pretended that he exhibited many; all of which only tended to augment the prince's admiration, and to stimulate his curiosity for further specimens.

But the most difficult operation of magic, in all ages, has been to raise departed spirits from the tomb; a prodigy which Schrepfer made no secret of his ability to perform. Prince Charles having earnestly, as well as repeatedly, besought it, after many refusals, real or affected, obtained at length a reluctant promise to present before his eyes an apparition; for Schrepfer artfully professed the greatest repugnance and disinclination to the act, as being perilous to himself, and attended with various circumstances of horror. It only remained therefore, to fix on the spirit to be summoned. After long consideration the Chevalier de Saxe was named, and Schrepfer undertook to produce his ghost before a select company. The place chosen for the experiment, was Prince Charles's palace in Dresden. But, as it was well known that the elector having the misfortune to be neither credulous nor inclined to permit such exhibitions in his capital, might disapprove and prohibit it, the strictest secrecy was observed previous to the affair.

The Chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth among the natural sons of Augustus the Second, King of Poland, was only half brother to the famous Marshal Saxe, as they were by different mothers. In right of his, who was a Princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious Polish family, the Chevalier inherited considerable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He resided principally in Dresden, and died only a few years ago, at his palace in this city; which his nephew Prince Charles, who was his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the electoral service; and, as he left no issue, he was supposed to have amassed great sums. Reports had been circulated, that money was concealed in the palace; but no one pretended to ascertain the precise place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus curiosity combining with avarice, or at least with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure, prompted Prince Charles to name his uncle, as the object of the experiment.

On the appointed night—for Schrepfer naturally preferred darkness, as not only more private in itself, but better calculated for the effect of incantations—the company assembled. They were nineteen in number, of whom I personally know several, who are persons of consideration, character, and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of the palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did so, and were satisfied that nothing except violence could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform, would demand all their firmness; and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed upon the table. Several of them, (indeed, as I believe, all except one or two,) thinking the exhortation judicious, very readily followed it; but the gentleman from whom I received these particulars, declined to profit by the advice. "I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, "to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all, or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put any thing within my lips." Another of the company, who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door, in order to watch if any one attempted to open or force it. These preparatory steps being taken, the great work began with the utmost solemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it, by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where, kneeling down, with many mysterious ceremonies he invoked the spirits to appear, or rather to come to his aid; for it is allowed that none were ever visible. A very considerable time elapsed before they obeyed; during which interval, he laboured apparently under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent sweat, and almost in convulsions, like the Pythoness of antiquity. At length, a loud clatter was heard at all the windows on the outside; which was soon followed by another noise, resembling more the effect produced by a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses, than any thing else to which it could well be compared. This sound announced, as he said, the arrival of his good or protecting spirits, and seemed to encourage him to proceed. A short time afterwards a yelling was heard, of a frightful and unusual nature, which came, he declared, from the malignant spirits, whose presence, as it seems, was necessary and indispensable to the completion of the catastrophe.

The company were now, at least the greater part, electrified with amazement, or petrified with horror; and of course fully prepared for every object which could be presented to them. Schrepfer continuing his invocations, the door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe, rolled into the room. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the Chevalier de Saxe; much in the same way, it would seem, that Corregio or Hannibal Carrache have represented Jupiter appearing to Semelé. From this form issued a loud and angry voice, which exclaimed in German, "Carl, was wolte du mit mich?" "Charles, what wouldst thou with me? Why dost thou disturb me?"

Language, as may be supposed, can ill describe the consternation produced among the spectators at such a sight. Either firmly persuaded that the appearance which they beheld was spiritual and intangible, or deprived of resolution to approach and attempt to seize it, they appear to have made no effort to satisfy themselves of its incorporeal nature. The prince, whose impious curiosity had summoned his uncle's ghost, and to whom, as the person principally responsible, the spectre addressed itself; far from manifesting coolness, or attempting reply, betrayed the strongest marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himself on his knees, he called on God for mercy; while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining proof of his art for which they now were anxious, by dismissing the apparition. But Schrepfer, though apparently willing, found, or pretended to find, this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or rdiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene, protest that near an hour elapsed, before, by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay, when at length Schrepfer had succeeded in dismissing it, at the moment that the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door, which had been closed, burst open again, and the same hideous form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of universal dismay ensued. Schrepfer, however, by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's supernatural powers.

Having thus related, as seriously and circumstantially as I am able, the principal facts relative to the affair in question, it is natural to ask my own opinion of the story; and to demand whether I can explain or account for it in any rational manner. To such enquiries I must frankly reply, that I can neither give any satisfactory solution of it, nor have I heard any attempted, except the obvious one of human credulity and terror, operated upon by imposture and deception. But, the manner in which so wonderful an illusion was produced, I am, in common with every person here, at a loss to understand. I believe no one has yet clearly explained how the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood isperformed; though, out of Naples, I imagine few persons attribute it to miraculous or supernatural interposition. We know from experience, how prodigious are the deceptions practised in and upon optics. Nineteen men met together for the avowed purpose of seeing an apparition, and believing that it is in human power to render a departed spirit visible, are already half subdued to any thing, however gross. Night, darkness, and the imposing solemnity of magic invocations, bereave the strongest minds of their self-possession. A bold and artful impostor might then trample on their reason, and then present to their eyes some hideous figure, properly accoutred for the occasion. It must, however, always excite some astonishment and more regret, that, among near twenty persons, not one should have endeavoured to lay hands on the spectre. Its second appearance is likewise a circumstance very difficult to account for, as it was unnecessary in order to produce conviction, which had been fully effected. That it was a deception, no man of sound understanding will doubt; but how it was managed or produced, the persons who were duped have not yet discovered. They are all, or nearly all, still alive in this country, and they by no means boast of their adventure, or derive from it any sort of vanity. On the contrary, independent of the ridicule, they all feel and express the utmost repugnance to relating, or even recollecting a scene, which has impressed on their imagination so much horror. Their friends dread and deprecate a renewal of the images then presented to those who were present; and a lady earnestly besought of me not to press her husband on a subject, of which he could never

think or converse without passing a sleepless night. We must be content therefore to resolve it into German credulity or superstition, and congratulate ourselves on our superiority to such puerile terrors.

The story no sooner spread through Dresden, than the elector expressed his disapprobation of such scenes, and his peremptory injunctions not to repeat them. Schrepfer soon retired to his native city, Leipsic, where his fame accompanied him, and drew after him a crowd of disciples or votaries. To them he continued to give, as is confidently asserted here, numerous and astonishing proofs of his supernatural power, some of which I have heard related; but after the specimen that I have detailed, all others would be at once tedious and superfluous. Schrepfer did not long enjoy his celebrity, and his death is not the least extraordinary part of his history. Three gentlemen, whom he had in some measure initiated into his mysteries, for he professed to instruct in the science of magic, were promised by him an exhibition more wonderful than any at which they had yet assisted; For this purpose they attended him into the wood of Rosendaal, which is at a small distance without the gates of Leipsic. It was in summer, before the sun rose, between three and four o'clock in the morning. When they came to a certain part of the grove, he desired them to stay a little, while he went on one side to make the requisite invocations. After waiting a few minutes, they heard the report of a pistol; running to the spot, they found that he had shot himself, and was already without sense. He soon afterwards expired. All those who believe him to have had intercourse with evil spirits, affirm that he was tormented by them perpetually, which, rendering his life miserable, induced him to have recourse to a pistol. I imagine, however, you will think with Horace, that it is not necessary to call in supernatural interference, in order to account for the violent end of such a man. He has left behind him many proselytes; but, I believe, no one who pretends to equal knowledge of his secrets.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Junius.—The *Inverness Courier* says, that Sir D. Brewster has discovered papers belonging to Lady Brewster's family, which go far to prove Mr. Lachlan Maclane to be the author of "Junius's Letters."

A very interesting account of this gentleman will be found in Prior's new and highly curious life of Goldsmith, which we have now in type for the next or following number of the Library. He was a school friend of Goldsmith; lived an erratic life, was some time in Philadelphia, and afterwards was the confidential agent of Warren Hastings in India. As to his having written Junius's Letters we have very great doubts.

The Thetis.—The "Narrative of the operations at Cape Frio, for the recovery of the public stores and treasure sunk in his majesty's ship Thetis," which is commenced on the ninth page of to-day's "Library," would probably be passed over by the general reader for want of an attractive title, if he met with it as we did in an octavo volume which remained uncut upon our table for several weeks after its arrival, while more flaunting books were examined. We trust, however, that with the recommendation we have given it, and now repeat, Captain Dickinson's laborious exertions and success will meet with many gratified readers and hearty approval. It is so full of curious detail as to absorb the attention, and after the announcement from the diving-bell that it was directly over the deposit of dollars is arrived at, it is difficult to restrain curiosity to the end. It is no common narrative, and its results are as rare as interesting.

The Gurney Papers—as they appear in the New Monthly Magazine we shall continue to transfer to our pages. Those inserted today, all that have been yet received, offer a rich continuation of the autobiography of the arch story-teller, Gilbert Gurney.

Abel Allnut.—The new novel by Mr. Morier, author of Hajji Baba, Zohrab, &c. will be published immediately after Wraxall's Court of Berlin, in "Waldie's Literary Omnibus," for about a shilling.

A Contradiction.—The newspapers of Europe and America lately teemed with a curious story of a bibliomaniac murderer, which was calculated to amuse the credulous. A letter from Berlin, published in the London Literary Gazette, contains the following:—

"The story of the Friar Vincente of Barcelona, who is said to have been tried there, on account of murder, instigated solely by his love of books, has made the round of your and of our journals. A very intelligent German, in that town, writes to Berlin that no such trial has occurred there; and that the Barcelonese inhabitants were first made acquainted with this story by a French paper. But not even the Italian saying, '*Si non e vero, e ben trovato*,' is to be applied to it; for the invention is solely due to our celebrated Berlinian author, Hoffman, who, in his excellently written novel, 'Mdlle. de Scuderi,' described the monomania of the Parisian goldsmith, Cardillac, who, for a long series of years, killed all persons that bought jewels set by him."

Novel-Writing.—The following nearly just remarks from the London Spectator, on novel-writers, occur in a review of "Paynell, or the Disappointed Man," by Mr. Miles Stapleton.

"Leaving out of view the common herd and authors *sui generis*, there are four kinds of novel-writers. The first and highest deals with general nature,—more modified, it may be, by the manners of the times than in the case of the drama, but still presenting types of universal classes in individual characters, as well as incidents and conduct of universal occurrence, so far at least as relates to the substance of things: and in this rank may be placed Le Sage, Fielding, Smollett, Scott, and perhaps Marryat. The second is of a much more ephemeral kind,—being limited, both in subject and interest, to the age which produces them, and painting only manners and the superficial or singular in character: of which class Mrs. Gore, and Lord Mulgrave in *Yes and No*, are amongst the foremost of living writers. The third sort of novelists is of a kindred nature to the first, but of a much lower degree and of a more confined range; they rather copy life than select from it; they are true, but narrow; they give us family histories in the guise of fictions, redeeming the common from commonplace only by the truth and careful finish of their delineation: in which genius Miss Austen and Mrs. Opie may stand first, Miss Edgeworth rather falling under the highest category. All these various classes, however, agree in this, that they derive their materials from actual existence, and paint life as truly as their experience and genius will permit. It is the peculiar characteristic of the fourth, and, as novelists, the lowest class, that they are indebted to their own fancies for their subject matter. Their incidents, their characters, even the conduct of their story, is all, or nearly all, spun out of their own brain. Their inventions are not combinations of realities, or creations founded upon them, but fantastic things which have neither likeness nor prototype in nature. Such works frequently possess a high degree of merit,—being often distinguished by great metaphysical skill, or by deep or shrewd reflections, or by considerable powers of satire, or by finished or brilliant composition, or even by a true portraiture in *parts*, but as a whole their views of life are about as near reality as those of a clever greenhorn fresh from college, who 'expects to carry all the world before him'—their representations of the motives and conduct of their persons, as like those of men and women as the contortions of puppets moved by wires resemble the action of the natural body of bones and muscles. At the head of this class, but very far in advance, may be placed Mr. Edward Bulwer; and Mr. Miles Stapleton is not altogether a contemptible member of the same corps."

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M. Eusebe Salverte, in his learned book on the Origin of Names and Places, gives "a local habitation and a name" to Mr. Tristam, and cites *Shandy* of *Shandy Hall* as an instance of a local designation becoming the surname of an individual! The late Mrs. Gulliver, of Greenwich, near London, being asked if she was any relation of the famous Captain Lemuel Gulliver, replied, she believed she was, for her father had a portrait of the Captain in the parlour, and always used to call him "my uncle." This was very well in Mrs. Gulliver, who might never have read Swift, but the learned M. Salverte to consider Tristam Shandy a true story, is somewhat ludicrous.

The manuscript of Pope's Iliad descended from Lord Bolingbroke to Mallet, and is now in the British Museum, where it was deposited at the pressing instance of Dr. Matey. D'Israeli, in the first edition of his "Curiosities of Literature," has exhibited a fac-simile of one of the pages. It is written upon the backs and covers of letters, and other fragments of papers, evincing that it was not without reason he was called "Paper-sparing Pope."

In 1537, was printed at Lyons, a 16mo volume, entitled, "*Les Controverses des Sexes Masculin et Feminine.*" It was written in metrical version, by Gratian du Pont, who asserts that every man will, at the resurrection, be an entire body, without the least deformity. He maintains that were every part of the body separated in fifteen hundred different places, they would all unite and become complete. He adds, that Adam will regain the part from which Eve was formed, and that Eve must again become Adam's side; and thus, he says, it will be with all other persons; every man will be like Adam, and every woman like Eve; and he concludes with a positive assertion, that woman will cease to exist! It will be news to the ladies that there is no resurrection for them! Seriously, is it not sad to mark the vagaries of the human mind?

It is a curious circumstance that the British Museum now contains *nine* thick volumes entirely composed of title-pages, the collector of which spoiled thousands of volumes to gratify this singular and unworthy whim!

Geography and chronology are the grappling irons by which history adheres to the memory.

VARIETIES.

The committee appointed by the French Minister to take into consideration the question relative to an international law of copyright, has made its report—recommending, in substance, that the publication, in France, of foreign works, without the consent of the author, shall be prohibited in all cases where the nation to which the writer belongs offers a like protection to French authors—that no pirated edition of a work shall, under like circumstances, be imported into France; nor shall it be lawful to import French works, though originally exported, within five years. This last regulation, we presume, is intended as a protection against fraud.

Some of the stratagems resorted to by needy empirics to get into practice are very ingenious, and many a regular physician has been obliged to have recourse to similar artifices to procure employment. It is related of a Parisian physician, that, on his first arrival in the capital, he was in the habit of sending his servant in a carriage, about daybreak, to rap at the doors of the principal mansions, to enquire for his master, as he was sent for to repair instantly to such and such a prince, who was dying. The drowsy porter naturally replied, with much ill-humour, "That he knew nothing of his master." "What! did he not pass the night in this house?" replied the footman, apparently astonished. "No," gruffly answered the Swiss; "there's nobody ill here." "Then I must have mistaken the house. Is not this the hotel of the Duke of ——?" "No. Go to the devil!" exclaimed the porter, closing the ponderous gates. From this house his valet then proceeded from street to street, alarming the whole neighbourhood with his loud rap. Of course,

nothing else was spoken of in the porter's lodge, the grocer's shop, and the servants' hall, for nine days. Another quack, upon his arrival in a town, announced himself by sending the bellman round, offering fifty guineas reward for a poodle belonging to Dr. ——, physician to his majesty and the royal family, professor of medicine, and sargeon-general, who had put up at such and such an inn. Of course, the physician of a king, who could give fifty guineas for a lost dog, could not but be a man of pre-eminence in his profession. * * * Cases are recorded of the forgetfulness of a language constantly spoken, while one nearly forgotten for want of practice, was recovered. A patient in St. Thomas's Hospital, who had been admitted with a brain fever, on his recovery, spoke an unknown language to his attendants. A Welsh milkman happened to be in the ward, and recognised his native dialect; although the patient had left Wales in early youth, had resided thirty years in England, and had nearly forgotten his native tongue. Boerhaave relates a curious case of a Spanish poet, author of several excellent tragedies, who had so completely lost his memory in consequence of an acute fever, that he not only had forgotten the languages he had formerly cultivated, but even the alphabet, and was obliged to begin again to learn to read. His own former productions were shown to him, but he could not recognise them. Afterwards, however, he began once more to compose verses, which bore so striking a resemblance to his former writings that he at length became convinced of his being the author of them.—*Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

Pompeii.—Professor Lohn, on a scientific journey to Naples, describes several interesting antiquities recently discovered at Pompeii. In the Strada della Fortuna, three skeletons, a male and two females, have been found, in positions as if they had thrown themselves from the upper windows of their house after the lower parts had been filled with lava. A pair of beautifully carved ear-rings, ornamented with pearls, were near the female skeleton of, apparently, the daughter of the others. In the Strada di Mercurio (in which the remarkable service of plate was found), two paintings, in good preservation, have since been uncovered. One represents an hermaphrodite—the other, Venus and Adonis; Adonis wounded, and the goddess and her nymphs washing and tending his hurts.

French Academy of Sciences.—M. Becquerel is elected vice president of the French Academy of Sciences for 1837, by a large majority of votes; and M. Magendie, the last vice president, passes on to the presidency. The minister of the interior has commanded a bust of the late celebrated botanist, M. de Jussieu, to be executed for the academy, by the skilful hands of M. David.

Acoustics.—MM. Cagniard Latour and Demonferrand have invented an instrument which they purpose naming the Acoustic Pyrometer, and which will emit sounds according to the temperature in which it may be placed.

The unwillingness of persons above forty, to remember facts and persons with which and whom they were contemporary, has been happily called by a wit, "the darkness of the *middle ages.*"

From the Cabinet of Modern Art.

LA ROSA PARLANTE.

BY L. E. L.

I breathe on the roses I offer to thee,
Every leaf that uncloses says something from me;
They come from our garden, that summer world, where
The soft blossoms harden to cherry and pear,
Where fruit and where flowers together unfold,
And the morning's bright hours call the bee to his gold!

On the wreath that I bind thee our summer has shone,
Ah, where will it find thee—afar and alone!
The walls that have bound thee are dusky and high,
And dark roofs are round thee that shut out the sky.
But the roses I gather will bring thee again
Our valleys soft weather, its sunshine and rain.

When art thou returning—how long wilt thou roam?
The wealth thou art earning is not worth thy home.
The lark's lightest singing awakes me from sleep
That thine image was bringing—I waken and weep!
By the prayers that attend thee—the fond heart that yearns,
Let the roses I send say—"return, love, return."

To thy heart let them enter!—mid care and mid toil
Hath its innermost centre one spot without soil,
Where the cold world is measured by truth not its own,
And my image is treasured—loved—loving and lone!
Though life have encrusted its rust on the shrine,
That heart may be trusted—I know it by mine!

Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence.

Manuscript of Abbé Fleury.—The Abbé Fleury, who at the instance of Bossuet, wrote (or rather compiled from the original authors) "The History of Christianity," brought it down to 1414, in twenty volumes. The Père Fabre continued it to the year 1595, where the sixteenth volume of the continuation, the last that has appeared, ends. Thus, Fleury has comprised the history of fourteen centuries in twenty volumes, one of which, too, is filled with *eight general discourses*, which Voltaire declared to be master-pieces; whereas Père Fabre made 16 volumes for less than two centuries. But an important discovery has just been made. Among a great number of other MSS. of Fleury, which are of very little importance, the twenty-first volume of the Ecclesiastical History, has been found, and the authenticity of the MS. is unquestionable. It contains books 101, 102, 103, and 104, of the Ecclesiastical History, evidently the sequel of the 100 books contained in the twenty volumes. It begins at 1415, where they end, and proceeds, without interruption, to the last session of the council of Lateran, in 1517: thus embracing a whole century. This discovery renders a great part of Fabre's continuation useless, which comes down only seventy-eight years later, viz. to 1595. The new edition of Fleury has this additional volume, and includes the latter part of Fabre's continuation. A new supplement is given, which is the work of one of the most enlightened and learned ecclesiastics of the age.—*French Paper.*

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

A Dictionary of Commerce, and Commercial Navigation, by J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. new edition, corrected to Decem. 1836, 8vo. The Works of John Hunter, by J. F. Palmer, 4 vols. 8vo. and 4to. vol. of Plates, Vol. I. The Surgical Works of Ditto, 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. Family Poetry, chiefly Devotional. 32mo. Abel Allnut, a Novel, by the Author of "Hajji Baba," &c. 3 vols. Hawks of Hawk Hollow, by Dr. Bird, 3 vols. 12mo. Observations on the System of Metallic Currency, by W. H. Morrison, 8vo. Walker's Games and Sports, 12mo. roan, 9s. A Practical Treatise on the Law of Charities, by W. R. A. Boyle, royal 8vo. A Treatise on Painful and Nervous Diseases, by A. Turnbull, M. D. third edition. Kenrick's Key to Greek Exercises, Part I. 8vo. 6s. The Tour of M. de la Boullaye le Gour, edited by T. C. Croker, post 8vo. G. W. Cooke's History of Party, Vol. II. 8vo. The Caraguin, a Tale of the Antilles, post 8vo. Manual of German Prose, by L. V. Muhlenfels. Ditto, Poetry. Foreign Tales, 18mo. Capt. Brenton's Naval History, 2 vols. 8vo.

The Christian Correspondent; Letters by Eminent Persons of both Sexes, with Preliminary Essays by J. Montgomery, 3 vols. Paynell, or, the Disappointed Man, by Miles Stapleton, 2 vols. post 8vo. Impressions of Italy, by the Lady A. S. Wortley, post 8vo. Evils of the Factory System, by C. Wing, Esq. royal 8vo.

In the Press.

First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan, by Lt. Thomas Bacon. Piso and the Prefect, or, the Ancients off their Stilts. Pretension, a third volume of "Pictures of Private Life," by Miss Stickney. The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the Present Condition of the Earth, by the Author of "The Annals of my Village," &c. A Dream of Life, by the Rev. W. G. Moore. Doveton, or the Man of many Impulses, a Metaphysical Romance, by the Author of "Jerningham." The Felonry of New South Wales, a picture of the Romance of Life in Botany Bay, &c. by James Mudie, Esq.

New American Publications.

A Treatise on Mathematical and Physical Geography, intended for the use of Schools, Academies, and General Readers, by J. L. Comstock, M. D. Hartford: Packer & Brown.

Mrs. Armytage, or Female Domination, by the author of "Mothers and Daughters." 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Snarleyow, or the Dog Fiend, by Captain Marryat, author of "Peter Simple." &c., incomplete. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Posthumous Memoirs of a Peeress, or the Days of Fox, by Lady Charlotte Bury. Same publishers.

View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages, by Henry Hallam. From the sixth London edition, complete in 1 vol. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Falkner, a Novel, by the author of "Frankenstein," Mrs. Shelley.) 2 vols. 12mo. Same publishers.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

A COCK-FIGHT AT PANAMA.

DETERIORATION AND DISEASES OF POULTRY—HENS AND PIGEONS EMPLOYED TO TEST THE VALUE OF PEARLS.

From the Note Book of a Traveller.—No. 5.

7th December, 1836.

An extensive building upon the ramparts of the city, near the land-gate, was crowded, on the feast of Santa Barbara, with persons of all conditions and colours, to witness this favourite diversion of the people of the Isthmus. An amphitheatre surrounds the cock-pit; and an elevated platform and gallery afford ample space for the spectators. Mid-day, after mass, is the time appointed for the entertainment, and one unused to these sports, and who has, probably, prepossessions unfavourable to the character of those who generally frequent them, may be struck with the amiable and respectable appearance of many who take interest in the fights; some coming from the church to the cock-pit, well-dressed and cheerful, without reckless noise or tumult, and showing nothing of that peculiar air of consciousness conspicuous in those who are about to pursue what they think to be wrong. I am told a priest occasionally mingles with the people to witness a cock-fight. I have never seen a respectable catholic priest in New Grenada a spectator of such scenes, although the expense of bull-baiting is sometimes undertaken by those who have charge of the revenues of the church.

About one hundred fowls were in attendance; some carried carefully in the arms of their owners, who fondled them, and others were fastened by one leg to chairs, or to the railing of the gallery, while the matches were arranged. Others again were secured below to bomb-shells, which lie neglected among the grass in the area. An incessant and shrill crowing was kept up, loudly overpowering the voices of the crowd. Now and then a turkey-buzzard flew near the premises, when the gallant birds shrieked as if warning their females, and stretching their legs, placed themselves in an attitude of alarm and defence. The method of arming the cocks for fighting is a very severe one; but is urged not to be so cruel as that by short round spurs, which only wound by their points, and protract the combat. A curved knife, three inches long, of well tempered metal, in the shape of a scythe, and sharp as a razor on both edges, is affixed above the spur of one leg only; about half the length of the spur on that leg is sawed off, leaving the other in its natural state. Very great nicety is used in arming the fowls, and the most gentlemanly looking persons usually officiated in that matter. Written rules and regulations, arranging every point with exactness, hung up near the judge, who was also a justice of the peace. He sat upon an arm chair, elevated a little above the floor of the pit; near him was a bell, which he sounded as a signal to prepare for or begin the combats, and to decide their termination.

Before the birds are placed in the pit, their courage is aroused by plucking a few feathers from their necks while they face each other; or a cock is allowed to peck at the combs of those about to fight, both birds being held in the hands of their respective owners.

The noisy vociferation of the betters, and the continual crowing of the cocks, caused a strange amalgamation of sounds. The battles do not last long; nor do they afford much opportunity to judge of the individual character and courage of the fowls. In the first match, for fifty dollars, both cocks were promptly killed. In the others I looked upon, the victory was speedily decided; but none came off victors without receiving wounds. A sensation of sickness came over me at the termination of the two first fights, to see the brave birds so rapidly butchered by the murderous knives. Although I at no time afterwards felt any excitement, yet there was an increased interest experienced in looking at the combats. I suppose gradually one would entirely overcome the first feelings, and look on as composedly as the Spanish ladies witness a bull-fight.

Some excitement, or habit, appears necessary to overcome all such sensations. A butcher has been known to refuse to put a fine horse to death, although injured past recovery; whereas, if he had "a pair of horns on his head," he would have knocked him down without hesitation.

Upon some particular occasions, both legs of the cocks are armed with shorter knives, as a member of congress, who appeared a great amateur, and whose cocks won several battles, informed me. In a few days, upon the feast of the Conception, I was told there would be a grand match; and that on Christmas thousands assemble to witness these sports, and a hundred cocks fight a battle royal at the same time in the pit. An old cock is considered to have the advantage of a young one, inasmuch as a similar wound does not cause him to bleed so rapidly to death. Some of the cocks, after being desperately wounded, so that they could not rise from the ground, maintained the fight, reclining on their backs, with extended beaks and claws, till the last gasp of life.

For want of crossing, during the time that trade was obstructed through the Isthmus, the old Spanish breed of fowls became so much deteriorated that the cocks often ran away and declined to fight. Foreign birds have been imported from the United States, Jamaica, Porto Rico, and Cuba. Those from the United States are much valued, but many of them die by change of climate, with a disease resembling consumption; from a weight of eight or ten pounds, they pine away and decline to two or three pounds weight, being literally nothing but skin, bones, and feathers.

Some chickens sent from a famous breeder in Jamaica were introduced with a disease like the small-pox, which they had taken on the route.* Fowls from Porto Rico and Cuba are considered the most hardy, and then those from Jamaica. Birds from North America are esteemed the best fighters.

* This was no doubt the chicken-pox, to which poultry are subject, especially if bruised, pecked at, and confined. It rapidly spreads its contagion among all the associates of the sick.

It is a custom sometimes to give the dark-coloured and spotted pearls, brought from the islands in the Bay of Panama, to be swallowed by hens or pigeons, in order to prove their quality. The digestive organs of these birds have power to dim the lustre of the pearl, and to show whether its discolouration is more than superficial, without injuring its value. They afterwards undergo a process of polishing which reinstates their fineness.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XXIII.

EQUALITY OF STYLE.

I was once passing some time alone with a bachelor friend of mine at his country house. After dinner he always drank claret, being the wine he preferred. On one occasion he had a large party of the neighbouring gentry to dine with him, and the following day, when claret was produced as usual, he asked me if I had not thought it strange that he had not set any before his guests. On my answering that I had certainly observed the fact, he informed me it would have been his wish to have done so, and that formerly it had been his practice on such occasions, but that he had thought right to discontinue it, because among the party there were some who had families to provide for from means inferior to his own, but who, he had learned from observation, scrupulously made a point of entertaining him as he had entertained them, though he knew it was neither convenient to them, nor in accordance with their usual style. Of course I approved of his consideration. Here was a case of a gentleman being restrained in his hospitality, and himself and his friends curtailed in their enjoyment, from an absurd, though very common, species of pride. In bringing my experience to bear upon this subject, it seems to me that pride of this kind is altogether confined to those who have lived in a contracted circle, whether as to space, or as to the different classes of society. I cannot call to mind any instances of those who have mixed much with the world being at all infected with it, whereas the high-minded and the liberal on other points are often weak on this, unless they have had their ideas enlarged by varied social intercourse, which teaches men more than any thing else the true value of things, and leads them not to attach importance to matters of no importance. The fundamental cause of this foolish pride I take to be a jealousy of superiority in wealth, from an over estimate of its value as compared with other things, though the feeling is attempted to be disguised with the greatest possible care; as a man of slender means, who piques himself upon his birth, has the greatest horror of being entertained by a wealthy upstart better than he can make a return, at the same time professing to hold wealth in the utmost contempt. This is a manifest contradiction; but even in this inveterate case, a want of knowledge of the world is a necessary ingredient. Poor men of good birth are often excluded from mixed society by their own folly, and by other causes; but where they are men of the world, they are generally among the most ready to partake of its good things without troubling themselves overmuch about the return; and I never knew one of such who was foolish enough to be restrained in his intercourse by notions of strict reciprocity. People who are confined to a small neighbourhood, or who never mix but with one class, are almost always strongly infected with this pride. It does not prevail much amongst persons of very different stations, but chiefly among those who are nearly on an equality, and who are most subject to jealousy of one another. To those who are above it, it appears truly ridiculous. It has this inconvenience, that it prevents free intercourse between neighbours

who have a different command of pecuniary means, upon those terms which would be most advantageous to them both; for not only does it require that the style of entertainments should be the same on both sides, but that the number should be balanced. No one thinks of requiring an equality of sense, or wit, or learning, and why should the rule be different with respect to dishes or wines, except from a vulgar-minded feeling that money is more [illegible]able than those qualities? The observance of equality of style is not always the result of pride, but often from an idea that it will be expected, or that without it there will be some dissatisfaction; but the sensible mode of proceeding is, for all to keep regularly to that style which best suits their means, and then intercourse will find its true level. If the man of luxurious style seeks the society of his neighbour of simple style, it is because he finds some equivalent, and it is a loss to both that pride should bar their intercourse. The truth is, that the party who has the most limited means, often stands on the highest grounds, because the difference is made up by something superior to wealth. So far as equality of style prevails in London society, it may be said, in general, to be the result rather of slavery to fashion than of pride, and often of fear of causing disappointment. I have heretofore touched upon what I conceive to be its disadvantages. It is pity that with the enjoyment of more political liberty than any other nation, we should make ourselves the slaves of so many absurd customs and fashions, and that, with courage enough against a foreign enemy, we should display such cowardice at home. It is to be hoped that in time we shall be able to do as we please, domestically as well as politically, provided we cause no inconvenience to others. At present, with a great deal that is reasonable, we live under a combination of restraints.

—

SAYINGS.

In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing, and thinking of another, is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves some where but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing, to do nothing well, and to please nobody. It is better to be interested with inferior persons and inferior things than to be indifferent with the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's tastes instead of the cultivation of our own, the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades, more or les, all classes, and arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each our own world. The hunters after the world's opinion lose themselves in diffusion of society and pursuits, and do not care for what they are doing, but for what will be thought of what they are doing: whereas, compactness and independence are absolute essentials to happiness, and compactness and independence are precisely the two things which the generality of mankind most of all neglect, or even frequently study to destroy.

Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous; it is temperance and exercise united, that can alone insure the fittest state for mental or bodily exertion.

—

THE ART OF ATTAINING HIGH HEALTH.—*Continued.*

Having finished what I had to say on the subject of dinners, which I consider as an essential part of my articles on health, I proceed to the few remaining topics I mean to touch upon. The first I shall take is exercise. Upon this depends vigour of body, and if the mind can be vigorous without, it can be much more so with it. The efficacy of exercise depends upon the time, the quantity, and the manner. The most invigorating time, I should say from experience, is decidedly that during the freshness of the morning air, and before breakfast; but this will not do for invalids, or persons of very weak constitutions, though many underrate their own powers, and think that that is weakness which is only the effect of habit. They should try their strength by degrees, taking moderate doses of exercise at first, and after a small quantity of food, or what I have before recommended, a few drops of the spirit of lavender on a lump of sugar, the efficacy of which in preventing faintness or a distressing craving, is great. A few drops of lavender, and a short walk or gentle ride on a fine morning, will give a real appetite to beginners, which may tempt them to persevere till they can perform with ease and pleasure what would have distressed them exceedingly, or been wholly impracticable in the first instance. I always observe, that being well braced by morning exercise produces an effect that lasts the whole day, and it gives a bloom to the countenance, and causes a general glow, which exercise at no other time can. I have heretofore spoken at large of taking exercise with reference to meals, both before and after. As to the other parts of the day besides morning, the time most fit for exercise must depend greatly upon the season. In the depth of winter it is good to catch as much sun as possible, and in the heat of summer to pursue the opposite course. The coldest parts of the day, as a rule, are just before sunrise and sunset, especially the former, and I believe they are the most unwholesome to take exercise in. The French, who observe rules respecting health more strictly than we do, are particularly cautious about sunset, on account of the vapour which usually rises at that time, and which they call *le serein*. The morning air just before sunrise is often, even in warm weather, dreadfully chilly and raw, but there is no great danger of people in general exposing themselves to it. It is different at sunset, and it is then well to be on one's guard, especially if there is any feeling of damp, and particular care should be taken not to rest after exercise, or do any thing to check perspiration at that time, from which the most dangerous, and often fatal, maladies originate. Though I think the fresh morning air is the most invigorating in its effects, there is no period when I have felt actually so much alacrity and energy, as when taking exercise, either on foot or horseback, at the dead of night, provided the night is clear and dry, and most especially during a fine frost. The body and mind seem to me to be more in unison under such circumstances than at any other time; and I suppose from such effects that exercise must then be wholesome, but I think it should be after a generous meal, taken some time before. I have mentioned this effect of the night air in a former number, when speaking of digestion. Persons of different constitutions must judge for themselves at what periods of the day exercise best suits them, but taking care, I must repeat, not to confound the nature of the constitution with the force of habit. The best tests that they are right, will be keenness of appetite, lightness of digestion, and consequent buoyancy of spirits.

The quantity of exercise desirable, depends upon constitution, time of life, occupation, season, and kind and degree. I am unable to say with precision what kinds of constitution require the most exercise. Persons in health, of compact or light frame, seem the best adapted to take a great deal with benefit to themselves. Weakly and heavy people are generally distressed by much exertion; but then it is difficult to distinguish what is the effect of habit, and what of natural constitution. Those who appear to be weak, often make themselves strong by a judicious course of management, and the heavy frequently improve astonishingly in activity by good training. One thing may be taken as certain, and that is, that it is wise to go on by degrees, and to increase the quantity of exercise as it is found to be beneficial; the best tests of which are keenness of appetite and soundness of sleep. Over exercise ought always to be avoided; but that often depends more upon the manner than the quantity. The same quantity may distress, or benefit, as it is taken judiciously or the contrary. Condition also makes an immense difference in the same person. I remember when I entered Switzerland after the full living of Germany, I was as different from what I was when I left it, as lead from feathers. In the first case, the ascent of an ordinary hill distressed me, and at last I enjoyed a buoyancy which seemed quite insensible to fatigue. Females appear to require a much less quantity of exercise than men; and it ought to be gentle and agreeable, instead of violent or long continued. With them, also, much depends upon circumstances; and, in Switzerland, delicate women can take as much exercise without inconvenience, as would distress the strongest of the sex in less invigorating countries. With respect to time of life, the most vigorous periods of course demand the most exercise; but habit has always a great effect, and it is expedient not to relax from indolence instead of inability. As decay comes on, exercise should become more moderate, and of short continuance at a time, and should be taken during the most genial periods of the day. Active occupations either altogether supersede, or diminish the necessity of exercise, for exercise sake; but sedentary or confined employments require a regular course, in order to ensure any thing like permanent good health, and the better the air, the more efficacious will be the exercise. As to seasons, in hot weather the least exercise seems necessary, and that of a gentle kind; in a moderate temperature, the most may be taken with advantage; and when it is cold, exercise should be brisk, and then, from its bracing quality, a little goes a great way. Quantity of exercise depends very greatly upon kind and degree. That which moderately increases the circulation of the blood, so as to cause a glow on this side perspiration, the soonest suffices. Walking or riding at a brisk pace in a bracing air, or not over-strained exertion in some game which agreeably occupies the mind, will soon produce a sufficient effect. Where the mind is not engaged, much more exercise is required than where it is; and a small quantity of violent exercise is not so beneficial as a greater quantity of moderate. On the other hand, a greater quantity of sluggish exertion does not possess the efficacy of a smaller quantity of animating kind. Less of varied exertion, which brings the different muscles into play, will suffice, than of exertion all of the same kind. As walking over hill and dale promotes circulation more than walking over a flat surface, and different paces in riding are better than a uniform one. Unless exercise produces a glow, it falls short of its proper effect, and it will do this in the shortest time, when it is moderate, varied, and pleasing, and in an invigorating atmosphere. Violent exercise produces temporary strength, but with a wear and tear of the constitution, and it often induces a tendency to disease, besides the danger of bodily injury from many causes.

As to manner of exercising, there is every degree, from the easiest carriage to the roughest horse. Carriage exercise is of a very inferior kind in an invigorating point of view, and to the robust is scarcely exercise at all; but to others it is very beneficial, though perhaps rather in the way of taking air than taking exercise, and it has the effect of diverting the mind. To this end it is most efficacious amidst new scenes. The most effective mode of all of taking exercise is, I believe, on horseback, and if it will not put those who can bear it into high health, I think nothing else will. For effect on the health and spirits I know nothing like a brisk ride on a good horse, through a pleasant country, with an agreeable companion, on a beautiful day. The exercise is thoroughly efficient, without either labour or fatigue, the mind is entirely in unison with the body, and the constant current of pure air produces the most vigorous tone. I have frequently heard of journeys on horseback restoring health, when every thing else has failed. A solitary ride on an unwilling horse, over well-known ground, for the mere sake of the ride, produces, comparatively speaking, very little benefit; and care should be taken to make this kind of exercise, as well as every other, as attractive as possible. Exercise on foot has many advantages. It is the most independent mode, is within every body's reach, is the least trouble, and can be taken when other modes are not practicable, and is very efficacious. The feeling of independence is by no means the least of its advantages, and those who have the free use of their limbs, have no occasion to envy their superiors in wealth their command of carriages and horses, about which there are constant drawbacks. Although I delight in a horse at times, yet I often think that on the whole the balance is against him on the score of freedom and independence. I have made many journeys on foot, and I do not know that, with good management, there is any mode of traveling which is capable of so much enjoyment with so little alloy. Horse exercise, on particular occasions, is certainly the most animating and delightful, but at other times it is attended with greater inconveniences. Exercise on foot derives much of its efficacy from being made attractive. A walk for a walk's sake is only half beneficial, and, if possible, there should be some object in view, something to engage and satisfy the mind. Exercise in games, dancing, fencing, and such accomplishments, derive a great deal of their benefit from the pleasure taken in them; and in contested games, care should be taken to avoid anxiety and over-ardent exertion. There is a middle state of the mind between indifference and too much eagerness, which is the most favourable to health; as there is a middle circulation of the blood between languor and a state of fever. In taking exercise, this rule should always be observed, to begin and end gently. Beginning violently hurries the circulation, and ending violently is very apt to induce colds and fevers, and, besides, causes a stiffness in the joints and muscles. The blood should have time gradually to resume its ordinary current, or it has a tendency to settle in the small vessels, which is the cause of great inconvenience. Cooling gradually will prevent this.

The next thing I have to consider is sleep, upon the quantity and quality of which health mainly depends. I believe the general custom is to take too much sleep. What quantity is really necessary must depend upon various constitutions, and various circumstances in the same constitution; but the rule is, as I think, that we

should have one sound sleep, from which we should wake perfectly refreshed, without any heavy or drowsy sensation, or any wish to fall asleep again. The length of this sleep will depend upon way of living, quantity of exertion, mental or bodily, state of the atmosphere, and other causes; but still the one sound sleep is the true measure. Falling short of this, or exceeding it, are both prejudicial. The first produces fever, the second languor. Our energy depends in a very great degree upon taking no more than the due quantity of sleep. In order to ensure its quality, we should lie down free from care, and have no anxiety about waking, which is destructive of perfect soundness. Our waking should be entirely voluntary, the result of the complete restoration of the powers. The quality of sleep depends upon attention to diet, exercise, and state of the mind, and in a great measure upon going to bed in a properly prepared state, neither feverish nor chilly, neither hungry nor overloaded, but in an agreeable composure and state of satisfaction of both body and mind. It is better to retire to rest from society than from solitude, and from cheerful relaxation than from immediate labour and study. The practice which some people have of sitting the fire out, and going to bed starved, with their mind fatigued with study, is the reverse of what is expedient; and sleep under such circumstances is of a very unsatisfactory nature. It is rather productive of what Milton calls unrest than rest. Sleep, to enjoy it perfectly, requires observation and attention, and all who wish for high health, will do well to keep the subject in their minds, because upon themselves chiefly depends the attainment of this, one of the greatest blessings of life. I think I shall certainly finish the subject of health in my next number.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—All who have read Lady Mary's letters, (and who has not?) have looked forward with anticipations of pleasure to the announcement of the new edition, edited by her great grandson, Lord Wharncliffe. This work has at length appeared, and a Philadelphia reprint, though an expensive one, tempted us to its purchase and perusal; it has not disappointed us, for we believed the most racy parts of her letters had already been published, and the filling up of names left before as initials only, or blanks, does not add very materially to our interest in the anecdotes; the suppressed passages are fewer than was expected, and Lord Wharncliffe has not executed his task with great tact or ability. The great novelty will be found in the biographical anecdotes and notes by Lady Louisa Stuart, Lady Mary's grand-daughter, who still survives at a great age. Something new may be gleaned respecting Mrs. Montagu's hopeful son, who, to great want of principle, added a recklessness totally unaccountable. The mother had an ever living sorrow in her only son. Mrs. Crawford corroborates in her autobiographical sketches, now publishing in the London Metropolitan, that he evinced a total want of feeling towards those ties most hallowed by God and nature. "Such," he says, "was his conduct to his sister, Lady Bute, that the last act of his life was directed with a view to wrong her out of the property which would be hers by right at his demise. For being taken ill at Pisa, he wrote over to England for a pregnant woman (a perfect stranger,) to be sent to him, in order that by marrying her, her child (being born in wedlock,) might inherit his estates. The woman was actually sent, and arrived in Italy, but fortunately not in time for the success of his nefarious scheme, for Wortley Montagu was dead!" One of his youthful exploits was to run away from school and hire himself to a sweepmaster; on his first attempt, he descended another flue into an adjoining house, and deposited himself in his sooty apparel on the fine white coverlid of an elegant bed. Here the lady's-maid, who had been in the habit of purloining her mistress's sweetmeats, discovered him; and taking him for another black personage, (the devil,) she fell upon her knees, and confessing her misdeeds, promised never to visit the store closet again, if he would not take her away with him!

In these volumes there is court scandal, wit, and sprightliness, sufficient to place Lady Mary on the same pedestal of fame as a letter-writer with Horace Walpole; but both were exaggerators, who preferred a good story to the truth.

Since we penned the above remarks, the new number of the London Quarterly Review (February) has been laid on our table, and we have read the long amusing article on these volumes. The writer says:—

"These volumes will, we fear, disappoint in some degree the public expectation; indeed it could hardly be otherwise. When a work is known to have been published with certain prudential restrictions, there is always a strong curiosity excited about the suppressed parts; and it is supposed that what has been concealed must be much more *piquant* than what has been published. This feeling exists especially with regard to private letters and memoirs, and in no case was it more likely to be pushed to its extreme than with regard to the gay, witty, and superabundantly frank correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley. 'When such things have been printed, what,' it is naturally asked, 'must that be which is kept back?' Now, in truth, in this as in most cases, it turns out that the suppressions have been much less important than was fancied; they bear but a small proportion to the whole work, and generally apply to matters—delicate perhaps at the moment of the first publication, but—of very little interest to the general reader of after-times. We cannot but suspect, also, that every reperusal of Lady Mary's 'Letters' will tend to a doubt whether her merit has not been somewhat exaggerated. When they first appeared, a traveller and an author of Lady Mary's rank and sex was a double wonder—which was much increased by Lady Mary's personal circumstances, and by the vivacity, spirit, and boldness of her pen. But now that the extraneous sources of admiration have run dry, we confess that the intrinsic value of the letters seems less striking; and that if we were to deduct from Lady Mary's pleasantry and wit, those passages which a respectable woman ought not, perhaps, to have written, we should very considerably reduce her claims to literary eminence. The additional letters now produced will add little to Lady Mary's fame, and take little from her reputation. They exhibit her neither wittier nor looser than she was already known to be—on the contrary, the pleasantry and the coarseness being diluted, as it were, by a large addition of very commonplace matter, the *peculiarities* of Lady Mary appear on the whole, we think, less pungent than in the earlier editions."

The reviewer comes to the same conclusion, that every reader must long since have arrived at, respecting Lady Mary's character; *it was not immaculate*, nor was her conduct such as to admit of her great grandson's attempt to eradicate the stain which time has irrevocably fixed upon her virtue. "Her fame," says the Quarterly, "both as an author and a woman, stood highest when it rested on the letters during the embassy, in which her literary talent shines brightest and purest; and her maternal and moral courage in the introduction of inoculation, by trying the experiment on her own son, gives her an honourable immortality as one of the benefactors of the human race. * * * We are warranted in suspecting that the more her life is examined, and the more her history is sifted, the less personally creditable they will be found."

American Medical Library and Intelligencer.—Dr. Robley Dunglison has commenced in this city a periodical with the above title; its object is to reprint the best English medical works at the "Waldie cost," and to communicate new and interesting medical intelligence, the current medical news, and generally to supply to practitioners far and near a course of information not otherwise accessible at any moderate price. The first number is a very favourable specimen of the economy of this mode of publication; it contains 136 octavo pages of books and remarks, for the small sum of forty cents. Two numbers are to be published every month for the sum of ten dollars per annum in advance. It is printed and published at this office.

Goldsmith.—Next week we shall commence the publication of Prior's long-looked-for life of Goldsmith, "previous to which" another entertaining chapter of the Gurney Papers.

Hallam's Middle Ages.—The American public now possess from the press of Harper & Brothers, a handsome octavo edition of Hallam's "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," reprinted from the sixth London edition. The announcement of a book originally printed in 1818, having passed through six impressions, would perhaps be a sufficient guarantee to the public of its value; we might save ourselves the labour of further commentary, resting our commendations on this fact alone, were we not desirous to make its merits known to those who may not yet have enjoyed its perusal. When a sterling book is published, (we all know that the number compared with the amount of printing is small,) it becomes a duty of the press to herald its appearance with something more than the usual comment. Mr. Hallam's Middle Ages and Prior's life of Goldsmith will be read when the great mass of books printed at the same date will only be known in the unread catalogues of our large libraries,—those lighted tombs, too often resembling the mausoleums where dust mingles with dust; where in undisturbed slumber lie thousands of volumes once issued with great eclat into a brief popularity.

This is an original work, the contents drawn from original sources, dependent on no former abridgements, and written by a man of talent and discrimination. It traces the progress of events in Europe from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century; from the reign of Clovis in Gaul to the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. The various revolutions of nations and opinions are traced through this highly interesting period,—interesting, because to these revolutions civilised Europe is now indebted, not only for the prejudices which exist, but for the spirit and wisdom which prevail. Mr. Hallam has diligently examined the chronicles and laws of the barbarians, and in doing this, he has displayed a spirit of freedom and liberality that win the approval of the enlightened mind; he evinces a firm but temperate love of liberty, combined with an enlightened but cautious philosophy, and a spirit of fairness and impartiality that command approval and conviction; not an ungenerous sentiment or a prejudice will be found in the whole volume. Can we err when we add our testimony that it is the greatest modern contribution to our stock of historical information; it traces Europe from a state of barbarism to one of refinement and luxury, from turbulence to tranquillity, from poverty to splendour, from ignorance to knowledge; in the space of a single volume we review our race emerging from the rude hut to be the inhabitant of a palace; from a reckless course of barbarous

warfare and petty though bloody disputes, to one of comparative quiet. The feudal system is traced with sagacity, and the causes which led to its establishment, and the successive changes that gradually undermined its principles, are explained with great judgment and perspicuity. The last chapter, containing various miscellaneous information on the condition of society in the middle ages, is peculiarly interesting, and to the discriminating reader will be particularly acceptable. The original and expensive edition (London, 1818,) in two large quarto volumes, is now on our table; also, a copy in four volumes, 8vo. Philadelphia, 1821; the edition of the Messrs. Harpers, we prefer to either of the above, from its superior compactness and reduced price.

Falkner.—A novel by the author of Frankenstein has been issued by the same publishers, as a continuation of their series of fifty-cent novels, which has already included two of the most popular, and we may say from perusal, two very good works of fiction; we mean "The Three Eras of Woman's Life," and "Home, or the Iron Rule," which may safely be recommended to all. Mrs. Shelley's novels are much less to our taste.

Morton on Consumption.—A second edition, enlarged, of this valuable and popular work, has been laid on our table, at too late an hour to allow of an examination to-day.

From the London New Monthly Magazine, for February.

AN OLD-FASHIONED RECIPE FOR MAKING TIME STAND STILL.

Dear Tom! if you would learn the way
To quaff life's true elixir,
To keep your curls from growing gray,
And, as joy flies, to fix her:
Though scholar in no modern schools,
Skill'd but in old romances,
I've yet a few old-fashion'd rules
To check grim Time's advances:
And this the first—If day and night
You'd shun the dotard's hold,
"*Keep all about your conscience right,*"
And then—you'll *not* grow old!

And never mind whate'er they tell,
Dear Tom! of modern uses,
Be sure you'll just do twice as well
To stick to old abuses;
So pay your taxes—love your king,
Howe'er our sages bore you,
Take op'ning med'cines in the spring,
As your fathers did before you;
Don't lend your *razor*—nor your hack,
And when you lend your gold,
Be sure you don't expect it back,
And then you'll *not* grow old.

And stern howe'er you play your part
In life's more sober stages,
Keep one small corner in your heart
For boyhood's sunny pages:
Don't cut a friend because he's poor,
But pause before you choose him;
And when a man has shut the door,
Don't let *his friends* abuse him:
Sell off your claret—if you must—
But keep *yourself* unsold,
Then live upon a laugh, or crust,
And still—you'll *not* grow old!

And when to dissipate your gloom,
You wander down, some even,
And sit within the long brick room,
Re-formed since old Saint Stephen,
If you should hear a sacred name
First taught by her who bore you,
And your father's ancient faith and fame,
Denounced as "*cant*" before you;
Don't fancy that we're turn'd to Turks,
But just go home—unfold
Some page of Pitt's, or Fox, or Burke's—
And then—you'll *not* grow old!

And welcome, Tom! on heath or hill,
Each bright, green spot may greet you;
Call hope delusion, if you will,
But let her—let her *cheat* you!
Don't rob life's roses of their bloom,
Tho' Benthamites deride you—
Don't sit within a *childless* gloom,
Tho' Martineau may chide you.
But trust, when bright things round you die,
Something our mothers told
Of hopes and homes above the sky;
And then—you'll *not* grow old!

January 26th, 1837. ©.

LONDON LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Bulwer's "Athens," is not yet published, but is expected speedily.

Miss Boyle's new work, "The State Prisoner," has, we understand, just appeared, though not in time for notice in our present number. We cannot doubt its excellence from the high character given of it by Mr. James, the author of "Richelieu," who says of it in his dedication to his new work, "The Desultory Man," "I do not scruple to assert, that every one who can estimate genius, guided by high principles and the poetry of the heart, inspired by noble feelings and pure taste, will read that work with delight and approbation."

The author of "Makanna" has just committed to the press a new work, entitled "The Picaroon." The graphic power of this author will find an ample field in the subject of this production.

The Countess of Blessington's new work, "The Victims of Society," is nearly ready for publication.

Mrs. Butler (late Miss Kemble) has in the press a new drama, entitled "The Star of Seville."

The author of "Almack's Revisited," has just ready his new work, entitled, "The Married Unmarried."

We are glad to find Miss Stickney engaged on a third volume of her inimitable Pictures of Private Life, and that she has chosen the fertile subject of "Pretension" for the exercise of her talented pen. If there be one prevailing annoyance greater than another, in every grade of society, it is that of Pretension, and we therefore anxiously hope that the present laudable endeavour of this popular writer to expose its folly, and check its many absurdities, will prove successful. The work will be published in a few days.

A new issue of The Library of Romance is now preparing for publication, with splendid Illustrations, engraved on steel, by the most eminent artists, after drawings by the first masters of the day.

Piso and the Prefect; or, the Ancients off their Stilts.

The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the present condition of the Earth. By the author of "Annals of my Village," &c.

A Dream of Life. By the Rev. W. G. Moore.

Doveton, or the Man of many Impulses, a Metaphysical Romance. By the author of "Jerningham."

The Felonry of New South Wales, a picture of the Romance of Life in Botany Bay, &c. By James Mudie, Esq.

First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan, embracing an outline of the voyage to Calcutta, and Five Years Residence in Bengal and the Doab, from 1831 to 1836. By Thomas Bacon, Lieutenant of the Bengal Horse Artillery.

New American Publications.

Juvenal, translated by Charles Badham, M. D., F. R. S., and Perseus, translated by the Right Hon. Sir W. Drummond, comprising the 35th number of Harper's Classical Library.

A Concise Treatise on Commercial Book-Keeping, elucidating the Principles and Practice of Double Entry, and the Modern Methods of Arranging Accounts, by B. F. Forster, second edition. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins.

The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels, by Andrews Morton, Vol I.

Mammon, or Covetousness the Sin of the Christian Church, a Prize Essay, by the Rev. John Harris, author of the "Great Teacher," &c., new edition. 12mo. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption, its Anatomical Characters, Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment, second edition, by Samuel George Morton, M. D. 8vo. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle, 1837.

Sparks' American Biography, Vol. VII. 12mo. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co.

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46 CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

THE ORIGINAL.

No. XXIV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In training youth, care should be taken from the first, not only to instil into their minds a desire for excelling in those things which are worthy of excellence, but they should be taught to hold in contempt what is useless and prejudicial. Strength is excellent, but the waste of strength is folly. To be equal to every occasion is glorious; but to do more than the occasion requires is vainglorious. Men are taught to pique themselves upon excess, instead of upon economy, in their resources, and the vanity of parents leads them to encourage their children in that prodigality of effort, which is sure to be followed by regret. In fasting and in feasting, in exercise and in amusement, we are not content to observe the happy medium, but strive to distinguish ourselves by overstepping the bounds of reason. In what is useful we introduce abuse, and in what is pernicious we exceed our inclinations, merely for the sake of boasting. Men ride, and drink, and fast unreasonably, solely to say that they have done so, and indulge in extravagance and profligacy, and vice and frivolity, only for the name. If youth were taught to glory in health and prudence, and all their consequences, and to be ashamed of the opposites, their habits would be as easily formed to what is profitable and becoming, as to the reverse. Fashion is all. To suffer real inconvenience from useless, or worse than useless feats, for the empty pleasure of talking of them, is barbarous folly, to which sound training would make men superior. What a perversion is it to glory in riding or walking long distances, without rest or refreshment, in drinking several bottles of wine at a sitting, or in slaughtering game by heaps! The true glory is to use a good constitution well, and for worthy ends. In my foolish days I have been foot-sore for a fortnight from toiling at one start over that distance, which now, by good management, I should perform with ease and benefit. I once set out, with a friend of mine, to walk thirty miles. He was quite unused to that mode of traveling, and, besides, at starting found himself not altogether well. From consideration for him I was obliged to be very careful, much more so than I should have been, if alone. We set off gently, and at the end of four miles breakfasted, after which he quite recovered. At the end of eleven miles further we had mutton-chops and spiced ale, both in moderation. My companion was so fresh at the end of his journey that he ran over Waterloo Bridge, and we both went out to parties the same evening, as if we had only taken a walk in the Park. I have performed the same distance more than once at one start, but never without inconvenience for some time after. It is not calculable what may be accomplished in every thing in life, as well as in walking, by moderate beginnings and judicious perseverance. It is the great secret of success.

SUPPERS.

I do not know how I came to dismiss the subject of the art of dining without saying a few words in favour of that agreeable, but now neglected meal, supper. The two repasts used to hold divided empire, but dinners have in later years obtained all but an exclusive monopoly, to the decay, I am afraid, of wit, and brilliancy, and ease. Supper has been in all times the meal peculiarly consecrated to mental enjoyment, and it is not possible that any other meal should be so well adapted to that object. Dinner may be considered the meal of the body, and supper that of the mind. The first has for its proper object the maintenance, or restoration, of the corporeal powers; the second is intended, in the hours of relaxation from the cares and business of the day, to light up and invigorate the mind. It comes after every thing else is over, and all distraction and interruption have ceased, as a pleasing prelude and preparation for the hour of rest, and has a tendency to fill the mind with agreeable images as the last impressions of the day. Compared with dinner, it is in its nature light, and free from state. Dinner is a business; supper an amusement. It is inexpensive, and free from trouble. The attempt to unite the two meals in one, in the manner now practised, is a miserable failure, unfavourable to health and to the play of the mind. Nothing places sociability on so good a footing, and so much within the reach of all, as the custom of supping. There is an objection made to suppers, that they are unwholesome. Nothing, I think, can be more unfounded; indeed, I believe them, if properly used, to be most wholesome, and quite in accordance with the dictates of nature. Undoubtedly, large suppers are unwholesome after large dinners; but not so light suppers after moderate dinners. I think, if I were to choose, my ordinary course of living would be a simple well-conceived dinner, instead of the luncheon now in vogue; then tea, with that excellent adjunct, scarcely ever enjoyed in these days, buttered toast, about the present dinner hour, and a savoury little supper about half past nine, or ten o'clock, with a bowl of negus, or some other grateful diluted potation after. I am of opinion there is no system so favourable to vigorous and joyous health as the moderate indulgence of a moderate appetite about a couple of hours before retiring to rest, those hours filled up with the enjoyment of agreeable society. In the colder months I have great faith in finishing the day with a warm and nourishing potation. It is the best preparation for one's daily end, sleep, or, as Shakspeare calls it, "the death of each day's life;" and those with whom it does not agree, may be sure it is not the drink's fault, but their own, in not having pursued the proper course previously. A good drink over a cheerful fire, with a cheerful friend or two, is a good finish, much better than the unsatisfactory ending of a moderate dinner party. Here I must mention that, in order to have good negus, it is necessary to use good wine, and not, as some people seem to think, any sort of stuff, in any condition. Port negus is delicious, if it is made thus: Pour boiling water upon a sufficient quantity of sugar; stir it well; then pour some excellent port, not what has been opened two or three days, into the water, the wine having been heated in a saucepan. Stir the wine and water well together as the wine is poured in, and add a little grated nutmeg. A slice of lemon put in with the sugar, and a little of the yellow rind scraped with it, makes the negus perfect; but it is very good without, though then, properly speaking, it should be called wine and water. Supper is an excellent time to enjoy game, and all meats of a delicate nature, and many other little things, which are never introduced at dinners. I am far from wishing to explode dinners as a social meal, but I object to their enjoying a monopoly, and the adoption of the two meals on different occasions would furnish opportunities for an agreeable variety. One frequently hears people object to dining early, on the ground that they feel themselves disinclined to do any thing after dinner; but this is a false mode of reasoning. After a late dinner there is a disinclination to action, especially if it is an overloaded repast; but the reason of this is, that the powers have become exhausted, which is a solid argument against late dining with reference to health and spirits. But a moderate dinner in the middle of the day, when the digestive powers are the strongest, instead of unfitting for action, has the very contrary effect, and a person rises from table refreshed, and more actively inclined than before. No one, whose digestion is in good order, complains of the incapacitating effects of luncheon, which is in reality a dinner without its pleasures. Luncheon may be said to be a joyless dinner, and dinner a cumbrous supper, and between the two they utterly exclude that refreshing little meal, tea. We live in a strange state of perversion, from which many emancipate themselves as much as they can, when the eye of the world is not upon them; and if every body dared to do as every would like, strange changes would soon appear. If the state prisons were thrown open, and the fetters of fashion cast off, what inward rejoicing there would be among rich and poor, male and female! What struggles, what pangs, what restraints, would be avoided! What enjoyments, what pleasures, would present themselves, and what elasticity would be given to the different bents of the human mind! If reason and virtue alone dictated the rules of life, how much more of real freedom would be enjoyed than under the present worn-out dynasty of fashion!

No. XXV.

THE ART OF ATTAINING HIGH HEALTH.—*Concluded.*

State of the mind.—Attention to health has a powerful influence on the state of the mind, and the state of the mind has a powerful influence on health. There is one state of the mind which depends upon the health, and another which depends partly upon external circumstances. This latter state, though it cannot be altogether regulated by attention to health, may be materially affected by it, and depression may be diminished, and buoyancy increased in a very considerable degree. Where there is nothing particularly to affect the mind in the way of good fortune or of bad, of annoyance or of pleasure, its state depends almost, if not entirely, upon the state of the health, and the same individual will be happy or miserable in the proportion that the health is regulated. I have known cases of people, who laboured under depression to a most distressing degree, restored to high spirits merely by a long journey on horseback; and, universally, exertion which is productive of interest to the mind, where there is no external cause of annoyance, raises the spirits to a state of positive enjoyment, which may be still further increased by attention to temperance, cleanliness, and moderation in sleep. Where the state of the mind depends entirely upon attention to health, I can only refer to what I have recommended in the different articles I have already given on the subject of health. Where it depends upon the influence of external circumstances, I shall also request attention to the tone which pervades all that I have written with reference to habits of living and modes of thinking; because I have throughout endeavoured to enforce doctrines founded on reasonableness and the spirit of contentment. It is good not to seek after those things, the disappointment of missing which is greater than the pleasure of attaining; and such is the case with all the vanities of the world. The irksomeness of pursuing, and the emptiness of enjoyment, I think, are generally about equal; whilst the mortification of failure is ever most bitter with respect to things in themselves worthless, or troublesome. The greatest of all arts to prevent unhappiness, is not to place too much value on the opinion of others. Here is the grand source of all anxiety, the thinking what others will think; and that is the feeling which is most unfavourable to real health. It suspends and deranges the functions to a most prejudicial extent, even about trifles, when serious calamity, which does not touch the pride, is met with calmness and resignation. Pride is mixed up with almost all human feeling, and, in proportion as reason and religion can clear it away, the feelings will be sound and healthy, and will contribute to the soundness and health of the body. To desire nothing but what is worth attaining, to proportion our wants to our means of satisfying them without too

much sacrifice, to value what we gain or lose as it affects ourselves only, and not as weighed in the balance of others, is the state of mind which will most conduce to our health. I have heretofore enlarged in several places upon the great, and often sudden effects, the state of the mind has upon that of the body, both to good and ill; and it is only by constant mental discipline, and by observation, that that tone can be acquired, which gives due smoothness, and regularity, and activity, to physical action.

The state of the atmosphere has influence upon the health in various degrees. No one is entirely independent of such influence; but the more we attend to the due regulation of our health, the less we feel outward changes. Persons who have contracted habits of indolence and indulgence, are the most subject to be affected by atmospheric influences, and they are often wretched martyrs to them. With vessels overcharged and nerves unbraced, the slightest change causes the most distressing sensations. I believe that moderation in liquids is one of the best preservatives against such evils—I mean liquids of all kinds, for some people think that it is only the strength of liquids that is prejudicial, whereas quantity is to be guarded against, as well as quality, by those who wish to enjoy good health. Water, tea, and all sorts of slops, ought to be used with great moderation, or it is in vain to hope for a vigorous tone. A dry, cool atmosphere seems to be the most favourable to a high state of health, though it may not best suit many morbid constitutions, and persons labouring under particular diseases. Temperance and activity will render the constitution almost proof against any baneful influence of the atmosphere, but attention to diet and dress are also advisable, as well as caution as to exposure to the outward air. Besides the ordinary changes in the atmosphere, a great deal depends upon situation, and therefore those who are able, do well to avail themselves of choosing those situations which, either for temporary reasons or permanently, agree with them best. A good choice of situation will often produce health, or continue it, more effectually than any thing else. Discrimination is necessary in this; for those situations which are the most favourable to a high state of health, may be dangerous to those who are only making their approaches to it. An invalid, or person of delicate constitution, by beginning in the valley, may perhaps end a hardy mountaineer. The influence of the atmosphere is a fit subject for constant observation, and can only be well understood by that process; I mean reasonable observation, and not that of hypochondriacal and nervous people.

The last subject I have to touch upon in respect to health, is cleanliness. It is of great importance, and requires much attention and considerable labour in the advancement towards health, especially in particular kinds of morbid affections; but in an actual state of high health, it is not only easy of attainment, but it is hardly possible to be avoided. There is an activity which prevents impurity from within and repels it from without. There are all degrees, from a sluggish impure perspiration, to an imperceptible radiation. In the first case, continual efforts of cleanliness can still not produce it in a high degree; and in the second, it is there without any effort at all. People who are laboriously clean, are never very clean; that is, they are not pure. Purity is a sort of self-acting cleanliness; it arises from attention to system, and cleanliness is a mere outward operation. There are many people who think themselves very clean, who are only whitened sepulchres; and however they labour, will never succeed, unless by attention to something more than soap and water. What I have said in the beginning of these articles on an extreme state of cleanliness, though difficult to be comprehended, or believed, by those who have not put themselves into a high state of health, is yet literally true. Cleanliness contributes to health, and health contributes to cleanliness; and I cannot too strongly recommend attention to it, at the same time repeating that the outward operation alone, without attention to the system, will prove very inefficient.

I have now come to a conclusion of my articles on the art of attaining high health. I could have said a great deal more on many of the heads, and may hereafter touch upon some of them occasionally; but as my principal aim has been to put my readers in the right way, and to set them to think for themselves, I have thought it better not to enter more into detail. Where I am right, I hope they will follow me, to their own advantage; and where I am wrong, it may perhaps lead some of them to discover what is right, for the sake of detecting my errors. If the truth is only discovered between us, I do not much care by which side.

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SUPPERS.

In the article on suppers in my last number, I expressed an inclination to the adoption, on ordinary occasions, of a simple substantial dinner in the middle of the day, then to tea about the present hour of dinner, and lastly, to a light supper about a couple of hours before retiring to rest; but I omitted to enlarge, as much as I think the subject deserves, upon the advantages of such a course to men who are engaged in active occupation away from their homes. To fast from breakfast to a late dinner is unquestionably prejudicial to the great majority of constitutions, though habit may prevent present sensations of inconvenience. Luncheon is an unsatisfactory, unsettled meal as to society, and awkward as to the appetite, which being at that time in the most vigorous state, it is difficult and disappointing to restrain it, and inconvenient, with reference to dinner, to satisfy it. Now a simple dinner at or near the place of business, and in the way of society made subservient to business, is free from these disadvantages. If a meal is taken when the appetite is at the most healthy point of keenness, and no more is eaten than nature just requires, business may be resumed pleasantly, and without deranging the digestive powers. Then, instead of hurrying over business, dread of interruption, and anxiety to reach home, there is a feeling of satisfaction and a composure which ought always to be aimed at. He who keeps dinner waiting, or is afraid of doing so, is in a constant state of annoyance; and those about him live in almost daily uncertainty, productive of any thing but real comfort. A man on his arrival at home, hastens over his toilette, sits down to table hurried and exhausted, overloads his appetite, and soon feels heavy, or sinks to sleep, neither enjoying, nor adding to the enjoyment of society, and destroying the invigorating soundness of his night's rest. But tea is a meal that can be prepared quickly and at any time; it causes no anxiety or hurry; there is little danger of excess; and, instead of oppressing, it is the very best restorative of the strength and spirits. After tea the most exhausted become lively and clear for the remainder of the evening; the supper hour is subject to no uncertainty, and an inclination to sleep is induced at the desirable period, and not before. To those who return into the country, especially in the summer time, this system, I apprehend, would be found to possess many advantages; and, in general, I think it would conduce much to improve domestic society. I do not hold it out as a fixed rule to supersede later dinners, which on many occasions are the most convenient meals for social intercourse, but as a practice which might be frequently, or even ordinarily, adopted with advantage. To those who have always been accustomed to look upon a good dinner as the conclusion of their day's labours, any other system appears very meagre and unsatisfactory; but habit would soon reconcile persons of sense to a change, provided it is a change in which there is really a balance of advantages. On the score of alacrity and vigour of body and mind, I have little doubt but that the system of early dinners and light suppers is much preferable to the system now in force; but then it must be pursued with due attention to the rules of temperance, otherwise the evils of excess would be greater than they are now. The advantages of the system in respect to facility and clearness in mental application, I know from experience to be great. An early dinner prevents exhaustion, without producing oppression. Tea, as a substantial meal, is a most powerful and agreeable auxiliary to the labour of the mind, and supper the most grateful restorative, when the labour is over. On the whole, I think, for ordinary occasions, early dining is much more favourable to smoothness of life than late.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

There is very little illness that is not the effect of imprudence; and of the part which is not such effect, much is the consequence of giving way to attack. I attribute the degree of health I enjoy, and which I have before described, amongst other causes, to my determined resistance to first symptoms, but for which I am convinced I should not have escaped so well. Besides the inconvenience of illness, I have accustomed myself to consider it as a sort of disgrace, and endeavour to avoid it accordingly. It is the general custom to make too much of invalids, as if they were labouring under unavoidable misfortune. When it is really so, they are deserving of the utmost attention and compassion; but when, as is for the most part the case, illness is the consequence of habitual indulgence or habitual carelessness, it ought to be the subject of reprobation. Illness has often a great mixture of selfishness in it, both in its cause and its continuance, to which the compassionate are unconscionably made slaves. When people will do those things which they have every reason to believe will make them ill, severity is the most effectual medicine, both for present cure and future preventive.

Good cheer is a most potent engine. When well-timed, it wins good will, and commands exertion more effectually than any thing else. When well understood, it goes far at little cost. There was a gentleman in times past, who represented a very large county for several parliaments, at no other expense than hospitably entertaining a set of hungry fox-hunters whenever they happened to come near his house. I was once at a starving coursing party, where one of the company won all our hearts by a well-timed supply of bread and cheese and ale from a lone pot-house. The only election I ever assisted at, that was throughout effectively managed, owed such management in no small degree to a constant supply of sandwiches and Madeira to the committees. I consider good cheer as the very cement of good government. It prevents ill blood, brings different classes together, ensures attendance, and causes alacrity, vigour, and despatch. The doctrines I always hold to the parishes with which I have any thing to do is, that they must either eat together, or quarrel together, that they must either have tavern bills or attorneys' bills. The public has no way of being so well served as by furnishing good cheer, though the public, or those who call themselves the public, do not seem to think so just at present.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"*Nimrod*," a popular and able British writer who uses this signature, in an article in the March number of Fraser's Magazine on the topics of the table, alludes in a flattering manner to the "Original." He says:—

"Moreover, there is a frankness and a sincerity in his language, very becoming, although but little known; and, like a skilful preacher in the pulpit, he exhibits an imprudent man to himself, not by alarming him at the horror of the picture, but merely by the close resemblance it bears. I hope he may be still sitting in his cane chair, with his pen in his hand, and the pocket dictionary *only* by his side; for it is not in the power of books to mend his style, which is smooth and elegant, and marked with that simplicity without which there is neither good taste in writing, nor true eloquence in speaking."

One of the good points about "Nimrod" is his faculty of telling a good story at every turn. We subjoin a specimen or two:—

"Perhaps the following case of gluttony may be rather hard to beat. It occurred a few years back at *Boulogne-sur-Mer*, and I can vouch for the truth of it. Two gentlemen, one a D. D. and the other a half-pay captain in the army, both cursed with "a palate," and stomachs well calculated to the indulgence of it, chanced to reside in that town at the same time. Their means being rather slender, they were unable to appear often at first-rate *tables-d'hôte*, but were in the habit of now and then meeting at a certain restaurateur's, where they would sit down, *tête-à-tête*, to enjoy themselves. On one luckless day, just as the master of it had placed on their table two smoking hot oyster patties, for which he was famous, down dropped the doctor in an epileptic. The usual means of restoration being at hand, Richard was himself again in about a quarter of an hour, when, casting his eyes towards the table, he missed his oyster patty. "What's become of my patty?" said he, so soon as he was raised. "*You have eaten it, sir*," bellowed he to the captain, with a look of much anger and mortification. He was right; the captain had eaten it whilst his friend lay on the ground. Now, what price would not stomachs like these fetch, if such things could be bought in the market?" * * * * *

"Neither you nor I, Mr. Yorke, can travel far through this vale of tears, without an anecdote; and to show the good effect of well-timed abstinence on the stomachs of us mortals,—the stomach, that centre of sympathy, which participates with the sufferings of the system generally, and, also, of its parts—I will give you one of an old-fashioned farmer, who resided in the neighbourhood of Ilsley, in Berkshire, at the beginning of the present century. He was of a very penurious disposition, and, being a bachelor, had as little meat dressed in his house as he could avoid—in fact, only just as much as kept himself and his old housekeeper in what is called fair store condition. Returning one day to his dinner, after having been riding over the downs, looking at his

sheep, he found a piece of cold bacon on the table, being its third appearance in that character. He had no inclination for it—in short, his appetite was not strong enough for it; so, looking down upon his stomach, in none of the pleasantest mood, he was heard thus to address himself to it:—"Ah, ah, my old friend! thou doesn't like it, doesn't thee? but a plague on ye, I'll make thee like it, by and by. Bring out the old mare, Jack;" when, after mounting her again, and having another two hours' ride after his sheep, over those fine health-giving downs, he returned to his cold bacon, with that sort of *natural* appetite, that induces the best fed sportsman in England to devour very indifferent bread and cheese, on his return home from the chase, at a pot-house, with a relish, perhaps, far beyond that which accompanies him on many other days, at his own exquisitely dressed dinner."

We have made room to-day for further extracts from "The Original," which will be concluded in another number.

The Memoirs of a Peeress.—It would be difficult to find on the shelves of a circulating library a more inept novel than "Memoirs of a Peeress, or the days of Fox," just republished here. If any one has the hardihood to attempt its perusal, we wish them a quick transition to something more wholesome. Its title may deceive many, being also "*edited* by Lady Charlotte Bury."

Morton on Consumption.—E. C. Biddle, of this city, has put forth the second edition of the Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption, by Dr. Samuel George Morton, in a style of art that does great credit to all concerned in its execution; the plates are decidedly improved in the colouring, &c.

Three years have elapsed since the first publication of this work, during which the author has availed himself of every source of information. The former edition is, in fact, but the skeleton of the present one, the whole work having been rewritten, after Dr. Morton had enjoyed the advantage of personal observation in the climate of the West Indies, where he passed some time on a tour of observation.

If all professors of the various arts practised in this country would as industriously sit down to endeavour to perfect their department as Dr. Morton has done, we believe a very different state of things would prevail. Many physicians rest satisfied with what they know, never taking up a book except to enter their charges, and it results in their not keeping pace with the progress of science, which is continually advancing. To all enquirers we consider this book essential, and have great pleasure in believing the value set upon it is reciprocated by the members of the faculty generally.

Artists' Fund.—The Artists' Fund Society will have an exhibition of original pictures, on or about the 18th instant. It will take place in Chesnut street, above Sixth, and we are pleased to learn that great exertions have been made to render it in every respect worthy of public patronage.

Napoleon in Council.—Captain Basil Hall has translated a work from the French which bears the following title:—"Napoleon in Council; or the Opinions delivered by Bonaparte in the Council of State. Translated from the French of Baron Pelet, (de la Lozère,) Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and late Minister of Public Instruction, by Captain Basil Hall, R. N., 12mo., pp. 334." Some extracts we have read induce the opinion that it is a work of great historical interest; no copy has yet reached us. Baron Pelet says that Napoleon was always possessed with the notion that he could establish nothing permanent. In full council he exclaimed one day, "All this will last as long as I hold out: but, when I am gone, my son may call himself a lucky fellow if he has a couple of thousands a year." The author has some striking remarks on the freedom of the press under Napoleon; he says:—

"The perusal of the insults which were lavished upon him by the English papers, drove him into a fury which resembled that of the lion in the fable, stung to madness by swarms of gnats. He affected to grant a small modicum of liberty in the case of books, but this distinction was allowed to exist but a very short while; for it was found that when the papers were placed under a censorship, and books not, the books soon acquired the influence which belonged properly to the newspapers. During the 'Hundred Days,' the liberty of the press formed by no means the least of Napoleon's annoyances; and it was clear that either it must crush him, or he must crush it. But the press and the tribune had become more than ever incompatible with his position, which was far more conformable to a dictatorship than to a representative government. Napoleon in France at the same time with a free press, could be compared to nothing but Gulliver in Lilliput, bound down by a multitude of petty cords, which rendered it impossible for him to move hand or foot."

Sir Walter Scott.—We glean the following anecdote of Sir Walter Scott at Naples, from Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner's new Rambles in France, &c.:

"None of the manuscripts are ever allowed to be taken out of the library without special permission from government. The rule, however, was waived in favour of Sir Walter Scott, who became a prodigious favourite with his present majesty. The novelist was anxious to take a copy of a particular legend, but found it impossible to obtain leave, but on the condition of transcribing it within the walls of the library. Sir Walter wrote direct to the king, and an order was immediately in the hands of the curator to place the manuscript at his disposal, with a verbal message to say that he was at perfect liberty to take it to his house, and retain it as long as he liked. During his short stay, we are told, he occupied himself laboriously in preparing matter for a new romance, founded on the story of Masaniello, when he was compelled, by the rapid decline of his health, to set out for England."

Mr. M'Culloch has publised in London an improved and enlarged *Supplement* to his *Commercial Dictionary;* embodying the changes that have taken place, and the additions that have been made to the trading facts or speculative opinions since his former publication of November, 1835. Amongst them will be found a digest of the Parliamentary Report on Joint Stock Banks, and the author's criticisms upon its suggestions.

Raising the Wind.—A plan of raising money which might frequently be practised with advantage to the different nations of the world, is talked of in Spain. It is the intended transmission of the valuable picture gallery (museum) of Madrid to England, as a pledge for an advance to be solicited there, and the interest of which is to be paid out of the produce of the exhibition of this collection. The public would hail the arrival of this remarkable and almost inaccessible collection with great joy; its exhibition, like that of the Orleans gallery in 1798–9, would no doubt be very profitable. If the famous Raffaels, which were some years since at the Escurial, could be brought over likewise, the whole exhibition would make London worthy a pilgrimage to every votarist of art.

Mammon.—The history of the work advertised by the American booksellers is thus given in the London Athenæum:—

"Dr. Conquest, it appears, liberally offered a prize of one hundred guineas, together with the profits of the publication, for the best essay on the Sin of Covetousness, and there were no less than 143 candidates for the prize, which perhaps may serve as a proof of the justice of Dr. Conquest's suspicion that covetousness is *the* sin of the age. The prize was adjudged by the arbitrators, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, to the author of the volume before us. Mr. Harris has made the most of his limited subject, but, like the Bridgewater Treatises, the work has too much the appearance of having been written to order; there is occasionally a hesitation in following out principles to their full consequences, natural enough in an author who has to look forward to the judgment of individuals rather than the public."

For this prize Mr. Dick's work on covetousness was written, but it arrived too late.

Abel Allnutt.—Mr. Morier's new novel of Abel Allnutt was commenced in the Literary Omnibus last Friday. We do not consider it superior, if equal to, Hajji Baba, by the same author, but it will be found very pleasant and amusing, and in Omnibus form will cost subscribers but a few cents. The London Literary Gazette says:

"What next? Is not the author of "Hajji Baba" satisfied with giving us the most perfect and entertaining picture of the East, and Oriental feelings, customs, and manners, that he must break into the preserves of the best describers of our own national character and society? Abel Allnutt is more near to the 'Vicar of Wakefield' than any novel we can call to mind since the epoch of that—the first of its class. We would be ashamed of uttering another word of praise, and comparison (the odious) we are not going to institute."

Prior's Life of Goldsmith, which we commence in the "Library" to-day, will amply reward the attention of the reader. Independent of its subject, it is curious as a specimen of literary research.

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There is a curious passage in one of Dr. Franklin's letters in regard to wine: he pleasantly observes, that the only animals created to drink water are those who from their conformation are able to lap it on the surface of the earth, whereas all those who can carry their hands to their mouth, were destined to enjoy the juice of the grape.

There are many "peevish fellows" like those described by Steele in the following paragraph, and wherever they are found they should be made to partake of the remedy recommended at the end:—

"A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with pishes and pshaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is done or said in his presence. There should be physic mixed in all the food of which these fellows eat in good company."

Prejudice and self-sufficiency generally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian, that a calm at sea has upon a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep.

Plato, speaking of passionate persons, says, they are like men who stand on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.

To be angry, says Swift, is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves. Men too often spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of employing their passions in the service of life.

Much may be done in those little shreds and patches of time, which every day produces, and which most people throw away, but which nevertheless will make at the end of it no small deduction from the life of man. Cicero has termed them *intercessiva tempora*, and the ancients were not ignorant of their value; nay, it was

not unusual with them either to compose or to dictate while under the operation of rubbing after the bath.

Somebody saying, that to write well, either in prose or verse, it was necessary to consult one's ear, "True," said Menage, "provided it 's a good one."

M. Toinard once remarked, that the reason why people did not return borrowed books, was, that they could more easily retain their contents than remember them.

A Lawyer's Reply to a Legal Question.—Why can *men* make their wills, but not their *wives?* Their wives have always *their* wills in their lives.

Politicians and placemen, (office-holders we call them in modern parlance,) might profitably embody in their memories the following honest advice given to the president of a literary society who was requested to abdicate:—

"The ills, my friend, thou canst not cure,
Would drive thee from thy station;
Then, what thy patience can't endure,
Prevent by *resignation.*"

Mrs. Piozzi relates, that helping Johnson plentifully to some young peas, at Lleweny, she asked him "if they were not *charming?*" "Perhaps," said he, "they would be so *to a pig.*"

THE

AMERICAN MEDICAL LIBRARY

AND

INTELLIGENCER.

The second number of this periodical was issued on Saturday last, with the following interesting table of contents:—

INTELLIGENCER.

I.—Health of New Orleans. By Professor Caldwell.
II.—Cases of Spasmodic Tic, (with two wood cuts.) By Marshall Hall, M. D., F. R. S.
III.—Case of Dyscrasy. By the Editor.
IV.—Considerations on Bleeding from the Arm. By M. Lisfranc.
V.—Cholesterine in the Puriform Matter of an Abcess on the inner part of the Cheek. By M. Lassaigne.
VI.—Curious case of Absorption of Bone. By John H. Marable, M. D., of Tennessee.
VII.—Drs. Hirsch, Blandin, and J. M. Warren, on Anaplastic Surgery.
VIII.—On Bleeding in the Cold Stage of Fever. By Dr. Josiah Higgason, of Somerville, Tennessee.
IX.—Power of Divers to remain under Water. By Dr. Lefevre, of Rochfort, surgeon in the French army.
Bedford Water.
Premium.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES:—De la Sagra's Five Months in the United States. Warrington's Translation of Duparcque on the Uterus. Graduates of the University of Pennsylvania. Goverment of Medical Institutions. Jeffrey's Respirator. Necrological Notice of Hufeland. Cyclopædia of Surgery. Books Received.

LIBRARY.

I. Stokes's Theory and Practice of Medicine.—Continued.
II. Lectures Illustrative of Certain Local Nervous Affections. By Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bart., F. R. S., Sergeant Surgeon to the King, and Surgeon to St. George's Hospital.

TERMS.

1. The American Medical Library and Intelligencer is published semi-monthly, in numbers of 128 octavo pages each; 112 of which will consist of a reprint of a standard work,—the remainder, of original matter. The whole so arranged that each work may be bound separately.
2. The subscription price will be ten dollars per annum, payable in advance. Any person remitting payment for ten copies, will be entitled to a copy gratis.
3. Subscriptions received in April or October of each year, at the publication office, 46 Carpenter street, Philadelphia.

LONDON LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among the most prominent are Mr. Bentley's announcements of a Life of Lord de Saumarez, preparing by Sir John Ross; of a Life of the incomparable Mathews, by the indefatigable Theodore Hook; and a translation of Prince Pückler Muskau's new travels. From another quarter, too, we hear that "the author of Hampden in the Nineteenth Century" is preparing a supplement to that work, under the title of "Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education."

In the Press.

Memoirs of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, by James Gillman, Esq. [This announcement we are well pleased to see. Mr. Gillman, with whom Mr. Coleridge resided so long, can give us, if he will, the best, most particular, and only genuine account of the latter domestic and literary years of the poet.] Sketches in the Pyrenees, by the author of "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine," "The Gossip's Week," &c.

List of new books published in London to latest dates.

The Use of Talents, by Mrs. Cameron, 12mo. Meditations in Sickness and Old Age, by Baptist W. Noel, 8vo. Burke's New Peerage and Baronetage for 1837, 1 vol. 8vo. The Divorce, by Lady Charlotte Bury, 2 vols. Neal's History of the Puritans, 3 vols. 8vo. Potter's Grecian Antiquities, with Notes, &c., by J. Boyd, LL. D. 12mo. A Practical Treatise on Disease of the Lungs, by G. H. Weatherhead. Rev. Dr. H. Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons. Bishop Hall's Work (in 12 vols. 8vo. monthly,) Vol. I. Attila, a novel, by G. P. R. James, Esq., 3 vols. Crichton, by the author of "Rookwood," 3 vols. 8vo. The Monk, by Mrs. Sherwood, 12mo. Picciola, or Captivity Captive, by M. de Saintaine, 2 vols. 12mo. Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Brougham, by Sir A. B. Faulkner, post 8vo. The Spring, by Robert Mudie. Ermangarde, a Tale, and other Poems, by Eliza Heywood, 12mo. Xeniola, Poems by John Anster, LL. D. Old Friends in a New Dress, by R. S. Sharpe, 12mo. Francis Abbott, the Recluse of Niagara, and other Poems, by J. Bird, 8vo. Semilasso in Africa, Adventures in Algiers, &c. by Prince Pückler Muskau, 3 vols. 8vo. Von Raumer's Contributions to Modern History, Vol. II. Frederick II. and His Times, 8vo. The Linnean Artificial System of Botany, by T. Castle, 4to. Napoleon in Council, from the French of Baron Pelet, by Captain Basil Hall. The Highlands of Scotland, their Origin, History, &c., by W. F. Skene, 2 vols. 8vo. Lyell's Geology, new edition, 4 vols. 12mo.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY ADAM WALDIE.

46 CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

A Visit to the United States and Canada with a View to Settling in America, including a Voyage to and from New York. By Richard Weston, Bookseller, 37, Lothian street, Edinburgh. 1 vol. 12mo. Edinburgh: Richard Weston & Sons, 1836.

America seems to afford our European book-making friends a continued source of amusement; a Mr. Chevallier has just put forth a volume respecting us in Paris, and our table has within the present week been enriched by the work which heads our present article. A bookseller's book, thought we, must be particularly worth attention, and drawing on the hood of our argand burner, we prepared to be greatly enlightened; amusement we certainly have had, and shall endeavour, by allowing this new discoverer in the New World to tell part of his own story and disappointments, to transfer a good portion of risibility to the faces of our readers. Mr. Weston, it seems, had read in Chambers' Journal a highly wrought picture of the fertility of our soil, and of the facilities afforded to emigrants for "getting along." He determined to see for himself, and if suited, his design was to remove himself and family from "poor Scotland" to the prairies of the West. But he saw nothing that he liked; every emigrant he consulted wished himself at home again; every object was distorted in our traveller's eyes; even the falls of Niagara were little better than the commotion caused by the paddle-wheels of a steamboat, or in any of the falls of Britain. Lest this should not be believed, we quote from the text from page 260:—

"I visited the celebrated falls of Niagara, but really could not see any thing so very imposing about them as I had been led to believe. The great breadth takes away from the height; and I must say I have seen as striking an effect produced by the fall from a common mill-dam at home, or in one of those that run across the Hudson to supply the canals. Poets and travellers call it sublime; and I am aware that the frothy appearance of the water, after it has fallen, gives it a rapid-like appearance for a considerable distance; but we may observe this in miniature in the commotion caused by the paddle-wheels of a steamboat, or in any of the falls in Britain."

Passing over the discomforts of the voyage, in a ship filled with poor emigrants seeking the land of promise, let us take up the tourist on landing at New York. The emigrants were thrust forth upon the quay; almost every object they saw "presented signs of poverty, and I could see none of the signs of the beauty depicted by some of our travellers."

"I requested the family who were next to me to look after my luggage, while I went into the town and enquired for a furnished room, which they promised to do. On going along the quay, I observed many holes in it, large enough to allow a person, or even a chest, to fall through; and as there were no lamps on the quay, I wondered that no accident had befallen some of us on the previous night. One of these chasms was near where I bivouacked. I passed two other encampments of emigrants in Washington street; some of them were lying huddled together under carts, some within the recesses of doors, and some on the bare pavement. I enquired at a good-looking elderly woman who was lying on the pavement—her head bare, and her long gray hair fluttering in the breeze—how long it was since she landed; and she answered in German that it was six nights, and that her party had lain all that time on the streets. I gave her sixpence and left her, thinking within myself that when groups of poor wretches are thus obliged to lie on the streets, not having so much money as to procure a bed, it is tolerable evidence that there must be beggars in America, but that no great sympathy will be extended towards them. I had not proceeded much further, when I observed a painted board prohibiting begging; this was conclusive that my surmises were correct, and that there *were* beggars, though our travellers did not see them. * * *

"The signs above the different shop-doors, as I passed along, had a novel effect. "Bakery," denoting a baker's shop; "Dry Goods Store," for a haberdasher; "Mechanics' Retreat," a common tavern, were the usual terms employed. The word store is invariably used for shop. I proceeded along Broadway, the principal street in New York, till I came to the City Hall, which is situated in a small enclosure called the Park, on the east side of Broadway; still I saw nothing striking or beautiful. Most of the houses were of wood, consisting of sawed deals placed over one another, exactly like masons' sheds in Scotland; and the rest were of brick. They appeared to be built according to no regular plan, but were of different heights and shapes."

At a boarding-house our tourist came near to being cheated out of his change for "a dollar bill;" but he persevered so far as to call on a lady from Edinburgh:

"One lady, however, said, that I would not find much to admire in America, and that, for her part, she would rather live in the meanest style in Edinburgh than where she was, if she were not ashamed to return. Her husband, however, seemed to hold a different opinion. "There," said he, pointing to a boy standing beside him, "is a son born to me in America; he has a chance of becoming chief magistrate, which he could never be in the old country." The lady highly approved of the arrangements I had made at home, and assured me that this was not a place to establish a circulating library, for there were few readers of any thing but newspapers, the people being entirely engrossed in the sordid pursuit of gain, in railing at the mother-country and praising their own, in smoking, spitting, and dram-drinking, or listlessly swinging for hours in a rocking-chair. *

"There is a great number of journeymen printers at present out of employment. Even they seemed to be afraid that I was seeking a job; and it was a rare thing for me to get a civil answer either from them or their masters. The work done here is chiefly jobbing, there being little book-work."

Grant Thorburn, the famous seedsman and author, is next visited. This industrious gentleman some years since bought the old Friends' meeting-house in Liberty street, which he converted into a store for the sale of plants, but Mr. Weston, who never allows an opportunity to escape him of committing a blunder, says, "there is a case of drawers with a variety of shuttles behind the counter, *where the pulpit formerly stood;*" a pulpit in a Quaker meeting-house is a novelty. At an auction,

"The goods exposed consisted principally of books, indecent prints, cloths, hardware, and ready-made shoes, all of which sold high, except the indecent prints, which were low-priced, but in great demand."

Cows and pigs.

"Shortly after breakfast next morning, I went out to examine the city. Several cows were going about picking their food from the refuse on the streets; indeed, they and their swinish brethren seemed to enjoy the liberty of the country, and were often to be seen lounging about in the most fashionable places. Numbers of blacks were employed sawing wood into proper lengths for the stores; so that, although said to be free, they are still "hewers of wood," if not "drawers of water." Indeed I only observed three white faces at this species of work during my stay."

Not to be outdone by the Fidlers and Halls, the following is the very novel account of a New York dinner:

"They ate as if they were a retreating army making a hasty meal while the enemy were in hot pursuit, and very near up with them. I was astonished at the scene, and almost forgot to mind myself. I asked a person to help me from a dish which stood before him; he said nothing, but surveyed me minutely, keeping his grinders going all the time, and instead of helping me, very coolly replenished his own plate, and commenced again. I now took the hint; and as the good things were rapidly disappearing, I fell to every dish that was within my reach. In a short time individuals severally started up, flung back their chairs, and "cleared out," as if by magic; and when they were all gone, the busy waiters soon cleared the table, and replenished it for a new company, who soon commenced their operations."

A bookseller's civility.

"I afterwards went into a bookseller's store, and looked at a number of Colburn's novels, which were back-titled at double the prices asked. I requested the store-keeper, who was lame, and had a crutch, to tell me the trade price. He eyed me very knowingly, and said, 'I guess you are not a bookseller, but an impostor from the Old Country, no mistake. I expect the Americans are wide awake, and not to be done by the like of you.' I replied, 'You insolent rascal, were you not a cripple and in your own shop, I would take the yankee conceit out of you.' There were two gentlemen in the store at the time; and as I began to regret having got into a passion, I immediately added, 'I thank you, sir, for this sample of American civility,' and walked away."

Captain Skinner, in his recent very entertaining account of his overland journey from England to India, which, by the way, shall soon be published in our "Library," has a night-scene which can hardly be outdone. He says, "The munching of the horses, however, and *the terrific sound the women made in scratching themselves*, was beyond endurance. If their skins had not been as tough as leather, they would have torn themselves in pieces." A parallel is to be found in N. York; the naïveté of the new comer is particularly striking in the valiant slaying of the cock-roach:

"During the night I was twice awaked by the fire-bell and the noise of the firemen, but was too weary to get up. It was, however, no easy matter to fall asleep; for besides my old enemies the bugs and fleas, I now discovered a new one called a cock-roach, one of which I caught and slew, but the smell was offensive; and though very numerous, I therefore touched no more of them. Indeed, the water pitchers required to be carefully covered to keep out these vermin."

Brooklyn was little better than Niagara:

"During the forenoon, I crossed the East River to Brooklyn, Long Island, which is situated on a rising ground, and looks showy at a distance; but, like every thing American that I have seen, falls off upon examination. Many of the wealthy New York merchants live here, and are very exclusive. There were horse-races to-day, and I went to see them, but stopped a very short time, as the thing was altogether a caricature upon racing."

The *but* of the following sentences is characteristic of your thorough Old Countryman, who resembles the man that "in fact never got a good night's rest in America."

"I went on board a large American frigate, lying at a little distance from the dock. She was something like one of our 64-gun ships, but had only fifty guns mounted in the waist, quarter-deck, and forecastle, some of them long 12-pounders, and the rest carronades. Her decks were well holystoned, and the ends of the ropes on the quarter-deck and forecastle coiled in the Flemish coil. Indeed she seemed to be in the best order, and ready for sea; *but* her crew were composed of natives of every clime and nation, and had by no means the appearance of those of a British man-of-war."

Getting among the ladies in a New York church, he says:

"During the forenoon, I went to a church in Broadway. Few were yet present; and I went into an empty seat. Shortly thereafter, several females came to the same seat, and stared at me, but went into one either before or behind me. I wondered what new offence I had committed, for the eyes of the people assembled were all directed towards me; and I was just preparing to leave the church, when a man came forward, and desired me to come out, as I had taken the female side, and showed me the proper place. After sitting down in this new situation, I observed several of the women who had formerly refused to come into the seat beside me, leave the places they went to, and return to their own. I thought surely the American women must be chaste, when they will not sit and worship God beside a man. Their cheeks were, however, well painted, and, like American scenery, they looked best at a distance. This was a methodist meeting, and the singing was good; but the preacher displayed more zeal than knowledge, and bawled out unmercifully to an inattentive audience, the sweat pouring down his face all the time. I went to another church in the afternoon, which was well filled. The separation of males and females was here also; and the latter were generally painted.

"After church service on Sundays, the aristocracy of New York have an opportunity of attending either of two concerts, held in gardens, one in the Bowery, called Vauxhall Gardens, the other in Broadway, a little beyond Broome street, on the same side with the Park. There are perhaps many others, but I do not know of them. The music is very melodious; and between the interludes, the bar-rooms are crowded. You are charged one shilling for refreshments, but nothing for the singers—the bar-keeper pays them. Smoking and spitting are carried on to a great extent. There are many castes in New York: the highest, the aristocracy, are composed of the descendants of banished men, or adventurers, who have been successful in business, and left something behind them; the next are the swindlers, who, having cheated their creditors at home, are dashing away as merchants, bar-keepers, &c.; the next are those clerks and shop-keepers who have been duped, and have come here in the expectation of getting high salaries and cheap provisions; then the mechanics and labourers, who have been decoyed in a similar manner; and, lastly, the people of colour, who have been nominally emancipated from slavery, but are still under that degradation, being contemned by all the other castes, and made a butt of laughter, from the pulpit to the stage. The tail of the above castes imitates the higher orders in bar-rooms, drinking brandy at three-pence per tumbler, smoking and spitting, till the whole floor is bedaubed."

Beggars, and a commentary.

"During the short time I remained in New York, I saw and helped *many beggars;* but theirs is a poor trade here, for the Americans take all and give nothing. I saw plenty of ragged drunken people and prostitutes, but never observed a fiddler or an organ-player on the streets. I however noticed several broom-girls; but their songs could not charm a cent out of an American. Indeed, I almost never heard a person sing as in Edinburgh. This country seems to be like Trophonius's cave; it soon humbles all who enter it. I have heard little conversation among the men but about dollars—little among the women but about sauce and dress.

"Next morning I went to the quay and saw the foreign emigrants lying on the streets exactly as before. I afterwards dressed myself in my sea-clothes, which were not in the best condition, and tying a bundle on my back, crossed the Hudson to Paul's Hook, in New Jersey."

Our hero soon gets tired of the commercial folks of Gotham, and sets off to spy out the nakedness of the interior, commencing his journey on foot from the said *Paul's* Hook. New Jersey is a perfect sand pit, but he did observe, nevertheless, "a cleared spot:"

"I then went out and strolled a short time among the woods, where a constant chorus was kept up among the bull-frogs, the grasshoppers, and the crickets. I likewise heard the blue jay screaming, and the woodpecker tapping, the sound of which last had a melancholy enough effect; also a snake rustling among some grass at my feet. The country, though low-lying, was rolling and undulating, the soil sandy and marshy. Standing on a small hill, I observed a cleared spot at a little distance." * * * * *

"Arrived at Burlington, I had again to stand in defence of Britain in a bar-room. Her crimes were spread out before me in formidable array; but I justified her in almost all her acts. My kind friend the shoemaker from the Candlemaker-row, whom I visited in New York, had told me, that in traveling over the Union I ought never to quail beneath an American stare, but to retort on my antagonists every hard word spoken against my country, for that this was my safest plan, as the Americans, though proud, boastful, and rude, were generally cowards at bottom. I had thus been timeously put on my guard; and this was the second occasion I had to put the lesson in practice. Supped again in the public bar-room, and am now getting better acquainted with the customs of the country." * * * *

"The alluvial soil on the banks of the Delaware produces good Indian corn, wheat, and rye; *but* the fields are often inundated by the river overflowing its banks, and carrying wooden houses, wooden barns, and wooden fences along with it, thus laying the whole bottom-land waste, and bringing ruin upon the farmer. The receding of the waters, however, leaves a rich sediment, which produces good crops for several years in succession, without much labour, and without any manure; and the happy occupant never dreams of a similar calamity occurring again, though in all probability, after the lapse of a few years, he also is hurled to destruction."

Pennsylvania looks a little better, *but*

"It is, however, very undulating, and the soil sandy, and seemingly prolific in what are called Canadian thistles, which certainly emigrate to the southern states in great numbers.

"I went on to Lancaster, which is said to be the first place in the Union for manufacturing swords; and I heard it remarked that the sword-blades made here were even superior to those of Damascus. Having taken up my residence in a bar-room, or "home," as it is called, at sun-down a number of the workers in iron came in to get some drink. I was recognised as having come from a land of slavery; and one of the men said he wished much that America would go to war with England. I simply asked him if he really thought America would send an army to invade Britain, and took little farther notice of the conversation.

"Next day I proceeded to Philadelphia. This town covers a great space of ground; several of the streets are much too wide, and others very narrow. People of colour are more numerous here than in New York; and the people in general seem more civil. Though the stores are well filled with goods, there is not the same bustle of business as in the town above mentioned. Observing a sign with the words "Ale sold here," I went into the house and got a tumbler of that liquor, for which I was charged threepence. A person having come into the bar-room with the skin of his face all broken out into a solid scab, I asked the bar-keeper what was the matter, and was told that it was a distemper called the ringworm, which is sometimes very prevalent in summer, but generally disappears when the cold weather sets in. Though very troublesome, however, it is not a dangerous disease."

The bookselling trade is at a low ebb in this city, and no Lives of Franklin to be had. Mr. Sparks must have heard of this, for he is about to make that worthy known to us by means of "a life."

"I called upon several booksellers in the town; and I may here remark, as a singular circumstance, that I have not seen a copy of Franklin's life or works since I came to America. I happened on one occasion to ask for a sight of a directory, and the shopkeeper had the assurance to demand sixpence for the inspection, which I afterwards understood is the common charge here. Walking along the shore, I observed some men standing round a barrel, the two ends of which were out, but their place supplied by a piece of cloth tied round, and which had been sunk in the Delaware all night. I ascertained that it was used as a trap to catch eels, a hose being placed at either end by which the eels might creep in, but so constructed as to prevent them from escaping after they had entered. The barrel being rolled to some distance from the beach, one of the ends was opened, and it was quite astonishing to see the number of eels that had been caught.

"I went to the land-office, with the third number of Chambers' Information for the People in my pocket, to enquire what lands were for sale in the highlands of Pennsylvania, intending to go and look at them before making a purchase. A person handed me a pamphlet, thicker than the Edinburgh Review, entitled "State-lands for sale for arrears of taxes," some in every township of Pennsylvania. This was something I did not expect, as I had thought there were no taxes in America."

Baltimore has more business than Philadelphia, but has rats and flies!

"Not being able to find any trace of a person I wished much to see, I left Philadelphia, and proceeded to Baltimore. This seems to be a greater place of traffic than the town I had just left. The streets are narrow, the water bad; rats very numerous, and flies exceedingly annoying. I called at the carpet factory to enquire for my old shipmate the weaver from Bannockburn. I found he had got no employment there, as many of the hands were being paid off; nor could I trace what had become of him. The day was so oppressively hot that the people were obliged to refrain from working. I fell in with a Mr. Wilson from Edinburgh, a planter in Georgia, who pressed me much to come and spend the winter with him at his plantation. I promised to do so, if I found it convenient. This country is undulating, the soil sandy and barren; many deserted farms, and log-houses in ruins. Thistles, swamps, bull-frogs, grasshoppers, crickets, snakes, and mosquitoes, are to be found in abundance. I had here the luxury of sleeping in a bed with gauze curtains to keep out the vermin."

Washington and Noah Webster.

"I copied several inscriptions on the monuments, many of the words of which, I thought, were wrong spelt; but on afterwards mentioning this to a bookseller, he assured me that it was our method of spelling which was erroneous. In confirmation of this he showed me a dictionary by one Webster, (I think,) an American lexicographer, and exhibiting Johnson's at the same time, desired me to compare the two. I did so; and oh, shade of Johnson! how wouldst thou have blushed to see thyself convicted of spelling so egregiously wrong!"

Washington is not so popular with us as with foreigners:

"The Americans scarcely ever allude to Washington's exploits; his memory is revered by strangers, but not by his own countrymen."

A man at Williamsburgh—

"Told me that the present race of Americans had degenerated much, both in physical energy and morality, from those of his younger days; the present generation having no other idea than how to make dollars, dollars, no matter by what means. I remarked to him that the horses, even though covered with a harness of things,

seemed to suffer much from the bite of the insects; and he confessed that they were a great annoyance, and asked me if they were not as troublesome in my own country. I said, 'No, for their bite has drawn blood from me here, while in Britain, however teasing, they very seldom bite.' He told me that he had often to desist from working in the fields on this account, and at night was frequently obliged to kindle a fire at the door of his house to prevent the insects from entering; they were a great plague certainly, 'but,' he added, 'we are accustomed to nothing better.' My hands and face now blistered with the heat."

Victuals have no substance among us, *for* our traveller grew hungry every time after he had eaten:

"Having left this kind person, I went onwards to Somerset. After living for some days on salted pork and salted shad, I was glad to hear some one in the inn give orders to kill a goose for the use of the company. Several other persons had preceded me in the bar-room, and I observed some individuals who had lost an eye, and some wanting part of a nose, so that I now considered myself among a new people, although they spoke English fluently. Looking out at the window, I observed a man bringing the goose, which he laid on a plank outside the house; and, a woman of colour having taken hold of the feet, he laid another board over its shoulders, to prevent the wings from flapping, and then decapitated the poor bird with one stroke of an axe. In a short time the dinner bell rung, and we sat down to a hasty meal, in which, as usual, there was little ceremony and no conversation. It is very common among the Americans to belch much after eating heartily—and no wonder, for they literally gorge themselves. I think there is not so much substance in American victuals as in those of Britain, however much our travellers and those letters which are said to be written by persons in America may boast; for I have often observed that I soon got hungry after partaking of a substantial meal. I am inclined to believe that most of the specious letters above alluded to are fabrications got up by interested individuals, as the farm-steadings and soil of which they speak so favourably, can in no degree be compared with those of our own country."

Virginia geese are ill used:

"Going along, I observed a woman plucking the feathers from live geese, of which there might be about twenty in a pen—the process appeared to me to be very painful. When the old feathers are taken off, the new ones are already formed. The woman told me that these birds shed their feathers every two months. An ordinary sized bed filled with the feathers of live geese, rarely exceeds twenty-four pounds weight; and many of them are so soft, that I have sometimes fancied myself lying in water. Like the hogs and other animals in America, geese generally forage for their own victuals; and in winter, the woman said, they frequently make their appearance in the barn-yard, but never in summer. Probably they know they shall be plucked when they come there; and it is not easy to get hold of them when that operation is to be performed."

General Jackson cashiered all his political enemies *for*

"The gentleman who told me this, (and I have often heard it confirmed,) though an American, was kind and frank with me, and introduced me to various houses, where I had an opportunity of witnessing the swinging on rocking chairs, spitting on the carpet, puffing away with cigars, and the genteel attitude of cocking up the feet higher than the head, of which I had only previously heard."

Joint-stock hog societies:

"Throughout nearly all the western territory, there are joint-stock hog societies, for the purpose of rearing these animals, and turning them adrift at a certain age to ramble among the woods, and grub up the reptiles, of which they are very fond."

Cincinnati.

"Went on to Bainbridge, and from thence to Cincinnati. At this latter place, I visited Mrs. Trollope's Bazaar, or Folly, as it is called. In the bar-room of an inn I met a deserter from the army in Canada. A number of one-eyed people being present, I put the question to him privately how it happened that so many persons here were deficient of an eye, an ear, or part of the nose. 'And do you not know the reason?' said he; 'the Kentucky men are regular Lancasterians, but far more savage; biting, bullocking, and gouging, are common among them. If you get into a quarrel, beware of your eyes, your ears, and your nose; and be sure to keep at arms-length from them, with one foot in advance, prepared for action.' This person drove a team, and was very kind to me, giving me much information about the country and the people. He, too, wished he were once more at home; but the die was cast for him, as he said sorrowfully.

"The climate here is very sickly, the Ohio often overflowing the lower parts of the town. This mighty river will soon separate America into two divisions, if it does not do so already. It may be called the leading thoroughfare of America; only, in choosing this route, you must either make your entrance or exit by New Orleans, the sandy swamps of which are so noxious, that they may be likened to the gates of death—at all events, they lead to imbecility of mind, of which numerous examples are to be found. Indeed, a relation of mine told me that, were it not for the apprehension of this latter calamity, he would not be afraid to risk his bodily health, as he could realise a fortune in a very short time.

"Cincinnati, though but of modern date, is very populous, being the great storehouse for all the produce of the western states, including likewise even Upper Canada, as the Ohio reaches within about twenty miles of Lake Erie, to which it is about to be connected by a canal.

"In regard to New Orleans, were it not for the unwholesome climate, it would soon eclipse New York. This latter place, by means of the Hudson, might have been said, not long ago, to divide America in two; but that river is now rapidly filling up from the sandy alluvial deposits, so that ships of burden cannot get up to Albany. This disadvantage, however, is in a great measure compensated by the western canal, which connects the two cities, and joins Lake Erie."

The above quotations are probably enough to instruct the world of the merits of Mr. Weston, who happily thought it best to go home, and discourage his countrymen from trying our climate and mode of life. Mrs. Trollope's book is now fairly in the background; we have a newer and more veracious historian.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Author of Junius's Letters.—The interest which has always attached to the secret of who was the author of the Letters of Junius, induces us to copy from the Inverness Courier the following particulars; the fact that Sir David Brewster was engaged in the investigation we announced two weeks since. The readers of the life of Goldsmith will find some facts respecting Lachlan Macleane in addition.

A distinguished author and natural philosopher of the present day, Sir David Brewster, is engaged in an attempt to unravel the best-kept secret of modern times, the author of Junius's Letters. Nearly seventy years have elapsed since those memorable letters appeared. The compression, point, and brilliancy of their language—their unrivaled sarcasm, boldness, and tremendous invective—at once arrested the attention of the public, and secured for them a popularity that has had less abatement, from the progress of years and events, than has ever attended any other productions, issuing from the English press to serve a mere temporary or party purpose. Every effort that could be devised by the government of the day, or prompted by private indignation, was made to discover their author, but in vain. "It is not in the nature of things," he writes to his publisher, "that you or any body else should ever know me, unless I make myself known: all arts, or rewards, would be ineffectual." In another place he remarks, "I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall die with me." The event has verified the declaration: he had drawn around him so impenetrable a veil of secrecy, that all the efforts of enquirers, political and literary, and all the disclosures of more than half a century, have failed in removing one shade of the original darkness. Hence, although numerous persons, from Burke down to the veriest pamphleteers, have been elevated to the honours of Junius, it has been considered highly improbable that the real Junius should have died and left no trace by which to detect him. That he should have wished to be for ever unknown was held to be unlikely; that he should have been able to elude all discovery, after his decease, is still more so. Ten years ago, a work was published to prove that the late Sir Philip Francis was Junius. It did not, however, carry conviction to the public mind; the immediate friends of Sir Philip disbelieved it—considered it in all its bearings—the supposition was unsuited to his character—and Sir Philip died, but "gave no sign." Nothing appeared among his papers, or transpired after his decease, to support the hypothesis.

An accident led to the enquiry now in progress by Sir David Brewster. Among the papers of his late eminent relative, Mr. Macpherson, translator of Ossian, he found a number of notes and letters addressed to that gentleman by one of his friends, which struck him from their resemblance to the style of Junius. They were written on private or ordinary topics, but were all in the peculiar epigrammatic diction characteristic of that writer. On examining them more critically, he saw that many turns of expression and phrases were precisely, or nearly, the same, and that the general character of the handwriting corresponded with the fac-similes of the handwriting of Junius, which were published in 1812, by Woodfall. The letters were signed "*Lachlan Macleane.*" The question then occurred, who was this Lachlan Macleane? He could not be a Scotsman, maugre his name; for Junius had even more than the prejudice of Johnson against our countrymen. If he was Junius, he must have been a man of commanding energy and brilliant talents; he must have been wealthy, for Junius in his correspondence with his publisher, expresses himself as above all pecuniary considerations; he must have been a person of rank and consequence, moving in the first circles, for Junius, as appears from his private letters to Woodfall, acquired political information and a knowledge of ministerial intrigues with a promptitude that was astonishing. It had often been conjectured, from peculiar idioms and expressions in his letters, that Junius was of Irish descent or education: it was certain that he must have resided in London, and been in the confidence of the friends of the court and administration. And if Macleane was in reality this powerful writer—this "Nominis Umbra," that had baffled all identification—how came he to have left no disclosure at his death, for dead he must ere this be? There was the strong probability that he would tell the secret to some friend on whom he relied to vindicate his posthumous right to the laurel; and there was a slight but singular point of evidence which might exist. Junius ordered from his publisher a set of letters, which he directed to be curiously bound in vellum, with gilt leaves; and this has been justly considered to afford a reason for believing that he intended to retain the means of proving his title at a distant period, while it exposed him to detection after his death, if he allowed that event to happen before he declared himself.

These obvious questions, Sir David Brewster is, we believe, prepared to answer—whether in all cases satisfactorily, must be decided by the proofs he will adduce, and which will soon be published in a small volume. Some of these we have had the honour of inspecting, and we can safely say, that a series of cogent and convincing reasons and illustrations will be brought forward in support of the claims of Macleane. The history of that individual is full of variety and adventure. He was the son of an Irish presbyterian clergyman, descended from the Macleanes of Coll, Hebrides. He was bred to the study of medicine, but appears to have abandoned it and become a political writer in London. The times were favourable for men of this class. The government was corrupt, and gave large premiums for talent; while the keenness of public contests, and the variety of administrations that succeeded each other with unexampled rapidity, sharpened the public curiosity, and concentrated it on party politics. Macleane acquired distinction, and rose to be an under secretary of state during the time that Lord Shelburne was in office. *In this capacity he might have acquired all that minute and ready acquaintance with state secrets which Junius during the same period is said to have possessed.* He was the friend of Burke and Goldsmith; and the scattered notices of him that remain, all concur in representing him as a man of first-rate abilities. The only trace that can be found of his being an author in his own name and character, is the fact that, in 1771, he published a defence of the ministry, on the subject of the Falkland Isles. A copy of this production has not yet been discovered; it is essential to an estimate of the talents of Macleane, and we hope Sir David Brewster will succeed in recovering it from the oblivion which has descended on the

work and its author. Macleane, though possessed of high talents, would appear to have been reckless and unprincipled, and no person who carefully reads the letters of Junius, (and particularly the private and miscellaneous letters published in Woodfall's edition,) will doubt that the author was an adventurer, writing for effect;—a splendid underling in office, familiar with public men, of dazzling energy and power, and of ill-regulated principles and passions. At the very time Macleane was publicly defending the ministry, we are told, (in Campbell's life of Hugh Boyd,) that he "possessed a mortal hatred to the Duke of Grafton, and indulged his resentment by painting him in the blackest colours." He had been dismissed from office, and to a person of his temperament, would thus have many enmities to revenge, and rivals to attack. In the writings of Junius there is a settled, deliberate malignity, which could not proceed from a man of good or noble nature, and some allusions to obscure individuals, which seem to have arisen from personal hatred or envy. Macleane had his reward for his defence of the principles of the ministry. In 1772 he was appointed, by Lord North, collector of Philadelphia. Now, it is remarkable, that in the correspondence of Junius with Woodfall, there is a blank from May, 1772, to January, 1773. In 1773, Macleane returned from America, and went to India with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. He returned again to England in 1776, and two years after he commenced another voyage to India, being employed by the government upon official business relating to the nabob of Arcot. He was destined never to accomplish his object—the Swallow packet, in which he was conveyed, went down at sea, and all on board perished. "In the shipwreck of the state," says Junius, in a metaphor as just as it is beautiful, "trifles float and are preserved; while every thing solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost for ever." May we not assume that the natural world on this occasion presented a kindred calamity?—that in the shipwreck of this vessel the author of Junius was personally lost for ever, and that with him perished any writings or documents that might have revealed the secret to his cotemporaries? Macleane left an enormous property, amounting to two or three hundred thousand pounds sterling! But we leave the active and searching mind of Sir David Brewster to trace the singular history of his life and fortunes, and to develope those points on which we have barely touched, relating to his identity with Junius. The task will be beset with difficulties; while living, Macleane was not sufficiently great to attract much attention, and his merits were known but to a few. These, like himself, have passed away. It may be now too late to investigate the peculiarities of his history and disposition; "the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour." The public, however, are always willing to welcome a production from the pen of Sir David Brewster, and on such a strange and interesting subject as the discovery of Junius, his philosophic powers of analysis and investigation will be very well employed.

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JUNIUS AND LACHLAN MACLEANE.

A gentleman has obligingly pointed out to us a passage in Galt's life of Mr. West, the distinguished painter, which supplies another link in the chain of evidence connecting Junius's Letters with Lachlan Macleane. It will materially assist the enquiry now in progress by Sir David Brewster, who was led to adopt the opinion of Macleane being Junius, from a series of private letters written by that gentleman, which fell under his notice, as formerly described by us, and when Sir David was unconscious of Macleane having been ever suspected to be Junius. The passage is as follows:—

"An incident of a curious nature has brought him (Mr. West,) to be a party, in some degree, with the singular question respecting the mysterious author of the celebrated letters of Junius. On the morning that the first of these famous invectives appeared, his friend Governor Hamilton happened to call, and enquiring the news, Mr. West informed him of that bold and daring epistle; ringing for his servant at the same time, he desired the newspaper to be brought in. Hamilton read it over with great attention, and when he had done, laid it on his knees, in a manner that particularly attracted the notice of the painter, who was standing at his easel. 'This letter,' said Hamilton, in a tone of vehement feeling, 'is by that d——d scoundrel, M'Lean.' 'What M'Lean?' onquired Mr. West. 'The surgeon of Otway's regiment: the fellow who attacked me so virulently in the Philadelphia newspaper, on account of the part I felt it my duty to take against one of the officers. This letter is by him. I know these very words; I may well remember them;' and he read over several phrases and sentences which M'Lean had employed against him. Mr. West then informed the governor, that M'Lean was in this country, and that he was personally acquainted with him. 'He came over,' said Mr. West, 'with Colonel Barry, by whom he was introduced to Lord Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) and is at present private secretary to his Lordship.'"

Mr. Galt adds—"M'Lean, owing to great impediment in his utterance, never made any figure in conversation; and passed with most people as a person of no particular attainments. But when Lord Shelburne came into office, he was appointed under secretary of state, and subsequently nominated to a governorship in India: a rapidity of promotion to a man without family or parliamentary interest, that can only be explained by a profound conviction on the part of his patron of his superior talents, and perhaps, also, from a strong sense of some peculiar obligation."

In the Monthly Magazine for July, 1813, there is an account of a conversation between Sir Richard Phillips and the Marquis of Lansdowne (formerly Lord Shelburne,) on this subject. The Marquis said, "I knew Junius; and I knew all about the writing and production of these letters," and he promised that he would in the following summer write a pamphlet about Junius, (the real author, he said, had never been publicly named,) and he could do this, as the grounds of secrecy were then so far removed by death, and changes of circumstances, that it was unnecessary the author of Junius should much longer be unknown. The Marquis died about a week after this interview. If this statement can be relied upon, it is very probable that the present Marquis of Lansdowne (son of Macleane's patron,) must know something of the matter. If our cotemporaries of the press in Philadelphia preserve files of their papers, Sir David Brewster might also procure a copy of the letter by Macleane, which was alluded to by Governor Hamilton, in his conversation with Mr. West.

We have made considerable search in the newspapers of the day for the attack on Governor Hamilton, without success, though aided by several literary friends. Lachlan Macleane is remembered to have kept a drug store in Second street, Philadelphia, in the latter part of 1761, and to have practised as a surgeon. He had an impediment in his speech, and left this country on acccount of an amour which procured the enmity of the community.

The Rocky Mountains.—All readers of taste will rejoice to learn that Washington Irving has a new work in the press in this city, entitled, "The Rocky Mountains; or, Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the 'Far West,' digested from the Journal of Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, of the Army of the United States, and illustrated from various other sources, accompanied by two large maps." The maps, we beg to suggest to the publishers, should be by better hands than the awful one in "Astoria."

Pindar and Anacreon.—So few new books have been issued within the last two weeks that our list of new American publications is not brought up to the day; we shall, under such circumstances, make them less frequently, but they will be equally perfect. The 36th volume of Harper's Classical Family Library contains Pindar, translated by the Rev. C. A. Wheelwright, and Anacreon, by Thomas Bourne. The series becomes by every issue more valuable.

Tales and Sketches by Boz.—The new series of tales and sketches by Boz, is decidedly more to our taste than the Pickwick Papers, which nevertheless were very popular. They are published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, in two 12mo volumes. See an extract in our last number of the Omnibus.

Life of Scott.—The first volume of Lockhart's long expected Life of Sir Walter Scott has at length made its appearance in London.

Agents for this Work.

MAINE.—Bangor, Duren & Thatcher.
VERMONT.—Montpelier, George P. Walton.
MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston, W. H. S. Jordan.
Worcester, Clarendon Harris.
CONNECTICUT.
New Haven, Herrick & Noyes.
Hartford, Roderick White.
RHODE ISLAND.
Pawtucket, J. M'Intyre & Co.
Providence, A. S. Beckwith.
NEW YORK.
New York, Peter Hill, 11, Old Slip.
West Point, J. H. Holt.
Hudson, P. Dean Carrique.
Albany, W. C. Little.
Rochester, C. & M. Morse.
Utica, Wm. Williams.
Buffalo, A. Wilgus.
Schenectady, Samuel Andrews.
NEW JERSEY.
Trenton, D. Fenton & B. Davenport.
Salem, J. M. Hannah.
Princeton, R. E. Hornor.
Newark, J. M'Intyre.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Mauch Chunk, William H. Sayre.
Lancaster, James F. Flood.
Easton, A. H. Reeder.
Pottsville, B. Bannan.
Montrose, W. L. Post, P. M.
York, D. Small, P. M.
Pittsburgh, Johnston & Stockton.
Chambersburg, Matthew Smith.
Wilkesbarre, E. W. Sturdevant.
Carlisle, George M. Phillips & Co.
OHIO.—Cincinnati, Corey & Fairbanks, M. Dawson
Alexander Flash.
Columbus, J. N. Whiting.
Maumee, John E. Hunt, P. M.
Steubenville, J. & B. Turnbull.
Zanesville, Adam Peters—Uriah Parke.
MARYLAND.
Baltimore, N. Hickman.
Annapolis, J. Greene, P. M.
Cambridge, C. Lecompte, P. M.
Darnestown, L. W. Candler.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
Washington City, Frank Taylor.
Alexandria, W. Morrison.
VIRGINIA.—Richmond, R. D. Sanxay.
Norfolk, R. C. Barclay,—U. H. Forbes & Co.
Petersburg, A. N. Bourdon.
Lynchburg, A. R. North.
Portsmouth, U. H. Forbes & Co.
Fredericksburg, John Coakley; E. M'Dowell.
University of Virginia, C. P. M'Kennie.
KENTUCKY.
Louisville, John M. Campbell.
TENNESSEE.
Nashville, White & Norvell, W. A. Eichbaum.
Lexington, John W. Trumbull.
NORTH CAROLINA.
Raleigh, Turner & Hughes.
Fayetteville, J. M. Stedman.
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Charleston, John P. Beile.
Camden, A. Young.
Columbia, B. D. Plant.
Sumterville, H. Haynesworth.
GEORGIA.—Augusta, T. H. Plant.
Savannah, W. T. Williams.
MISSISSIPPI.
Natchez, F. Beaumont.
Grand Gulf, William M. Smyth.
ALABAMA.—Mobile, J. S. Kellogg & Co.
LOUISIANA.—New Orleans, C. H. Bancroft.
Francisville, J. M. Bell, P. M.
MISSOURI.—St. Louis, Meech & Dinnies.
MICHIGAN.—Detroit, George S. Meredith.
CANADA.
Quebec, J. Tardiff.
Cornwall, U. C. Duncan M'Donell.
Montreal, Armour & Ramsey.
Toronto, J. Ballard.
Brockville, Wm. Bewell, Jr. & Co.
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18

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

THE ORIGINAL.

Concluded.

ART OF LISTENING.

When Falstaff is accused by the Lord Chief Justice of being deaf, he answers, "Rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal." The same disease or malady continues to be very troublesome to the present day; and those who are afflicted with it, may be instantly known by the interrogative umph? with which they notice whatever is said to them. This habit does not arise from any defect in the faculties, but from carelessness in the use of them. It is as great an impediment to the current of conversation as deafness, and without its excuse. Some people are so careless that they receive no other impression from a first utterance than to get their attention ready for a second. Others hear, but do not mark, as is evident from this circumstance, that they will generally reply after waiting for a repetition, though no repetition takes place. The inconvenience in both cases is the same. Attention to what is said to us, or in our presence, is not only a very agreeable quality, but it is indicative of a well-regulated mind, of a mind at ease, above the cares and vanities of the world, free from pride, conceit, or selfishness, and without fear or reproach. Those who are a prey to "low thoughted care," or are burning under the vanities of life, have their minds ever wandering from what is present. Pride cannot condescend to listen, except to its superiors; conceit does not think it worth while, and selfishness is too much taken up with its own concerns. Fear, by its very nature, is destructive of presence of mind, and self-reproach turns inward at every turn. Attention to whatever is said is sometimes the consequence of obsequiousness, or of a courtier-like disposition: but that species is easily distinguishable from the unaffected attention which is the result of composure and kindness. Promptness of reply is a sign of honesty and openheartedness, as slowness is often indicative of habitual cunning, or a desire to take undue advantage. Nations, and individuals who are remarkable for their talent at reply, usually adopt some expedient to gain time, deliberation being a great auxiliary to both wit and wisdom, and, when well managed, heightening the effect of both in no small degree. A genuine Irishman usually repeats what is said to him before he utters his humorous answer. A Frenchman takes or offers a pinch of snuff, as a prelude to his neat or courteous reply; but in the art of snuff-taking as a powerful aid in conversation, from the tapping the box to the application of the snuff, no man that I ever saw, exhibited so much grace as Horne Tooke. The oracle fixes his eyes upon those he is answering, the smoker takes two or three whiffs, the boon companion empties his glass, and the lady plays with her fan, before they severally utter what wit, or wisdom, or discretion dictates. Then the unwilling witness has recourse to a short cough, or to the Irishman's expedient of repeating the question, and the diffident Englishman precedes his answer with an unmeaning laugh. Mere slowness in reply is always dull, or suspicious. Promptness is the best every-day quality; and deliberation, accompanied by suitable action, the most effective on particular occasions. It agreeably attracts the attention, and generally rewards it. It has something of the effect which Milton describes in an orator, who

"Stands in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act, wins audience ere the tongue."

The manner of answering usually affords greater insight into character than the answer itself. Decision, straight-forwardness, diffidence, cunning, and almost every other quality, are more or less discernible in the manner, as is also the particular feeling at any given time. There is one class of listeners, who cut off every thing that is said to them, by answering before they have half heard, and of course for the most part very erroneously. They are the most unsatisfactory of all, and the less one has to do with them the better.

As the season is approaching when

"Coughing drowns the parson's saw,"

it is an appropriate time to say something on the art of listening in public, the neglect of which is a great public annoyance. People sometimes seem to go to church for the express purpose of preventing any thing being heard but their own unrestrained coughing, and use of their handkerchiefs. It is impossible that they themselves can attend, and it is equally impossible that others should hear; for which reasons it would be much better on every account, that, pending their indisposition, they should confine themselves to private devotion. Appearance in public, under such circumstances, I cannot help considering a great indecorum, and as indicative of a total want of consideration for others. It should be remembered, too, that sitting in a warmed building, after being exposed to the cold air, is almost sure to produce that tickling in the throat, which it is always painful, and often impossible, to overcome. At the same time a great deal might be done in the way of control and moderation, and especially at particular moments; for it is observable that during the prevalence of colds, there is generally a most determined combination of noises when attention is particularly desirable, as during the giving out of the text. The preceding silence is followed, as people settle themselves for the sermon, by a perverse outbreak, which for some time prevents a syllable from being heard. It strongly illustrates what the late Lord Ellenborough, in his peculiar phraseology, observed on a similar exhibition in his own court: "Some slight interruption one might tolerate, but there seems to be an *industry* of coughing." Though coughing is an annoyance which is experienced at certain seasons in all public places, it is no where so unrestrainedly given vvay to as in places of worship; the reason being, I suppose, that there is no fear of any marks of disapprobation, which it would assuredly meet with, if indulged in to an equal extent any where else. But this should be the strongest reason for imposing self-control, with those who have a proper sense of decorum. On rare occasions it is indeed noticed from the pulpit, and I think it would be well if, when colds are prevalent, a recommendation were now and then given, that the severely afflicted should remain at home, and that others should be as much on their guard as possible against causing any avoidable interruption. In other respects there is no cause of complaint in places of worship, except that some people have a habit of coming in with rather more bustle than is necessary. In other public assemblies where the object is to listen, there are minor causes of annoyance, such as individuals talking together, either because they themselves cannot hear, or do not care to hear, or from a love of display. Then there is coming in and going out unseasonably, and not quietly, all which is inconsiderate and ill-bred, and deserving of the reprobation it often meets with. Thoughtlessly, or wilfully to disturb a public assembly, is a sure sign of folly, want of breeding, or selfishness.

CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

When the late Lord Erskine was lord chancellor, he invited the gentleman who told me the following anecdote, to breakfast with him. While they were conversing, a servant brought in a letter, which Lord Erskine read with considerable emotion. After a pause, he said it was from one of the French princes, without naming which, and added, that it was to solicit his assistance on the occasion of some embarrassment. He then remarked upon the very extraordinary change which a few years had brought about in their respective fortunes. "The first time I saw the writer of this letter," he continued, "was at Versailles. I was then a poor ensign on my way to join my regiment, which was lying in Minorca. As I was traveling to Paris in a public vehicle, one of the passengers, who held some inferior situation in the palace, offered to procure me an opportunity of seeing the court, and there I beheld this prince figuring in the most brilliant manner as one of the most distinguished men in Europe. I was then in the lowest rank in one profession, and am now at the head of another of a totally different nature, and he, in exile and in poverty, is supplicating my aid."

MISCELLANEOUS.

How superior is a poor man with a rich spirit, to a rich man with a poor spirit! To borrow the expression of St. Paul, he is "as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." While the other presents the melancholy reverse; he is as possessing all things, and yet having nothing. The first hopes every thing, and fears nothing; the last hopes nothing, and fears every thing. There is no absolute poverty without poverty of spirit. The sunshine of the mind gives only the bright side. He who lives under its influence is courted by all men, and may, if he will, enjoy their goods without their troubles. The world is, as it were, held in trust for him; and, in freedom from care, he is alone entitled to be called a gentlemen. He is the most independent of all men, because fortune has the least power over him. He is the only man that is free and unfettered; he may do what he pleases, and nothing is expected from him. He escapes importunity and flattery, and feels a perpetual consciousness that he is not sought for but for himself. Suspicion of motives never chills his confidence, nor withers his enjoyment. He has an enriching power within himself, which makes his outward wants easily supplied with industry and prudence, without the necessity of anxious toil. A little is his enough, and beyond, is an encumbrance. This is the Christian doctrine, and the doctrine of reason, which ever go together. The principle is the same, whether a man have a family or not; good training is a better patrimony than wealth, as I have already expressed in a short article in my first number, entitled "Life." To promote richness of spirit as a national characteristic, it is necessary to have spirited governments, both local and general, and in each community a large common purse—the very reverse of the present tone, and of the wretched doctrines of the economists. The greatest quantity and the greatest diffusion of enjoyment, with the least care, are to be found under a system of private comfort and public magnificence. I shall enlarge upon this important and ill-understood topic on a future occasion. Illustrative of much of the above is the following speech of Hamlet to Horatio:

"Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Hor. O, my dear lord, ———
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirit,
To feed and clothe thee? * * * *
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing—
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please. Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee."

If you are not in the humour for doing any thing, and necessity does not press, do not waste yourself in vain efforts, or fritter away time in inaction, but turn to something else, or think what is most likely to put you into the humour you wish, whether exercise or refreshment, or society, and that try. By such a process you will often make what is difficult and irksome, easy and agreeable; you will generally save time in the end, and almost always do better what you have to do. Some people are continually flying off from their occupations, so as scarcely ever to reach the effective point of application, whilst others go on so long as to destroy their energy, and render perseverance useless. There is a profitable and wholesome mean between inconstancy and weariness.' When we know what we shall have to do, it is wise to make suitable preparation; as professed gamblers, by abstemiousness and repose, make themselves fresh and clear for their midnight practices.

There are three weaknesses in our habits, which are very common, and which have a very prejudicial influence on our welfare. The first is giving way to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost always diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often leads us to abstain from action altogether; as for instance, if at this season of the year there is a gleam of sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat, or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favourable opportunity, and perhaps at last justify ourselves in remaining indoors, on the ground that the time for exercise is past. One evil attendant upon this habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain dissatisfaction of the mind, which impedes and deranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A perception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perpetually smooth. Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told at once. The habit will stand them in stead all their lives. The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, if a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten, resolves to rise at six, and, after a few successful attempts, happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habit, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions as to economy, or temperance, or any thing else; if we cannot do all we intended, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now, what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual. The third and last weakness to which I allude is, the practice of eating and drinking things, because they are on the table, and especially when they are to be paid for. How seldom it happens that two men leave a few glasses of wine in a decanter at a coffee-house, though they have both had enough; and the consequence of not doing so frequently is to order a fresh supply; but, at any rate, even the first small excess is pernicious. Excess, however slight, either in solids or liquids, deranges the powers of digestion, and of course diminishes the full benefit of any meal. It often induces an indisposition to move, and so one excess leads to another. What is called a second appetite is generated, and the proper bounds being once passed, it is not easy to fix another limit. The importance in a man's life of stopping at enough is quite incalculable; and to be guilty of excess for the reason I have just mentioned, though very common, is the height of folly. A very small quantity will cause the difference between spending the remainder of the day profitably or agreeably, and in indolence and dissipation.

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ADDRESS TO THE READER.

Dear Reader,

If I had known what I now know, I would not have concluded my first volume till the last number of last month, giving timely notice that it was expedient I should take a holiday. London living and authorship do not go on well together. My writings have latterly drawn upon me more numerous and cordial invitations than usual, which is a gratifying sign of approbation, but of somewhat ruinous consequences. Conviviality, though without what is ordinarily called excess, during the greater part of the week, and hard fagging during the remainder, with a sacrifice of exercise and sleep, must tell; and if I were to go on without intermission, I must make myself a slave, with at the same time great danger of falling off. I have therefore determined to suspend my labours till the first Wednesday in March,* and feeling the expediency of such a step, I think it best to take it at once. What portion of my present indisposition for writing, or whether any, is attributable to the mere continuance of my weekly efforts, I cannot at all determine; but undoubtedly, if I had lived according to my own precepts, and had given up a portion of each day to composition, I should have felt myself in a much more favourable humour than I now do. Delay, I find on enquiry, is the common failing of authors, and an independence of the habits of society is more difficult than those who are not situated as I am can well conceive. A respite will, therefore, not only give me fresh vigour for writing, but you a fresh appetite for reading, for I cannot but fear that a constant supply from the same pen, might produce in the end a certain want of relish. Diet, however good, ought now and then to be changed. I have already given you a sufficient course of mine to produce some effect, if it ever will; and if you should feel inclined to return to it, it will have something of the charm of novelty. The same phraseology and turn of thinking will not be always haunting you. After a first acquaintance, a temporary separation is almost always productive of agreeable results, and so I trust it will be with you and me. In the course of my work many subjects of importance have suggested themselves to me for the first time, which I wish to have leisure to turn over in my mind, and I wish to read over carefully what I have already written, in order to supply any omissions I may find, and take up those subjects upon which I have only lightly touched. Many of the articles were written so completely off hand, that I have entirely forgotten them, as I have never given them a second perusal. The reasons why I have fixed the first Wednesday in March for the resumption of my numbers, are, first, because three months will afford me ample time to recover my tone; secondly, because I shall have sufficient opportunity for attending to persons and matters, of late somewhat neglected; and lastly, because during the short days my publication requires so much writing by candlelight, which I wish to avoid before I suffer any inconvenience, which hitherto I have fortunately escaped. It will be my aim during the interval between this time and March to put myself into the best state for renewing my labours with effect. Diet, sleep, and exercise, are the chief points to be attended to, and difficult it is to attend to them in this metropolis. If one could but succeed in uniting the advantages of solitude with those of society, it would be glorious. One of my principal objects throughout my numbers has been to facilitate such an union, by rendering the mode of living more simple and rational, and I shall labour again in the same cause. In the mean time I wish you, by a short anticipation, the compliments of the season.

* They were never resumed.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Weston's United States.—The reader who was amused and *instructed* by our extracts last week from Weston's Tour in the United States, must have come to the conclusion that the veracious historian had never been in America, but had written the account of "this, my voyage of discovery," as he calls it, in his shop, by the help of a map and previous tomes, for the purpose of keeping his customers at home. But a perusal of the well-printed volume shows this impression to be erroneous; he undoubtedly performed the journey, and visited a number of relations of the same name at Sandy Hill, in the state of New York, on his route home from Cincinnati; these he designates, one of them a "Judge Weston," and he gives other names of respectable neighbours whom he visited. His book, nevertheless, is the production of a man of a narrow mind, prejudiced views, and stolidly ignorant; he walked through the country, and obtained no access to good, or even moderately educated society; his tavern resorts were the cheapest and most inferior he could find, and the conversation by which he gained his knowledge, we should rather say ignorance, was with men of like acquirements with himself. He abuses Mr. Stuart for writing so favourably, declaring that he went dashing through the country, and paying for the best the inns afford, and then "writing, after an afternoon's jollification, a luminous and flaming account." Poor Weston took the reverse of the picture; sometimes lodging on the stump of a tree, and often begging a bed of farmers. To his prejudiced eye, every thing wore an aspect of meanness and poverty of spirit. An Ohio rifle-shooting is too good to be lost:

"A match at rifle-shooting being about to take place next day, I resolved to attend it. A person having carried a large pumpkin to the top of one of those undulating mounds so common in America, the riflemen, fifteen in number, none of them having uniforms, were stationed in a line about twenty paces from each other, and about fifty from the pumpkin; and as it rolled down the hill, each man fired as it came opposite to him. Down came the pumpkin, and pop, pop, pop, went the rifles. 'My bullet is through the very core,' cried one; and the whole party having run to examine, not a bullet was found to have even grazed it, far less to have penetrated it. It was damaged by the trundling, but not otherwise. The game was renewed three times, but always with the same unsuccessful results. While this was going on, I heard a man say to his neighbour, 'I wish we had war with England; how we would do them!' This was said aloud, in order that I might hear it; but I only smiled, and left them."

Albany affords a characteristic opportunity of letting off his bile:

"When sailing on the Hudson, and looking towards the town, you would think it lies lower than the river. The synod-house stands on an elevation, and being covered with tin, has a glittering appearance. I observed no beauty about the town, and the manners of the people are as morose and forbidding as in other places in America; indeed, if you claim acquaintance with any of them as a townsman, or from having brought them a letter, you will invariably see them put their hands in their pockets, to keep what they have down. I had a letter to a store-keeper here, but after presenting it to him, he scarcely took any notice of me." * *

"The sprent of my trunk having broke, I was charged one shilling for riveting it; it cost me at first only sevenpence in Edinburgh—the Americans are the boys for charging, no mistake."

The pride of hogs who are decorated with frames on their necks is quite a novel idea, for which Mr. Weston deserves credit as the first discoverer of the fact:

"The cows in America do not give one fourth of the milk a good cow does in Britain. I thought of the description of America by the Irishman, who said it was a good country for hogs and women, but a devil of a one for men and horses. The Indian's description also suits well: 'Bukra man mak' ebery ting work but de hog; he go 'bout like a bery gentleman;'—and so he does, having liberty to roam about as he pleases, and those that have frames on their necks seem to be as proud as any of the cadets I saw at the military academy at West Point."

Before taking a final leave of this original, we must quote his summary:

"Being thus domesticated for the present among my relations, I wrote home to my sons to tell our friends that America was much belied by travellers, shippers, land-speculators, and call-birds, of every description, mentioning the prospects of the different trades as follows:—

"It is no place for lawyers—every one pettifogs in America.

"It is no place for printers—there are few readers there.

"It is no place for weavers—it is common to weave cloth for one's self.

"It is no place for tailors—tailoresses are chiefly employed.

"It is no place for cabinet makers—the American houses are generally furnished in a very simple manner.

"It is no place for masons—the houses are chiefly built with wood.

"It is no place for slaters—the houses are covered with shingle.

"It is no place for watch and clockmakers—the Americans use wooden clocks, and the sun; they rise with the sun, and breakfast; they dine when it is at its height; they take supper and go to bed at sun-down.

"It is no place for painters—though almost every house is painted, the season for doing so lasts but a short time.

"It is no place for saddlers—though they cover the horses with harnesses of thongs to keep off the flies.

"It is no place for shoemakers—every farmer makes his own shoes during winter; and painters, masons, and labourers, become boot and shoemakers when they cannot work out of doors." * * * * *

"Even provisions are very high; and I am convinced that a man in Edinburgh with eight shillings per week might make himself more comfortable than in America with fifteen dollars monthly. I have seen them toiling for six dollars per month from sunrise till sunset."

"It is a good place for the man who has lost his all by trusting too much to the world—he has room enough here to weep in the wilderness without any one to hear him, or if there should, with none to pity him. It is good for the destitute—they can exist, if existence in these solitudes is worth coveting; by industry they may make a livelihood. It is good for the grumbler, if he has the fortitude to come back—he has passed through Trophonius's Cave, and having seen the worst, will now be more contented; he will learn that happiness is not to be found in external objects, but in his own breast. Every person who has seen the world, if he tells the truth, will say that the peasantry of no country can be compared with those of Britain for external comforts. I have seen only a little, but I know the fact—a near view strips off the lettering and gilding. Even Cobbett, Galt, and Stuart, all returned to their own poor country; Cobbett wanted readers for his Register in order to make dollars, but the Americans preferred to keep the dollars to themselves."

A writer of a different stamp will engage our attention next week: Francis J. Grund's two new and portly London octavo volumes respecting America are before us, and will require to be introduced to our readers.

The Game of Life, or the Chess Player, is an allegorical print, from a drawing by M. Retsch, just issued by Weeks, Jordan & Co. Boston. It is ultra-Germanic in its characters. The devil is on one side of the chess-board, with all the evil passions arrayed personified, playing with *man for his soul*. Man, on the other side, is represented as a fair youth, with religion and the virtues as his weapons. The youth is deeply intent on the game, and is evidently losing. The grinning scowl of Satan is anticipating a triumphant result. It is a gloomy metaphysical print, but to the lovers of such *diablerie*, it may afford gratification.

The same publishers have issued a very opportune work, entitled *Living on other People's Means*, illustrated in the life of Samuel Silver. Samuel is the son of a respectable, honest farmer, but preferring a city life, he gets installed in a commercial house in Boston. In the course of a few years his employer fails, but in the interim Samuel has acquired tact and cunning enough to devise schemes to commence business for himself. By plausible and bold assertion he increases rapidly in business and credit—becomes the depositary of the savings of many an industrious humble family—gets the name of being very wealthy—goes to the legislature—obtains charters for different incorporations—becomes a bank director—speculates largely—but being suddenly killed by the kick of a horse, his estate is found bankrupt; those who had trusted him found they had leaned on a broken reed, and his family, from a state of great opulence, is reduced to the most wretched poverty. With the exception of the finale, we might point to many Samuel Silvers nearer than Boston. It is a vivid picture of the life of a heartless, legal, yet plausible swindler.

Curious Derivation.—We find the following curious derivation in Rankin's Sierra Leone, Vol. I. p. 188:—

"Sages and philologists refer this unpresuming word (pancakes,) to a Greek derivation, *pan*, every, and *kakon*, evil; seeing that in the old catholic church, before pancakes were frittered down to the commonplace nutritives—one of the results of the Reformation—it was the custom to set apart a day in the year for the universal shriving of all evil-doers. Upon this solemn occasion—giving name to Shrove Tuesday—the sacred elements being more largely partaken than in ordinary, the holy wafer was proportionably expanded: hence the term *pankake*, misspelt *pancake*. Painful as it may be to dissipate the happy dreams of etymologists and antiquarians, truth obliges me to assert, that the pancake is an indigenous production of Africa; that long ere white men tormented and startled the coast with cargoes of civilisation, the wild Akoo, in the recesses of the forest, mingled the flour, the egg, and the honey, fried the savoury compound, and called it Akur. If he were wise, he added scrapings of citron, and touched each square inch with two fragrant drops from the wounded lime. My authority was an Akoo of frightfully gashed countenance; and, like his countrymen, too sincere a worshipper of the devil to tell a falsehood."

Insects from Rock and Acid.—At a late meeting of the Ashmolean Society in London,

"Professor Buckland stated that he had received a communication from Mr. Crosse, detailing the results of some new experiments, by which he had succeeded in obtaining upwards of a hundred more animals of the same description as those obtained by previous experiments. On a piece of volcanic slag, connected at both ends with the electric wires, a fluid containing silex and muriatic acid was dropped. The animals, soon after their formation, were washed off the slag into a wooden funnel beneath. The same kind of animals were formed without the muriatic acid, but none appeared when the current of electricity was withdrawn. They were supposed at first to be infusoria, similar to those discovered by the microscopic observations of Ehrenberg, but they have been determined by naturalists in London to belong to a much higher order, resembling very closely the well-known acari which infest cabinets, excepting that they have no hairs on them. Dr. Buckland, however, suggested that the hairs might have adhered to the gum employed in sticking them on the card, or might have been rubbed off by friction in their carriage to London."

Lockhart's Life of Scott, the appearance of the first part of which in London we noticed last week, has been published in this city also; the first half volume was issued on Thursday, by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, in a good-sized type. The whole work will be comprised in six monthly parts, making in all three octavo volumes. The price of the first issue is eighty-seven and a half cents. Though the facts which Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law of the great novelist, has to communicate are not all new, many of the more important having been communicated in the life by Allen, published in the Select Circulating Library, yet in the present more minute biography there is of course much anecdote which is now for the first time produced; and more than this, there are thirty pages of autobiography, by Sir Walter himself, which may well be esteemed a precious document, written as it is with modesty and good feeling, and studded with anecdote. If it had contained no other testimony than the following, it would have been invaluable. He is speaking of his desultory habits of study in youth, and adds: "If, however, it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science." Let the youthful reader ponder deeply and often on the importance of such testimony from so eminent an author.

The part which strikes us as of the greatest novelty, is that in relation to Sir Walter's wife, who does not appear from her love-letters to have been the weak woman she has been heretofore represented. Her father was a Frenchman from Lyons, where he enjoyed an office under government. In the autumn of 1796, while exploring the English lakes, the novelist fixed his head quarters at Gilsland, the "St. Ronan's Well" of that district, with Adam Ferguson and others; at a ball here he was presented to Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, to whom, on the 29th of December, he was married. On the subject of this affair, as well as a previous attachment, Mr. Lockhart is purposely explicit. We have not sufficient space to illustrate even this portion of the work, but we cannot omit the following letter from Miss Carpenter, which seems to us extremely *naif* and agreeable:—

"*Carlisle, Nov. 27th.*

"You have made me very *triste* all day. Pray never more complain of being poor. Are you not ten times richer than I am? Depend on yourself and your profession. I have no doubt you will rise very high, and be *a great rich man*, but we should look down and be contented with our lot, and banish all disagreeable thoughts. We shall do very well. I am very sorry to hear you have such a *bad head*. I hope I shall nurse away all your aches. I think you write too much. When I am *mistress* I shall not allow it. How very angry I should be with you if you were to part with *Lenore*. Do you really believe I should think it an *unnecessary expense* where your health and pleasure can be concerned? I have a better opinion of you, and I am very glad you don't give up the cavalry, as I love any thing that is *stylish*. Don't forget to find a stand for the old carriage, as I shall like to keep it, in case we should have to go any journey; it is so much more convenient than the post chaises, and will do very well till we can keep *our carriage*. What an idea of yours was that to mention where you wish to have your *bones laid!* If you were married, I should think you were tired of me. A very pretty compliment *before marriage*. I hope sincerely that I shall not live to see that day. If you always have those cheerful thoughts, how very pleasant and gay you must be.

"Adieu, my dearest friend; take care of yourself if you love me, as I have *no wish* that you should *visit* that *beautiful* and *romantic* scene, the burying-place. Adieu, once more, and believe that you are loved very sincerely by C. C."

Miss Carpenter's guardian, the Marquis of Downshire, after making enquiry as to the character of the then writer to the Signet, gave away his ward in a graceful and handsome letter.

We may perhaps return to this work, which is, thus far, all that could be wished or hoped for on the topics of which it treats; the anecdotes are delightful, and as a single specimen, we copy one by Mr. Shortreed, who often accompanied Sir Walter on his border excursions through Scotland:—

"'Ah me,' says Shortreed, 'sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as we then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing, or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himself to every body! He aye did as the lave did;

never made himself the great man, or took ony airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk—(this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was but rare,)—but drunk or sober, he was aye the gentleman. He lookit excessively heavy and stupid when he was *fou*, but he was never out o' gude-humour.'

"On reaching, one evening, some *Charlieshope* or other (I forget the name,) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception as usual; but, to their agreeable surprise, after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the 'big ha' Bible,' in the good old fashion of Burns's Saturday Night; and some progress had already been made in the service, when the goodman of the farm, whose 'tendency,' as Mr. Mitchell says, 'was soporific,' scandalised his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of 'By ——, here's the keg at last!' and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing a day before of the advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt, at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Frith. The pious 'exercise' of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot, or Armstrong, had the welcome *keg* mounted on the table without a moment's delay, and gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie, continued carousing about it until daylight streamed in upon the party. Sir Walter Scott seldom failed, when I saw him in company with his Liddesdale companion, to mimic with infinite humour the sudden outburst of his old host, on hearing the clatter of horses' feet, which he knew to indicate the arrival of the keg—the consternation of the dame—and the rueful despair with which the young clergyman closed the book."

NOTICE.

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AMERICAN MEDICAL LIBRARY

AND

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EDITED BY ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M. D.

PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The first number was published on the first of April, and three numbers have appeared. It will appear regularly, on the first and fifteenth of every month, under the sole editorial management of Dr. Robley Dunglison, a gentleman too well known, by his various works and extensive attainments, among the profession, to require any further evidence than the simple assurance of his superintendence, to guarantee a work of great practical and general interest.

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1. The American Medical Library and Intelligencer is published semi-monthly, in numbers of 128 octavo pages each; 112 of which will consist of a reprint of a standard work,—the remainder, of original matter. The whole so arranged that each work may be bound separately.

2. The subscription price will be ten dollars per annum, payable in advance. Any person remitting payment for ten copies, will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

A Summer in the Pyrenees, by the Hon. J. E. Murray, 2 vols. 8vo. Goldsmith's Works, by Prior, 4 vols. 8vo. Thornton's (Henry) Commentary on the Pentateuch, 8vo. Miscellaneous Essays, by H. T. Colebrooke, 2 vols. 8vo. An Essay on the Nature of Man, by John Dayman, 8vo. Weeds of Witchery, by T. H. Bayley, Esq., 4to. Shaw's Examples of Ornamental Metal Work, 4to. Roberts' Sketches in Spain, imp. folio. Pashley's (R.) Travels in Crete, 2 vols. 8vo. The Naturalist's Library, Vol. XVII., Swainson's Birds of Western Africa, 12mo. The State Prisoner, a Tale of the French Regency, by Mary L. Boyle, 2 vols. 12mo. Marcus Manlius, a Tragedy, by D. E. Columbine, 8vo. Jack Brag, by the author of "Sayings and Doings," 3 vols. The West Indies, by Sir A. Halliday, 8vo. Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by J. G. Lockhart, Vol. I. 8vo. Illustrations of Human Life, by the author of "Tremaine," 3 vols.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY ADAM WALDIE.

46 CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

The Americans, in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations. By Francis J. Grund. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

These volumes are not of travels—they are not so submitted by the author. He lays claim to higher authority than that of a mere tourist, and puts forth his work as the observations of one who has resided many years in the land. He has most assuredly well improved his sojourn with us. We find in his volumes a rare combination of practical research and philosophic remark. He seems to have added the utilitarianism of New England to the original groundwork of his Germanic speculative philosophy, and thus has rendered himself more than competent to the formation of theories, being able in addition to submit them to the test of a practical application. Hence his views of the world at large, and of our own country, are broad, liberal, cosmopolite—therefore substantially correct. If he errs, it is on that side where an American may readily forgive him. His mistakes are not the results of inadvertence or haste—neither of inattention to facts, nor of too cursory examination into their cause—we rather fear that he has lived too long among us to be a strictly impartial observer—that he has become somewhat *Americanised* in the tone of his feelings. And this is more distinctly remarked by us of the *middle country*, as it happens that his chief residence was in the eastern states; and we can perceive a certain predisposition to place a part of the country for the whole—to attribute those habits and modes of social and political life to the whole Union, which are more especially the property and pride of New England. This bias has, perhaps, led him into more favourable views of the country in the aggregate than we should be warranted in pronouncing correct. Yet a writer can scarcely be charged with favouritism in his description of a people, where his good opinion is the result of a long and intimate association. The good must overbalance the evil, where an experience of many years induces decidedly favourable convictions. Such convictions, with reasonable men, must overweigh the scanty testimony of droves of small tourists, who are railwayed and steamboated over a large empire in a short summer season, and are by the very rapidity of their survey precluded from more than a surface view of the physical or moral condition of a community.

But a still rarer merit of the writer before us is the philosophic spirit he brings to his task—the entire absence of party or clique observable throughout the whole performance—he, at least, seems to have no other object in view, no other desire to gratify, than the elimination of truth. What is, and what produces it, is the game he pursues; and the singleness of purpose and the ardour with which he engages in the pursuit, amply reward himself and his readers. It is "refreshing," to use an old pet phrase, now almost obsolete, to meet a work on any subject untinctured by party. More especially is it so when America is the theme—a country "compact of jars," and whose very existence is a political watchword sufficient at any moment to wake the elements of angry disputation.

We may refer the absence of this spirit in Mr. Grund to his birth-right. He is not an Englishman—although he has lived long enough among the language to write his work in it—and in a style so singularly pure and idiomatic that there is not one vestige by which to refer it to a foreigner. The only features by which one is made aware that it is not of English origin, being the delightful freedom from party taint, and the pure philanthropic philosophy with which it is so eminently imbued.

Thus far we may be allowed to generalise upon the manner in which the author has entered on his task. We must now permit him to speak for himself; and first of his motives. In his preface he says—

"I have anxiously endeavoured to give an impartial account of the present condition of the United States; and faithfully to delineate those characteristic features which distinguish the Americans from the different nations of Europe. Whether I have succeeded, the public must decide; of whom I claim no other indulgence than that to which I may be entitled from the rectitude of my intentions, and an honest desire to correct prejudices—American or English—and not to furnish them with fresh aliment.

"The Americans have been grossly misrepresented; and this not so much by ascribing to them spurious qualities, as by omitting all mention of those which entitle them to honour and respect; and representing the foibles of certain classes as weaknesses belonging to the nation."

We would recommend the following considerations to all future travellers in our land:—

"Peculiarities and anomalies will always exist in every country; but their number must naturally be greater in one whose boundless territory is divided into almost as many different states as there are counties in England. The peculiar features of a country, the physical distinction of its soil and climate, the principal occupation of its inhabitants, &c., imprint each a distinct character on the people, which it is difficult to efface, even by the means of education. What difference does not, in this respect, exist between a North-Briton and an inhabitant of the Isle of Wight; or between the latter and a native of Yorkshire? And how preposterous would not be the idea of publishing either of these characters as correct specimens of the English?"

Our author discerns the same serious and subdued demeanour already remarked by our distinguished fellow-citizen, Cooper:—

"A second not less striking characteristic of American manners is a degree of seriousness which, at first, might almost be taken for want of sociability. An American is almost from his cradle brought up to reflect on his condition, and, from the time he is able to act, employed with the means of improving it. If he be rich, and have consequently a larger stake in the public weal, then every new law, every change of election, (and there are many in the course of a year,) will make him reflect on the future: if he be poor, every change may offer him an opportunity to improve his circumstances. He is ever watchful, ever on the alert, not as most Europeans, as a mere spectator, but as one of the actors, engaged in maintaining or reforming the existing state of affairs. Something like it may, at times, be felt in England, and perhaps even in France; but this cannot be compared to the effects of universal suffrage in America.

"The whole mass of the population is constantly agitated; an expression of public opinion is constantly demanded, constantly hoped for, constantly dreaded. There is no man so rich or powerful but can be made to quail under its influence; nor any one so humble, in whom it may not raise hopes of success and preferment. It is an all-powerful organ of public justice, sparing none, from the president down to the most obscure citizens: elevating, humbling, or annihilating whatever it meets in its progress, if justly the object of its reproach.

"This state of incessant excitement gives to the Americans an air of busy inquietude, for which they have often been pitied by Europeans; but which, in fact, constitutes their principal happiness. The Americans have no time to be unhappy—and this is saying much in favour of their government. The duties of republicans are more arduous than those of men living under any other form of government; but then their performance is pleasing and satisfactory, because it is connected with consciousness of power. No American would exchange his task for the comparative peace and quiet of Europe; because, in the words of Franklin, 'he would be unwilling to pay too dear for the whistle.' He finds his solace and quietude at home; abroad he is 'up and doing.' Peace there would be death to him. He would not, for the world, exchange his political activity for the speculative inertness of the Germans; the glorious privilege of having himself a share in the government of his country, for the '*dolce far niente*' of the Italians; the busy stir of an election, for the idiot noise of a Vienna prado. Let those who are so prodigal of their compassion for the melancholy restlessness of Americans, but remember the painful stupor which befel the Romans after the overthrow of the republic, when, all at once, released from their active duties of citizens, they found in 'tranquillity' the principal punishment of their abandonment of virtue.

"In proportion as the liberties of a people are enlarged, and their franchise extended, they must necessarily become more active and serious. For an illustration, we need only compare the character of the French, since the revolution of July, with that which they possessed under the old Bourbon dynasty, previous to the revolution of 1789. How much gaiety and outward politeness is there not missing; but how much understanding and rational liberty gained? What difference is there not between the buffoonery of 'merry England' under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the sober, demure composition of John Bull since the acquisition of the *habeas corpus*, and the revolution? And yet what unbiased individual in either country would wish back 'the good old times,' or deny that the condition of the people has been materially improved by the change? Well, then, the Americans are, in common with the English, a more sober, calm, and reflecting people than, perhaps, any other in the world; and for this very reason, able to bear a larger proportion of rational liberty.

"The influence of this character on the social circles

of America is undoubtedly felt; but not in the manner generally described by Europeans. Thus, for instance, it does not destroy the spirit of hospitality, for which the Americans were always distinguished, although it has but too often been ill requited; it does not prevent them from receiving their friends in a cordial manner, or enjoying their own domestic fireside; but being always accustomed to thought and reflection, their minds are, perhaps, too fraught with the events of the day and the apprehensions of the future, to preserve throughout that fashionable indifference on all topics, which can neither affect nor cheer any of the company present, and which, for that very reason, is considered essential to good manners in Europe. Their sentiments are often expressed with warmth bordering on enthusiasm, and require, therefore, a greater degree of attention and sympathy on the part of their audience, than Europeans of rank are willing to bestow on ordinary subjects of conversation. On this account, American society is sometimes fatiguing; and the complaint has often been made by foreigners, that it requires a certain preparation in order to understand or enjoy it. Its demands on a stranger are more numerous than is always agreeable; and if he be a man of talent or reputation, he is expected to show off and entertain the company. The Americans are always willing to listen, to learn, and, perhaps, to question; but Europeans are not always ready to teach or to answer, and still less disposed to receive instruction from their entertainers. In this manner, society proves often a task to men of consideration and learning, instead of offering them a convenient respite as in Europe."

There is much good sense and just rebuke in the following. In some matters our *independence* is merely nominal:—

"Every nation has an indisputable right to fix its own conventional standard, which must be based on its history and the general habits of the people, resulting from the climate, soil, and the political institutions of the country. No native of Russia would judge a West Indian by the conventional standard of Petersburg; nor would an Englishman govern his conduct by the rules of etiquette of Rome or Naples. What in a mercantile community might be perfectly just and proper, would, under a military government, be considered in a very different light; and the ceremony of a Turkish divan would ill suit the council chamber of the King of England. The Americans alone seem to have given up the privilege of establishing conventional rules of their own; and thus, with a singular complaisance, judge the manners of every foreigner, and suffer their own to be judged, by the standard of another country. The consequence of this want of independence is felt in the arrogance and presumption with which even the meanest and most ignorant of Europeans passes sentence on American manners, whenever they disagree with his own; and in his unrestrained contempt for those whom he sees anxiously striving to imitate what an European valet or footman is infinitely more successful in accomplishing; whilst their laws, their political institutions, and the industrious habits of the people, are in open contradiction with the frivolities of mere fashionable life. How often have I not, myself, seen Europeans curl their lips at the apparent plainness of Americans, who were, in every respect, their superiors, save in the cut of the coat, and the felicitous adaptation of a coxcomb's bow; and what is worse, beheld these sentiments approved by some American exquisite, who had just returned home, fraught with the follies of all countries, but seemingly light of the good sense of his own."

The fearless and decided tone of the following strictures should commend them to the serious attention of every American:—

"The salaries of teachers in the public schools in most of the states are mere pittances, when compared with the remuneration of professional men, or clerks in the counting rooms of respectable merchants. The compensation of private instructers is, in general, higher; but still of too sordid a character to enable them to live as gentlemen.

"This inadequate compensation of the most arduous labour, is not only unjust and ungenerous, but productive of the most serious consequences to the public. The profession of teacher is embraced by large numbers of men, who, though qualified for the office, resort to it only as a temporary means of subsistence, which they quit as soon as an opportunity offers itself in some other quarter. The immediate consequence is an almost annual change of instructers, and the succession in office of novices unqualified by age or experience. No proper system of school-discipline can, in this manner, be introduced by the teacher; because in children the *habit* of obedience does more than the law, and it is the principle of authority to grow stronger by usage. The branches of education themselves must be taught in a loose and disconnected manner; because every teacher has necessarily a method of his own, which can only be improved and modified by a more intimate acquaintance with his pupils. No great application on the part of the teachers or pupils can be expected under such circumstances. Neither can there exist between them that mutual relation of friendship and respect, which is the most powerful stimulus to exertion, and inspires a taste for the cultivation of the sciences, on the principle of emulation, more lasting than that which results from a momentary enthusiasm in their pursuit.

"But the greatest evil arising from the too frequent changes of instructors in the United States, is the unavoidable contempt to which it exposes the veterans in the profession. Many of the most eminent lawyers, ministers and physicians of New England have, during a certain period of their lives, been obliged to resort to teaching, either to finish their collegiate education, or to obtain the necessary means for the study of their respective professions. They have thus been in a habit of considering the employment of an instructer as a sort of relief from the most pressing necessities; but not as *an end* to be proposed by a man who aspires at honourable distinction. This creed, once established in the minds of professional men, has communicated itself to all ranks of society; so that instead of the thanks of his fellow-citizens, an ancient instructer is only sure of being considered as a man of inferior talents; else he would have followed his colleagues in their professional career. As long as this opinion of instructers is entertained in the United States, the schoolmaster's task will be degraded. Those whom necessity shall reduce to it, will look upon it as defaming their fair reputation, and embrace the first opportunity to leave it with disgust and detestation.

"But with what zeal can a man devote himself to a profession, at once laborious and difficult, in which the greatest success is incapable of procuring distinction?—which exposes him to unmerited contempt and reproach? And why should a pettifogging lawyer or a quack consider himself better than an honest and successful instructer?

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there 's where the honour lies."

Until such views as the above are more generally acted upon, and the employment of teacher made sufficiently lucrative and honourable to ensure permanent devotion to it, education cannot be placed on a proper basis in the United States. Under a succession of temporary teachers, moral culture must be imperfectly attended to; and recent statistics too plainly demonstrate the futility of depending on intellectual development alone, for the security and moral health of a community. On this subject we fear our author is more flattering than just:

"Of all the writers on the United States, I remember but one [De Tocqueville] who has enlarged on the general morality of the country, to show the intimate connection which exists between it and the stability of republican governments. This is a subject of much importance, and admits of a variety of detail.

"Morality, I am aware, is philosophically separable from religion; but I am fully convinced, that in practice, especially as regards the whole people, the separation is absolutely impossible. Neither the mere abstract love of virtue, nor its perfect harmony with all other laws of nature, nor even the happiness which it is calculated eventually to produce, have ever been sufficient to restrain either the lower or higher classes from the commission of crimes against individuals or society in general. Religion, in all countries, has been the broadest basis of national virtue; and the same holds of the United States of America. Although the most perfect tolerance exists with regard to particular creeds, yet it is absolutely necessary that a man should belong to some persuasion or other, lest his fellow-citizens should consider him an outcast from society. The Jews are tolerated in America with the same liberality as any denomination of Christians; but if a person were to call himself a deist or an atheist, it would excite universal execration. Yet there are religious denominations, in the United States, whose creeds are very nearly verging on deism; but taking their arguments from the Bible, and calling themselves followers of Christ, they and their doctrines are tolerated, together with their form of worship." * * * * *

"It is but the open violation of the law which comes before the forum of the judge; for our secret transgressions we shall have to account with our God. Public virtue must be guarded against the pernicious influence of example; vice must be obliged to conceal itself, in order not to tincture society in general. In this consists the true force and wholesome influence of public opinion. It becomes a mighty police-agent of morality and religion, which not only discovers crimes but prevents their commission. The whole people of the United States are empanneled as a permanent jury to pronounce their verdict of 'guilty' or 'not guilty' on the conduct and actions of men, from the president down to the labourer; and there is no appeal from their decision. Public opinion may sometimes be unjust for a long time, especially in reference to politicians; but it hardly ever remains so, and there is no injury which it inflicts which it is not in its power to remedy.

"Another proof of the high premium at which morality is held in the United States, consists in its influence on the elections of officers. In Europe, a man of genius is almost privileged. If he be a poet or an artist, allowances are made for the extravagance of his fancy, or the peculiarity of his appetites. If he be a statesman, his individual wanderings are forgotten about the general good he bestows on the nation; if he be a soldier, the wounds he may inflict upon virtue and unguarded innocence are pardoned for the sake of those he may have received in defending his country; and even the clergy have their offences excused, in consideration of the morals which they promote by their spiritual functions. No such compensation takes place in the United States. Private virtue overtops the highest qualifications of the mind, and is indispensable to the progress even of the most acknowledged talents. This, in many instances, clips the wings of genius; by substituting a decent mediocrity in the place of brilliant but vicious talents; but the nation at large is nevertheless a gainer in the practice."

Our limits are already exceeded—but if we do not conclude to add the whole work to our Library, we shall dip into the second volume next week.

BIRD-NESTING,

A TRUE STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

[From a pleasing little poetical volume, by Mrs. G. G. Richardson, entitled, *Grandmamma's Sampler, with some other Rhymes for Children.* London: William Crofts, Chancery Lane, 1836.]

Little Harry went peeping the hedges along,
For dearly he loved a bird's nest;
He soon found a linnet's the green leaves among,
Then a wren's with the gold-tufted crest.

And next a fine thrush's, the lining was clay,
All smooth as a cottager's floor;
Then a sparrow's, a robin's, a chaffinch's gay—
He was never so happy before.

Six nests, and such nice ones, how lucky was he!
He knew not which most to admire;
Some had eggs, some had birds, but to watch them and see
How they grew, was his only desire.

For mamma had oft told him 'twas cruel to take
Either young ones or eggs from the nest;
That the mother, if frightened, her brood would forsake,
And she knew how to manage them best.

So to visit his treasures though often he went,
'Twas but to strew crumbs on the ground,
And to peep at them softly, well pleased and content,
To find them all there, safe and sound.

Soon, thanks to his caution, the parents, less shy,
Would sit still when he came for a space;
Or if they flew off, they but hovered hard by,
And the young they looked up in his face.

They would open their bills, stretch their necks up, and seem
As if begging he'd feed them, and he
Began thinking mamma was mistaken, and deem
That frightened they never could be!

And wishing, oh! ardently wishing he durst
Take but one darling bird, one alone;
He was sure 'twould be happy, and carefully nurst;
It was hard that he could not have one.

With these thoughts in full tide, he was loit'ring alone,
Near the hedge, when a visiter came,
Who talked of *bird-nesting*, as many have done,
Without the least mention of blame.

He chatted so freely of tame birds and wild,
Of the ways to ensnare them and win,
Soon Harry perceived (more than half reconciled,)
That *this gentleman* thought it no sin.

"But is it not cruel, sir?" "Nay, but why so?
If you tend your young nurslings with care,
Quite tame in a cage and familiar they'll grow,
And as happy as birds in the air."

"But I have not a cage," replied Harry. "Why then,
In a box you may cradle them well,
Till their feathers are grown; but the carpenter's Ben
Has cages in plenty to sell."

Good advices, too oft, like freed birds, wing away,
Out of sight when the tempter's voice comes;
But *evil* suggestions, I'm sorry to say,
Boys *pounce* on, like sparrows on crumbs.

And mamma was forgotten; she, hidden from view,
Had o'erheard the temptation assail,
And she feared for her Harry, yet trusted him too;
And now comes the grief of my tale.

The very next morn the chaffinch's nest
Was empty and desolate found,
And loud was the wail of the parents' distress,
As they flitted distractedly round.

And Harry was missing, and none could tell whore;
He was searched for in chamber and hall,
And then in the garret; and lo! he was there,
But weeping he answered the call.

The poor little birds, he had brought them at night,
He had foolishly hid them in bed,
And returning at morning, with grief and affright,
He found every one dying or dead.

His fault, his mistake, rushed in pangs on his mind,
He was weeping with deepest regret;
There was no need to scold had mamma been inclined—
'Twas a lesson he ne'er could forget.

But the penitent Harry, as fearing he might,
And eager his fault to atone,
Now thought of a method to keep it in sight,
Some may laugh *at*, but I am not one.

He begged his mamma would allow him to keep
In his pocket one dear little bird,
As a daily memorial, lest prudence should sleep,
And future wrong wishes be stirred.

She kissed him, well pleased with the innocent thought,
But that *this could not be*, she explained;
And "'tis not by *sights* resolution is wrought,
But by *principles*, inly maintained."

"And what then are *principles?*" Harry pursued,
"For I'm sure I would gladly obey;"
"They are rules to be followed, which, known to be good,
We let nobody *talk* them away."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Foote and Garrick.—Foote's favourite butt was Garrick, whose thrifty habits he was constantly turning into ridicule. Being one day in company with him, when after satirising some individual, David wound up his attack by saying, "Well, well, perhaps before I condemn another, I should pull the *beam* out of my own eye." Foote replied, "And so you would, if you could *sell the timber*." On another occasion, when they were dining together, Garrick happened to let a guinea drop on the floor. "Where has it gone to?" asked Foote, looking about. "Oh, to the devil, I suppose," was the reply. "Ah, David," rejoined his tormentor, "you can always contrive to make a guinea go further than any one else."

The Pantomime of Life.—There is much truth in the following sketch by Boz; our own country is not free from the taint of Fitz Whisker Fiercys:—

"It is very well known to all play-goers and pantomime-seers, that the scenes in which a theatrical clown is at the very height of his glory are those which are described in the play-bills as "Cheesemonger's shop and crockery warehouse," or "Tailor's shop and Mrs. Queertable's boarding-house," or places bearing some such title, where the great fun of the thing consists in the hero's taking lodgings which he has not the slightest intention of paying for, or obtaining goods under false pretences, or abstracting the stock in trade of the respectable shopkeeper next door, or robbing warehouse porters as they pass under his window, or, to shorten the catalogue, in his swindling every body he possibly can; it only remaining to be observed, that the more extensive the swindling is, and the more barefaced the impudence of the swindler, the greater the rapture and ecstasy of the audience. Now it is a most remarkable fact, that precisely this sort of thing occurs in real life day after day, and nobody sees the humour of it. Let us illustrate our position by detailing the plot of this portion of the pantomime—not of the theatre, but of life.

"The Honourable Captain Fitz-Whisker Fiercy, attended by his livery servant Do'em—a most respectable servant to look at, who has grown gray in the service of the captain's family—views, treats for, and ultimately obtains possession of, the unfurnished house, such a number, such a street. All the tradesmen in the neighbourhood are in agonies of competition for the captain's custom; the captain is a good-natured, kind-hearted, easy man, and, to avoid being the cause of disappointment to any, he most handsomely gives orders to all. Hampers of wine, baskets of provisions, cart-loads of furniture, boxes of jewellery, supplies of luxuries of the costliest description, flock to the house of the Honourable Captain Fitz-Whisker Fiercy, where they are received with the utmost readiness by the highly respectable Do'em; while the Captain himself struts and swaggers about with that compound air of conscious superiority, and general blood-thirstiness, which a military captain should always, and does most times wear, to the admiration and terror of plebeian men. But the tradesmen's backs are no sooner turned, than the captain, with all the eccentricity of a mighty mind, and assisted by the faithful Do'em, whose devoted fidelity is not the least touching part of his character, disposes of every thing to great advantage; for, although the articles fetch small sums, still they are sold considerably above cost price, the cost to the captain having been nothing at all. After various manœuvres, the imposture is discovered, Fitz-Fiercy and Do'em are recognised as confederates, and the police-office to which they are both taken is thronged with their dupes.

"Who can fail to recognise in this the exact counterpart of the best portion of a theatrical pantomime—Fitz-Whisker Fiercy by the clown, Do'em by the pantaloon, and supernumeraries by the tradesmen? The best of the joke, too, is, that the very coal-merchant who is loudest in his complaints against the person who defrauded him, is the identical man who sat in the centre of the very front row of the pit last night, and laughed the most boisterously at this very same thing—and not so well done either."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Squinting.—The following useful hint on squinting, from Curtis on the Eye, might be serviceable to politicians, who, if accustomed to look straight forward, would see further and better:—"I have not deemed it necessary to notice *squinting* among diseases of the eye, the cure for it being of a purely mechanical nature. The best contrivances of this kind with which I am acquainted, are spectacle frames fitted with convex horn, having a small aperture only large enough to admit light to the centre of the pupil, by which means the squinter, if he wishes to see at all, is obliged to accustom himself to look straight forward."

An American Minister in Tuscany.—The following anecdote is contained in Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner's new continental tour:—

"The Grand Duke of Tuscany's domestics are carefully drilled never to allow him to be intruded upon under any pretence whatever; but, as the best human precautions will sometimes fail us, his imperial highness was doomed, on a late occasion, to experience the inefficacy of this domestic arrangement. A card was brought to him inscribed, 'American Minister.' The servant was desired by the bearer to say, that he waited for an audience, which was instantly accorded. The minister had a long interview. On applying to the consul, the duke, to his inexpressible horror, discovered that his American minister was no other than a plain Yankee methodist parson, who chose to write minister on his card. The affair got wind, and was long a standing joke against the duke. It was an American who related to me the particulars, chuckling 'pretty considerably' during his narrative at the extreme indignation felt by the grand duke, who, it seems, was annoyed beyond measure to find his imperial affability had been so freely lavished on this demure-faced apostle of the gentiles, the very antipodes of every thing for which he entertained the least earthly respect, whether as to condition, country, manners, or opinions."

Neapolitan nobility; from the same work:—

"An advertisement which appeared in *Galignani's Messenger*, will convey some notion of the difficulties to which they are reduced, as well as of the value which the order have come to set upon their honours. The notice runs in these terms:—'To be sold, an estate in the kingdom of Naples, producing a well-secured revenue, and conferring the title of duke. The title and arms of duke will be transmitted to the purchaser by the present owner, who will relinquish the one and efface the other from his remaining bearings. For further particulars apply, *post-paid*.'"

Conjugal Correspondence.—A gentleman, by mere chance, one day strolled into a coffee-house in Cornhill, where he met a captain of his acquaintance on the point of sailing for New York, and from whom he received an invitation to accompany him. This he accepted, taking care, however, to inform his wife of it, which he did in these terms:—

"Dear Wife,

"I am going to America.

"Yours, truly."

Her answer was not all inferior either in laconism or tenderness:

"Dear Husband,

"A pleasant voyage.

"Yours, &c."

Electro-Magnetic Machine.—We find in the late number of Silliman's Journal some interesting facts in regard to the Electro-Magnetic Machine respecting which a curious article has been going the rounds of the newspapers to the disbelief of many. The editor fully confirms the statements made that a powerful rotary motion has been obtained by Mr. Davenport through the agency of electro-magnetism, and he sees no reason to doubt why the motion may not be indefinitely continued, adding—

"Science has thus, most unexpectedly, placed in our hands a new power of great but unknown energy.

"It does not evoke the winds from their caverns; nor give wings to water by the urgency of heat; nor drive to exhaustion the muscular power of animals; nor operate by complicated mechanism; nor accumulate hydraulic force by damming the vexed torrents; nor summon any other form of gravitating force; but, by the simplest means—the mere contact of metallic surfaces of small extent, with feeble chemical agents, a power

every where diffused through nature, but generally concealed from our senses, is mysteriously evolved, and by circulation in insulated wires, it is still more mysteriously augmented, a thousand and a thousand fold, until it breaks forth with incredible energy; there is no appreciable interval between its first evolution and its full maturity, and the infant starts up a giant.

"Nothing since the discovery of gravitation and of the structure of the celestial systems, is so wonderful as the power evolved by galvanism; whether we contemplate it in the muscular convulsions of animals, the chemical decompositions, the solar brightness of the galvanic light, the dissipating consuming heat, and, more than all, in the magnetic energy, which leaves far behind all previous artificial accumulations of this power, and reveals, as there is full reason to believe, the grand secret of terrestrial magnetism itself. B. S."

An extensive file of monthly and weekly literary journals received by the ships Hibernia from Liverpool, and the Charles Carroll, from Havre, to the first of April, afford us several interesting articles for this Journal, the Library, and the Omnibus, but give but small promise as to the future for good new books. Professor Babbage is about to publish a treatise on Natural Theology. Mr. Southey, during a recent tour in Devonshire, has collected materials for a supplementary volume to his Life of Cowper. Mr. Wordsworth has proceeded on a tour to Italy. It is declared that Paganini is coming to the United States, but his are not exactly the *notes* we are dying for; we are all fiddlers upon one string, and our music all put together would make a sorry concert. Among the literary novelties we should not omit to note the appearance of a book at Paris, called "The Art of the Boot Maker," proposing to measure on geometrical principles, which Baron Dupin has simplified.

Peregrine Prolix has issued a second and enlarged edition of his "Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs, the roads leading thereto, and the doings thereat." This edition contains eight additional letters describing the route to the springs by the way of Richmond, Lynchburg, and Lexington; the Blue Sulphur Springs; the Natural Bridge; and the improvements recently made at the White, Salt, and Red Sulphur, and the Hot Springs. A map accompanies the edition, and the whole is indispensable to the traveller who seeks health at these watering places, all of which we fear will feel deeply this season the present difficulties in the monetary system of our country. Retrenchment in such matters will doubtless be the order of our day in the Atlantic cities. Those who conclude not to go can nevertheless enjoy the tour in "book form," and if they relish Mr. P. P.'s humour as we do, will have a hearty laugh at or with the author.

VARIETIES.

Earl Spencer and his Deer.—It appears from the thirteenth report of the commissioners of woods and forests, that Earl Spencer had made a magnificent present of deer for the use of the royal parks. The whole of his lordship's fine herd from Althorp Park, consisting of 743 deer, have been conveyed from Althorp, and distributed in such portions as were found to be most desirable in the several royal parks of Windsor, Hampton Court, Bushy, Richmond, and Greenwich.

M. Peysard, Manager of the Imperial French Theatre, at St. Petersburg, has just concluded an arrangement with Mdlle. Taglioni, in competition with the Grand Theatre of Naples. Whatever be the terms by which St. Petersburg has overcome all the capitals of Europe, not to mention the United States of America, who have tendered 300,000 francs to Mdlle. Taglioni, it is certain that the first dancer in the world becomes the property of Russia on the first of October next.—*Journal du Commerce.*

A Beggarly Account.—On Thursday week, at the time appointed for the raising of the curtain at the Brighton theatre, not a single person was present.

A very unpleasant excitement has been produced in the city, by the announcement that a true bill was found by the grand jury of Middlesex against Mr. Sidney Warwick, an American merchant, who failed some weeks ago. It appears that tobacco to a large amount was entrusted to him for sale by Messrs. Phillips & Co., which, in an unlucky moment, he was induced to pledge against a temporary loan of money to meet the pressing demands upon him; by the new law of merchant and factor, he has subjected himself to transportation if the charge be established. The owners of the goods have commenced legal proceedings against the present holders, under the impression that the tobacco was transferred to cover advances previously made to the insolvent, in which case they may be able to recover their property.

Roast Pig.—Oysters.—One of the illustrious cooks of old, attained such a degree of enviable perfection, that he could serve up a pig boiled on one side, and roasted on the other, and, moreover, stuffed with all possible delicacies, without the incision through which these dainties were introduced being perceived. Supplicated to explain this wonderful secret, he swore solemnly by the manes of all the heroes who fell at Marathon or conquered at Salamis, that he would not reveal this sacred mystery for one year. When the happy day arrived, and he was no longer bound by his vows, he condescended to inform his anxious hearers that the animal had been bled to death by a wound under the shoulder, through which the entrails were extracted, and afterwards hanging up the victim by the legs, the stuffing was crammed down his throat. One half of the pig was then covered with a thick paste, seasoned with wine and oil, put into a brass oven, and gently and tenderly roasted: when the skin was brown and crisp, our hero proceeded to boil the other moiety; the paste was then removed, and the boiled and roasted grunter triumphantly served up.

So refined was the taste of the ancient *bons vivans*, that Montanus, according to Juvenal, would proclaim, at the first bite, whether an oyster was of English produce or not. Sandwich is believed to have been the favoured spot whence Rome imported her oysters and other shellfish.—*Millinger's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

New American Publications.

Tales and Sketches by Boz. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Pindar and Anacreon, translated, Vol. 36 of Harper's Family Classical Library.

Fielding or Society, Atticus and St. Lawrence, by the author of Tremaine and De Vere. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

The Life and Correspondence of Sir Walter Scott, by his Literary Executor, J. G. Lockhart, Esq. Part I. 8vo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

An Original Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul, by Samuel Drew, A. M., fifth American edition. Philadelphia: Joseph Whetham. 12mo.

An Examination of the Pelagian and Arminian Theory of Moral Agency, by Joseph Harvey. 12mo. New York: Ezra Collier.

Practical Introduction to Geography, by J. Olney. Hartford: square 18mo.

A Treatise on Mathematical and Physical Geography, by J. L. Comstock. 12mo. Hartford: Packard & Brown.

Letters from the Virginia Springs, by P. Prolix, 2d edition. Philadelphia: H. S. Tanner.

Lectures to Children, by John Todd. 12mo. Northampton: J. H. Butler.

Travels in Germany, Prussia, and Switzerland, by Rev. Henry Hiesland. 12mo. New York: J. S. Taylor.

The Christian's Defensive Dictionary, by W. W. Sleigh. 12mo. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle.

Martin Faber, and Other Tales; by the author of the "Yemassee," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

GRUND ON THE AMERICANS.

Second notice.

We have marked so much for extract in this work, that we must avoid any further observations of our own. The author well defines American patriotism :—

"Americans have been reproached with want of love for their native country; but with such an enlightened attachment to their moral and political institutions, it is difficult to fix upon the limits of the empire which must eventually be theirs, or upon the boundary line which they shall not overleap in their progress. The patriotism of the Americans is not confined either to a love of their country, or to those who are of the same origin with them: it relates to the mind, and to the habits of thinking and reasoning. Whoever thinks as they do, is, morally speaking, a citizen of their community; and whoever entertains opinions in opposition to their established theory of government, must be considered a natural enemy to their country.

"The moral influence of this process of reasoning on the prospects and future power of the United States is incalculable. It has made America the representative of a doctrine which is fast gaining ground throughout the civilised world; it has extended her physical and moral dominion, and created for her friends and allies in every nation and in every clime. It has made her cause the cause of humanity, and her success the triumph of reason over ignorance and prejudices. What people could now make war on America, without retarding the progress of their own freedom? What arm would not drop palsied in aiming a blow at American liberty? What mariner would wish to extinguish the beacon-light which directs the course of his navigation? It has made the Americans strong within themselves and invulnerable from without. Their political doctrines have become the religion and confession of the people of all countries; like the truths of Christianity, they have had their apostles and their martyrs; and, like those truths, they are destined to become the universal faith of mankind.

"Neither can the patriotism of the Americans be called a vague and indistinct feeling; on the contrary, it is clear and defined, and has a definite aim. It is not an instinctive attachment to scenes with which they are acquainted from childhood, or to men to whose familiar converse they are accustomed: it consists in the love of principles, for which they are ready to make every sacrifice, and which in the outset they preferred to their homes.

"The American pilgrims carried their country in their hearts, and their government in their minds. Their character was formed before they touched the soil which was to nourish them, and has ever since remained superior to local circumstances. The Americans entered the wilderness as masters determined to subdue it; and not as children of nature nursed and brought up in its bosom. They could not at first love what was not their own; and when it became theirs, they had already changed its face.

"The succession of changes was so rapid that scarcely one could leave a permanent impression on their minds. They treated nature as a conquered subject; not as a mother who gave them birth. They were the children of another world; who came thither to burn, ransack, and destroy, and not to preserve what they had found. They burned the forests, dug up the bowels of the earth, diverted rivers from their course, or united them at their pleasure; and annihilated the distances which separated the north from the south, and the east from the west.

"All other nations have *gradually* merged from barbarism to civilisation, and, in the successive stages of their development, been strongly influenced by the soil and the climate. But it is in proportion to the length of time nature retains her dominion over man, that he will cling to her as a child to its mother, or that local attachments to the soil and the country are formed. At the very settlement of America (as I remarked in the last chapter,) the highest degree of civilisation, the product of another clime, was at war with a pristine world; and to this moment no permanent truce is established. Let the conflict be brought to an end; let man make his peace with nature; and she will once more become his companion, and make him love his native land.

"I have said that the patriotism of Americans is not a vague and indefinite feeling; but that it consisted in a strong attachment to principles. I say so still. The principles which they cherish are those of liberty, and they are sufficient to raise them to a proud eminence amongst the nations of the earth. They establish a moral empire more durable than human feelings, and less susceptible of changes. I will now add that the Americans *love* their country, not, indeed, *as it is*; but *as it will be*. They do not love the land of their fathers; but they are sincerely attached to that which their children are destined to inherit. They live in the future, and *make* their country as they go on."

At the opening of the second volume we have the following vivid sketch of our habits of business. It were to be desired, for the happiness of the people, that they were not so all-absorbing.

"There is probably no people on earth with whom business constitutes pleasure, and industry amusement, in an equal degree with the inhabitants of the United States of America. Active occupation is not only the principal source of their happiness, and the foundation of their natural greatness, but they are absolutely wretched without it, and instead of the '*dolce far niente*,' know but the horrors of idleness. Business is the very soul of an American; he pursues it, not as a means of procuring for himself and his family the necessary comforts of life, but as the fountain of all human felicity; and shows as much enthusiastic ardour in his application to it as any crusader ever evinced for the conquest of the Holy Land, or the followers of Mahomed for the spreading of the Koran.

"From the earliest hour in the morning till late at night, the streets, offices, and warehouses of the large cities, are thronged by men of all trades and professions, each following his vocation like a *perpetuum mobile*, as if he never dreamt of cessation from labour, or the possibility of becoming fatigued. If a lounger should happen to be parading the street, he would be sure to be jostled off the side-walk, or to be pushed in every direction until he keeps time with the rest. Should he meet a friend, he will only talk to him on *business*; on 'Change they will only hear him on *business*; and if he retire to some house of entertainment he will again be entertained with *business*. Wherever he goes the hum and bustle of *business* will follow him; and when he finally sits down to his dinner, hoping, there, at least, to find an hour of rest, he will discover to his sorrow that the Americans treat that as a *business* too, and despatch it in less time than he is able to stretch his limbs under the mahogany. In a very few minutes the clang of steel and silver will cease, and he will again be left to his solitary reflections, while the rest are about their *business*. In the evenings, if he have no friends or acquaintances, none will intrude on his retirement; for the people are either at home with their families, or preparing for the *business* of the next day.

"Whoever goes to the United States for the purpose of settling there, must resolve in his mind to find pleasure in business, and business in pleasure; or he will be disappointed, and wish himself back to the sociable idleness of Europe. Nor can any one travel in the United States without making a *business* of it. In vain would he hope to proceed at his ease; he must prepare to go at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, or conclude to stay quietly at home. He must not expect to stop, except at the places fixed upon by the proprietors of the road or the steamboat; and if he happen to take a friend by the hand an instant after the sign of departure is given, he is either left behind or carried on against his intention, and has to enquire after his luggage in another state or territory. The habit of posting being unknown, he is obliged to travel in company with the large caravans which are daily starting from, and arriving at, all the large cities, under convoy of a thousand puffing and clanking engines, where all thoughts of pleasure are speedily converted into sober reflections on the safety of property and persons. He must resign the gratification of his own individual tastes to the wishes of the majority who are traveling on *business*, and with whom speed is infinitely more important than all that contributes to pleasure; he must eat, drink, sleep, and wake when they do, and has no other remedy for the catalogue of his distresses but the hope of their speedy termination. Arrived at the period of his sufferings, he must be cautious how he gives vent to his joy, for he must *stop quickly* if his *busy* conductor shall not hurl him on again on a new journey.

"Neither is this hurry of business confined to the large cities, or the method of traveling; it communicates itself to every village and hamlet, and extends to and penetrates the western forests. Town and country rival with each other in the eagerness of industrious pursuits. Machines are invented, new lines of communication established, and the depths of the sea explored to afford scope for the spirit of enterprise; and it is as if all America were but one gigantic workshop, over the entrance of which there is the blazing inscription, '*No admission here except on business.*'

"The position of a man of leisure in the United States is far from being enviable; for unless he take delight in literary and scientific pursuits, he is not only left without companions to enjoy his luxuriant ease, but, what is worse, he forfeits the respect of his fellow-citizens, who, by precept and example, are determined to discountenance idleness. That the influence of such a system must be highly beneficial to the national standard of morality is, of itself, sufficiently evident, and another cause for the comparatively small number of crimes committed in the United States, and the general correctness of principle which pervades all classes of society. There is more philosophy and morality contained in the admonition of Dr. Pangloss, '*Travaillons notre jardin*,' than Voltaire intended to put in his mouth; and this philosophy the Americans possess by instinct."

We cannot follow the author through his speculations on the German population of the country, nor give his advice to emigrants; excellent in itself and leading him to the following strictures on the author of "Men and Manners:"—

"I have said before, that in order to succeed in any one undertaking, but especially in farming, it is necessary that the proprietor should work himself, and not merely be an idle spectator or employer of the labour of others. I will now add, that without *personal* exertion on his part he will not only be unable to advance, but absolutely fail and be ruined. America, thanks to her institutions, and the infinite resources of the soil, is not yet a country for a gentleman farmer; a circumstance which has been much regretted by Mr. Hamilton, but

which is the cause of much rejoicing to every unbiased and intelligent inhabitant of the United States. An American prefers cultivating the smallest patch of his own to working on the largest farm of his neighbours, and rather emigrates further to the west than consent to become, in any manner or degree, dependent on his fellow-beings. The Germans who are found willing to hire themselves out on estates are seldom content to serve for wages, but wish to be paid in land or produce, and become thus partners instead of servants to their employers.

"'But America,' says Mr. Hamilton, 'is not the place for a gentleman farmer. The price of labour is high, and, besides, it cannot always be commanded at any price. *The condition of society is not yet ripe for farming on a great scale.* (!) There will probably be no American Mr. Coke for some centuries to come. The transatlantic Sir John Sinclairs are yet *in ovo*, and a long period of incubation must intervene before we can expect them to crack the shell.' What beautiful metaphor! It is to be hoped they will never be hatched. 'As things at present stand,' continues he, 'small farmers could beat the great ones out of the field. What a man produces by his own labour and that of his family he produces cheaply; what he is compelled to hire others to perform is done expensively. It is always the interest of the latter to get as much as he can, and give as little labour in exchange for it.' Why does he not say in few words, *a man works harder for himself than for others?* 'Then arises the necessity of bailiffs and overseers; fresh mouths to feed and pockets to be filled; and the owner may consider himself fortunate if these are content with devouring the profits, without swallowing the estate into the bargain.'

"When the condition of society in America will 'be ripe' for the English system of farming, then the progress and prosperity of the United States will be on the decline. What is the farming system in England but a sort of tail to the feudal system, which, though it may have its advantages to the proprietors where it is once established, cannot benefit a country where it is to be newly introduced. And what is the Irish system of 'tenants at will' but one of the many melancholy forms under which the misery of her people is entailed from one generation on another? It is not the *unfortunate* state of society which, in America, diminishes the number of gentleman farmers; it is the unexampled *prosperity* of the country, and the distribution of wealth throughout the whole population, which raises them at once above the condition of servitude. Whoever emigrates westward, goes thither on his own account; for if he be an honest man he can buy land on credit, or for a trifling amount of cash; and under such circumstances it is not to be supposed he will hire himself out to others. The present condition of the United States is such that but few are exempted from labour, and even these are not proud of their distinction. No disgrace attaches to industry, nor does the term 'gentleman' necessarily imply a man who has nothing to do. Large real estates neither contribute to the general prosperity of a country, nor are they very congenial with liberal institutions. The present prosperity of France, and of some of the minor states of Germany, is universally allowed to be produced by the division of property; and where such a division can be effected *in the outset*, without injustice to any one class of society, it would be absurd and criminal not to promote it. No hired labourer can be expected to do as well as he who works for himself; and it is therefore the interest of the country at large to have as many proprietors as possible. The greatest quantity of labour will be produced by the greatest number of persons interested in it; and the greatest profits realised where they are obtained with little assistance from others. These truths are so generally understood, that even at the late diets of Hungary and Transylvania the lower nobility* wished to change the law of expropriation of the peasantry, by allowing them to possess freehold estates by the same tenure as themselves; 'because,' they observed, 'our property, when divided, will be worth more than it is entire, and we shall sell the fragments for more than the whole.' Now, while the policy of such an arrangement is acknowledged in all civilised parts of the world, while even the nobility of Hungary and Transylvania are willing to try so wise and salutary a measure, is it not strange that so enlightened an author as Mr. Hamilton, in so enlightened an age as ours, should publish, in 'the most enlightened country of the world,' a work in which he derides the American system of independent farming? Of what immense advantage is not the division of property in a country like the United States? Is it not, in a degree, necessary to the continuance of its republican institutions? Does the greater number of proprietors not increase the number of those who have a direct stake in the government? Is not independence of suffrage best secured by independence of property? There are, assuredly, proprietors of large tracts of *uncultivated* land; but no sooner are settlements made upon them, than they are portioned out in little lots, and cultivated by men of small fortunes. This is, indeed, one of the means of realising fortunes out of real estates. Land, in America, is treated like any other kind of merchandise; it is bought in large quantities, and *retailed in small lots*. Without this policy the population would not have increased so rapidly during the last twenty or thirty years, and many of the western farms, which are now in a thriving condition, would yet be as uncultivated as the borders of the Pacific. Nothing but the love of independence could induce those sturdy settlers to make the wilderness their home. If they wished to consult their ease, they might become servants in the cities or cultivated districts; for they have no chance of finding it in the western woods. The willingness of the rich to work, and the disposition of the poor to prefer hard independent labour to easy well-paid servitude, are the principal causes of the increasing posperity of the United States."

The following character of American merchants is liberal, and to a great extent just:—

"An American merchant is an enthusiast who seems to delight in enterprise in proportion as it is connected with danger. He ventures his fortune with the same heroism with which the sailor risks his life; and is as ready to embark on a new speculation after the failure of a favourite project, as the mariner is to navigate a new ship, after his own has become a wreck. An American carries the spirit of invention even to the counting-room. He is constantly discovering some new sources of trade, and is always willing to risk his capital and credit on some *terra incognita*, rather than follow the beaten track of others, and content himself with such profits as are realised by his competitors. This is undoubtedly the cause of a great number of unfortunate speculations and subsequent failures; but it constitutes also the technical superiority of the American merchant over the European. He is an inventor, not an imitator; he *creates* new sources of wealth, instead of merely *exhausting* the old ones. Hence his vigilance and application. The ordinary routine of business is not sufficient to ensure his success; he must think, invent, speculate; for it is more by ingenuity and foresight than by the regular pursuit of trade, that he can hope to realise a fortune. None of the present French or Dutch fashions of trade would now prosper in the United States. Fortunes there are not made by small savings, but by large and successful operations. It is not by hoarding money, but by employing and investing it, that property accumulates in America; and the inexhaustible riches of the country open daily a thousand new roads to industry and commerce.

"The majority of Americans are, perhaps, not as good financiers as the Dutch; but they are more enterprising and successful merchants; they are willing to run greater risks, in order to secure larger profits; and it may be said of them that their minds expand in proportion to their stakes in trade.

"What, after all, can be more depicable than the character of a miser such as Holland teemed with since the decline of her active commerce, when, with the largest capital in the world, her merchants became money-lenders, and the creditors of all Europe? What difference is there not between some of those haggard-looking, dirty, usurious financiers, and an active, liberal-minded, enterprising merchant, the support of an hundred small traders and mechanics, whom he trusts or employs in the various ramifications of business. Let any one compare the present population of Amsterdam to that of New York. The aspect of the one is gloomy, contracted, sordid; that of the other all gaiety, frankness, and liberality. Except to a man of business, a residence at Amsterdam is wholly devoid of interest. Every where he meets the same greedy pursuit of money; the same *avaricious* abstinence from all which contributes to pleasure. Even the ordinary conveniences and comforts of life are enjoyed only by a few of the oldest and richest families; the rest lead a life of privation. How very unlike this is the picture of New York! Every thing there bears the aspect of ease and cheerfulness. The streets are wide and airy, the houses of the wealthier classes are decorated with taste, and the whole population bears the impress of opulence and prosperity. In spite of the hurry and bustle of business during the day, the evenings of many of the wealthy families are devoted to social intercourse, and their doors are open to the reception of friends. No-one can accuse the American merchant with want of hospitality, or a sordid confinement to the counting-room and exchange. He is liberal and generous in his dealings, affable and obliging in his intercourse with strangers, a sincere friend, and a calm, reflecting politician. The extent of his speculations prepares his mind for sudden success or ill fortune, and he is able to sustain losses with a degree of fortitude and equanimity which is utterly beyond the comprehension of ordinary men of business in other countries. His mind becomes enlarged by the extent of his enterprise, and becomes naturally superior to the niggard calculator of groats.

"There seems to be something ungenerous in the mere business of a money-broker, charging his one quarter or one half per cent. commission, and hoarding a fortune by the small droppings from the estates of those who are actively engaged in commerce. One of the meanest occupations of men is the mere computation of numbers; but it may become destructive to the noblest faculties of the mind when these numbers represent nothing but money. The first of all the sciences, mathematics, when unconnected with philosophy, may serve to enslave the mind and deprive it of imagination and fancy. Even the astronomer who is solely confined to his ciphers, without seeing in them the laws and type *of his God*, degenerates into a mechanical book-keeper of the universe, without having an interest in its noblest transactions. The business of trading and jobbing in stocks is not only mean in itself, but may in many instances prove a serious injury to commerce. It may absorb a large portion of the capital which would otherwise be invested in merchandise, and give a wrong direction to the national industry of a country. The merchant must needs be influenced by the fluctuations of exchange, and must provide against them; but it is the gambler alone makes a living by them.

"It has been observed, in all countries, that in proportion as active commerce declines, in that same proportion opens the game for the *agioteurs* on 'change: and there is no more certain mark of spreading demoralisation than to see the people at large take an active part in it. It is then sure to dry up the fountains of wealth and virtue, and to convert thousands of industrious men into so many vagabonds and beggars."

Mr. G. seems to have had tolerably correct notions of the promiscuous assemblages found in American steamboats:—

"Much has been said on the anomalies of conduct of American travellers, especially on board of steamboats; and unjust comparisons have been drawn between them and the passengers in European boats, sufficiently prejudicial to the former. No allowance, however, seems to have been made for the different materials composing these companies, and the peculiar usages established on board of American boats. Were the passengers in European steamers composed chiefly of small traders, hawkers, journeymen mechanics and operatives of all descriptions, and permitted to sit down at the same table with the polite and wealthier classes, to partake of dainties which they only know from hearsay, without any additional charge, I, for my part, would not wish to witness 'the solecisms of deportment' of which they might be guilty. Add to this a liberal quotum of brandy, which on board of some of the steamboats is still handed round,* to be used at discretion, and it will be easy to fancy a picture which would more than shock the tender sensitiveness of an English tourist. When these circumstances are taken into consideration, it will appear that what English writers have *not* said about American travellers, is the highest encomium they can possibly bestow on their conduct; and that notwithstanding the severity of their criticism on 'American manners,' they were not aware of the class of society with whom they journeyed. Their negative reasoning goes further than their positive assertion, and furnishes the best proof that dress, language and manners of the inferior orders of Americans, partake so much of the characteristic of education, that Europeans *mistake* them for those of gentlemen.

"The American steamboats on the western rivers,

* The Hungarian diet is composed of two chambers, the magnates and the nobles, or the lower and higher nobility. Each free town counts as one noblemen in the lower chamber. No person can possess real estate except a nobleman or a citizen of a free town.

* The temperance societies have abolished this custom on board of most of the steamboats.

and along the coast of the Atlantic, are of a very superior construction, both as regards speed and elegance of accommodation for passengers. They are now principally built on the low-pressure principle; but have generally engines of very great power. The ladies' cabin, which is usually on deck, is separated from that of the gentlemen, and the latter have no admission to it except by the consent of all the occupants. At breakfast, dinner, and tea, the ladies are invited down to take their seats at the head of the table, (meals being generally served in the gentlemen's cabin,) after which the gentlemen are permitted to take theirs; and the usual ceremonies being passed, active operations are commenced on all sides with an activity of spirit which allows no one to remain for a long time an indifferent spectator of the scene.

"After dinner, the ladies accompanied by their respective gentlemen are seen walking off to their apartment, while those of the latter who have no such sweet incumbrance, indulge in the luxury of a cigar, or take a solitary stroll on deck. Few are waiting for the pastry or the dessert, though both are generally of the best kind; *because it would oblige them to remain too long in a state of quiescence, which is contrary to their nature, and incompatible with their notions of comfort.*"

After a short summary of the views of those croakers who are ever predicting the dissolution of our Union, he thus sums up his belief:

"I do not confess myself converted by either of these doctrines; but, on the contrary, maintain that the union of the U. States will last as long as their individual prosperity, the period of the decline of which, I trust, is at this moment beyond the power of human calculation. I believe it is as remote as the downfall of Great Britain, an event on which the continental politicians have speculated for more than two centuries, without extricating themselves from the puzzle; and which they supposed to be prepared by the national debt of England in the same manner as the American catastrophe by the fatal influence of the negroes. Contrary to their expectations, however, they have seen England's power increase, and every new page of her history proclaims her national renown; while the military chieftain who threatened her peace, was hurled from his proud elevation, with the same overwhelming fatality which had favoured his ill-boding progress. The destinies of England seemed to be under the protection of a special providence, which strengthened her leaders in the battle and the cabinet, as if the cause of humanity had been identified with that of her freedom. Nor was it otherwise. England was the avenger of Europe, as she is now the only protector of liberty in whose honour the nations may trust; possessing the will and the power to oppose the incursions of barbarism."

May Mr. G. prove a true prophet! we have space but for the following concluding remarks, with which we commend the book to every American who desires to peruse a profound and philosophic disquisition on his native land. We fear that it will not be immediately republished.

"If Europe should ever become jealous of America, it would not be of her physical force; but of the moral energy which her citizens are wont to develope, wherever they form settlements. It is not so much the *possession* of Mexico, but what the Americans would make of it, in the course of fifty years, which would cause fear and apprehensions in Europe. When America shall once be firmly established between two oceans, commanding the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific ocean, she will occupy the centre of the world; while Europe will act as from a corner. The historical theatre will be changed, and the centre of civilisation removed to the valley of the Mississippi.

"The centre of America is giving birth to a new race of beings, more powerful and athletic than the inhabitants of the eastern coast, and more reckless of dangers than any which the world has seen. Love of liberty and adventure are their strongest passions, and they combine the intelligence of Europeans with the physical advantages of savages. They must eventually penetrate to the borders of the Pacific; where a new life must spring up, different from that which the reflection of European civilisation has created on the shores of the Atlantic, and still more congenial with the most enlarged principle of freedom. The coast of the Pacific ocean enjoys a better and healthier climate than that of the eastern states, and is, perhaps, equally fertile. A thousand new sources of wealth will at once be opened to those settlers; and their adventurous spirit will soon make the ocean its scene of action." * * *

"The progress of America reflects but the glory of England; all the power she acquires extends the moral empire of England; every page of American history is a valuable supplement to that of England. It is the duty of the patriots of both countries to support and uphold each other, to the utmost extent compatible with national justice; and it is a humiliating task, either for private individuals or public men, to make the foibles of the one the subject of ridicule in the other." * *

"It is a fortunate circumstance that the British sovereign should lately have been the mediator between France and America. It is the first act of royal favour extended to the Americans for many years; and will afford a proof of the disinterested attachment of England to the future welfare and prosperity of her daughter. It will serve to soothe the angry feelings which British statesmen and British writers have often wantonly roused in their brethren beyond the Atlantic, and be hailed as the harbinger of peace and amity between the two greatest nations in the world.

"May that friendship never be interrupted; and may the Americans and the English, instead of entertaining unworthy prejudices, cherish that mutual affection for one another, to which they are invited by the ties of consanguinity, and the regard due to their mutual perfections."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

State and Prospects of Literature.—We sometimes speculate on the probable reception which these weekly *livraisons* will receive from the various hands into which they fall, as we watch for a passing minute the careful hands of the "*packers*" folding each separate sheet, and writing the names of the thousands into whose hands by the quick processes of the mail they are destined to fall. Will Prior's Life of Goldsmith, increasing in interest as it does the further it proceeds, receive the treatment which Blackwood declares attends most leading articles in the magazines—"so elaborate as to be unreadable; you never see one without the paper-folder lying nearer the beginning than the middle, its progress having been stopt by sleep—like a scythe left in a matted swathe by swinkt mower, now lying on his face beneath a neighbouring tree." Can it be that any one of the disciples of "Waldie" shrinks from a book like the life of Goldsmith, which is destined to a prominent place in the permanent literature of the glorious English language? We suppose there are such, for the finest wares, or most ingenious devices placed in the richest shop windows, are often passed by with neglect. One reader fancies novels only, and the whipped syllabub of magazines; he or she can run through the nonsense of "the cover," but the paper-folder is never taxed when the lightness from within is untempting. "Heigho!" we said to last week's issue, as we saw the third load going to the postmaster—there must be some one body on our list, who will never mow their paper-cutter through such a *long life.*" We compassionate the individual, whoever it be, and shall show our good feeling by sending very soon something to keep him in good humour, and stir him up to "wish for more." Our solitary reads "the cover" to see what the index points to; let him peruse the following, and say if he could have excused the omission of the only good life of *such a man.* The London Athenæum, a favourite periodical with us, speaks:—

"Oliver Goldsmith—but that he died at the age of forty-six—would have been the *Walter Scott* of his age, *as an author.* He was not the pleasant instructive companion at the table—he had not 'those soft parts of conversation which chamberers have,' and therefore he did not advocate the interests of his inestimable writings at the great bar of fashion, or in the courts below. He never became a duchess's *lion*, or a lord's favourite. He talked like poor Poll at his club, and was triumphed over by the 'gentle giant' Johnson, by the flippant, flattered Garrick, the mighty Burke, the flimsy Boswell. To adopt the monetary system in language, he had a Rothschild-balance in the vast bank of his mind; but for the current expenditure of conversation, he would not draw a cheque even for five pounds! The pen, however, was to Oliver Goldsmith the charmed key that turned deftly in the oiled wards,' and opened the door to the endless treasures of his mind. Can any author—can even Sir Walter Scott be compared with Goldsmith at the age of forty-six, for the variety, beauty, and power of his compositions? You may take him and 'cut him out in little stars,' so many lights does he present to the imagination. 'The Deserted Village,' 'The Traveller,' 'Retaliation,' claim him as the poet: 'The Vicar of Wakefield' beckons through the heart to him as the novelist. The dramatist lives and triumphs in 'She Stoops to Conquer' and 'The Good-natured Man;' 'The Bee' and 'The Citizen of the World' make him pair off with Addison or Steele. 'Animated Nature' declares him the naturalist; the 'Lives of Parnell' and 'Beau Nash' prove him the easy biographer; and the Roman and Grecian histories proclaim him the concise historian! He wrote learned reviews, and little books for children! He ventured upon and excelled in all subjects; and never were truer words written than those in his epitaph: 'nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.' He perhaps is the only authority the memory can honestly suggest for the well-known line, of leaving—

'No line, which dying, he would wish to blot.'

A literary journal is not, perhaps, the most appropriate place to write of the affairs of trade, and yet the state of the times is so out of joint, that the thoughts of all who mingle with their fellow men must revert to the topic, and why not speak of those things whereof we think? The merchants are suffering all that poor Goldsmith encountered in the way of need; they have not wherewith to pay. Our streets and those of other cities present the aspect so fraught with silence which the embargo brought us, and failures occur even in periodical literature, to say nothing of "the book issues;" all are suffering from the universal evil of over banking. Some of the oldest established, as well as those of a recent date, have been suspended, or are totally defunct. Are we, too, destined to die the death—to take a farewell of a generous world, and be recorded among the *have beens?* It will depend upon the public for whom we diligently labour; and here we may as well keep up to the tone of the times, and, descending to the bathos at once, invite attention to the matter of remittances, which, always acceptable, are peculiarly so *now;* let them be, too, in the most current money of the age—bank-notes the nearest to us if you can; not of the *Dry* Dock Bank, nor yet too far north, south, east, or west, for the brokers have all turned sour—they refuse, in imitation of the banks, to discount even "the best paper," no matter how endorsed, if it be beyond the reach of a locomotive. We have endeavoured to be punctual in our payments to our five or six thousand creditors; we ask them, now that capital and capital things, like good people, are scarce, to remember that publishers and editors, and paper and ink makers, printers, folders, clerks, wives, children, nay, even mundane *devils*, by whom we are surrounded, cannot live upon air; much less than common must suffice even the best fed and most saucy of us *now*, but we pray for enough to sustain us through the present season of mercantile distress; in short, to come to the point in our descending scale, *we*, who do not often dun, have thought

it needful to remind a host of clever people that they are indebted to their librarian, and to invite their attention to clearing off the score.

We sat down to try to coax our friends to throw us a rope, but without intending to *spin* so long a yarn; the anchor of our hopes of success lies with our friends; they must keep the ship steady in storms; there is no way of *trimming boat* in periodical excursions half so certain to bring all parties to a successful and pleasant termination, as cementing good fellowship over a *flowing* bowl. Our sheets are the canvass, of no use when there is *no wind*. We have hoped through all our labours that this Library was fixed on a permanent basis, and so we believe still; it depends, however, upon the voice and breath of the popular vote as expressed at the *ballot boxes*.* May it exist through other dynasties, and, like the actual throne of Napoleon, undergo no change; his throne and his bed, as well as Josephine's, both remain, according to Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, at Fontainbleau as they were left by him. We know no man who more loves a paying subscriber, or seldomer cheats his delinquents into the reading of duns, than we; there is no one who more desires that the necessity should seldom exist, or that the state and prospects of literature should continue to flourish. We are like a distinguished medical professor, who used to say that he considered a fee so necessary to give weight to an opinion, that when he looked at his own tongue in the glass, he slipped a guinea from one pocket to the other.

We take pleasure in noticing the commencement of a litte periodical entitled the Youth's Literary Messenger. Its design we gather from the following advertisement, and are permitted to add that it is conducted by a lady of education:—

"This magazine is published monthly, in numbers containing 36 pages, forming, at the end of the year, a volume of 432 pages. Its contents are tales, in French and English, original and translated from each language, biography, descriptive geography, natural history, and philosophy. Selections from approved authors, poetry, and miscellaneous articles. The terms are $1 50 per annum, payable in advance."

Subscribers and correspondents will address the editor of the Youth's Literary Messenger at Bordentown, New Jersey.

The London New Monthly Magazine has not improved under the editorial management of Theodore Hook. The portion entitled "The Humourist" does not correspond with the title. Forced humour, written to order, is abominably dull; you are kept on the stretch for a laugh which never comes, for it is impossible to find a laughing place. Captain Marryat, who is now in the United States, has suddenly become a copious contributor to the New Monthly, and has commenced a new tale entitled "The Phantom Ship," which begins well, and on which we shall keep an eye as it proceeds.

The American Monthly Magazine for May, published by George Dearborn of New York, contains a mezzotint, by Sartain, of the entrance to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and a highly interesting description of the interior, which will be concluded in the June number. It is from the pen of the co-editor, Dr. Bird. One of the anecdotes is startling. The writer is describing one of the almost bottomless pits of the cave:—

"But let us sit down by its brink; the guide has many a wild and dreary story to tell, which can best be told in such a place as this.

"And, first, he tells us that this identical abyss—the Crevice Pit, as it is called—sounded by Mr. Lee in 1835, with a string having a stone tied to the end of it, was sounded, many a long year before, by the miners, pretty much in the same way; only that, instead of a stone to the string, they had a *young negro* tied to the end of it. However, this highly original plummet, it appears, was tied on with his own consent, the lad being a bold, romantic fellow, ambitious to signalise himself by a daring exploit, and perhaps a brilliant discovery. Down, therefore, into the pit they lowered him; though with an effect singularly resembling that attending the Knight of La Mancha's descent into the Cave of Montesinos. The rope suddenly became light, its burden had vanished; though, in due course of time, it again felt heavy in the hands of the miners, who, drawing it up, found the adventurer at its end as before. Some cock-and-bull story he told them, with great glee, of his having discovered, fifty or sixty feet below, a spacious and splendid cave, which he had walked in; but as he never could be, by any persuasions, induced to attempt a second descent, it was thought he had imitated Don Quixote to the letter, enaconced himself on the first convenient ledge or shelf, and dreamed the remainder of the adventure."

From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, April 26.

"*American Medical Library and Intelligencer.*—Through the polite attentions of Messrs. Weeks, Jordan & Co., of the Literary Rooms, No. 121 Washington street, Boston, we have been favoured with No. 1, Vol. I, of this new medical periodical, under the editorial supervision of Dr. Dunglison, a gentleman eminently distinguished in the republic of knowledge for his attainments and devotion to the science of medicine. It is intended to be a concentrated record of medical science and literature. The first sixteen pages are filled with miscellaneous intelligence of an interesting character, gathered from various sources; and the remaining 112 pages consist of a republication of discourses on bloodletting, by James Wardrop, M. D.; morbid conditions of the blood, by Benjamin Babington, M. D., and Dr. Stokes's theory and practice of medicine. With regard to typographical execution, the work is faultless. The subscription price is ten dollars a year, payable in advance; and the numbers are to be issued semi-monthly.

"We have felt it a duty, separately from all considerations of courtesy towards a fellow-labourer in the editorial field, to give our readers all the information in our power in relation to this new candidate for patronage, with a hope that the enterprise may find favour with the medical public.

"For the credit of our common country, for the great and manifest advantages to be derived from the laborious research and industry of Dr. Dunglison, we hope the Library and Intelligencer will live and go down to future times."

From the same of May 3d.

"Dr. Dunglison's second number of the new Journal and Library, is even better than the first, and is deserving of patronage."

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.

☞ Gentlemen making remittances by checks, would confer a favour by having them marked "good," by the cashier of the bank.

April —Benjamin Coates, Chillicothe, O.
—— 11,—D. Cooke, Pontotoc, Mi.
—— 27,—W. H. Tilghman, Hillsboro', Md.
—— 20,—A. P. Maury, Franklin, Te.
—— 21,—John M. Booker, Rehoboth, Ga.
—— 28,—Edward Means, Buckhead P. O., S. C.
—— 28,—Wm. Jenkins, Richmond, Ky.
May 4,—A. N. Bourdin, Petersburg, Va.
—— 2,—John Lynn, Jr., Kingsport, Te.

Agents, on remitting money, will confer a great favour, and save much unpleasant feeling, by letting us know the individual subscribers who should be credited. For want of this information, bills are sometimes sent to those who have paid.

THE SPIRIT OF A CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

Mother, dear mother, do not stay
Lamenting by my senseless clay,
Ah! rather upwards turn thin eye
Upon the far-off glorious sky,
When, studded with its starry gems,
It mocks at earthly diadems,
And think my happy spirit *there*
Is wandering, free from every care.
It might have been, temptation strong
Had led me in the path of wrong,
Or want, or weariness, or strife,
Had made me out of love with life;
For every human heart and brain
Hath its capacity for pain;
While sorrow's shafts are never spent;
Unceasingly its bow is bent;
Countless the Proteus forms it takes
As are the unseen wounds it makes,
And were all human hearts laid bare,
Might mortal eye to view them dare?
The wretch that now pollutes the earth—
A *mother's* love once blest his birth—
Though abject, wretched, and reviled,
He once—perhaps a darling child—
Was guarded with a mother's care,
Was prayed for with a mother's prayer;
But could she with submission bow,
Were she alive to see him now?
Of sinful heart and wo-worn mien—
Such—even such—I might have been.
Then weep not that my soul is blest;
Enjoying an eternal rest;
That I have only borne above
Remembrance of a mother's love.

M. E. K.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Bulwer's new work, "Athens, its Rise and Fall, with Views of the Literature, Arts, and Social Life of the Athenian People," will certainly be published in the next fortnight.

A very interesting little work is now in the press, entitled, "The Language of Birds," a companion to that beautiful little volume, "The Language of Flowers," from the pen of a lady who has long made the habits and instincts of the feathered tribes the subject of her delightful study.

Mrs. Butler's (late Miss Kemble) new drama, "The Star of Seville," will be published on the 7th.

Miss Martineau has, we understand, made considerable progress in the printing of her new work, "Society in America."

An Enquiry into the Nature and Form of the Books of the Ancients, with a History of the Art of Bookbinding, from the Times of the Greeks and Romans to the present Day, interspersed with Bibliographical References to Men and Books of all Ages and Countries, is announced by J. A. Arnett.

"The Authors of England." A novel and splendid work under this title is about to appear. Report speaks highly of its merits. The illustrations are to introduce to public notice a new style of engraving, which is said to be characterised by peculiar softness and delicacy. The letter-press by which they are accompanied embody unpublished letters, personal anecdotes, &c., of some of the most distinguished authors of the day.

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Lives of Eminent Foreign Statesmen, by G. P. R. James, Vol. IV. (forming Vol. 89 of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia). Essays, Literary and Political, by W. E. Channing, 12mo. The Clockmaker; or, Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, 12mo. Concealment, a Novel, 3 vols. Family Library, Vol. LXIII.; Sketches of Imposture, Deception, &c. 12mo. Evidence on the Aborigines, 8vo. The Felonry of New South Wales, by J. Mudie. Piso and Præfect; or, the Ancients off their Stilts, 3 vols. Account of an Expedition to the Interior of New Holland, edited by Lady M. Fox, 8vo. England under Seven Administrations, by A. Fonblanque, 3 vols. Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir John Sinclair, by his Son, 2 vols. post 8vo.

☞ Papers for this office should be directed to "Omnibus, Philadelphia."

* *Query.* Does he not mean the *letter boxes* at the post-offices?—*P. D.*

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY ADAM WALDIE.

46 CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

In the town of Cleves, an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family, during the time of the fair, which we shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the traveling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves, and were suffered to play; and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity—a curiosity, indeed, in which every one participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his fore-finger:—"Bijou, jewel, you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honour; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report; you have got laurels: beware, then, of erring; in a word, deport yourself like the bijou—the jewel—of the canary birds, as you certainly are." All this time the bird seemed to listen, and, indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice, when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them. "That 's good," said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. "Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honour. Give us a tune:"—the canary sang. "Pshaw! that 's too harsh; 'tis the note of a raven, with a hoarseness upon him: something pathetic." The canary whistled as if his little throat were changed to a lute. "Faster," says the man—"slower—very well—what a plague is this foot about, and this little head? No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forget your time. That 's a jewel—bravo! bravo! my little man!" All that he was ordered, or reminded of, did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement; and "the sound was a just echo of the sense," according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it *ought* to be) of musical composition. "Bravo! bravo!" re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room. The musicians declared the canary bird was a greater master of music than any of their band. "And do you not show your sense of this civility, sir?" cried the bird-catcher, with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going through the martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, "My poor Bijou," says the owner, "thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Show the ladies how to make a courtesy." The bird here crossed his taper legs, and sunk, and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush. "That 's my bird!—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding." Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. "Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up." The activity, glee, spirit, accuracy, with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as well with their clappings,) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and caroled an *Io pæan*, that sounded like the conscious notes of victory. "Thou hast done all my biddings bravely," said the master, caressing his feathered servant; "now, then, take a nap, while I take thy place." Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the poppied god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling; and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering, and dropping as much on the other; at length sleep seemed to fix him in a steady position, whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honour to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, in the progress of taking which he was interrupted by the canary bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again, the owner called him a saucy fellow, and began to show off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *forte* of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he smoked with another; and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, which had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobserved corner sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awakened pity in a misanthrope. He spread himself half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissembled sorrow. "Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing: well may I grieve: more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drunk from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness; without thee, what will become of me? Thou it was that didst insure my welcome in the best companies. It was thy genius only made me welcome. Thy death is a just punishment for my vanity; had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled on my breast, at this moment! But trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be myself, for I have contributed! I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic. Oh, Bijou! my dearest, only Bijou! would I were dead also!"

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn bird-catcher, whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table, "as in scorn," and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. These were now much softened, as is ever the case when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness; when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe, that every one of the company sympathised with him; but none more than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and, after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary-seed, the food of the "dear lost companion of his heart." There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution-money that he had brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed, put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming, "No, poor Bijou! no; thou can'st not peck any more out of this hand that has been thy feeding-place so many years: thou can'st not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee! Had it been filled with gold, thou hadst deserved it!" "It shall be filled—and with gold," said the master of the house, "if I could afford it." The good man rose from his seat, which had been long uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver, saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbour, "who will refuse to follow my example? It is not a subscription for mere charity; it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow; and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue, and—ought to be rewarded."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Progress of Discovery.—Among the novelties reported at the last anniversary of the British Association were the following:—The idea of certain astronomers, and, among others, of Herschel, that the nebulæ in the milky way are supposed to be a sort of spawn (as a gardener would say,) of future planets; that the metals in metallic veins are created by electricity and magnetism; that any temperature may be produced on the surface of the earth by drawing heat from the interior, which is supposed to be a mass of liquid fire; that precious stones of every description may be created by chemical and magnetical influence, &c.; that the cow-fish (*Manita* fluviatilis,) which lives partly in water and partly on land, "might become the universal food of mankind," and be found a good substitute for turtle, &c.

A few years ago, Mr. H. (now Lord) Brougham sustained a loss of a very important nature, the bags in which he carried his papers to the courts. In the course of the day on which the robbery took place, he received the following communication:—"Sir, we will return you them bags, what was stolen out of your carriage this here morning (seeing as how they belonged to a lawyer, and finding that we had got into bad hands,) if so be

you will make us a decent recompense, as our honesty deserves. Should you feel inclined to do so, please go to Waterloo Bridge this here evening at nine o'clock; where you will meet with a gemman who will ax you if your name's Brougham. Do not look him too hard in the face, for he is werry modest, and having some character to lose, does not like to be seen in company with a lawyer. On your telling him as your name's really Brougham, he will give you back your old clothes bags, and you in return will give him what you please—we leaves that to your generosity—trusting only, as you're a gemman, you'll behave as sich. We hopes that you wont give no account of the parson what you'll meet on the bridge, for he has got a sort of a constitutional avarsion to the Old Bailey, seeing as how it's a disease that has proved fatal to all his family. We thinks you had better come dressed in top-boots and spurs (with moustachios to disguise your parson,) as we shall then have no doubt of our man. Please present our werry best compliments to Sir Thomas Lethbridge, with whom, we understand, you are on excellent terms of visiting, and tell him we hopes as how he'll put as many members to sleep during his speechifying as he did last sessions; because we can then *grab the rhino* out of the members' pockets. So no more at present, but rests your werry humble sarvants, (Signed) —— their X.

The following is said to be one of the longest pauses on record: An old gentleman, riding over Putney Bridge, turned round to his servant, and said, "Do you like eggs, John?" "Yes, sir." Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge that day twelvemonth, again turned round and said, "How?" "Poached, sir," was the answer.

Captain Morris, whose bacchanalian songs are well known, was in his advanced age compelled to exist on a small income. The Duke of Norfolk, whose table he had for many years gladdened, if not graced, was one evening lamenting very pathetically to John Kemble the precarious state of Charles Morris's income; John did not like at first to tell the duke plainly what he, as a wealthy man, ought to do: but when the evening advanced, he broke out, as Jack Bannister tells the story, into a sort of blank-verse speech, as follows—

"And does your grace sincerely thus regret
The destitute condition of your friend,
With whom you 've passed so many pleasant hours?
Your grace hath spoken of it most movingly.
Is 't possible, the highest peer o' th' realm,
Amidst the prodigalities of fortune,
Should see the woes which he would not relieve?
The empty breath and vapour of the world,
Of common sentiment, become no man;
How should it then be worthy of your grace;
But heaven, lord duke, hath placed you in a sphere
Where the wish to be kind, and being so,
Are the same thing. A small annuity
From your o'erflowing hoards; a nook of land
Clipped from the boundless round of your domains,
Would ne'er be felt 'a monstrous cantle out;'
But you would be repaid with usury;
Your gold, my lord, with prayers of grateful joy;
Your fields would be o'erflowed with thankful tears,
Ripening the harvest of a grateful heart."

It is almost needless to say—what every body knows—that the duke at once granted the prayer of the actor's petition.

The following is a genuine copy of a letter addressed some years ago to a lady of fortune at Portsmouth, upwards of fourscore years of age, by a French prisoner of war at Porchester Castle:—"Porchester—Madam, me rite de English very leet, and me am very fears you no saave vat me speak; but me be told that you want one very fine man for your hosband; upon my soul me love you very well, and thou be very ould woman, and very cross, and very ugly, and all de devil, and the English no like you; upon my soul me have one great passion for you, and me like you very well for all dat; and me be told dat de man for you must be one very clean man, and no love de drink, me be all dat; indeed me be one very grand man in France, upon my soul me be one count, me have one grand equipage in France, and me very good for the esprit; indeed me be one grand beau a-la-mode, one officier in de regiment; me be very good for the Engleterrers; indeed you be one very good old woman, upon my soul: and if you have one inclination for one man, me be dat gentleman for you, one grand man for you; me will be your hosband, and take de care for yourself, for de house, for de gardin, for de Schoff, for de drink; upon my soul me kill myself very soon, if you no love me for this grand amour. Me be, madam, your great slave, votres tres humble serviteur."

The Hundred Largest Cities in the World.—A recent (1829) German publication gives the following curious calculation respecting the hundred most populous cities in the world:—These are Jeddo, in Japan, 1,680,000 inhabitants; Pekin, 1,500,000; London, 1,300,000; Hans Ischen, 1,100,000; Calcutta, 900,000; Madras, 817,000; Nankin, 800,000; Congo Ischen, 800,000; Paris, 717,000; Werst Chans, 600,000; Constantinople, 597,000: Benares, 530,000; Kio, 520,000; Su Ischen, 500,000; Hounogh Ischen, 500,000, &c. The fortieth in the list is Berlin, containing 193,000; and the last Bristol, 87,000. Among the hundred cities, two contain a million and a half, two upwards of a million, nine from half a million to a million, twenty-three from two hundred thousand to five hundred thousand, fifty-six from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand, and six from eighty-seven thousand to one hundred thousand. Of these one hundred cities, fifty-eight are in Asia, and thirty-two in Europe, of which four are in Germany, four in France, five in Italy, eight in England, and three in Spain; the remaining ten are divided between Africa and America. —[How curious an example of our general ignorance of what exists at a distance from us, that, to all except a few of our readers, several of the very largest of these cities are probably unknown even by name!]

There was once in a certain part of India such a voluminous library, that a thousand camels were requisite for its transport, and a hundred brahmins had to be paid for the care. The king felt no inclination to wade through all this heap of learning himself, and ordered his well-fed librarians to furnish him with an extract for his private use. They set to work, and in about twenty years' time they produced a nice little encyclopædia, which might have been easily carried by thirty camels. But the monarch found it still too large, and had not even patience enough to read the preface. The indefatigable brahmins began therefore afresh, and reduced the thirty cargoes into so small a substance, that a single ass marched away with it in comfort; but the kingly dislike for reading had increased with age, and his servants wrote at last on a palm leaf, "The quintessence of all science consists in the little word, *Perhaps!*—Three expressions contain the history of mankind: they were born; they suffered; and they died. Love only what is good, and practise what you love. Believe only what is true, but do not mention all that which you believe."

A traveller once showed Lavater (the physiognomist) two portraits; the one of a highwayman who had been broken upon the wheel, the other was the portrait of Kant, the philosopher; he was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up that of the *highwayman*: after attentively considering it for some time, "Here," said he, "we have the true philosopher; here is penetration in the eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is cause, and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips! and analytic nose." Then turning to the portrait of the *philosopher*, he exclaimed, "The calm, thinking villain is so well expressed, and so strongly marked in his countenance, that it needs no comment." This anecdote Kant used to tell with great glee; it shows how imperfect was Lavater's science.

Transposition of Letters.—By the transposition of letters, fifty-nine words can be made from one word containing seven letters, and being two syllables, namely, Remains:—the words are, main, aim, rain, man, ream, name, mire, remain, men, rein, same, ran, sam, smear, ire, ram, is, arm, ear, an, air, rim, seam, am, mar, sea, in, me, are, mane, sir, mare, sin, raise, sire, arms, rime, amise, rase, sear, rinse, aries, earn, I, arise, inseam, manes, names, marine, miser, resin, miner, snare, mine, sane, mien, manse, amen!

Punctuation.—The following incident shows how much frequently depends on properly pointing a sentence:—In one of the large towns of England, a traveller passing a barber's shop, saw on the window, "What do you think, Ill shave you for nothing and give you some drink." He immediately concluded "He 's a drunken fellow, I'll go in." He did so, and sat down to be shaved. Under the operation, he enquired into the state of trade, and was answered that it was rather flat. He then adverted to the address in the window, and enquired if he really acted upon it, and shaved for nothing, observing that he said so. "No, no," replied the barber, "people never read it right," and then read it for him. "What!!! do you think I'll shave you for nothing and give you some drink?" The traveller laughed heartily, paid for the operation, and commended his ingenuity.

Liveries.—The custom of giving liveries, so general throughout Europe, is derived from the practice in the feudal times among the kings and princes delivering (*livrer*) garments to their nobles on high festivals. Thus St. Louis engaged several of his nobility to attend him in the crusade, by giving them their liveries in the dark. They discovered not before next morning that crosses were sewed on the shoulder of each; the bare acceptance of this present was often an engagement to serve the donor a year. This accounts for the custom of a servant continuing with his master a year to entitle him to livery.

Sherry.—Sherry wine has worms attached to the casks (in and outside,) and not Madeira or Sicily wine; because the sherry wines are indiscriminately brought from the country of their growth in sheep, goats, dogs', and other skins, that are, from the heat of the weather, very often in a putrid state; whereas, the wines of Madeira and Sicily are brought from the country in small casks.

Enthusiasm.—Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, demonstrated her attachment to Congreve, the poet, in a manner indicative of absolute insanity. "Common fame reports," says Dr. Kippis, in the Biographia Britannica, "that she had his figure made in wax after his death, talked to it as if it had been alive, placed it at table with her, took great care to help it with different sorts of food, had an imaginary sore in its leg regularly dressed, and, to complete all, consulted physicians with regard to its health."

Goldsmith's Life.—The following remarks of the London Quarterly Review on Prior's Life of Goldsmith will be acceptable to the reader:—

"We have satisfaction in observing that the enterprise of the booksellers has at length taken a bent which we several years ago told them would be found more beneficial to themselves, as well as to the public, than the rage for new 'libraries' *de omni scibili*. The monthly volumes which then threatened to pour upon us to the crack of doom, had the advantages of convenient form and cheap price, accompanied with elegance of print, and not unfrequently with lavish ornament in the way of engraving; but, to say nothing of real thought or talent, they, with few exceptions, reflected but little

credit on the industry, and less on the honesty, of the compilers. That flimsy manufacture, the steam-tambouring of literature, seems to have made room for the less showy speculation of preparing, under the direction of graver persons, carefully annotated editions of those *classics* of our country, whose writings may afford manly aliment to the understanding, and pure examples to the taste of the rising generation. Among the undertakings of this better order which have recently come under our view, we must allow a distinguished place to these labours of Mr. Prior, whose life of Burke was criticised at some length in one of our numbers for 1836. Ever since that time he has been sedulously engaged in collecting materials for a biography of Goldsmith, on a scale somewhat commensurate with his merits; and having, in the course of his researches, discovered many pieces, both in prose and verse, which, though worthy of his reputation, had never been included in any collection of his works, Mr. Prior at length resolved to prepare an enlarged and corrected edition of his distinguished countryman's *Miscellanies*, to be issued from the press at the same time with this memoir. We have the two books now before us—and proceed to notice, more briefly than we could wish to have done, the very considerable accession to our knowledge, for which this modest and diligent man may demand the thanks of every student of our literature.

"It is not to the honour of England, least of all is it to the honour of Ireland, that sixty years should have passed after the death of Goldsmith before any attempt was made to give the events of his life in accurate detail. Till now, however, there had been put forth, professedly to gratify curiosity on this head, nothing more valuable than one of the most meagre of prefaces. It was drawn up, indeed, by a person who received some verbal communications from two or three of the poet's surviving friends; but, except their half dozen anecdotes, a single loose letter on his adventures by his eldest sister, and such trivial specimens of his own familiar correspondence as hardly sufficed to fill three pages, the nameless preface-writer produced almost nothing that could throw any real light on his subject. In fact, the personal character of this delightful author has been abandoned to the casual notices of Boswell—who, for whatever reason, bore him little good will, sets down nothing that might tend to counterbalance the ludicrous stories in which he introduces his name, and betrays a lurking disposition to undervalue even the talents for which his own great idol took every opportunity of expressing the highest respect. Mr. Croker and his coadjutors, more especially Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh, seem to agree that Boswell, among many more pardonable weaknesses, all along regarded Goldsmith with a fretful jealousy. He, to the last, envied him his fame; but in the beginning of their intercourse he envied him above all things the avowed esteem of Johnson. From an early date Boswell had resolved to attempt, if he should outlive Johnson, the task which he ultimately executed, in so far as Johnson was concerned, with inimitable success. But his *Doctor Minor* was twenty years his *Doctor Major's* junior; he found them living in habits of familiarity in London, while his own visits to the capital were, and were likely to be, but rare; and Mrs. Thrale's information, that when Johnson was asked who ought to write his life, the answer was, 'Goldy would, no doubt, do it the best,' seems not only to have hung and rankled in his mind while Goldsmith lived, but to have left its traces in the last, long subsequent, labours of his pen. This is a painful and pitiable feature in what we consider as, on the whole, the best-natured, as well as the most amusing, of books. But we are conscious that when we devoured Boswell in our boyish days, we were little prepared to discriminate and cross-examine; and, we are sorry to add, we doubt whether all the counter-working of Mr. Prior's zeal will be found sufficient to modify, to much extent, the impression which familiarity with the charming pages of Goldsmith's habitual detractor has spread over the minds of our own coevals. On the race that is preparing to push us from our stools, his labours will perhaps produce an effect more adequate to his anticipations.

"Goldsmith happily called one of the arts in which he has never been surpassed, that of 'building a book;' but the most studious of his admirers does not shine as a compiler. We could hardly praise too highly the sagacity and patience with which he has hunted every hint of information, whether oral or documentary, but he has seldom shown skill in his manner of putting together the results. His minute accounts of the way in which he traced out every item of novelty that he presents, ought to have been given in his *preface;* they belong—not to the history of Goldsmith—but to the history of Mr. Prior's book. His episodic chapters on Goldsmith's obscure literary associates and forgotten antagonists should have been first cut down very considerably—and then thrown into so many articles of an appendix; and the new and valuable illustrations of the early career of Burke, which he has crammed head and shoulders into the midst of Goldsmith's story, should have been reserved for another edition of his life of Burke. There are, moreover, some clumsy repetitions—and heavy disquisitions, both moral and critical, which it is impossible not to wish away altogether. To balance these defects and errors, we recognise throughout Mr. Prior's main narrative a candid mind, kept active by a generous enthusiasm in the cause of virtue and genius, and a plain, unaffected style, never disfigured by tinsel garnishing, and now and then rising into a certain sober dignity, which we are old-fashioned enough to prefer to either the point of wit or the pomp of rhetoric. But the solid worth of the biography consists in the striking anecdotes which Mr. Prior has gathered in the course of his anxious researches among Goldsmith's few surviving acquaintances, and the immediate descendants of his personal friends in London and relations in Ireland; above all, in the rich mass of the poet's own familiar letters, which, by the help of these allies, he has been enabled to bring together. No poet's letters in the world, not even those of Cowper, appear to us more interesting for the light they throw on the habits and feelings of the man that wrote them; and we think it will also be acknowledged that the simple gracefulness of their language is quite worthy of the author of the Vicar of Wakefield. We may differ from many of our readers as to all the rest, but we are confident that, if Mr. Prior had done, and should do, nothing else, the services he has rendered to literature by recovering and recording these beautifully characteristic effusions, would be enough to secure honour to his memory. And who will not be rejoiced to hear that, in one instance at least, the best secondary monument of a great Irish genius has also been erected by an Irish hand?"

We have acted upon the suggestion of the review, and for the satisfaction of all who take up the work for facts and anecdotes, we have suppressed a few pages "on Goldsmith's obscure literary associates and forgotten antagonists;" a few dull commentaries of the author's upon such affairs as duelling and irrelevant matters have also been suppressed, but not an item of interest to general readers, whose pleasure alone we have consulted by not detaining them from the story of Goldsmith's life, to which the suppressed passages belong about as much as they do to the history of Napoleon. Our next number will conclude this interesting work.

Among the books recently sent us from London is one entitled, "A Trip to Rome *at Railway Speed!*" It is curious for its rapid sketching, and valuable to the traveller, as it gives an account of the expenses on the route.

Literature of the Continent.—We collect the following miscellaneous literary intelligence from foreign countries for the information of the public:—

The important work, "Dictionnaire de la Conversation," is steadily advancing towards completion. Out of the fifty-two volumes which it is calculated to form, thirty-three are already published. From a statement circulated by the publisher, it comprises contributions from all the principal literary men of France; but the article *France* itself has particularly attracted our notice, being divided into eleven diferent sections, each the work of an author of celebrity in his particular department. Among these are Walckenaer, Charles Nodier, Nisard, Bory de St. Vincent, Tissot, and Guizot. It is admitted to be the most complete performance on the subject that exists in the French language.

The fourteenth volume of the "Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France, depuis Louis XI. jusqu'à Louis XVIII." by Messrs. Cimber and Danjou, has just appeared. The fifteenth and last volume of the first series of this collection is in the press, and concludes with the death of Henry IV.

The first edition of a History of England, by the Baron de Roujoux, which was completed in December last, being already sold off, a second is announced. As a Frenchman, the author could not but view events in which both the French and English nations were concerned, in a very different light from what English writers have done; and it is said that, without deviating from the strictest impartiality, he has adduced a great number of facts, hitherto carefully concealed through the national vanity of Hume and Lingard, that give a new physiognomy and a new interest to his work; which is moreover embellished with 500 engravings.

Levrault has commenced the publication of a work by Ch. Nodier, A. Regnier, and Champin, entitled, "Paris Historique, Promenades dans les Rues de Paris." It is to consist of 100 weekly numbers, with lithographic illustrations; ten of which had appeared in the middle of March.

Another History of England, down to the reform of 1832, by M. Hercule Gallard, is announced as being in the press. It is to form fifteen octavo volumes, one to be published every three weeks, and to be embellished with portraits, maps, and plans. In a note appended to the advertisement, we are told that a company has been formed for bringing out this work, with a capital of 80,000 francs, produced by 800 shares at 100 francs each; and that each share confers a right to interest at six per cent., payable in advance, one copy of the work, and one eight-hundredth of the copyright.

M. Parent-Desbarres has commenced one of those undertakings which prove the decided taste for historical works at present prevailing among the reading public of France. This is "A Collection d'Histoires complètes de tous les Etats Européens," published under the auspices of Baron de Barante, Villemain, Augustin, Thierry, Mignet, Fauriel, Salvandy, St. Marc Girardin, Michelet, Lacroix, (bibliophile Jacob,) Baron de Roujoux, and Baron Taylor; and with the co-operation of Dr. Lingard, and Messrs. Botta, Luden, Leo, and most of the celebrated foreign historians, who will themselves revise the translation of their works. The collection is intended to form from twenty to twenty-five octavo volumes, printed in double columns; and will appear either in half volumes or numbers; three of the latter to be published weekly.

As a matter of curiosity, it may be mentioned that, at Bailly's office, in Paris, there have lately been produced two little works in the Ottawa language, both of a religious nature. They have been printed in Roman characters, under the superintendence of the Abbé Baraga, an Illyrian priest, resident at Michigan, in the United States.

The house of Tetot, brothers, in Paris, is busily engaged in reprints of the German classic writers. These consist of Schiller in two volumes; Goethe, with all his correspondence, in five volumes; Tieck in two volumes: and Jean Paul in four volumes. These are nearly completed. Lessing, in two volumes, is commenced, and Shakspeare, by Schlegel and Tieck, in one volume, is announced.

With the commencement of the present year a new paper was begun, with the title of "L'Europe," which, like several established last year, is sold at half the price charged for the old journals. It announced itself as the "Journal des intérêts monarchiques et populaires," and, as the Marquis de Jouffroy is the chief editor, its tendency cannot be doubtful. The undertaking is based upon a capital of 750,000 francs, raised by 1500 shares; and a calculation in the prospectus represents that a sale of 10,000 copies will produce the share-holders an annual profit of 24 per cent., in interest and dividends, besides other advantages.

"L'Italie," published by Audot, has just been completed with the 140th livraison, forming eight volumes, of which the papal and Neapolitan states occupy two volumes each. Each portion of the work may be had separately.

Hume and Smollett's History of England, with the continuation by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, is reprinting in Paris, in two quarto volumes.

The late M. Abel Remusat left behind at his death a translation of and comments on a very ancient Chinese work, entitled "Foè Kouèki, or Account of the Bouddhic Kingdoms; Travels in Tartary, Afghanistan, and India, performed about the end of the fourth century, by Chy Fa Hian." This work, revised, completed, and augmented, with new explanations, by the late M. Klaproth and M. Landresse, has just appeared, in a quarto volume, with five plates and maps.

M. du Sommérard, the proprietor of the Hotel de Clugny, and the rich collection it contains, is about to publish a work on the Arts of the Middle Ages, chiefly as they are illustrated by the remains of the Roman palace at Paris, the Hotel de Clugny built on its ruins, and the works of art contained in M. du Sommérard's collection.

M. Monmerqué, so well known by his edition of the Letters of Madame de Sévigné, and many other important works, has advertised for sale by auction his large

and interesting collection of autographs; they will be sold by Silvestre on the 2d of May.

MM. Monmerqué and Francisque Michel are editing a complete collection of the French dramatic pieces written during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

On the 12th of March, M. de Pradt, formerly archbishop of Malines, celebrated for his various political works, expired at Paris, after a violent attack of apoplexy. He had attained his seventy fifth year, and always enjoyed excellent health.

GERMANY.

Notwithstanding the exposure of the suspicious circumstances attending the pretended discovery of the history of Sanchoniatho, which appeared to stamp the transaction with the character of imposture, we perceive from an announcement by Schünemann, that the work will speedily be published by him with the title of "Sanchoniathonis Historiarum Phœniciæ libros novem, Græce versos a Philone Byblio, edidit, latinaque versione donavit, Friederich Wagonfeld."

Berger, of Leipzig, will speedily publish a Life of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, founder of the Homœopathic system of medicine, written by himself, with plates.

The number of the journals published in Austria amounts to seventy-two, twenty-one of which are furnished by Vienna. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom issues thirty-four; Milan alone twenty-five, Venice six, and Verona four.

It has been remarked as a singular phenomenon, that in Germany, which is so fertile in almost every department of literature, there are very few new dramatic productions. In regard to comedy in particular, the lovers of the theatre must put up almost exclusively with the mostly barbarous translations from the French. The result of the offer by the firm of Cotta of a prize of 300 florins for a good comedy in one act, furnishes an additional proof of the neglect of the drama. Out of several hundred pieces that were received, only eight were deemed worthy of being submitted for examination to the critical tribunal, composed of Lewald, Menzel, and Seydelmann; and of these eight one only was deemed worthy of any consideration. It is apprehended that, unless some provision be made by the diet for securing to German dramatic authors a property in their works, as in France, the German stage must long continue to be a mere echo of the French.

RUSSIA.

We are assured that the Russian "Conversations-Lexicon," which has advanced to the sixth volume, is rich in contributions on the history, geography, statistics, and industry of Russia, on the social relations of its various tribes, and in biographical accounts of its distinguished statesmen. The work employs at this moment all the eminent Russian literati, who have become contributors to it, so that there is a momentary stagnation in all branches of Russian literature, in which considerable activity till lately prevailed.

Russia possesses two works on the plan of the Penny Magazines, both published in Moscow. The first of these was commenced about the middle of 1835, with the title of "Pictuiesque Survey of all Remarkable Objects in the Sciences, Arts, Manufactures, and Social Life," and contains nothing but translations from the English, German, and French Penny Magazines. The second, begun with the year 1836, is entitled, "Panorama of the World," and promises to pay particular attention to native sources of information also.

ITALY.

The congregration of the Index at Rome has lately, by a decree, which received the confirmation of the pope, prohibited twelve works. No one would be surprised to find among these Heine's publications, "Instructions secrétes de la Compagnie de Jesus," and some other French works of the kind, very little known out of France; but it certainly does excite some astonishment to see the "Souvenirs en Orient" and the "Jocelyn" of the orthodox Lamartine included in the list.

The Times.—The only book of interest published for two weeks, is the third volume of the Pickwick papers, and of that we cannot speak as the publishers would wish or the public have sanctioned. The times have first affected the commercial world, but the evidences are ample of its not being there alone that their effects are felt. A lady who keeps a very extensive circulating library informs us that literally nobody comes near her for even novels; the public mind has topics enough in the scarcity of money, the stoppage of banks, the difficulties of the government, and the prophecies, fulfilled and to come, of the politicians; in short, the *excitement* is so great, that books are rejected as food is by a stomach filled to repletion. In this condition of our prosperous but bank-broken country, the booksellers prudently do not obtrude upon us their wares; they rather turn the key upon them till the excitement is passed away. Even those works ready for issue are left with the binder.

At a first glance one would suppose that "the reading public," which is apt to be distinct from the commercial, would quietly pursue the avocation in which they delight, and leave the moneyed community to fight out the dilemma in which it is placed. But it is not so; we are social and sympathetic, particularly when involved in a common misery, which touches at once all the small change in our pockets, if it do not annihilate the certificates in our iron chests.

In this condition announcements peep forth with great caution; the last is the certainty of a new novel from Professor Ingraham, author of "The South West," and "Lafitte;" it will be published next month by the Messrs. Harpers, and will be entitled "The Sieges," book first containing the siege of Quebec, and book second the siege of New York.

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES:—Fletcher's Physiology. Sewall's Lectures on Phrenology. Lepelletier on the Employment of large doses of Tartarised Antimony in disease, especially in Pneumonia and Rheumatism. Hartmann's General Therapeutics.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Incidents of Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land. By an American, with a Map and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Two *new* American volumes are such a novelty of late, that we could scarcely believe our eyes when a bundle of yellow, the mark of editors' copies from the Harpers, was placed before us. We opened the packet, in doubt of the contents being really fresh, but so in reality it is, and very well "got up," too, as the phrase goes; the outline engravings are more than respectable, and the map is an accompaniment which publishers here are too apt to neglect.

The author's expressed object has been principally to give a narrative of the every-day incidents that occur to a traveller in the East, and he has well succeeded. There is nothing particularly novel, except perhaps part of his adventures in Edom, nor is there, that we have discovered, a profound remark, or any new knowledge imparted in the two volumes; they belong to a class of books eagerly devoured by the many for the personal adventures they contain, and we confess the class is a favourite even with us, who are obliged to dip into very many of the great mass which almost hourly fall from the London press. The English go every where, and write and rewrite their tours without, as it would appear, satiating "the reading public." The American has made a better book than most of his cotemporaries who have gone recently over the same ground; that he is totally without animal spirits or the humour of Dr. Madden and Captain Skinner, is attributable to his ill health, more than once referred to. There is much of interest respecting Jerusalem, but the points that are new in an American's travels are those relating to Petra, the long lost city of rocks, discovered by Burckhardt and described in the unpublished work of Captains Irby and Mangles, and more recently by Laborde, a miserable London translation of which is now before us, remarkable for its beautiful engravings and garbled statements.

The best mode we can adopt with the present work, is to present our readers with a chapter, showing the style of the author; that chapter shall be from volume second, and relating to Petra.

"Petra, the excavated city, the long-lost capital of Edom, in the Scriptures and profane writings, in every language in which its name occurs, signifies a rock; and, through the shadows of its early history, we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock. Desolate as it now is, we have reason to believe that it goes back to the time of Esau, 'the father of Edom;' that princes and dukes, eight successive kings, and again a long line of dukes, dwelt there before any king 'reigned over Israel;' and we recognise it from the earliest ages, as the central point to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and from which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, even Tyre and Sidon deriving their purple dyes from Petra. Eight hundred years before Christ, Amaziah, the king of Judea, 'slew of Edom in the valley of Salt ten thousand, and took Selah (the Hebrew name of Petra,) by war.' Three hundred years after the last of the prophets, and nearly a century before the Christian era, the 'King of Arabia' issued from his palace at Petra, at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot, entered Jerusalem, and uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans; and in the beginning of the second century, though its independence was lost, Petra was still the capital of a Roman province. After that time it rapidly declined; its history became more and more obscure; for more than a thousand years it was completely lost to the civilised world; and until its discovery by Burckhardt in 1812, except to the wandering Bedouins, its very site was unknown.

"And this was the city at whose door I now stood. In a few words, this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains, five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labour out of the solid rock; and while their summits present nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

"Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city. Strong, firm, and immovable as nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skilful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance. Unfortunately, I did not enter by this door, but by clambering over the mountains at the other end; and when I stood upon the summit of the mountain, though I looked down upon the vast area filled with ruined buildings and heaps of rubbish, and saw the mountain sides cut away so as to form a level surface, and presenting long ranges of doors in successive tiers or stories, the dwelling and burial-places of a people long since passed away; and though immediately before me was the excavated front of a large and beautiful temple, I was disappointed. I had read the unpublished description of Captains Irby and Mangles. Several times the sheik had told me, in the most positive manner, that there was no other entrance; and I was moved to indignation at the marvellous and exaggerated, not to say false representations, as I thought, of the only persons who had given any account of this wonderful entrance. I was disappointed, too, in another matter. Burckhardt had been accosted, immediately upon his entry, by a large party of Bedouins, and been suffered to remain but a very short time. Messrs. Legh, Banks, Irby and Mangles had been opposed by hundreds of Bedouins, who swore 'that they should never enter their territory, nor drink of their waters,' and 'that they would shoot them like dogs if they attempted it.' And I expected some immediate opposition from at least the thirty or forty, fewer than whom, the sheik had told me, were never to be found in Wady Moussa. I expected a scene of some kind; but at the entrance of the city there was not a creature to dispute our passage; its portals were wide open, and we passed along the stream down into the area, and still no man came to oppose us. We moved to the extreme end of the area; and, when in the act of dismounting at the foot of the rock on which stood the temple that had constantly faced us, we saw one solitary Arab straggling along without any apparent object, a mere wanderer among the ruins; and it is a not uninteresting fact, that this poor Bedouin was the only living being we saw in the desolate city of Petra. After gazing at us for a few moments from a distance, he came towards us, and in a few moments was sitting down to pipes and coffee with my companions. I again asked the sheik for the other entrance, and he again told me there was none; but I could not believe him, and set out to look for it myself; and although in my search I had already seen enough abundantly to repay me for all my difficulties in getting there, I could not be content without finding this desired avenue.

"In front of the great temple, the pride and beauty of Petra, of which more hereafter, I saw a narrow opening in the rocks, exactly corresponding with my conception of the object for which I was seeking. A full stream of water was gushing through it, and filling up the whole mouth of the passage. Mounted on the shoulders of one of my Bedouins, I got him to carry me through the swollen stream at the mouth of the opening, and set me down on a dry place a little above, whence I began to pick my way, occasionally taking to the shoulders of my follower, and continued to advance more than a mile. I was beyond all peradventure in the great entrance I was seeking. There could not be two such, and I should have gone on to the extreme end of the ravine, but my Bedouin suddenly refused me the further use of his shoulders. He had been some time objecting and begging me to return, and now positively refused to go any farther; and, in fact, turned about himself. I was anxious to proceed, but I did not like wading up to my knees in the water, nor did I feel very resolute to go where I might expose myself to danger, as he seemed to intimate. While I was hesitating, another of my men came running up the ravine, and shortly after him Paul and the sheik, breathless with haste, and crying in low gutturals, 'El Arab! el Arab!'—The Arabs! the Arabs! This was enough for me. I had heard so much of El Arab that I had become nervous. It was like the cry of Delilah in the ears of the sleeping Samson, 'The Philistines be upon thee.' At the other end of the ravine was an encampment of the El Alouins; and the sheik, having due regard to my communication about money matters, had shunned this entrance to avoid bringing upon me this horde of tribute-gatherers for a participation in the spoils. Without any disposition to explore farther, I turned towards the city; and it was now that I began to feel the powerful and indelible impression that must be produced on entering, through this mountainous passage, the excavated city of Petra.

"For about two miles it lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks, from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion, and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them; the summits are wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night

upon the narrow defile; then receding and forming an opening above, through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig-trees, oleanders, and ivy were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs, hundreds of feet above our heads; the eagle was screaming above us; and among were the open doors of tombs, forming the great Necropolis of the city; and at the extremo end was a large open space, with a powerful body of light thrown down upon it, and exhibiting in one full view the façade of a beautiful temple, hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments, standing out fresh and clear as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. Though coming directly from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the temples excites the admiration and astonishment of every traveller, we were roused and excited by the extraordinary beauty and excellent condition of the great temple at Petra. Even in coming upon it, as we did, at disadvantage, I remember that Paul, who was a passionate admirer of the arts, when he first obtained a glimpse of it, involuntarily cried out, and moving on to the front with a vivacity I never saw him exhibit before or afterward, clapped his hands, and shouted in ecstacy. To the last day of our being together, he was in the habit of referring to his extraordinary fit of enthusiasm when he first came upon that temple; and I can well imagine that, entering by this narrow defile, with the feelings roused by its extraordinary and romantic wildness and beauty, the first view of that superb façade must produce an effect which could never pass away. Even now that I have returned to the pursuits and thought-engrossing incidents of life in the busiest city in the world, often in situations as widely different as light from darkness, I see before me the façade of that temple; neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids, nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory.

"The whole temple, its columns, ornaments, porticoes, and porches, are cut out from and form part of the solid rock; and this rock, at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere print, towers several hundred feet above, its face cut smooth to the very summit, and the top remaining wild and misshapen as nature made it. The whole area before the temple is perhaps an acre in extent, enclosed on all sides except at the narrow entrance, and an opening to the left of the temple, which leads into the area of the city by a pass through perpendicular rocks, five or six hundred feet in height.

"It is not my design to enter into the details of the many monuments in this extraordinary city; but, to give a general idea of the character of all the excavations, I cannot do better than go within the temple. Ascending several broad steps, we entered under a colonnade of four Corinthian columns, about thirty-five feet high, into a large chamber of some fifty feet square, and twenty-five feet high. The outside of the temple is richly ornamented, but the interior is perfectly plain, there being no ornament of any kind upon the walls or ceiling; on each of the three sides is a small chamber for the reception of the dead; and on the back wall of the innermost chamber I saw the names of Messrs. Legh, Banks, Irby, and Mangles, the four English travellers, who with so much difficulty had effected their entrance to the city; of Messieurs Laborde and Linant, and the two Englishmen and Italian, of whom I have before spoken; and two or three others, which, from the character of the writing, I supposed to be the names of attendants upon some of these gentlemen. These were the only names recorded in the temple; and, besides Burckhardt, no other traveller had ever reached it. I was the first American who had ever been there. Many of my countrymen, probably, as was the case with me, have never known the existence of such a city; and independently of all personal considerations, I confess that I felt what I trust was not an inexcusable pride, in writing upon the innermost wall of that temple the name of an American citizen; and under it, and flourishing on its own account in temples, and tombs, and all the most conspicuous places in Petra, is the illustrious name of Paulo Nuozzo, dragomano.

"Leaving the temple and the open area on which it fronts, and following the stream, we entered another defile much broader than the first, on each side of which were ranges of tombs, with sculptured doors and columns; and on the left, in the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, circular in form, the pillars in front fallen, and containing thirty-three rows of seats, capable of containing more than 3000 persons. Above the corridor was a range of doors opening to chambers in the rocks, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of Petra, and not unlike a row of private boxes in a modern theatre.

"The whole theatre is at this day in such a state of preservation, that if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life, they might take their old places on its seats, and listen to the declamation of their favourite player. To me the stillness of a ruined city is no where so impressive as when sitting on the steps of its theatre: once thronged with the gay and pleasure-seeking, but now given up to solitude and desolation. Day after day these seats had been filled, and the now silent rocks had echoed to the applauding shouts of thousands; and little could an ancient Edomite imagine that a solitary stranger, from a then unknown world, would one day be wandering among the ruins of his proud and wonderful city, meditating upon the fate of a race that has for ages passed away. Where are ye, inhabitants of this desolate city? ye who once sat on the seats of this theatre: the young, the high-born, the beautiful, and brave; who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave? Where are ye now? Even the very tombs, whose open doors are stretching away in long ranges before the eyes of the wondering traveller, cannot reveal the mystery of your doom; your dry bones are gone; the robber has invaded your graves, and your very ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the desert.

"But we need not stop at the days when a gay population were crowding to this theatre. In the earliest periods of recorded time, long before this theatre was built, and long before the tragic muse was known, a great city stood here. When Esau, having sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, came to his portion among the mountains of Seir; and Edom, growing in power and strength, became presumptuous and haughty, until, in her pride, when Israel prayed a passage through her country, Edom said unto Israel, 'Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword.'

"Amid all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea, 'her cities, and the inhabitants thereof,' this proud city among the rocks, doubtless for its extraordinary sins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. 'I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that Bozrah (the strong or fortified city,) shall become a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be a perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terribleness hath deceived me, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord.'* 'They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing; and thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls.'†

"I would that the sceptic could stand as I did, among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penman, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead; though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the handwriting of God himself, in the desolation and eternal ruin around him. We sat on the steps of the theatre, and made our noonday meal; our drink was from the pure stream that rolled down at our feet. Paul and myself were alone. We scared the partridge before us as we ascended, and I broke for a moment the stillness of the desolate city by the report of my gun.

"All around the theatre in the sides of the mountains were ranges of tombs; and directly opposite they rose in long tiers one above another. Having looked into those around the theatre, I crossed to those opposite; and, carefully as the brief time I had would allow, examined the whole range. Though I had no small experience in exploring catacombs and tombs, these were so different from any I had seen, that I found it difficult to distinguish the habitations of the living from the chambers of the dead. The façades or architectural decorations of the front were every where handsome; and in this they differed materially from the tombs in Egypt; in the latter the doors were simply an opening in the rock, and all the grandeur and beauty of the work were within; while here the door was always imposing in its appearance, and the interior was generally a simple chamber, unpainted and unsculptured.

"I say that I could not distinguish the dwellings from the tombs; but this was not invariably the case; some were clearly tombs, for there were pits in which the dead had been laid; and others were as clearly dwellings, being without a place for the deposite of the dead. One of these last particularly attracted my attention. It consisted of one large chamber, having on one side, at the foot of the wall, a stone bench about one foot high, and two or three broad, in form like the divans in the East at the present day; at the other end were several small apartments, hewn out of the rock, with partition walls left between them, like stalls in a stable, and these had probably been the sleeping apartments of the different members of the family; the mysteries of bars and bolts, of folding-doors and third stories, being unknown in the days of the ancient Edomites. There were no paintings or decorations of any kind within the chamber; but the rock out of which it was hewn, like the whole stony rampart that encircled the city, was of a peculiarity and beauty that I never saw elsewhere, being a dark ground, with veins of white, blue, red, purple, and sometimes scarlet and light orange, running through its rainbow streaks; and within the chambers, where there had been no exposure to the action of the elements, the freshness and beauty of the colours in which these waving lines were drawn, gave an effect scarcely inferior to that of the paintings in the tombs of the kings at Thebes. From its high and commanding position, and the unusual finish of the work, this house, if so it may be called, had no doubt been the residence of one who had strutted his hour of brief existence among the wealthy citizens of Petra. In front was a large table of rock, forming a sort of court for the excavated dwelling, where probably, year after year, in this beautiful climate, the Edomite of old sat under the gathering shades of evening, sometimes looking down upon the congregated thousands and the stirring scenes in the theatre beneath, or beyond upon the palaces and dwellings in the area of the then populous city.

"Farther on, in the same range, though, in consequence of the steps of the streets being broken, we were obliged to go down and ascend again before we could reach it, was another temple, like the first, cut out of the solid rock, and, like the first too, having for its principal ornament a large urn, shattered and bruised by musket balls; for the ignorant Arab, believing that gold is concealed in it, day after day, as he passes by, levels at it his murderous gun, in the vain hope to break the vessel, and scatter a golden shower on the ground."

With this favourable specimen we commend the volume to the public; we are certain no one will regret having introduced it as a family book; it may be read by both old and young with profit and amusement. The author's name is unknown to us.

* Jeremiah xlix., 13, 16. † Isaiah xxxiv., 14, 15.

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From the London Athenæum.

The Star of Seville: a Drama, in Five Acts. By Mrs. Butler, (late Miss Kemble.) Saunders & Otley.

There appears to be a *train* of the Kembles laid from Covent Garden Theatre, straight through fame, up to something very like immortality. Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth, Queen Catherine, and Queen Constance, were not *written*, or they would have gone hand in hand with Shakspeare. John Kemble's Macbeth, Coriolanus, and Hamlet, are only not deathless, because we are not deathless. We only grieve that there is no *stereotype* for the memory. Charles Kemble's Cassio, Romeo, and Falconbridge, are Kemble realisations of Shakspeare;—the highest mental achievement which can be ceded to any dramatic artist. Miss Fanny Kemble won golden opinions from all sorts of men as an actress,—but we confess, with the Kemble madness strong upon us, she seemed to us to fail in the true Kemble vigour and intensity. Yet, disappointing us thus, "at one elastic bound" she has now sprung into the purer air of genius, and sought fame in a higher and clearer element. From the actress she has soared into the authoress.

The "Star of Seville" is a dramatic poem, full of poetical beauties—strongly marked with originality, not of character, but of thought—tinted with imitations of the style of the old writers—yet, on the whole, distinguishing the writer, as one capable of accomplishing a dramatic work not unworthy the regard of those who know the value of Massinger and Ford.

The plot of this drama is simple enough. *Alphonse*, the young King of Spain, comes to Seville in his progress through his dominions, and is enthusiastically welcomed; *Don Pedro* and *Don Carlos* (the latter much attached to the king from childhood,) are two nobles of

Seville. *Estrella*, the sister of Don Pedro, is betrothed, and on the eve of marriage with Don Carlos.

The king, in passing through the city, sees Estrella at her balcony, and is enamoured of her, and employs *Arias*, his cousin and favourite, to procure him an interview. This is arranged, and the king enters her apartment from the balcony. Her screams bring her brother, Don Pedro, to her rescue. A struggle ensues, and the king escapes. The latter is so enraged, that he sends for Don Carlos, and instigates (or commands) him to murder Pedro, on the plea of his having attempted the life of his sovereign. The king binds him to the dreadful act before he tells him who is to be his victim; when Don Carlos reads the name, he still considers himself fatally sworn to the deed, works himself into a state of madness and intoxication—seeks Pedro—provokes him into a combat, and kills him. Carlos is taken—he confesses he is the murderer—is condemned and executed. Estrella goes mad—escapes from those who have the care of her into the street—sees Carlos as he is being led to execution—rushes to the scaffold, and dies with him.

This drama, or dramatic poem, is, as we have already remarked, full of poetical beauties; and we have pleasure in being the means of first introducing some of them to our readers. Love is an old theme,—but see what a young and intellectual woman can originate upon the subject:—

"*Carlos.* Oh! Pedro, pardon me; thou ne'er didst love!
'Tis writ in the smooth margin of thy brow,
And in the steady lustre of thine eye.
Thy blood did never riot through thy veins
With the distempered, hurried course of love;
Thy heart did never shake thy shuddering frame
With the thick startled throbbing pulse of love;
Thou hast ne'er wept love's bitter, burning tears;
Hoped with love's wild unutterable hope,
Nor drowned in love's dark, fathomless despair.
Thine is a steadfast and a fixed nature,
'Gainst which the tide of passion and desire
Breaks as the water o'er the rock,
And the rich light of beauty shines alone
On thy soul's surface, leaving all beneath it
Unmoved and cold as subterranean springs.
Love hath no power o'er spirits such as thine,
Nor comes not nigh to them.
Estrella. Oh! tell me, Pedro,
Whom hast thou loved?
Pedro. Thee, from thy cradle upwards!
Est. Nay: but whom dost thou love?
Pedro. Thee, more than life!
Est. Flouter, wilt thou not answer me in seriousness?
Pedro. Some other time, sweet; but for that, no matter
Whether my heart hath bled beneath the dart,
Or whether there hath stuck no arrow there:
I know the very difference that lies
'Twixt hallowed love and base unholy lust;
I know the one is as a holy spur,
Urging the spirit to all noblest aims;
The other but a foul and miry pit
O'erthrowing it in midst of its career;
I know the one is as a living spring
Of virtuous thoughts, true dealings, and brave deeds—
Nobler than glory, and more sweet than pleasure,—
Richer than wealth, begetter of more excellence
Than aught that from this earth corrupt takes birth,
Second alone in the fair fruit it bears
To the unmixed ore of true devotion:
I know that lust is all of this spelt backwards;
Fouler than shame, and bitterer than sorrow,
More loathly than most abject penury—
Nor hath it fruit or bearing to requite it,
Save sick satiety and good men's scorn.
He that doth serve true love I love and honour,
And he that is lust's slave, I do despise,
Though he were twenty times the King of Spain;
Wherewith I do commend me to your favours,
And leave ye to your parting undisturbed."

The above has all the daringness and truth of genius, unassoiled by the timidity of the sex.

Again, the following, if not dramatic, is so full of the essence of poetry, that we feel impelled to extract it:—

"*Carlos.* Dost thou not think that I shall love thee well?
Dost thou not know that in this air-clipped earth
There 's no created thing I love like thee?
Tell me—oh! tell me, sweetest, dearest, best?
Dost thou not feel how utterly I love thee?
Speak to me, dear Estrella; do not turn
Thy fair eyes from me—there are tears in them!
What have I done? Have I offended thee?
Upon my knees, here at thy feet I 'll lie,
Doing too blest a penance for my sin,
Till thou forgive me: wherefore dost thou weep?
Est. Oh, nature knows no other coin for joy
Or grief, but melts them both alike in tears:
I have a thousand stifling feelings press
My heart to bursting; joy to the height of pain
Comes like a flood upon my every sense;
Thy voice runs through my frame like the soft touch
Of summer winds o'er trembling harp-strings playing,
Thy gentle words and looks that, though I love,
I dare not meet, make my soul faint within me.
Oh! Carlos, there is pain in this deep pleasure,
And e'en our joys taste of earth's bitter root;
Besides, there is a thought that, hand in hand
With the sweet promise of our marriage, comes,
Like shadow upon sunlight—I must go
From my dear home—the home of all my life
Where I have lived, oh! such a happy time!
Aurora's tears are not more like each other
Than the bright ever-blessed maiden hours
That the sun of time has, one by one dried up."

Once more, as to poetry—why will not the authoress give herself up to the drama of poetry, instead of wasting herself upon the poetry of the drama?

"*Est.* It is in vain: like the exulting sun,
My light pursues thy wisdom's conquered shadows,
And chases them from off my land of hope.
See, thou false prophet—see where the bright morning
Stands laughing on the threshold of the east—
Where are the clouds thou saidst did veil the dawn?
Look how the waters mirror back again
The blushing curtains of Aurora's bed.
O fresh and fragrant earth, and glorious skies
All strewn with rosy clouds—sweet dewy breath
Of earliest buds unfolded in the night—
And thou—thou winged spirit of melody,
Thou lark that mountest singing to the sun,
Fair children of the gold-eyed morn, I hail ye!
There dwells not one sad thought within my breast;
'Tis the broad noon-day there of light and love.
The earth rebounds beneath my joyous feet:
I am a spirit—a spirit of hope and joy!"

It is impossible to say that the passages we have extracted are not remarkably beautiful,—nay, more, remarkably original;—but they are beautiful as the contemplative creations of the mind of the authoress, reveling in imagination, rather than the utterance of the lover, or than the dialogue of two, even impassioned, creatures devoted to each other. Romeo and Juliet rhapsodised—they did not debate. In the intensest scenes of Othello, he and Iago become monosyllabic. Language becomes concentrated when under the hand of passion.

The underplot is too slight to notice,—it was evidently intended as a mere relief to the tragic parts—and is sometimes out of keeping and misplaced. We must also add, that there are vulgarities in the old writers, and that Mrs. Butler is rash enough "to follow them over that hedge;" but she has genius enough—and sense enough—and years, before her, enough—to compel her errors "to lean to virtue's side."

We have been so gratified by the powers shown in the "Star of Seville," that we have not been able to resist writing rather as enthusiasts than as critics. Let the authoress study character, and devote herself to the nice discrimination of it,—and, with her evident powers of imagination and language, she will produce a work which "the world will not willingly let die."

Lockhart's Life of Scott has probably been already perused by a number of our readers, but as many have not yet been able to procure the first half volume, we are induced to extract a few more anecdotes for their entertainment. The annexed relates to the period of his study in Edinburgh:—

"While attending Dugald Stewart's lectures on moral philosophy, Scott happened to sit frequently beside a modest and diligent youth, considerably his senior, and obviously of very humble condition. Their acquaintance soon became rather intimate, and he occasionally made this new friend the companion of his country walks, but as to his parentage and place of residence he always preserved total silence. One day towards the end of the session, as Scott was returning to Edinburgh from a solitary ramble, his eye was arrested by a singularly venerable *Bluegown*, a beggar of the Edie Ochiltree order, who stood propped on his stick, with his hat in his hand, but silent and motionless, at one of the outskirts of the city. Scott gave the old man what trifle he had in his pocket, and passed on his way. Two or three times afterwards the same thing happened, and he had begun to consider the Bluegown as one who had established a claim on his bounty; when one day he fell in with him as he was walking with his humble student. Observing some confusion in his companion's manner as he saluted his pensioner, and bestowed the usual benefaction, he could not help saying, after they had proceeded a few yards further, 'Do you know any thing to the old man's discredit?' Upon which the youth burst into tears, and cried, 'O no, sir, God forbid—but I am a poor wretch to be ashamed to speak to him—he is my own father. He has enough laid by to serve for his own old days, but he stands bleaching his head in the wind, that he may get the means of paying for my education.' Compassionating the young man's situation, Scott soothed his weakness, and kept his secret, but by no means broke off the acquaintance. Some months had elapsed before he again met the Bluegown—it was in a retired place, and the old man begged to speak a word with him. 'I find, sir,' he said, 'that you have been very kind to my Willie. He had often spoke of it before I saw you together. Will you pardon such a liberty, and give me the honour and pleasure of seeing you under my poor roof? To-morrow is Saturday, will you come at two o'clock? Willie has not been very well, and it would do him meikle good to see your face.' His curiosity, besides better feelings, was touched, and he accepted this strange invitation. The appointed hour found him within sight of a sequestered little cottage, near St. Leonard's—the hamlet where he has placed the residence of his David Deans. His fellow student, pale and emaciated from recent sickness, was seated on a stone bench by the door, looking out for his coming, and introduced him into a not untidy cabin, where the old man, divested of his professional garb, was directing the last vibrations of a leg of mutton that hung by a hempen cord before the fire The mutton was excellent—so were the potatoes and whiskey; and Scott returned home from an entertaining conversation, in which, besides telling many queer stories of his own life—and he had seen service in his youth—the old man more than once used an expression, which was long afterwards put into the mouth of Domine Sampson's mother—'Please God, I may live to see my bairn wag his head in a pulpit yet.'"

Another love-letter from Miss Carpenter will please our female readers:—

"December 10th.

"If I could but really believe that my letter gave you only half the pleasure you express, I should almost think, my dearest Scott, that I should get very fond of writing merely for the pleasure to *indulge* you—that is saying a great deal. I hope you are sensible of the compliment I pay you, and don't expect I shall *always* be so pretty behaved. You may depend on me, my dearest friend, for fixing as *early* a day as I possibly can; and if it happens to be not quite so soon as you wish, you must not be angry with me. It is very unlucky you are such a bad housekeeper—as I am no better. I shall try. I hope to have very soon the pleasure of seeing you, and to tell you how much I love you; but I wish the first fortnight was over. With all my love, and those sort of pretty things—adieu.

CHARLOTTE.

"P.S. *Etudiez votre Français.* Remember, you are to teach me Italian in return, but I shall be but a stupid scholar. *Aimez Charlotte.*"

Mr. Lockhart thus sketches the appearance of the poet Hogg at the residence of Scott:—

"The next time that Hogg's business carried him to Edinburgh, he waited upon Scott, who invited him to dinner in Castle street, in company with William Laidlaw, who happened also to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, 'I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house.' As his dress at this period was precisely that in which an ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-smearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilised part of the company. As the liquor

operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from 'Mr. Scott,' he advanced to 'Sherra,' and thence to 'Scott,' 'Walter,' and 'Wattie,'—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as 'Charlotte.'"

The second portion of the work has been received by the American publishers, and is looked for with anxiety.

Major Skinner's New Travels.—Last Friday was commenced in Waldie's Literary Omnibus, "Adventures during a Journey-overland to India, by way of Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land. By Major Skinner, author of Excursions in India." This delightful writer has heretofore remained unknown to the American public through reprints, the booksellers having passed by the best modern travel writer of the day. His excursions to the Himalaya mountains, every word of which savours of knowledge blended with high sprits and buoyant wit, we have on our list for this Library when we can find the opportunity to insert them. The overland journey now commenced in the Omnibus, is fresh from the London press, and is thus spoken of in the Monthly Review:—

"Major Skinner is one of the most cheerful, light-hearted, and adventurous travellers that ever journeyed through strange lands. His elasticity of spirits, vigour of nerve, and strength of bodily frame, entitle him to the character of a chieftain among his tribe. He can also, after a day or week's extraordinary exertion and fatigue, when hungry, wet, and badly sheltered, take the limber pen in hand, and wield it like a perfect clerk. He is, in short, a delightful writer, as well as an amusing and instructive informant. There is not a dry or trashy paragraph in all the work; for though he has much to detail that would appear to be frivolous and feeble in other hands, the uncommon talent which he possesses of throwing with right good will and confident strength the whole zest and breadth of his soul into whatever he speaks of, elevates the trifle, and renders it a suitable ground on which to lavish his spirit and reflections. He also avoids becoming wearisome, by stating just what he readily and naturally feels on the occasion, and no more, and by then passing on to another topic, chosen with equal happiness for the exhibition of his character, and its own description. He thus is one of the most natural, easy, and, no doubt, fluent of writers; nor is it within his power to be unengaging, whatever may be his theme, or whatever the amount of his information regarding the point discussed, because the reader cannot fail of discovering from what the major says, much of the man, which, so long as the 'proper study of mankind is man,' is sufficient to uphold the character of any book.

"The gallant author not only enjoys the enviable art of picturing himself to the life—though altogether unintentionally—but his self-portraiture exhibits a disposition and principles that are of themselves excellent, and that have for their support the best and most lasting foundations. His vivacity is never in bad keeping, because it always goes hand in hand with plain common sense."

It will be furnished entire in the Omnibus for five per cent. of its London cost!

The Life of Goldsmith will occupy a few pages of our next week's number.

M. Bonpland.—We rejoice to find the following information in a London periodical of the latest date:—

"M. Benjamin Delessert (associate of the academy) has just received, from his correspondents at Buenos Ayres, a letter of M. Bonpland, from whom no news have been received for several years; it is dated the 14th of July, 1836, from San Borgia, on the Uraguay, in the province of Rio Grande, Brazil. M. Bonpland continued his scientific labours; he accustomed himself, he says, to live in the virgin forests, and on the banks of the great rivers. He enjoyed good health, and was preparing to send his collections to Buenos Ayres, to be forwarded to the museum of natural history at Paris."

The Duchess d'Abrantes has at length concluded her memoirs, by publishing the fifth and sixth volumes in French. These will form the ninth and tenth of the English edition, eight octavos having already appeared.

The Beresford family, in all its branches, at the head of which is the archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, is said to realise annually from the church, army, and navy, by patronage (principally from the church), 100,000*l.* a year.

We understand that Mr. Macvey Napier, the editor of the Edinburgh Review, is to be appointed one of the principal clerks of session in Scotland. Mr. Napier is professor of conveyancing in the university of Edinburgh.

Professor Kimley, the celebrated chemist, of Gottingen, was drowned on the 15th ult. in the most extraordinary manner. He was taking his morning's walk, and being absorbed in reflection, it is supposed, forgot his proximity to the river Leine, fell into it, and perished before assistance could reach him.

We observe in the German journals the announcement of a pamphlet with the title of "Schlagende Beweisführung dass Napoleon Bonaparte niemals existirt hat," (Striking Proof that Napoleon Bonaparte never existed,) which professes to be translated from the second Paris edition. Another singular announcement has also attracted our notice: it is the translation of a French work by M. B. Chablot, the tendency of which may easily be guessed from the title—"The Death Struggle of the British Leopard; reflections on the present time and that which is immediately to follow," and from the motto, "England has not a guinea which is not steeped in the blood of all nations!" How easy would it be to prove that there is not a nation in Europe whose wounds England has not expended her gold in healing!

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Novels of Nature, by Mrs. Chadwick, 12mo. Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, gent., 2 vols. 12mo. Evenings with Prince Cambacérès, by Baron Langon, 2 vols. 8vo. The Victims of Society, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols. The Rector of Auburn, 2 vol. 12mo. Highland Rambles, and Long Legends to Shorten the Way, by Sir T. D. Lauder, bart., 2 vols. A Treatise on Magnetism, by Sir D. Brewster, post 8vo. Formation, by a Fellow of a College, 2 vols. 8vo. Life of Thomas Jefferson, Third President of the United States, by G. Tucker, 2 vols. 8vo. Memoirs of Mrs. A. Bulmer, by Anne R. Collinson, 12mo. Modern India, with Illustrations of Hindostan, by H. H. Spry, 2 vols. 8vo. Transactions of the Statistical Society of London, Vol. I. Part 1, 4to. John Burnet on the Education of the Eye with reference to Painting, 4to. John Burnet's Treatise on Painting, in Four Parts complete, 4to.

In the Press.

Jeannette Isabelle, a novel. Another Tale of the Sea, by the author of "Cavendish," called Gentleman Jack, and reported to be the actual life and adventures of a post captain in the navy.

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.

☞ Gentlemen making remittances by checks, would confer a favour by having them marked "good," by the cashier of the bank.

May 8,—S. L. Bosc, P. M., Darlington, S. C.
—— 8,—Thomas Lewis, Moriah, N. Y.
—— 10,—D. P. Bushnell, Detroit, Michigan.
—— 4,—Thomson Stewart, Jonesboro', Te.
—— 5,—Wm. C. Easton, Jonesboro', Te.
Mar. 27,—Alfred Langley, Princeton, Mis.
—— 27,—T. W. Langley, Princeton, Mis.

Agents, on remitting money, will confer a great favour, and save much unpleasant feeling, by letting us know the individual subscribers who should be credited. For want of this information, bills are sometimes sent to those who have paid.

For sale at this office, a few sets of the American Quarterly Review, 14 volumes, at $1.75 per volume, bound. Also, a complete set of Littell's Museum, 30 volumes, at $2.00 per volume, bound.

Agents for this Work.

MAINE.—Bangor, Duren & Thatcher.
VERMONT.—Montpelier, George P. Walton.
MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston, W. H. S. Jordan.
Worcester, Clarendon Harris.
CONNECTICUT.
New Haven, Herrick & Noyes.
Hartford, Roderick White.
RHODE ISLAND.
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New York, Peter Hill, 11, Old Slip.
West Point, J. H. Holt.
Hudson, P. Dean Carrique.
Albany, W. C. Little.
Rochester, C. & M. Morse.
Utica, Wm. Williams.
Buffalo, A. Wilgus.
Schenectady, Samuel Andrews.
NEW JERSEY.
Trenton, D. Fenton & B. Davenport.
Salem, J. M. Hannah.
Princeton, R. E. Hornor.
Newark, J. M'Intyre.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Mauch Chunk, William H. Sayre.
Lancaster, James F. Flood.
Easton, A. H. Reeder.
Pottsville, B. Bannan.
Montrose, W. L. Post, P. M.
York, D. Small, P. M.
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Wilkesbarre, E. W. Sturdevant.
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Columbus, J. N. Whiting.
Maumee, John E. Hunt, P. M.
Steubenville, J. & B. Turnbull.
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MARYLAND.
Baltimore, N. Hickman.
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Cambridge, C. Lecompte, P. M.
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY ADAM WALDIE.

46 CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

PAYMENTS.

The subscriber has always with great reluctance occupied any portion of the Journal with *dunning* notices; but he is compelled now to dismiss his scruples, and appeal to his subscribers, in *sober earnestness*, to remit their subscription dues. As every one knows how much he owes, a prompt remittance will save the trouble and expense of forwarding bills. The dismemberment of the commercial community has destroyed the usual facilities of business, and each subscriber's mite is therefore now a valuable contribution. We can boast of many patrons punctual as the revolving year, but should be more gratified to announce that *all* are so. Every number has appeared punctually on the day of publication; and a claim for corresponding punctuality will, we trust, be complied with, made respectfully, but urgently.

ADAM WALDIE.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

A TALE.

. . . . . "amici
Io vaccommiato, ei disse, ite felici."—TASSO.

In the spring of 17—, I visited Italy, for the first time, in company with the son of Lord L———, who was making the grand tour for his amusement; while I followed in his wake, as it were, for the sole purpose of pursuing my professional studies. Our lots in life were as different as our characters, he being born to rank and affluence, and I being the son of a poor and humble musician in one of the smaller towns of Germany. Lord L———, who was a great dilettante, had taken a fancy to me, when in Germany, on account of some juvenile display of musical talent on my part, and having insisted on becoming my patron, sent me to Vienna to acquire a knowledge of singing and counterpoint. From thence I went to England at an early age, where I gained considerable credit for my acquirements, and where I might have earned a livelihood without difficulty, had I not been so very desirous of traveling into Italy for my improvement, as to prevent my settling down quietly with the small stock of knowledge that I had acquired. It was therefore, on the departure of his son Augustus, that Lord L——— kindly proposed that I should be enabled to fulfil the wish of my heart, and with many recommendations to the former to treat me as a brother, he wished me much success, and we set out for Paris in high spirits, he with the idea of being freed from every restraint—and I buoyant with the brilliant anticipations I had formed of the country we were going to visit. These friendly injunctions were, however, rather lost upon Augustus. He was too intimately persuaded of his own dignity, ever to forget for a moment the distance which, he considered, stood between us; and though under his father's eye he had always behaved towards me in a kind and amiable manner, we no sooner found ourselves alone, than he gave way to his natural disposition, which was cold and haughty, giving little and exacting a great deal. Perhaps, owing to his father's partiality to me, he was inclined to look upon me in the light of a spy that Lord L——— had set to watch over his conduct, and give him secret information thereof; yet nothing could be further from my character than any kind of deceit, and had he better understood me, he would not have mistaken my interest in his concerns for curiosity, nor my frankness for any undue assumption of familiarity on my part.

We remained but a short time at Paris. Augustus longed for Italy and classic ground; and would, I believe, have gone straight to Rome, had he not had many letters of introduction for Milan, which his father particularly wished him to deliver, and which ultimately led to his forming many acquaintances, and passing the whole of the winter in that city. He took up his abode in one of the best hotels and lodged in the *appartamento nobile*, while I slept at the top of the house, in a very mean little room, which served as my bedroom and my study. Our arrangements were soon made; they consisted chiefly in this, that we should be troubled as little as possible with one another. We generally met in the morning at breakfast, after which I repaired to the house of the master under whom I studied, and then walked about the town, or did what I pleased till dinner, which we mostly took together; and the evening was spent on his part often, I believe, at the gaming-tables, and in a variety of amusements; and on mine frequently at the theatre, for the sake of hearing the best music possible.

"Have you seen the Adelaide?" was the first question put to me in one of the coffee-houses that I went to, and which was chiefly filled by musicians and dilettanti, who were busy discussing the merits of the last opera, and loud in praise of the above-mentioned prima donna.

I replied, "that I was a stranger in the place, and should be grateful to any one who would point out to me all that was most worth seeing."

"Then," said one of the party, "do not sleep another night without having seen Adelaide Caracelli, that eighth wonder of the world:" bestowing on her at the same time the epithet, I think, of *divina cantatrice*, and many others more enthusiastic, which I do not now recall.

"I beg to interfere," said a dilettante, who sat in a corner, and had till now patiently borne with the praise bestowed on Adelaide; "as a stranger, I cannot suffer your judgment to be biased by these extravagant praises. Adelaide is, and always was, a very sweet singer, but nothing more; and, as for being the eighth wonder of the world, no one having common sense, or who had heard the Signora Albertina of Naples, would ever presume to hazard so ridiculous an opinion."

He then proceeded to laud his favourite in far more extravagant terms than those which had been lavished on Adelaide, which failed not to produce a retort courteous from his adversary. In one and the same breath they endeavoured each to draw my attention from the other, till stunned and perplexed by so many contending voices, and that about a subject on which, as yet, I could offer no opinion, and glad once more to get into the air, I walked home to my chamber with an aching head, and the most ardent desire to see Adelaide, and judge for myself.

The next morning at breakfast I related the occurrence to Augustus, who was much amused at it, and agreed we should go together to La Scala, that I might help him, as he termed it, to know his own mind about the music. I was so prepossessed all day with the thought of the prima donna, that my occupations were laid aside, and I walked about longing for the evening. At length the hours wore away, and happy was I when we were both seated in the theatre, and the curtain rose before my expecting eyes. The scenes antecedent to Adelaide's appearance, were to me as so much lost time, and so many obstacles to my wishes, which were now wound up to a pitch bordering almost on pain. At last she came—it was needless to ask, "Is it she?" The sweetness of the first note she uttered, prolonged to an unusual length, and dying away in exquisite softness, settled the question at once—it *could* be no other than Adelaide. And yet, charmed as I was, the first feeling was almost that of disappointment. Perhaps my thoughts had run too high, or perhaps we are apt to be disappointed when a face is not exactly what we had pictured to ourselves, even though it should be ten times more beautiful. I had fancied her tall—her stature was low, and her form slender. I had fancied a queen-like dignity—her countenance was gentle, melancholy, and seemed impressed with a subdued sorrow. No face was ever more expressive, though not strictly beautiful; and I had ample means of seeing its resources developed during the various scenes of the opera. And there was a peculiar tone in her voice when she sustained a high note, and made it ring and vibrate, which seemed to seize on the very fibres of one's heart, with a power and pathos that I never certainly had dreamed of before, and never have heard since. I was like one who had hitherto wandered in darkness, and on whom the light of heaven burst forth at once—so vehement and sudden was the effect of the inimitable singing and exquisite music on the ears and mind of an enthusiastic cultivator of the art, who had scarcely had an opportunity before of becoming acquainted with its practical effects. Augustus, contrary to his usual custom, had not said a word during the performance; in fact, he was entranced beyond his usual powers of receiving delight, and was fearful of giving way to any childish expression of rapture. On our way home, seeing I could not contain my transports, he acknowledged his high satisfaction at all that we had seen, and declared several times that, as far as he could judge, Adelaide was the most delightful of singers, and in point of face and figure, on which he thought himself perfectly competent to decide, she was almost faultless. We agreed to go again the following evening to La Scala to see the same performance: we did so, and I can affirm, on my part, that I saw and heard with increased satisfaction, the charm of novelty being more than compensated by the interest I took in following the thread of La Caracelli's inimitable personification of her part.

For the next fortnight, Augustus and I seemed actuated by one and the same spirit, for he gave up all other amusements for the theatre, and we were constantly seated side by side to listen to the soul-inspiring strains of this idol of our admiration. This admiration made him grow more communicative and familiar, and one morning at breakfast he thus addressed me:—"Maximilian, is there no one amongst your musical friends who knows Adelaide off the stage? Do ask and see. I should be very curious to make acquaintance with her. If her conversation is but half as good as her acting and singing, she will be the most wonderful woman I have yet met with." My colour rose as he spoke, for I had had the same wish myself, and had already made some enquiries to that effect. I promised compliance, and left him with that intention. I experienced little difficulty in obtaining an introduction into her circle through my patron's means, who had already spoken of me in very handsome terms. And this time the proud Augustus was very glad even to go as the secondary person of the two. Adelaide generally received her friends in the evening when the opera was over. Her manners in private life were perfectly easy and graceful; and the amiable simplicity which she displayed, put every body at once on the footing of old acquaintances. Her face appeared quite as beautiful as on the stage, excepting its paleness, and the charms of her conversation were certainly such as to increase the admiration which her dramatic characters excited. Her household consisted

of herself and her sister, who was immeasurably inferior to her in personal beauty, and had never appeared on the stage; of Sempronia's husband, who had been passionately in love with Adelaide, but meeting with no return, had married the sister, in order not to lose sight of the object of his idolatry; and, lastly, of a sorrowful-looking young man, named Leo, who was a kind of secretary and factotum to the family, who copied music for Adelaide, and sometimes accompanied her on the harpsichord. The Caracelli's reception was highly flattering to a young musician, who was eager for distinction. On hearing what I had composed, she insisted on my playing and singing, and asked me a thousand questions of kind interest. As for my companion, she did not trouble herself much about him, further than what politeness required; he was left to make friends with Sempronia, while we were singing over some duets, in which I acquitted myself much to her satisfaction—at least she was kind enough to say so.

The next day Augustus declared he had grown so tired of amusements, that he had a great mind to take up his violin, which he had long neglected; and desired me, as I had some knowledge of that instrument, to give him instructions. I was so taken up myself with music, and with La Caracelli, that I did not at once see whence came this sudden fondness for musical study, which I now discovered in him for the first time. I acquiesced of course, and took a great deal of pains in teaching him, though I verily believe that three quarters of the time were generally spent in talking of the inimitable prima donna. Once admitted into her house, we were, in a manner, made free of it, as long as our abode at Milan might last; and we became her most regular visiters, seldom passing an evening without dropping in. I often brought with me some new air, which I had composed that morning, and which the Caracelli would sing at first sight, in a way to enamour me of my own compositions. Even Augustus, by degrees, joined our concerts occasionally; and, anxious to appear as a musician, used all his endeavours to get through his task in a creditable manner, and never failed meeting with the kindest encouragement and applause from the lady.

This sort of life went on through the winter with little variation. Besides my usual studies, I was now busily employed in setting one of Metastasio's dramas to music, a work on which I hoped, if not to rest my future fame, at least to lay the first stone of the future edifice. My whole wish, my real aim, was to write a part which Adelaide would not disdain; and to this purpose I bent the whole energies of my soul, and laboured to make that character stand out amongst the rest, as much as she shone beyond all the other singers in talent. At every passage that I wrote down for her, I used to fancy how she would sing it, and thought I actually heard the sounds in my lonely chamber vibrating through the air. Adelaide Caracelli! syren of syrens! could you but have known half the enthusiastic dreamings which filled my brain, you would have smiled at the power you so unconsciously possessed. But I had no one with whom I could hold communion. My master was upwards of sixty, my acquaintances were as yet too new to lay bare my weaknesses perhaps to their derision, and the son of my patron, who was most fitted in years, and from long acquaintance, to give an ear to the overflowings of my heart, was too far removed in character for me to venture on any such flights in his hearing. Besides, a kind of instinctive fear of speaking too much of Adelaide, except when he began, frequently made me silent. If I may be allowed so to express it, my instinct was more correct on this point than my perception. With less experience than I possessed at that time, I might have seen that Augustus was irretrievably in love with Adelaide; but I did *not* see it—yet I felt embarrassed and timid whenever she was mentioned, which now occurred less often than at first. On his side, he seemed divided between a kind of jealousy of me and a fear lest, by scaring away my confidence too abruptly, he should lose all opportunity of penetrating my sentiments. It may be supposed that these contending feelings made him capricious and unequal in his behaviour; treating me alternately as a confidant, a rival, or a stranger. I was, however, accustomed to patience, and willingly made use of it in this instance, in gratitude to Lord L———, whom I had no means of repaying, but by making every concession to his son. I therefore put up with many disagreeable trifles, and consoled myself with study and practice, to the great satisfaction of my instructers. My opera was now so far advanced, that my master caused parts of it to be tried by the pupils of the conservatorio, in order to judge of its merits, before a rehearsal took place at the theatre. He expressed himself so pleased with it that he promised me every assistance to forward its speedy representation. In Adelaide Caracelli I had likewise a friend and an advocate, and she promised to use her influence with both manager and actors to promote my success. But though Adelaide was all encouragement, though the masters at the conservatorio were profuse in their congratulation, I felt an uneasiness and dissatisfaction that I could not at first account for. A word from Sempronia had been the cause of this. I happened one evening to address to her some question of trifling importance, which caused her to allude, as to a circumstance well known to me, to Augustus's habit of visiting Adelaide every morning while I was at the conservatorio, and frequently going to the theatre during rehearsals. This fell upon me like a blow, the effects of which were too visible to escape Sempronia's observation. With the good-nature that formed an intrinsic part of her character, she instantly expressed her sorrow at having unconsciously given me pain, thereby only increasing my confusion, and I may add, my surprise at my own sentiments, as till then I considered my idolatry of Adelaide solely as so much incense offered to the goddess of song. Alas! I now found to my cost, by the strong human ingredients that were mixed up with my incense, that I loved the woman still more than I worshiped the idol. The transition appeared almost painful and humiliating in my eyes. Had I then been wound up to so enthusiastic a height, to find at last that it was love alone that animated me? I can scarcely distinctly remember what I replied to Sempronia; I only know that I took the first opportunity of departing without saying as much as "good night" to the beautiful Caracelli; and through the mist that seemed to float before my eyes, I can only recall the look of pity and interest with which the eyes of the former followed me as I went out of the room. I returned with hurried steps to our hotel. The perturbation of my spirits was too great at first to allow me even to think, and it seemed merely the effect of mechanical custom that led me to undress and lie down. A flood of tears came to my relief—it was the passionate expression of all the feelings that raged within me, a relief that nature kindly gives to those whose hearts are cramped for want of sympathy, and the power of expanding beneath the benign influence of confidence and friendship. I was afterwards able to collect my thoughts. I now plainly recollected a thousand little things that had before escaped me, for want of a clue to throw light upon them, which proved, beyond a doubt, that Augustus was in love. He had never said a word to me of his morning visits, and that alone was suspicious. So far I was completely convinced—but the next question, one which I scarcely dared to investigate, and yet longed to know, was, does Adelaide return his passion? I instantly began to recall in my mind how different her behaviour towards him was now to what it had been at first. In the beginning she had distinguished me as the musician, and taken little notice of him. Now they conversed often, she smiled upon him, and every look and gesture started up before me as so many witnesses of what I dreaded to ascertain. To me she had been uniformly kind and friendly—towards him she was at different times in all kinds of moods. How I envied the difference! I saw love in all these variations of mind and manner, and nothing but the most chilling absence of all passion in her constant regard for me. Not satisfied, however, with my internal convictions on the subject, I resolved to draw from Sempronia the assurance that I was not mistaken, and perhaps make a friend of her, who was one of those good creatures who are ever ready to take an interest in other people's concerns.

With these intentions I waited as patiently as I could till evening, when I went to Caracelli's with the full intention of observing as much as I could, without interrupting or attempting to participate in their conversation. I even took my seat by Sempronia, as if accustomed to act the confidant, and make way for the lover, but in reality to appear as unconcerned as possible, that they might feel more at liberty. Sempronia welcomed me kindly, and the melancholy young man, whom I have already mentioned, drew his chair near ours, as if desirous of making one in our conference. They immediately began to speak to me as if they had been long aware of what was passing in my heart, unknown to myself; and these two beings, whom I had before scarcely observed, seemed suddenly converted into old friends, by the sympathy they expressed in my disappointment, and their warm expressions of preference for me above Augustus. He was little calculated, indeed, by his general demeanour, to make friends of those whom he did not study to please, though, perhaps, when he did so far lay aside his usual pride as to be desirous of captivating any one, few men possessed the faculty in a higher degree, as much from his handsome person as his agreeable and witty conversation. He spoke Italian fluently, and being well versed in the French language, in which Adelaide was an adept, they had ample means of communicating their ideas; and the charm of these conversations was perhaps heightened to Augustus, by the feeling of the display he was making of his powers in two languages not his own. La Caracelli was doubtless flattered by the constant adulation of a man known in the world to be of some discrimination; and as his encomiums on her singing, from their very want of scientific judgment, seemed to proceed from his feelings alone, the novelty was pleasing in a country where every amateur, from the highest to the lowest, has all the terms of the art at his fingers' ends.

Sempronia, seeing me downcast and sad, would willingly have left me in happy ignorance of what I wished to know, but finding me bent on ascertaining the full extent of my misfortune, she told me, with some hesitation, that she had long observed a decided preference on the part of her sister for my companion, and knowing Adelaide's ardent soul as she did, could give me but little hope that I should be able to supersede a rival in her affections. After a short pause, however, she bid me not be entirely discouraged, as she might be mistaken in the symptoms she thought she had discovered, and constancy and perseverance sometimes worked their way, slowly, indeed, but surely. A look which she cast on her husband, who was standing at the window with his back towards us, and the smile which suddenly followed it, seemed to remind her that it was not always the case. "My husband's example need not alarm you," continued she, as if reading my thoughts; "there was a want of ideality about him which displeased my sister. Adelaide requires to be loved, independently of all external circumstances—and will, do not doubt it, love the same in return. Should your friend, for instance, ever bring forward his rank, in any way, as contrary to their affection, from that day, depend upon it, Adelaide loves him no more."

Sempronia thus, half intentionally, half unawares, contributed to raise my spirits with hope, and nurse the flame that I had felt the necessity of extinguishing. I gladly seized the slightest ground on which to build the tottering fabric of romance, and though I scarcely exchanged ten words with Adelaide that night, I had received so much alleviation from my conversation with Sempronia, that I went away tranquilised, and far more satisfied than when I came.

According to her promise, the Caracelli had interested herself in my behalf about my opera, and preparations had already been made at the theatre, to put it into immediate rehearsal. I had written a letter to Lord L———, to give him an account of my studies, saying nothing, however, of our more private concerns; and I had received the most flattering congratulations from him, in a communication which he sent to his son some time after. Thus far my affairs seemed prosperous, as much as any success can compensate us for thwarted affection; and I could not but be aware, that the greater my success and hopes of fame and fortune, the brighter my prospects would grow. I little thought how cruelly they would be all at once clouded by an unforeseen event.

Amongst the airs that I had written for Adelaide, there was one with which she was not so well satisfied as the rest. Whether she thought it did not give her sufficient opportunity for displaying her powers, or whether it failed to express the words, as she averred it did, it would be hardly fair for me to determine. Her opinion was supported by Augustus, though he knew little on this subject; and her small circle having likewise declared themselves of the same opinion, I was of course overruled, and with the utmost readiness set to work to recompose the air completely. My second attempt was, however, not more successful than the first, and I made several alterations at different times, and brought the air over and over again to Adelaide for approbation. Still, whether to try my patience and see how far I would sacrifice any thing to please her, or from whatever other cause it might be, this luckless cavatina seemed to stop all our proceedings, and remained to me the gordian knot, which I could not untie. One night, however, as if some angel had whispered an inspiration into my ear, when I had laid down to rest, after working all day fruitlessly, a sudden flash came across my mind, and, unable to wait till morning, I rose, procured a light, and set to work with renewed ardour. Towards dawn I had completed the air, and, confident now of success, I waited with great impatience till the hour should come when I could see Adelaide, and lay before her the labours of the night, internally persuaded, perhaps, that she would value them as much as I own, in my vanity, that I did myself.

Without even going to the conservatorio, which I was

in the daily habit of doing, I went straight from the hotel to Adelaide's street, but was much disappointed in being told that she was not at home. I knew it was not true by the hour of the day, and therefore, instead of going home, I paced up and down, in hopes of meeting her when she sallied forth to go to the theatre for rehearsal. After spending about an hour in this manner, I saw some one come out of the house where she lived, and to my no small mortification I found it was Augustus. He immediately guessed, by my leisurely pace, that I must have been there some time, and concluded that I had been watching him. He did not leave me long in suspense as to his ideas on the subject.

"Maximilian Rosenberg," said he, in a tone in which haughtiness and jealousy seemed to struggle for the mastery, "I have treated you as a friend and a companion—yes, a companion even—in compliance with my father's wishes; and what return have I from you? I need not say what, for your confusion speaks clearly enough to condemn you. But, as to dodging my steps, sir, whatever may be your excuse or your intention in doing so, it is a thing that I never will submit to. A compact, in order to remain entire, must be kept on both sides; you have neglected your part, and henceforth I consider myself exonerated from all further concern about you."

It was in vain I endeavoured to justify myself. The greater my confusion and earnestness in rejecting the imputations he threw upon me, (added to the real consciousness I felt of secretly being his rival, which tended to weaken my powers of defence,) the more I implicated myself, I believe, in his eyes. Finding it hopeless to see Adelaide that morning, I returned home, vexed and exasperated—angry with Augustus, with myself for not having had the presence of mind to show him the cavatina at once, and still more angry with La Caracelli, to whom I had sent in my name, and who must have known what my business was. Besides, I did not know how far he might not push his revenge, and I was at a loss even to know on what footing we should henceforth be. Augustus, I knew, stood in some awe of his father, even at a distance, and could hardly shake me off with propriety without his consent. Yet I knew he could easily misrepresent the thing, if he chose, by letter, and that he would stretch a point to free himself of an unwelcome companion, was what I equally believed to be very likely. I remained occupied with these disagreeable thoughts all day long in my chamber. Augustus dined out that day, and in the evening I went to one of the smaller theatres, and did not go to Adelaide's.

Early the next morning Sempronia's husband came to see me. He brought me word from Adelaide, that the following day part of my opera would be rehearsed, and that I must attend at the theatre. He likewise enquired if I was ill, as they had not seen me the night before, when I was expected. After some hesitation, I simply related what had passed.

"I thought so," returned he, "from what Adelaide said: Augustus is exceedingly jealous; and I advise you, as a friend, to keep clear of all these things, and not risk the success of your opera, and, perhaps, the chance of its being represented at all, for the vain pursuit of that which you may never attain. Do not be like the dog in the fable:—remember, Adelaide is merely the shadow; and think of your professional success," continued he, laughing, "as the only substantial thing really worth pursuing."

This advice I admitted to be good, but difficult to follow. He had loved Adelaide himself, he continued, and yet had given her up without such powerful reasons: he had, therefore, some right to advise another. Her heart was now, he was sure, irrevocably engaged; and he had even understood that Augustus had made her proposals, which she had accepted, but that he could not probably fulfil, while his father still lived. Startled at this news, unable to conceal or control my feelings, I scarcely know to what excess I should not have suffered myself to be carried away by passion, had he not soothed me by every reasonable means, and brought me back to my senses. I saw nothing of Augustus till dinner-time, when he sent up his servant to let me know it was ready. Without this decided overture on his part to a reconciliation, for such it was from a man of his disposition, I could not have got over the invincible repugnance I felt at meeting him. He was calm and polite, but distant. We said but little, yet there seemed an evident intention on his part to keep within bounds. Perhaps, like a wary politician, he wished to temporise till he saw how my opera might succeed, as in case it did, he would not be unwilling to play the part of the patron; and, moreover, the music was to Adelaide's taste and her decisions were law at the theatre.

The next day I went to the theatre, where I was presently joined by Adelaide, together with her sister and brother-in-law, and Augustus, on whose arm she leant as she walked about the stage till all the musicians had assembled. She was in high spirits that day; but though I passed near her several times, she did not seem to take any notice of me, at which I was not a little mortified. I thought it peculiarly unkind, as I was sure she could not be ignorant of what I must feel at that moment. When the orchestra was filled, the Caracelli sung one or two of the airs of her part in a very sweet manner, but not, I thought, with that energy which she was accustomed to infuse into every thing; and, conceiving it was done with a design to vex me, though it might be simply that few singers put forth their full powers at a rehearsal, I felt hurt and offended. At last I approached her with the cavatina that I had been working at, and begged her to try it. She did so. It pleased all who were present but Augustus, who persisted that it would always remain a very poor concern. Adelaide, perhaps secretly piqued that her singing should not have the power of embellishing any thing, said thereupon that she thought it had better be left out altogether. This was objected to, as the situation absolutely required it; and it led to a duet that could not be suppressed. The manager, who was of a hasty temper, immediately declared, that if that were the case, he would find some other prima donna to take her place, for if the duet were suppressed, it would equally displease the tenor, who had a prominent part in it. La Caracelli, who knew her power, made her courtesy to him, and said, since he was of that opinion, she would rather decline taking any part in the opera at all. Whereupon every tongue seemed let loose at once, intruding its opinion in one way or another, giving no bad idea of the confusion at the tower of Babel, and would have presented a truly ludicrous scene to me, had I not been too deeply interested in the result of the dispute to remain a calm spectator. Alas! it was useless to raise my feeble voice amidst a crowd, and even when the storm had somewhat subsided, I could not learn to what conclusion they had come. Business seemed plainly at an end, for that day at least; the musicians began to quit the orchestra one by one, and I saw Adelaide walk away. My rage was at its height, and joining Augustus, I could not help venting my bitterness in no very measured terms, as he had in reality been the cause of Adelaide's distaste for the cavatina, and ultimate quarrel with the manager. His answer was more contemptuous than passionate, which I could so little brook at that time, that, listening only to the dictates of embittered and angry feelings, I loudly called on him to fight, at the same time clapping my hand on my sword. His action was as quick as mine, and glad, perhaps, of an opportunity of giving way to his hatred, he drew his sword, and we began lounging at each other. Several persons who passed to and fro probably took us for actors, as they did not interfere until Augustus fell wounded. The sight of his blood at once recalled me to my senses, and alarmed all who yet remained in the theatre. Every thing was in confusion, and people ran about in all directions for assistance, while I remained nailed to the spot, and mute with horror at the idea that I had perhaps killed him. All my anger had vanished, and I pictured to myself his desolate father upbraiding me with the death of his son. Augustus, however, had only fainted. The wound was slight, and he was easily conveyed to the manager's room till he should be taken home. Notwithstanding the repeated endeavours I made to approach him and offer assistance, he signed me to retire so vehemently, that, fearing he should exhaust his remaining strength, I was forced to comply. I did not, however, leave the theatre, but continued walking about in great agitation, till the surgeon, who had been called, came out of the room, and I enquired anxiously about his patient. He told me there was nothing serious, but that it was evident he had been in a violent passion; that he was very feverish, and had better remain quite quiet for a few hours before he was moved home. I cannot attempt to describe my feelings during the remainder of that day, which seemed to me the longest I had ever passed. I rambled about the theatre, not venturing to enter the room where Augustus lay. I could hear from the outside that he was talking incoherently, half in English, half in Italian; but thinking my presence would only increase his uneasiness, I kept out of his sight. When, at last, I heard from the servant who had been sitting by him that he had sunk into a refreshing slumber, I did all in my power to keep every thing quiet within reach of his hearing. I paced up and down before his door like a sentinel, and the sight was truly a singular one to see a theatre converted into a sick room. Towards evening all the actors began to arrive to dress themselves, Adelaide amongst the rest. I shall never forget her look when she first perceived me. A shriek, such as I never heard before, when I motioned her to be silent, and pronounced the name of Augustus in a low voice, stung me to the soul. Was it remorse, or was it a feeling that Adelaide was lost for ever to me? Alas! I fear the latter reason was uppermost in my heart. I endeavoured to soothe her uneasiness, but she would not listen; and having questioned all those about her on what had happened, she loaded me with bitter reproaches, and insisted on seeing Augustus, and that without delay. In vain I remonstrated on the imprudence of exciting his already irritated feelings, and the necessity of repose; she was not to be overruled, and the dispute had grown so loud that Augustus was startled out of his sleep, and was calling to know where he was and who disturbed him. It therefore became useless to defend my post any longer, and, finding the sympathy he excited turned to my disadvantage, I made the best of my way out of the theatre.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have surrendered as much space as possible in the Journal to-day to a tale, written with uncommon ability, in order to conclude it, if that be possible, next week. We may well spare the room which it occupies, for the *business* of literature continues to be as much depressed as we have lately known it; no books are hazarded during such gloomy times as now pervade all classes; we might deduce from this circumstance an argument for sustaining *the Library*, and invite all who are in arrears to make use of the present *acceptable* time to remit, and we do trust it will operate with the conscientious; a direct appeal in the shape of a bill will be made immediately by the publisher, whose terms are strictly, as at first, *in advance*.

The only volume laid on our table for a week, except the second part of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, of which more anon, is the third edition of the able Essay on the Lottery System of the United States, by Job R. Tyson, Esq., which is marked by fair argument and lucid illustration, sufficient, we should hope, to convince the influential inhabitants of every state, whom we recommend to purchase a number of the books and distribute them gratuitously. A little band of good men may thus be of essential service to their community, particularly if that community is so far behind the age as to sanction the vile system of lottery schemes.

What a marked change in public opinion is evinced by the fact, that the first lottery in England was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral, and that some of our great Philadelphia churches owe their construction to funds drawn from this worst species of gambling.

The reader will find commenced to-day in the Library an extraordinary narrative, written in a style indicative of its truth, by a French soldier, who passed through a very remarkable series of adventures during Bonaparte's campaigns. It will well repay perusal; it is thoroughly French and *naïve*.

Betting.—There is scarcely any mode of betting which has not been at some period adopted by the sporting world. The Romans had an especial fondness for wagers and bets, and there was a conventional form among their usages of ratifying this species of contract, by taking from their finger the ring which the higher classes wore and consigning it to the custody of a third party or umpire. A contract thus ratified was obligatory, and gave a right of action at law to enforce payment.

"One of the wildest and most audacious bets that was ever offered, was that of a physician named Asotepiades, who betted that he would never be ill in his whole life; absurd and impious as was this presumption, he gained his wager, although he could not enjoy it, for when he died, his decease was preceded by no sickness, dying suddenly of a fall down stairs, in a very advanced period of life."

But probably the largest bet which had the odds greatly against it, was that of Bulliot, the banker. The following is the true history of the affair:

"The year 1725 was extremely rainy, and a banker, named Bulliot, (remarking that it rained on Swithin's day, and remembering the popular superstition, that if it rained on that day, each of the following forty days would be more or less wet; and it having rained also on the day of St. Gervais, who has likewise the reputation of being a hydraulic saint,) laid a wager that it would be wet for forty consecutive days. Several persons took it up, and the wager was reduced to writing in these terms: 'If, dating from St. Gervais day, it rains more or little during forty days *successively*, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; if it cease to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost." On these terms, Bulliot betted against all who presented themselves, and on that day he deposited a very large sum of money; for, besides the sums which he put into the hands of the umpires, he took gold-head canes, snuff-boxes, and jewels of every kind, whose value was appraised, and against which he placed money. It is said, that one person, having no ready money, betted on a lot of fine Holland shirts, and that Bulliot accepted the gage. This wager made a great deal of noise, and as the chances were decidedly against Bulliot, many people accepted the conditions, and were underwritten by Bulliot; but as he had deposited all his cash, he was forced to give the umpires notes and bills of exchange; and as his credit was well established, it is related that he issued paper to the amount of fifty thousand crowns. It will be readily conceived that the hero of this wager became quite fashionable; and that, during the time that elapsed before the *denouement* of the affair, he excited as much interest and curiosity as would have been felt for a monarch or a warrior. Wherever he appeared, he attracted universal attention; and he became so popular, that he was made the subject of a play. But unfortunately, Saint Gervais was not true to his character, and it ceased raining before the expiration of the due time. Bulliot was ruined, and so thoroughly, that he could not honour the notes and bills of exchange which bore his name. The holders of these obligations tried to enforce payment; and as the ancient law, as well as the new code, did not recognise debts of this character, they endeavoured to pass themselves off as *bona fide* creditors, who had taken Bulliot's notes for other considerations than the wager, and that they ought to be paid or compounded for; but the assignees made it appear by the dates and other evidence, that all these notes formed parcel of the wager. They were, therefore, nonsuited, and the debt declared irrecoverable."

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We extract the following anecdote from the new work by Mr. Ward, the author of Tremaine and De Vere, entitled "Illustrations of Human Life," which we have under consideration for publication:

"A Scotish nobleman was said to have had a favourite mastiff, in whom, such was his fondness, he had pardoned many felonies, chiefly of sheep murder. His patience being worn out, he at length ordered the dog to be hanged, and addressed him to that effect, in a pathetic speech. The dog, as if he understood him, instantly disappeared, and was no more heard of in Scotland. Two years afterwards, the duke (for he was no less), traveling in Flanders, was benighted in one of the forests there; and the next stage being a fortified town, he was told at the lone inn where he had stopped, that, being too late, he would not be admitted, and he agreed to a proposal made him to remain where he was all night, the accommodation being tolerably good. At supper, to his and his servant's astonishment, he saw enter the room his old and favourite mastiff, whom he had been forced to condemn to death. Great were the rejoicings on both sides; and it was observed that the dog would never quit him, but resisted all attempts of the people of the house to drive or coax him from the chamber. As night advanced, and the duke prepared to go to bed, the dog became agitated, he howled and scratched the floor, then laid his paws on the duke's shoulders, and looked wistfully in his face, but was comparatively quiet, till the servant departed to a chamber allotted to him out of the house. The duke then beginning to undress, the dog became violent in opposing the stripping, laid hold of his coat with his teeth, and struggled hard, and even fiercely, to prevent him from proceeding. The duke was struck with this strange violence, and finding whenever he desisted, that the dog was quiet, reposed himself in an armchair instead of going to bed. Here he dozed for a couple of hours, when he was waked by the bark of his friend, and on opening his eyes was astonished at seeing the bed descending through the floor. He immediately gave an alarm; the descent of the bed stopped; and the duke grasped his pistols, waiting the event. Some minutes afterwards he thought the door, which was bolted in the inside, was attempted; at least he heard footsteps, upon which he fired through the planks, and hallooed loudly for his servant from the window. It was midsummer, and soon became light, and being joined by his man, they sallied over the house, accompanied every where by the dog, who expressed his pleasure, it was said, by every possible canine gesticulation. They searched the house, and every adjoining shed, but found the whole abandoned; nor (that I ever heard) was there any further result. But the dog was of course taken home, pardoned all his felonies, and lived happily with his master ever afterwards."

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A Charity Fancy Ball at Paris, is thus described by a correspondent of the London Examiner.

The charity ball which took place last night at the *Salle Ventadour* was a fine one, but not so fully attended as we expected; there were about twelve or thirteen hundred persons present. There had been, up to yesterday morning, 1,500 tickets distributed. The ball was almost entirely *English*, there being very few French—the tickets being some at twenty and some at ten francs (for young ladies). The proceeds do not amount to 30,000 francs. In that sum, however, are not reckoned the subscriptions and the money paid for boxes. It is supposed there will remain, when the expenses are paid, about 20,000 francs for the poor. In the principal quadrille twelve ladies danced, representing the twelve months of the year: the ladies who danced in it were—Madame La Comtesse d' Harcourt, La Comtesse de Castries (who was Miss Harcourt), Lady Walscourt, Lady Georgina Fullerton, the Comtesse Potocke, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Murray (sister of the Princess de la Tremouille), and the two Demoiselles de Comars; and three other ladies, whose names I forget. The toilettes were very fine; many of the ladies were dressed in costumes of the time of Louis the Fifteenth, and wore powder. Amongst others Madame Charles Lafitte, as Madame de Pompadour, had great success. The Duchess of Sutherland wore a dress representing "*Night*," with a profusion of the most splendid diamonds in her head: her daughter was the "Morning Star." Mons. de Germain was dressed as a lady, and the deception was so complete that he danced two country dances before he was discovered. The refreshments were of the best description; and Lord Granville, having kindly sent every thing to ornament the *buffet*, the effect was very good; it is even said that his lordship had also generously contributed to the more substantial part of the *buffet*. I have already observed that a very few French were present, considering the large sums annually expended in this capital by our countrymen. I must not, however, omit to state that I perceived the celebrated royalist orator and deputy, M. Berry, seated in a box with some French ladies.

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We are more jealous of frivolous accomplishments with brilliant success, than of the most estimable qualities without it. Dr. Johnson envied Garrick whom he despised, and ridiculed Goldsmith whom he loved.

Mrs. Peter Jones.—Most of the readers of the public press probably recollect the publication of a romantic story of a young lady of London, possessed of wealth and great personal beauty, who two or three years ago became enamoured of Peter Jones, a Seneca Indian, a missionary, and married him, in despite of the remonstrances of friends and the scandal of the world. Mrs. Jones migrated to the west, soon after her marriage, with her aboriginal lord; but, at last, having become disgusted with the life he led her, she secretly abdicated his wigwam, and returned to England in the packet of the 16th of May. During the sojourn of Mrs. Jones in the west, she became the mother of two children, both of whom are dead.

A private letter from New Orleans states the melancholy fact, that Mr., Mrs., and Miss Barnes, of the theatre, were on board the steamboat Ben Sherrod, which took fire on the Mississippi, and that they perished in that terrible calamity.—*Boston Advocate.*

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

(Concluded.)

I was scarcely in the street, when I was accosted by a certain Marchese di San Felico, a professed admirer of La Caracelli, who had followed me out. He was a man upwards of fifty, who had been handsome in his day, and was still good-looking and famed for his accomplishments, his wit, and his elegant attire, which was the envy and model of all the young men of Milan. With such elements as these, it may be imagined that San Felico was sought after and caressed in all societies. Success had made him inordinately vain; so much so, that he expressed his sincere astonishment that Adelaide could prefer any one to himself, forgetting that he was some thirty years her senior. He consoled his vanity, however, by assuring me that Adelaide was beginning to grow sensible to his attentions, when, unfortunately for both, as he emphatically said, this foreigner came and stole a march upon him in her affections. He indulged in the bitterest invectives against Augustus. I was listening in silence, and wondering why he made a confidant of me on so slight an acquaintance as ours, which merely consisted in occasional meetings at the theatre and the coffee-house, when he suddenly broke off and began praising my spirit and my courage in his most insinuating manner. Somewhat ashamed of these praises, I should have willingly dropped the subject, but he proceeded to tell me that these sort of affairs had sometimes disagreeable consequences when the government took them in hand, and advised me rather to be beforehand, by denouncing Augustus to the police as the origin of the quarrel, which had been far too public not to be known all over the town by the next day: Augustus would then, no doubt, receive notice to quit the town, and I should remain victor on the field. I saw plainly through all this pretended kindness,—the real wish he had of getting a rival off his hands. I was indignant at the idea of such a proposal, but still avoided giving him any direct answer, and, as by this time I had arrived at my home, I bid him hastily good evening, and thanking him for his advice, I stole up to my chamber, where I sat waiting till Augustus came home. I then sent in to know whether he would see me, but being answered in the negative, I determined to write to him, in case he persisted in his resolution. The next morning I was told he had passed a good night; the surgeon's report was very favourable, and he had a long conference with an English nobleman, a friend of his, who called on hearing what had occurred the preceding day. As Augustus still refused admitting me, I was left to my own reflections till evening, when, to my utter amazement and vexation, I received an order from the police to quit Milan within four-and-twenty hours. It was now clear to me, that Augustus had employed his influence to direct the revenge of the authorities against me, and in the bitterness of my soul I half repented having neglected the friendly warning of San Felico. Those means which I had scorned to employ in my defence against a powerful rival, Augustus was not ashamed to use against me in my career, at the moment when my aspirations for fame were going to be tried by the test of public favour or disapprobation. "Of what use," thought I, with a sigh, "is it to conquer one's bad resolutions? The strong will ever oppress the weak, and no reward is ever to be looked for by those who do their duty." In such and other reflections I indulged myself for the space of an hour, when, seeing their folly and mischievousness, I suddenly started up, and began making my preparations. My possessions were not numerous enough to give me much trouble, or to take much time in collecting together, and when this was done, I went to take leave of my good maestro at the conservatorio. He had heard of every thing, and not only declined taking any money for his instructions, but hearing that I thought of going to Naples, wrote me a letter of recommendation to an eminent musician in that city, and dismissed me with his blessing, and the wish that I might be more prudent henceforward in my conduct. I took no leave of Augustus, and simply writing on a scrap of paper my intention of going to Naples, and my wishes for his speedy recovery, I set off in no very enviable state of mind. By the time I had arrived at Naples, my scanty means were nearly exhausted, and I was so depressed in spirits as to be little capable of exertion. Having taken up my abode in the meanest hotel I could find, my next care was to deliver my only letter of recommendation, which was worth a kingdom to me in my forlorn state. It was with some difficulty I found out the street where Signor Melincini lived, and I ascended the staircase with a beating heart, feeling, as I did, that so much depended on this visit. Signor Melincini was writing when I entered, and a little further, by the window, sat a fine young woman with a very intelligent face, whom I afterwards learned was his daughter. They both rose as I entered, and as she lifted her countenance from the book she was reading, she seemed to look with an eye of great benignity at my squalid appearance. She, however, resumed her reading, and her father proceeded to open the letter I had brought. His countenance evidently expanded as he read the praises which, no doubt, my kind master had bestowed upon me; and when he had finished, he asked me what were my plans. I was embarrassed how to reply, but assured him that I was willing to do any thing in the way of my profession towards gaining a livelihood. "Claudia," said he, turning to his daughter, "pray hand me those manuscripts that are lying beside you. If this young man does not think it unworthy his talents, it is the quickest means I can find of employing him." So saying, he put into my hands some music that was to be copied, and I returned home very well satisfied with my visit. I set to work very diligently, but my forlorn and lonely condition pressed heavily on my heart. This was still further increased by receiving a letter from Lord L———, which was sent after me by Augustus. He had simply enveloped it, without adding a word of his own, which seemed a very obstinate determination to keep me in ignorance of all that concerned him. The whole affair of our duel had been written to Lord L——— by some of Augustus's English friends, and my conduct had been represented in the blackest colours. His letter at once deprived me of all hope that I could ever appease him by any explanation on my part. Not that it was violent or ungentlemanly in language—far otherwise. But I saw that he was hurt at what he called my unpardonable ingratitude, and that he cast me off entirely and for ever, as one unworthy of his kindness and generosity. There was no strength of mind that could help to console me under this circumstance. It was in vain that I recollected that I had erred slightly in comparison to what he had understood had been the case; I felt how guilty I must appear in his eyes to have lifted my arm against the son of a patron; and his concluding words, "Do not answer this letter, for I will receive none from you," rung in my ears as if it had been my sentence of condemnation.

I was obliged to suppress my feelings as much as possible, the necessity of exerting myself being now more imperious than ever; but my extreme depression did not escape the observation of my new friends. With the nice perception which belongs to her sex, Claudia instantly saw that something weighed heavily on my mind, and thinking it might be some pecuniary embarrassment, she urged her father to speak to me on the subject. This was kind in the extreme, though at first I felt reluctant to let him know all. I finished, however, by giving him a faithful sketch of my history, in which I laid all the blame I deserved to my own account, seeking neither to excuse nor inculpate Augustus or myself more than was due. When I had finished, he assured me that, so far from thinking less well of me, this candid confession only served to raise me in his esteem; and that his services, and even his purse, if I was in distress, were equally at my command. Soon after this, having ascertained my capabilities, he recommended me several scholars, and he allowed me to copy music for him under his eye, instead of working alone in my chamber, which was very small and dismal.

One evening, on my return home, as I was crossing a very narrow street, I was accosted by two ill-looking fellows, who asked me if I was a stranger in Naples. On my replying in the affirmative, they turned round and seemed disposed to follow me. I had nothing more valuable about me than a roll of music paper, on which I had penned some ideas that same day; therefore I had no great apprehension of being robbed, as that could be of no use to them, and I had no trinkets whatever about my person. Yet, annoyed at their seeming inclined to track me to my dwelling, I mended my pace, and purposely struck out into a different direction to the one I should otherwise have pursued. Still these men were not to be foiled, and they soon came up to me, and placing themselves so as to intercept me, one of them desired to know my name. I saw at once that it was more foolhardy than brave to resist two men who seemed very desperate; and not being acquainted with the customs of the place, I did not know but that they might belong to the police, and that a refusal of this kind might again involve me in some disagreeable affair: I therefore simply replied, "My name is Maximilian Rosenberg; what is your business with me?"

To which the one who had spoken before answered, "This is not true, you are the son of an English nobleman; your name of Maximilian Rosenberg is an assumed one, and you are really Augustus L———. You must, therefore, give us from your finger a ruby ring that you wear habitually on your left hand, or you may have cause to repent it."

I now concluded that these men had either fixed on me by chance, seeing I was a foreigner, or that Augustus had taken my name for some unknown purpose; and I at once perceived how necessary it was to gain time, and leave them in their error; for should Augustus be in Naples, and I undeceived them too decidedly, he might become their victim, if, as I began to suspect, they were assassins. I knew well enough that he had a ring such as they spoke of: it was a gift of Adelaide, who had herself received it from the gay Marchese di San Felico. I displayed to them, however, my fingers, which they carefully examined. A short pause ensued. They seemed to hesitate what was next to be done. "We must have some positive proof that you are not the person we take you for," said one of them, "before we can suffer you to go. You had better be frank with us."

"A truce to all this nonsense," exclaimed I, with growing impatience, "whether I am Maximilian, or Augustus, or the pope himself, I shall not say a word more."

With this I was pushing forward to pass them, when both at once drew their daggers from their bosom, and fell upon me like two infuriated tigers. Though at that time a young man of quick and violent sensations, I was not destitute of presence of mind, and I had courage enough for any thing. I defended myself, therefore, in a manner which seemed at first to daunt them. But though I wounded each of them several times, they had of course the ultimate advantage, being two against one; and when they saw me drop down exhausted, covered with blood and dreadfully lacerated, they concluded their work was done; and, after telling me that I might thank my rival, San Felico, for sending me to heaven in

the most summary manner possible, they made off as quickly as they could. I cannot very distinctly remember what followed. I know that I called out to them, "Tell him Augustus will be his denouncer even in heaven," still impressed, amidst the confusion of ideas that beset my exhausted frame, that by seeming to own myself to be the person they sought for, I should at least prevent them from seeking farther. I was left a good while, I believe, on the ground, before some people chanced to pass by. They gave me, very humanely, all the assistance they could, and took me to the nearest house, where I recovered my senses. I was allowed to remain there the rest of the night, and the next morning I got home with some difficulty. I sent word to my only friend, Signor Melincini, who came at once to see me. He was very much shocked on learning my adventure, and went without delay to the police to have the assassins sought after. Not content with this, he sent word to the English and German ambassadors to interest them in my behalf. It was of little use in the end, for they were no where to be found. As Signor Melincini's lessons and occupations would not have allowed him to see me often, he insisted on my being removed to his house, where he assured me he could easily make room for me; and the offer was too friendly a one to be refused. Besides the sufferings that my wound occasioned me, I had the additional affliction of being forced to give up my pupils and all occupations, at the very moment when my prospects seemed to be growing a little brighter. I think I should have well nigh given myself over to despair, had it not been for Signor Melincini's daughter, who proved the sweetest friend in my distress that I could have hoped for. Her character, at first perhaps somewhat reserved, though not from the want of any one amiable feeling, soon shone forth in a new and most pleasing light, when she kindly ministered to my different wants. It was not a mere cold duty that she performed in compliance with her father's kind intentions; it was evident that her native goodness prompted her to relieve all those who suffered, as far as lay in her power; and her face appeared at times angelic, when she spoke to me in that softened tone, which the presence of a sick person naturally calls forth from any one possessing a tender heart. The impatience I felt at first gradually subsided into a soothing calm; and had it not been for the feeling that I longed to make some exertion, to be no more a burthen on my kind friends, this state of repose would not have been without its charms. Signor Melincini endeavoured, however, to put me at my ease on that subject, by declaring that he felt so much friendship for me, that he never wished me to leave his house, and consoled me by saying, that as soon as my health would allow me, I should have some occupation which I might do as slowly as I pleased, till my renewed strength would permit of my working for my glory, as he termed it.

One day Claudia entered the sitting-room with a paper in her hand, and asked me, with a look of great satisfaction, whether I wished to hear any news from Milan, as a good friend of mine and her father's (meaning the master under whom I had studied,) had sent them a newspaper from that city. Then, without waiting for my answer, she told me she would read it to me herself, as the exertion might fatigue me. What was my surprise, when I found that my opera had been performed, and not only that, but had been crowned with success! Let those who *can*, imagine my feelings, and ask themselves if it is not rapture too deep almost to be borne by one who was weakened, as I had been, by sickness and sorrow. Claudia seemed to understand me. She did not blame my weakness, but heartily congratulated me on this important step in my career. I talked for about two hours on this subject without ceasing, till Claudia at last begged me to consider how weak I was, and added, in a playful manner, "I will enjoin silence on you, as the ancient philosophers did on their disciples." I felt so grateful to Claudia for her interest in my concerns, that I instantly obeyed, and silence was no great punishment, as my head was full of pleasant ideas.

I found, on reading the paper through, that Adelaide Caracelli had not performed her part as it had been intended; some fresh quarrel having taken place between her and the manager, on account of her refusal to sing the night Augustus had been wounded. The public, displeased at first at losing their favourite, showed great signs of disapprobation some nights after when she *did* appear, which, together with her positively refusing to sing a part in the new opera, led ultimately to her engagement being broken. This of course caused a great delay before it could be performed, and even then some of the most difficult songs which had been expressly written to display her voice, were necessarily suppressed. "La Caracelli," thought I, "need not have pushed her predilection for Augustus so far as to refuse singing my music. It is both foolish and unjust." A moment after I wondered what gave me the power of seeing her conduct in this light, I who had well nigh worshiped her like a pagan idol. I felt almost relieved that she had given me this last proof of enmity, to show me how useless it was to follow any longer the dictates of an ardent passion that was never to be requited. Still, on the other hand, I was hurt to think that another voice should have sung those airs which she had inspired, and which, but for her, I might never have written.

Some months passed before I could resume my occupations, which I then set about with a renewed ardour, and in a far more tranquil state of mind. My love for Adelaide seemed now to be merely the remains of a habit that was difficult to eradicate, and that I had in a manner survived. The fact is, I had suffered and shed my blood for her and for Augustus; they had exiled me from Milan: all that had happened to me of evil sprang from this source. What wonder, then, if the source was troubled, that the waters should no longer run clear? I do not mean that Adelaide Caracelli was banished from my thoughts, that I ceased to think her beautiful, or the greatest of singers, but her presence was no longer necessary to my happiness; all that had happened at Milan seemed, on my recovery, to be a painful dream, which was destined to haunt me for some time to come; while my feelings were assuaged and tranquilised whenever I conversed with Claudia, or even when we were sitting each at our occupation at the same table. I had now hired a room in the same house in which Melincini lived, and continued, on his pressing invitation, to make one of his family.

The news of my success at Milan had, at last, found its way amongst the professors at Naples; I began to form acquaintances, to be employed as a teacher, and to compose. The sweet breezes of the south seemed to come over me like a musical inspiration. I caught the spirit of the Neapolitan melodies, and began to adapt my ideas to that school. I now visited the theatre, which I had not yet been able to do, and was anxious to hear the favourite singer, Signora Albertina, whom I had heard so highly extolled at Milan; the more so, as her benefit was announced previous to her departure for a considerable length of time. The opera was *La Didone Abbandonata*, by Jomelli. This was her most famous character in the serious line, for she was equally eminent in buffa operas, and the air "Son regina," was one of her celebrated songs. The crowd was so great that it was difficult to obtain even a bad place, yet my attention was riveted by the delight that I experienced in hearing such music and such performers. Though I went determined to judge without any prejudice, I could but pronounce Adelaide far superior to her in the cantabile and deep pathetic expression, yet Albertina was surprising and overwhelming in the passages that required rapidity and energy. Her person was majestic and commanding, and her face remarkably handsome; still there was an affectation and a straining after effect that spoiled greatly the sensation she might have produced, and marred half the qualities that nature had bestowed upon her with so liberal a hand. One did not feel that wholesome delight, if I may be allowed the expression, that La Caracelli's performance never failed to inspire. In one word, if Signora Albertina's conquests over the admiration of her hearers were the more numerous, Adelaide's were certainly more select and durable. After her departure the theatre was closed for some length of time, during which I was advised to give a concert with the assistance of the remaining singers, at which a cantata that I had composed was executed in a most satisfactory manner, and pleased the public. As I was leaving the place to walk home, I was accosted by a well-known voice, and looking up, I perceived the young man whom I had formerly seen at Adelaide's. After the first greetings were over, I asked him if he had left the Caracelli. "No," replied he, "she is in Naples at this moment, and hearing you were here, has expressed the greatest desire to see you. You must come with me now." Having excused myself for that night, I promised to call the next day. "You will find her altered," said Leo, "she has suffered a good deal since you last saw her. I doubt whether she will ever again be *la divina Adelaide* that we once knew."

I forbore from enquiries, and we parted. The satisfaction I had felt at the success of my cantata was now obscured by the pain these words caused me. I pitied Adelaide as if she had never wronged me; but I pitied her as a friend, without any allusion to what had formerly passed in my heart, and even the next day, though I was to see her,

"Mi desto, e tu non sei
Il primo mio pensier."

I found her expecting me, and quite alone. She did indeed bear on her countenance, as Leo had told me, the traces of a deep sorrow. She held out her hand to me with a look that so implored my sympathy that I could scarcely refrain from tears. We were silent for a few minutes, and I exaggerate nothing when I say that, at that moment, there was no sacrifice I would not have made cheerfully to restore her to happiness. "I have wronged you, Maximilian;" said she at length, "I have been unjust and capricious: you loved me, and I disdained you, and I perhaps have scarcely any right to expect the least friendship from one I have treated so ill."

Here I could not avoid stopping her, and begging her to refrain from all reproaches, as I bore her no ill-will for any share she might have had in Augustus's behaviour towards me. At the same time I asked her whether Augustus had received a short letter I had sent him, advising him to beware of San Felico's snares, and which I had directed to a friend of his at Milan. She told me the letter had been sent after him. "Your conduct," added she, "in that affair reflects the highest credit on your courage and generosity; and I must do Lord L——— (for such Augustus is now, his father being dead,) the justice to say, that he sincerely repents the wrongs he has done you, and would gladly offer you any atonement. He would have written immediately had he not concluded you must have left Naples."

"Poor Lord L——— ! I am sorry he is dead," said I, "and that, too, without his being reconciled to me! But, however, since such is the will of Heaven, I hope it will promote your happiness by a union with Augustus."

"Ah, there it is," said she, "that is what afflicts me. While his father lived, Augustus was all passion and love: but he is an altered man now, and has never spoken of our marriage since. It is true, that when he left Italy to go and settle his affairs in England, he said he should return, and expressed the hope of soon seeing me again; but I doubt the sincerity of these promises, for I have reason to think him unfaithful."

Adelaide paused, and remained some time lost in thought. At length I ventured to ask her full confidence on the subject. She then told me that Augustus had left Milan immediately after me to go to Rome, and not Naples, as Don Felico had understood, and that she herself had broken off her engagement, and gone there likewise. She dwelt with pleasure on the time she spent at Rome, where her success was complete, and Augustus unremitting in his attentions. "All went well," said she, "till one fatal day that Sempronia and I, together with her husband and Leo, proposed a party of pleasure, in the environs of Rome, to Augustus, who joined us. It was in this expedition that he first saw Signora Albertina, my far-famed rival of the theatre at Naples, who was then on a journey of pleasure to Rome. She was sailing down the river in a large boat, and, seated in the midst of her party, was singing to her own accompaniment on the harp. Her voice, her matchless beauty, had an electrifying effect on Augustus. He swore that the apparition was like that of Cleopatra, save that she was more beautiful, and praised, in enthusiastic terms, the country that called up such classic recollections. He could speak of nothing else the rest of the day, and I felt no wish to prolong our expedition. We returned to Rome, each probably discontented with the other, though I said nothing to him on the subject."

"And was this all?" said I: "can you be uneasy at such a mere transitory admiration? Did he ever seek to see her again?"

"He did," replied Adelaide, "and had not his father's death intervened, would, I am sure, have followed her to Naples. As it was, he saw her once again at an accademia she gave to some of her admirers to hear her improvise, at which he was rapt in admiration; though, as some of it was in the Neapolitan dialect, he probably but ill understood it. She left Rome after a week, as her engagements at Naples recalled her, but has, I understand, accepted one in London."

After Adelaide had thus relieved her mind by telling me her story, she said she had a favour to ask me. I wondered what it could be, and how I could be of any service to her. It was this. She had resolved to follow her rival to London, and have a chance of outshining her before Augustus, and, unacquainted with the language, as she was, had a great desire to secure me for a companion and interpreter. I was loth again to break up when I was beginning to make my way successfully, but I was unable to resist Adelaide's tears and entreaties, and I resolved to go. Her gratitude knew no bounds, and as the only thing she could do for me at present, she told me, that having accepted a short engagement at the theatre before this resolution of going to England, she would appear in my opera. I expressed my gratitude in return, and we parted mutually satisfied with

one another. Caracelli did not fail to keep her promise, and I had the inexpressible gratification of hearing her sing those airs that were composed for her and her only, in that sweetly impressive manner that she alone could command. Her reception was enthusiastic; nor did the applause bestowed on the music fall short of my fondest expectations. Wreaths were showered on the prima donna and the composer, and I should have felt completely happy had I not seen what a painful effort it seemed to be to Adelaide to repress her own sorrows on the stage. Her profound melancholy passed current in the eyes of others for admirable acting, and her very misfortunes contributed to heighten her success.

No one took so kind an interest on this occasion as Signor Melincini and his daughter. They could not congratulate me sufficiently; and, in truth, they had some right to consider my success as partly their own work, as it was by their means that I had first become known in Naples. They were both sorry when I announced my departure as a thing resolved upon, and attempted to dissuade me from what appeared to them an exaggerated piece of chivalry towards a woman who did not love me. I assured them, however, that I should return as soon as I had fulfilled my promise to the Caracelli, and Claudia represented to me in glowing colours the future fame that I might earn by following up this first great triumph with due perseverance. Every word she said carried conviction with it, yet I was firm as far as regarded my present intention of departing, and as soon as the run of my opera was over, I set out with Adelaide, together with her sister and her brother-in-law only, for Leo remained in Naples. Our journey would have been agreeable, had not Adelaide's depression of spirits thrown a damp over us all. Yet even she occasionally broke out into a transient playfulness of manner, according as the quicksilver properties of hope happened to ascend or descend. But this sort of fictitious gaiety was more painful to me than the dull uniformity of grief. It represented to my mind a flame that blazes fiercely before it expires, and this sad image was constantly present to my imagination. Time was when I would have given the world to be able thus to see Adelaide every day, even with the consciousness of her being absorbed by the thought of another: that time I felt was past and for ever; but I had the gratification of feeling that I was performing the duty of friendship towards an amiable and unfortunate woman, whom I could never entirely cease to admire. What a contrast between her and the serene and equal tenor of Claudia's mind, who, without any of those sparkling sallies of wit and merriment that delight in some, was endowed with a cheerfulness that nothing but the sorrows of others could obscure. I missed the pleasing conversations and delightful intercourse that I had been accustomed to, and no friends seemed capable in my eyes of replacing Signor Melincini and his amiable daughter.

We at last arrived in London. Signora Albertina had preceded us, and was delighting the whole town by her beauty and talents, so much so, that Adelaide thought her case was almost hopeless. One effort, however, she was resolved to make. As she was not likely to have an advantageous proposal from the managers of the opera, where Albertina was engaged at a very high salary, we thought it best she should give a concert, and to that effect I opened a negotiation with Festing. He had no sooner heard her at her lodgings than he at once entered into an engagement for a series of concerts, to be given at Hickford's room, and in order to excite the curiosity of the public, it was announced that an Italian singer, of great fame on the continent, would make her first appearance in England, her name being withheld till the day of performance. Her first song, "Tu m'abbandoni ingrato," which she sung in the hope that Augustus might be amongst the spectators, was given with such deep pathos, I had almost said with such heart-breaking expression, that her triumph over the hearts and feelings of her audience was never for a moment doubtful. The applause was so long as scarce to allow the beginning of the following piece to be heard. Meanwhile, poor Adelaide was dissolved in tears the instant she was out of sight of the spectators. I was almost afraid she would not have recovered herself in time for her next piece; but this was not the case, for the temporary relief only increased her energy and expression.

The next day nothing was talked of but the fascinations of the new prima donna, and a strong party was formed in her favour, who would willingly, I believe, have dismissed Albertina from the operatic throne, to place their new favourite upon it. The friends of the former, therefore, thought necessary to advise her to declare that she would break off her engagement, if such an infringement were attempted on the monopoly she considered she had an exclusive right to, of enchanting the ears of the frequenters of the Haymarket.

The Caracelli's concerts continued to be thronged by both parties till the end, only six having been announced, but neither the fame nor the profit that accrued from them were any consolation to her. Of the first she had drunk to repletion ever since her early youth, and had perhaps found it "all vanity," and of the second she made no use herself, but distributed it to the poor, perhaps with some vague notion that catholics often indulge in, of propitiating Heaven by acts of benevolence. It seemed inexplicable almost to her that Augustus had not yet appeared, for in the simplicity of her heart she imagined he would not be able to resist such proofs of devoted love. She reasoned, however, almost like a child,—impulse was every thing with her, and she expected to find a similar disposition in others. I, who knew more of Lord L———'s character, considered the attempt to revive his affections a most useless one, yet, in compliance with her earnest wishes, I busied myself to get some information respecting him.

The admirers of Adelaide had expressed a great desire to hear her with the Albertina, that their claims might be fairly judged; and those of the other party were equally desirous of seeing them together, expecting it would end in the discomfiture of the former. But here arose a new difficulty;—Albertina, secretly perhaps afraid of so close a comparison, and willing to throw every obstacle in the way, declared that La Caracelli should never sing at the opera while she was there, and by the nature of her engagement she was forbid singing any where else, private houses excepted.

I was considering how I could obviate this difficulty, as I was walking down the street where Augustus's father used to live. I had not yet seen the house since my return, but having been told by several persons that Lord L——— was out of town for the present, it struck me that I might gain some information about him from the servants, none of whom would probably know me, even if they were the same, and they most likely had all been changed. On approaching the house it seemed evident to me that the owner was absent; the drawing-room shutters were closed, and the whole house wore a deserted air. "Poor old Lord L———," thought I, "your hospitable spirit seems indeed to have fled from this mansion." And I was indulging in some melancholy thoughts as I slackened my pace, when a carriage rolled past me, and the person within it made me a sign of recognition, and stopped at Lord L———'s door. This was Augustus. Seeing it was now too late to avoid him, I walked forward and came up with him as he alighted. He held out his hand to me and pressed mine heartily, and, scarcely speaking a word, led me into his house. We entered the parlour, the door of which he immediately closed. "Max," said he, for by that name he used to call me in the days of our intimacy, or when he was peculiarly confidential, "I have wronged you more than I can well express. You shed your blood in my cause, you suffered and were miserable, and all through me and for me. Now, though I do not think ever to atone for the evils I brought upon you, I know that a mind like yours will not be insensible to a candid repentance, and on such grounds I beg you to restore me to your friendship, and grant me your pardon."

I was touched by these words from one who had so little taught me to expect any thing of the kind, and I replied in a manner corresponding to his, though I cannot exactly recall what I did say. After our reconciliation was thus effected, and we had conversed at some length about the Marquis of San Felico and his assassins, he at length said, "Adelaide Caracelli is, I find, in London. I am truly rejoiced at her success. I suppose you came over together."

I replied in the affirmative, and he went on:—"I have some amends to make you on that subject, and as I doubt not that Adelaide has forgotten me by now, I renounce every claim on her affections, and will never more stand in your way as a rival."

I felt perplexed as to what answer I should make. He doubtless expected some rapturous exclamation of gratitude, and there was an evident look of disappointment about him when I answered, "I ceased being your rival when I found how useless it was to struggle against a favoured one: therefore, think no more of this. Adelaide has never ceased loving you: she came to England for the express purpose of recalling you to a sense of your promises, and is anxiously counting the days and hours till she can be assured that you are still faithful."

"Maximilian," said he, "I really did not expect to see you acting the part of confidant in this manner to the woman you once loved." He then affected to laugh, but with the air of one who was annoyed that his display of generosity should be found out to be a mere cloak for getting out of a disagreeable affair. I represented to him in the most vivid colours Adelaide's distress, and urged him not to delay an interview that was so ardently wished for.

"Indeed, Max," replied he, "I cannot see her; so do not try to persuade me. You must stay and dine with me," continued he, ringing the bell; "I am in London but for a few days, and I wish to see all I can of you."

Finding him determined to break off the subject, I gave over for the time being, resolved, however, to renew it before I left him. At dinner he talked with great interest about my future prospects, and offered me any assistance he could give me to forward my views. I told him that it was Adelaide's and my intention to give a concert, at which, if we could manage it, Albertina would be engaged. Upon which he said he would be very happy to lend his house to Signora Caracelli for the occasion, if that would obviate any of our difficulties; that he would be out of town again by that time, but should certainly leave orders to that effect. I remarked that he called her Signora Caracelli for the first time, and this circumstance, so slight in itself, went more to persuade me of his indifference than any thing he had previously said.

"But, Max," continued he, "remember that you do not on this account lead her to expect any thing from me. I have already said, and you must tell her so, however painful the task, that I cannot see her."

I left Augustus certainly satisfied, as far as regarded myself personally, but with the conviction that poor Adelaide no longer lived in his heart. I could not make up my mind to tell her so; so I chose rather to give an account of my visit to Sempronia, leaving her to deduce what she thought proper from my narrative. She remained in the same conviction as myself, namely, that it was hopeless to attempt rekindling a fire that was completely extinguished.

"I fear it will break her heart to tell her so," said Sempronia; "but what is to be done? It would perhaps be still worse to buoy her up with fallacious hopes." Sempronia, therefore, told her the truth. The next morning Adelaide insisted on hearing the whole related again by me; she would not believe all her sister had said, and asked me a thousand questions, which only brought her back to the same point where she had begun. But when she found I could only confirm what Sempronia had said, she declared she could not think it true, for Augustus could not have forgotten her thus; and she reproached me for attempting to traduce him. A moment after, her reproaches gave way to a passionate flood of tears, and presently she told me with great mildness, that she had not meant to contradict me, but she was sure that if she could but see Augustus, all would be right, and he would instantly return to her. Who could have attempted to undeceive so confiding and tender a heart? The thing was impossible, and I could only repeat the promise of trying to soften Lord L———'s determination. "I ask only to see him, if it were but for once," said she, over and over again, as if to impress me deeply with the sense of her wishes. That *once*, however, was what Augustus persisted in refusing; all I could say being of no avail whatever.

Meanwhile I made every arrangement for the concert, and having secured the Albertina, and several other performers of eminence, we fixed the day, which was the one that followed Augustus's intended departure. He had appointed me to come and see him on that morning, to take leave of him. I attended accordingly. He then said, that as I might perhaps be gone by the time he returned from the country, he was desirous of knowing what service he could be of to me. I declined, however, any thing for *myself*, laying a stress on that word, as if to indicate the thoughts that were passing within.

"I understand," said he, "you are a generous friend, but do, for heaven's sake, cease to talk to me about Adelaide, and do not, Maximilian, I conjure you, help her in any attempt to take me by surprise. An interview could but be painful to us both, and is much better avoided."

I was therefore obliged to take my leave of him, without accomplishing the end I had wished for.

The next day Adelaide was in such deep affliction, that we had some trouble to persuade her to dress and attend the concert at the hour that was fixed. Whether the desire of outshining her rival had some effect in raising her spirits, or whether, unknown even to herself, there yet lurked some hope in her heart that Augustus was not gone; certain it was, however, her languor seemed to disappear as she entered his house; a flush animated her countenance, and increased her beauty, as she walked with a firm step to the scene of her anticipated triumph. Albertina was advancing, likewise, with the air of a queen, her height and appearance rendering

her strikingly different from Adelaide; and these two syrens, after eyeing each other in silence, sat down on opposite sides of the waiting-room, each surrounded by a little host of admiring dilettanti. The concert began with an instrumental piece, which was to be followed by a vocal one, before either of the prima donnas made their appearance. Adelaide was put down as the first of the two, which gave such umbrage to Albertina, that she declared if such were the case, she would immediately retire. Of course the partisans of Adelaide thought necessary to resent this warmly, and the nearer the time approached, the fiercer the dispute grew. La Caracelli would, I am sure, in her own person, have gladly given up the contest, but her party would have considered their honour as tainted had they not beaten the enemy from the field. In this emergency, a lady, who at Augustus's request had consented to take the part of the mistress of the house on this occasion, came up to me, and told me she would contrive to divert Albertina's attention while Adelaide sang her cavatina, directing me to lead off Adelaide the moment it was over, through a side door, into a cabinet of curiosities, where she requested she should stay till Albertina had likewise done singing.* Our stratagem succeeded perfectly, and at the appointed time Adelaide was led on without delay. She sang the same air in which she had been so successful before, and, though I had so often heard it, the effect of those words, "Tu m'abbandoni ingrato," sung in the very house of her unfaithful lover, and with all the attending circumstances, was so powerful that I could not refrain from tears. The very walls ought to have been melted by such strains, so full of love and passionate despair. "What volumes," thought I, "would it not speak to the heart of him who is the occasion of her grief, could he but hear it."

I then led her off, as we had preconcerted, by a side door, for I knew every corner of the house, and we entered the cabinet as agreed. A lamp was burning on the table, beside which was lying a portrait of a very handsome woman. This immediately caught Adelaide's eye, and acted upon her as the positive conviction that Augustus loved another. A passionate exclamation escaped her, and her gestures were so violent at the moment as to overthrow a small china vase, which was immediately smashed in pieces on the polished oaken floor. Upon this noise the door instantly opened, and to our mutual astonishment Augustus appeared. His surprise and indignation were evident in his face.

"Maximilian, you have betrayed me—wherefore this scene?" said he, looking at us alternately.

I pointed to the portrait, and hastily explained how we came there.

"My mother's picture," said he, "should not have given rise to this," and he put it coldly into a drawer. The old-fashioned dress had escaped Adelaide's notice, and what a load these words took from her heart.

"Leave us, Maximilian—leave us one moment," whispered she, and I instantly quitted the room.

Lord L———, it seems, unable to resist the wish of hearing Adelaide once more, had secretly stayed in town, and, without appearing to any of his friends, had been in a small room adjoining the one where the concert was given, during the time of her performance. She comprehended all this with the quickness of lightning, and following up, as she thought, the advantage she had already gained, spoke to him in the language of other times, though his ears were long since closed to that language. A few cold words were all his reply to the eloquence of a loving heart; and on her asking him what reason he had to excuse his infidelity, he replied, "No more of this—I am married."

Caracelli heard no more. She remained motionless as a statue, and then fell senseless on the sofa. Lord L———, who, perhaps, to stifle the cries of his conscence, was willing to consider this as a mere theatrical performance, hurried out of the room, and finding me at hand, said, "I wish you would take care of her, Maximilian. I protest I can do nothing for her."

So saying, he walked away, and in a few minutes I heard a carriage drive off. Poor Caracelli! It was now my task to revive and console her as well as I could. Unable to sing any more that night, she was excused to the public on the plea of indisposition, and Albertina was left to enjoy her triumph alone. And her partisans did not fail to have inserted in the newspapers on the following day, that Signora Caracelli had left the concert in a fit of passion at her own inferiority. But what cared Adelaide for any thing that was said of her? She could not be roused to the slightest resentment; nothing that her worst enemy might have said or done, could, I believe, have had the power to move her at this time. "I will return," were the first words she said the next day on seeing me; even she being convinced that all was over. Lord L———, I afterwards heard, had been married some weeks, but family reasons had made it necessary to keep it a secret. His journey to town was one of business; and mere curiosity, it seems, had made him delay his departure till evening, as certainly he was far from desiring to meet Adelaide.

The preparations for our departure were soon made, and the following day saw us on our road. Adelaide said not a syllable about Augustus during the whole time of our journey. When we arrived at her villa, near Milan, and she perceived how anxious I was to go on to Naples, she told me she would not detain me any longer than I pleased. She then expressed her warmest gratitude for my friendship, and added, with a sweet smile, "I hope some day to prove it by something more than words. Adieu, be happy, rest assured that such will ever be my most ardent wish." I forbore asking the meaning of her observation, but it gave me an indefinite feeling of pain, and my tears fell upon her hand as I kissed it, and bade her farewell.

The remainder of my journey was full of pleasant anticipations, which were more than realised, when Signor Melincini received me as he would a son, and declared in the fulness of his heart, that if I would settle in Naples, he would give me his daughter for a wife. This unexpected kindness was received with all the gratitude it deserved, and though Claudia said but little, I could perceive that her father had not presumed too much on her dutifulness. Our marriage was, however, to be postponed for a year or two, to give me time to advance in my profession. As I was now somewhat favourably known to the Neapolitan public, I was employed to write another opera, besides masses and mottets for the church, all of which tended to establish my reputation. This led to my being employed to compose an oratorio for the passion week, for the nuns of the Spirito Santo at Rome. As my occupations at the time precluded my being present to hear it rehearsed, and to give the necessary instructions to the performers, a friend of Signor Melincini, a musician, residing at Rome, had taken that duty upon himself; yet such was my desire of ascertaining the effect of my music on the Roman public, that, as the time approached, I managed to lay aside all affairs for a few days, and set out for Rome so as to arrive in that city on the day of the performance. I entered the church as a stranger, without making myself known to any one; but had not been there five minutes, when a young man, pointing to an empty place beside him, made me a sign to approach. I recognised the young man whom I was accustomed to see at Adelaide's, and, after mutual greetings, I asked him whether he knew any thing of her. "You will hear her presently," said he, in an under voice, for the music had now begun, and superseded our conversation. I did indeed recognise Adelaide's voice the instant she took up the solo; it sounded grander, more powerful, and more expressive than ever; but I was so intent on thinking what Leo meant to imply by his impressive manner, that I could hardly give my full share of attention to the performance, however much I, above all others, was interested in it.

When it was over, and the crowd had dispersed, Leo embraced me, and said: "Your poor friend, as you probably surmise by this time, has become one of the nuns of the Spirito Santo. It was at her recommendation that you were employed to write the oratorio that we have just heard. She no doubt expected it would bring you to Rome to hear it, and she has delegated me to tell you that she has left a considerable portion of her fortune to you."

So saying, we left the church. This generous act of Adelaide's had, however, no power to remove the painful feelings that I experienced at the thought of such beauty and such talents being for ever secluded from the world. Leo understood my silence, and we walked back to my hotel almost without exchanging a word. At last I asked whether I could see Adelaide. "No," replied Leo, "I know it is her wish to see no one for the first year, not even Sempronia, whom she left at Milan. She probably thinks an entire seclusion is the best means of breaking off with a world of which she has expressed herself so weary." I had nothing to say to this argument. We spent the remainder of the day talking over the events of past times, and principally of Adelaide.

My stay at Rome was short; I felt anxious to be on the road, to remove the weight that seemed to rest on my heart. Being now enabled, by my altered circumstances, to offer Claudia a home more worthy of her than I had hoped would have been for some time in my power to do, we were married shortly after, to her father's great satisfaction.

In after times I often made visits to Rome, together with my wife, where we always found the kindest friends in Sempronia and her husband, who had taken up their permanent abode in that city on Adelaide's account. Her sister never passed a day without seeing her; I was often admitted likewise; but though she assured me she had no regret whatever for the world she had quitted, I never could see that lovely face, half concealed by the grating, without thinking of the thousands it had enchanted, and sighing out a requiem over the lost Caracelli.

C. DE P.

* An expedient of this kind is related by Dr. Burney, of Horace Walpole's mother; the two rival syrens being Faustina and Curroni.

Crichton.—The Messrs. Harpers are before us for once in the publication of a sterling new novel, having the "Admirable Crichton" for its hero, and for its author a true successor of Sir Walter Scott, William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., the author of "Rookwood." We had designed it for the opening of the ensuing volume of the Library, now near at hand, and notwithstanding it is thus accessible, we cannot consent to deprive our readers of the pleasure of its perusal. It is highly dramatic in its development; the time that of Henry III. of France, and Catherine de Medicis; the scenes at Paris, and principally in the Louvre.

Mr. Ainsworth has most eminently succeeded in producing a standard historical romance; in short, a "Waldie novel," which we shall have great pleasure in giving to our readers as soon as it is practicable.

Mrs. Butler's "Star of Seville," of which we gave a favourable notice the week before last, has been published in New York by Saunders & Otley, and is for sale by the booksellers.

Pompeii.—The *Piedmontese Gazette* states that, in one of the recent excavations at Pompeii, a caldron of clear and pure water, standing over a fire at the time of the destruction of the city, has been discovered. [The above is from the London Literary Gazette, and may be received with "caution."]

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Lockhart's Life of Scott.—If we gave our unqualified approbation to the first "part" of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, by his son-in-law and literary executor, we may safely repeat it with respect to the second, which has been for some days on our table, from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard. Mr. Lockhart has approached his task in the very best spirit; he seems to have no ambition for displaying either his subject or himself in any other than a natural light, and indeed there is so much to tell of fame, cotemporary admiration, friendships, and popularity, which is true, that there is no temptation to embellish. We have therefore a very accurate, and it is a very beautiful, picture of the mind and habits of this very great and successful poet and novelist. A son-in-law with a petty ambition to exhibit *himself* when portraying such a father and friend, might have been pardoned if he had allowed an outbreak of self-esteem once in a chapter or two; but there is nothing of this, nor nothing like foisting in irrelevant anecdotes of Mrs. Lockhart. Such tricks are of course unworthy even a moderately well balanced mind. We are sometimes afflicted by public writers daily talking to us of all the people they have ever mixed casually with, and calling them *friends;* even stirring up a stale topic to tell where they did not study their humanities; in short, shoving *self* eternally before their readers, as if it rendered them important. Such people little know the effect thus produced; if they had comprehension sufficient to see what it must inevitably always be, they would avoid it as they would a pestilence; but it is the misfortune of such, that having eyes they see not, ears and they hear not. Mr. Lockhart has nothing of this, and we like him all the better for it.

He has, in fact, so ably accomplished what he is modest enough merely to term a compilation, that little is left for us to do but enjoy the product, and endeavour to convey to the general reader some portion of our satisfaction, by offering those who have not yet received the life a few of the racy extracts which every chapter would liberrally afford.

Part second carries on the life from 1804 to 1811, when he has the poem of Rokeby in hand, having recently publirhed the Vision of Don Roderick, the proceeds of which latter he devoted to the cause of the suffering Portuguese, whose lands had been overrun and their crops destroyed by hostile armies. The letters which are introduced into this portion are more interesting than the former, being the productions of a more mature mind, as woll as one devoted more deeply to literary pursuits. There are several to Miss Joanna Baillie, for whom he had a strong friendship, backed by sincere admiration; many to Miss Seward, &c., each evincing his good taste, playfulness, and good feelings. The account of the origin of the Quarterly Review in opposition to the Edinburgh, so fully given in chapter eighteen, will greatly interest the literary reader, and exhibit some curious secrets of the reviewers' trade.

Of his habits in 1805 we have the following very pleasant revelations:—

> But the most agreeable of all his visitants were his own old familiar friends, and one of these has furnished me with a sketch of the autumn life of Ashestiel, of which I shall now avail myself. Scott's invitation was in these terms:—
>
> "*To James Skene, Esq., of Rubislaw.*
>
> "Ashestiel, 18th August, 1805.
>
> "Dear Skene,—I have prepared another edition of the Lay, 1500 strong, moved thereunto by the faith, hope, and charity of the London booksellers. . . . . If you could, in the interim, find a moment to spend here, you know the way, and the ford is where it was; which, by the way, is more than I expected after Saturday last, the most dreadful storm of thunder and lightning I ever witnessed. The lightning broke repeatedly in our immediate vicinity, *i. e.* betwixt us and the Peel Wood. Charlotte resolved to die in bed like a good Christian. The servants said it was the preface to the end of the world, and I was the only person that maintained my character for stoicism, which I assure you had some merit, as I had no doubt that we were in real danger. It was accompanied with a flood so tremendous that I would have given five pounds you had been here to make a sketch of it. The little Glenkinnon brook was impassable for all the next day, and indeed I have been obliged to send all hands to repair the ford, which was converted into a deep pool. Believe me ever yours affectionately,
>
> "W. S."

Mr. Skene says,—

> "I well remember the ravages of the storm and flood described in this letter. The ford of Ashestiel was never a good one, and for some time after this it remained not a little perilous. He was himself the first to attempt the passage on his favourite black horse *Captain*, who had scarcely entered the river when he plunged beyond his depth, and had to swim to the other side with its burden. It requires a good horseman to swim a deep and rapid stream, but he trusted to the vigour of his steady trooper, and in spite of his lameness kept his seat manfully. A cart bringing a new kitchen *range* (as I believe the grate for that service is technically called,) was shortly after upset in this ugly ford. The horse and cart were with difficulty got out, but the grate remained for some time in the middle of the stream to do duty as a horse trap, and furnish subject for many a good joke when Mrs. Scott happened to complain of the imperfection of her kitchen appointments."

Mr. Skene soon discovered an important change which had been recently made in his friend's distribution of his time. Previously it had been his custom, whenever professional business or social engagements occupied the middle part of his day, to seize some hours for study after he was supposed to have retired to bed. His physician suggested that this was very likely to aggravate his nervous headaches, the only malady he was subject to in the prime of his manhood; and, contemplating with steady eye a course not only of unremitting but of increasing industry, he resolved to reverse his plan, and carried his purpose into execution with unflinching energy. In short, he had now adopted the habits in which, with very slender variation, he ever after persevered when in the country. He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation—for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those "bed-gown and slipper tricks," as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshaled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language,) "*to break the neck of the day's work.*" After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, "his own man." When the weather was bad, he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over-night, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness.

It was another rule, that every letter he received should be answered that same day. Nothing else could have enabled him to keep abreast with the flood of communication that in the sequel put his good nature to the severest test—but already the demands on him in this way also were numerous; and he included attention to them among the necessary business which must be despatched before he had a right to close his writing-box, or as he phrased it, "to say *out damned spot*, and be a gentleman." In turning over his enormous mass of correspondence, I have almost invariably found some indication that, when a letter had remained more than a day or two unanswered, it had been so bocause he found occasion for enquiry or deliberate consideration.

I ought not to omit that in those days Scott was far too zealous a dragoon not to take a principal share in the stable duty. Before beginning his desk work in the morning, he uniformly visited his favourite steed, and neither *Captain* nor *Lieutenant*, nor the lieutenant's successor, *Brown Adam*, (so called after one of the heroes of the Minstrelsy,) liked to be fed except by him. The latter charger was indeed altogether intractable in other hands, though in his the most submissive of faithful allies. The moment he was bridled and saddled, it was the custom to open the stable door as a signal that his master expected him, when he immediately trotted to the side of the *leaping-on-stone*, of which Scott from his lameness found it convenient to make use, and stood there, silent and motionless as a rock, until he was fairly in his seat, after which he displayed his joy by neighing triumphantly through a brilliant succession of curvettings. Brown Adam never suffered himself to be backed but by his master. He broke, I believe, one groom's arm and another's leg in the rash attempt to tamper with his dignity.

Camp was at this time the constant parlour dog. He was very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. As for the more locomotive Douglas and Percy, he kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that they might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said—and the animal certainly did understand not a little of it; in particular, it seemed as

if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him as a sensible and steady friend, the grayhounds as volatile young creatures whose freaks must be borne with.

The Quarterly Review owed its origin in a great measure to the faults of the Edinburgh, and Scott was evidently stimulated to give it his utmost assistance by Mr. Jeffrey's criticism on Marmion, which was deemed not only unfriendly but unjust. The following is Mr. Lockhart's version of the interview between the reviewer and the poet, which has been often told with a somewhat different colouring:

At all events, Scott could make allowance for the petulancies into which men the least disposed to injure the feelings of others will sometimes be betrayed, when the critical rod is in their hands. He assured Mr. Jeffrey that the article had not disturbed his digestion, though he hoped neither his booksellers nor the public would agree with the opinions it expressed; and begged he would come to dinner at the hour previously appointed. Mr. Jeffrey appeared accordingly, and was received by his host with the frankest cordiality; but had the mortification to observe that the mistress of the house, though perfectly polite, was not quite so easy with him as usual. She, too, behaved herself with exemplary civility during the dinner; but could not help saying, in her broken English, when her guest was departing,—"Well, good night,, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de review, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid *you* very well for writing it." This anecdote was not perhaps worth giving; but it has been printed already in an exaggerated shape, so I thought it as well to present the edition which I have derived from the lips of all the three persons concerned. No one, I am sure, will think the worse of any of them for it—least of all of Mrs. Scott. She might well be pardoned, if she took to herself more than her own share in the misadventures of the most affectionate of protectors. It was, I believe, about this time when, as Scott has confessed, "the popularity of Marmion gave him such a *heeze*, he had for a moment almost lost his footing," that a shrewd and sly observer, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, said, wittily enough, upon leaving a brilliant assembly where the poet had been surrounded by all the buzz and glare of fashionable ecstasy,—"Mr. Scott always seems to me like a glass, through which the rays of admiration pass without sensibly affecting it; but the bit of paper that lies beside it will presently be in a blaze—and no wonder."

Marmion, notwithstanding the review, had wonderful success:—

I shall conclude this chapter with a summary of booksellers' accounts. Marmion was first printed in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The 2000 copies of this edition were all disposed of in less than a month, when a second of 3000 copies, in 8vo, was sent to press. There followed a third and fourth edition, each of 3000, in 1809; a fifth of 2000, early in 1810; and a sixth of 3000, in two volumes, crown 8vo, with twelve designs by Singleton, before the end of that year; a seventh of 4000, and an eighth of 5000 copies, 8vo, in 1811; a ninth of 3000 in 1815; a tenth of 500, in 1820; an eleventh of 500, and a twelfth of 2000 copies, in foolscap, both in 1825. The legitimate sale in this country, therefore, down to the time of its being included in the first collective edition of his poetical works, amounted to 31,600; and the aggregate of that sale, down to the period at which I am writing, (May, 1836,) may be stated at 50,000 copies. I presume it is right for me to facilitate the task of future historians of our literature by preserving these details as often as I can.

Such particulars respecting many of the great works even of the last century are already sought for with vain regret; and I anticipate no day when the student of English civilisation will pass without curiosity the cotemporary reception of the Tale of Flodden Field.

Perhaps the trait we have remarked in Mr. Lockhart's editorship, that of keeping self and the immediate family of Sir Walter out of sight, may be thought to have been carried rather too far; the reader will however recollect that he indulged us with some very charming love-letters from Lady Scott, and we now further interest him with a few family anecdotes, furnished by the portion of the book under notice. First of his opinions, &c., on the education of his children:—

By many external accomplishments, either in girl or boy, he set little store. He delighted to hear his daughters sing an old ditty, or one of his own framing; but, so the singer appeared to feel the spirit of her ballad, he was not at all critical of the technical execution. There was one thing, however, on which he fixed his heart hardly less than the ancient Persians of the Cyropædia; like them, next to love of truth, he held love of horsemanship for the prime point of education. As soon as his eldest girl could sit a pony, she was made the regular attendant of his mountain rides; and they all, as they attained sufficient strength, had the like advancement. He taught them to think nothing of tumbles, and habituated them to his own reckless delight in perilous fords and flooded streams; and they imbibed in great perfection his passion for horses—as well, I may venture to add, as his deep reverence for the more important article of that Persian training. "Without courage," he said, "there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue."

He had a horror of boarding-schools; never allowed his girls to learn any thing out of his own house; and chose their governess—(Miss Miller)—who about this time was domesticated with them, and never left them while they needed one,—with far greater regard to her kind good temper and excellent moral and religious principles, than to the measure of her attainments in what are called fashionable accomplishments. The admirable system of education for boys in Scotland combines all the advantages of public and private instruction; his carried their satchels to the High-School, when the family was in Edinburgh, just as he had done before them, and shared of course the evening society of their happy home. But he rarely, if ever, left them in town, when he could himself be in the country; and at Ashestiel he was, for better or for worse, his eldest boy's daily tutor after he began Latin.

James Ballantyne furnishes the annexed memoranda, which strike us as remarkably curious:

"I remember," he says, "going into his library shortly after the publication of the Lady of the Lake, and finding Miss Scott (who was then a very young girl) there by herself—I asked her—'Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like the Lady of the Lake?' Her answer was given with perfect simplicity,—'Oh, I have not read it; papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry.'"

In fact, his children in those days had no idea of the source of his distinction—or rather, indeed, that his position was in any respect different from that of other advocates, sheriffs, and clerks of session. The eldest boy came home one afternoon about this time from the High School, with tears and blood hardened together upon his cheeks. "Well, Wat," said his father, "what have you been fighting about to-day?" With that the boy blushed and hung his head, and at last stammered out—that "he had been called *a lassie*." "Indeed!" said Mrs. Scott, "that was a terrible mischief, to be sure." "You may say what you please, mamma," Wat answered roughly, "but I dinna think there's a *waufer* (shabbier) thing in the world than to be a lassie, to sit boring at a clout." Upon further enquiry, it turned out that one or two of his companions had dubbed him *The Lady of the Lake*, and the phrase was to him incomprehensible, save as conveying some imputation on his prowess, which he accordingly vindicated in the usual style of the Yards. Of the poem he had never before heard. Shortly after, this story having got wind, one of Scott's colleagues of the clerk's table said to the boy—"Gilknockie, my man, you cannot surely help seeing that great people make more work about your papa than they do about me or any other of your *uncles*—what is it, do you suppose, that occasions this?" The little fellow pondered for a minute or two, and then answered very gravely—"It's commonly *him* that sees the hare sitting." And yet this was the man that had his children all along so very much with him. In truth, however, young Walter had guessed pretty shrewdly in the matter, for his father had all the tact of the Sutherland Highlander, whose detection of an Irish rebel up to the neck in a bag, he has commemorated in a note upon Rokeby. Like him, he was quick to catch the *sparkle* of the future victim's eye; and often said jestingly of himself, that whatever might be thought of him as a *maker* (poet), he was an excellent *trouveur*.

Ballantyne adds:—

"One day, about this same time, when his fame was supposed to have reached its acmé, I said to him—'Will you excuse me, Mr. Scott, but I should like to ask you what you think of your own genius as a poet, in comparison with that of Burns?' He replied—'There is no comparison whatever—we ought not to be named in the same day.' 'Indeed!' I answered, 'would you compare Campbell to Burns?' 'No, James, not at all. If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country.' But, in fact," (continues Ballantyne,)—"he had often said to me that neither his own nor any modern popular style of composition was that from which he derived most pleasure. I asked him what it was. He answered—Johnson's; and that he had more pleasure in reading *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, than any other poetical composition he could mention; and I think I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration than while reciting aloud from these productions."

What an amiable picture is the following:—

He was not one of those who take much delight in a mere infant; but no father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they successively reached the age when they could listen to him and understand his talk. Like their mute playmates, Camp and the grayhounds, they had at *all* times free access to his study; he never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions: and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labour as if refreshed by the interruption. From a very early age he made them dine at table, and "to sit up to supper,' was the reward when they had been "very good bairns." In short, he considered it as the highest duty as well as the sweetest pleasure of a parent to be the companion of his children; he partook all their little joys and sorrows, and made his kind unformal instructions to blend so easily and playfully with the current of their own musings and doings, that so far from regarding him with any distant awe, it was never thought that any sport or diversion could go on in the right way, unless *papa* were of the party, or that the rainiest day could be dull as he were at home.

Sir Walter had from his boyish days a great love of theatrical representations, and cultivated the society of the most eminent performers. Among those he called his friends were Miss Smith, now Mrs. Bartley, whom many Americans will recollect with pleasure, Mrs. Siddons, and her brother, John Philip Kemble. The following is an anecdote of the latter:—

I have heard Scott chuckle with particular glee over the recollection of an excursion to the vale of the Ettrick, near which river the party were pursued by a bull. "Come, King John," said he, "we must even take the water," and accordingly he and his daughter plunged into the stream. But King John, halting on the bank and surveying the river, which happened to be full and turbid, exclaimed, in his usual solemn manner,

——"The flood is angry, sheriff,
Methinks I 'll get me up into a tree."*

It was well that the dogs had succeeded in diverting the bull, because there was no tree at hand which could have sustained King John, nor, had that been otherwise, could so stately a personage have dismounted and ascended with such alacrity as circumstances would have required. He at length followed his friends through the river with the rueful dignity of Don Quixote.

Poor Miss Seward! this biography of Scott is her death knell. She bequeathed her poetry to Sir Walter, whose opinion is thus expressed in a letter to Joanna Baillie:—

"I plead guilty to the charge of ill-breeding to Miss ***. The despair which I used to feel on receiving poor Miss Seward's letters, whom I really liked, gave me a most unsentimental horror for sentimental letters. The crossest thing I ever did in my life was to poor, dear

---

* John Kemble's most familiar table-talk often flowed into blank verse; and so indeed did his sister's. Scott (who was a capital mimic) often repeated her tragic exclamation to a footboy during a dinner at Ashestiel,

"You 've brought me water, boy—I asked for beer."

Miss Seward; she wrote me in an evil hour (I had never seen her, mark that!) a long and most passionate epistle upon the death of a dear friend, whom I had never seen neither, concluding with a charge not to attempt answering the said letter, for she was dead to the world, &c. &c. &c. Never were commands more literally obeyed. I remained as silent as the grave, till the lady made so many enquiries after me, that I was afraid of my death being prematurely announced by a sonnet or an elegy. When I did see her, however, she interested me very much, and I am now doing penance for my ill-breeding, by submitting to edit her posthumous poetry, most of which is absolutely execrable. This, however, is the least of my evils, for when she proposed this bequest to me, which I could not in decency refuse, she combined it with a request that I would publish her whole literary correspondence. This I declined on principle, having a particular aversion at perpetuating that sort of gossip; but what availed it? Lo! to ensure the publication, she left it to an Edinburgh bookseller; and I anticipate the horror of seeing myself advertised for a live poet on a painted streamer, for I understand all her friends are depicted therein in body, mind, and manners. So much for the risks of sentimental correspondence."

* * * * * * * * *

In the course of this autumn appeared the poetical works of Miss Seward, in three volumes 12mo, with a prefatory memoir of her life by Scott. This edition had, as we have seen, been enjoined by her last will—but his part in it was an ungrateful one, and the book was among the most unfortunate that James Ballantyne printed, and his brother published, in deference to the personal feelings of their partner. He had been, as was natural, pleased and flattered by the attentions of the Lichfield poetess in the days of his early aspirations after literary distinction; but her verses, which he had with his usual readiness praised to herself beyond their worth, appeared when collected a formidable monument of mediocrity. Her correspondence, published at the same time by Constable, was considered by him with still greater aversion. He requested the bookseller to allow him to look over the MS., and draw his pen through passages in which her allusions to letters of his own might compromise him as a critic on his poetical cotemporaries. To this request Constable handsomely acceded, although it was evident that he thus deprived the collection of its best chance of popularity. I see, on comparing her letters as they originally reached Scott with the printed copies, that he had also struck out many of her most extravagant rhapsodies about himself and his works. No collection of this kind, after all, can be wholly without value; I have already drawn from it some sufficiently interesting fragments, as the biographers of other eminent authors of this time will probably do hereafter under the like circumstances: and, however affected and absurd, Miss Seward's prose is certainly far better than her verse.

The success of the Lady of the Lake:—

"The quarto edition of 2050 copies disappeared instantly, and was followed in the course of the same year by four editions in octavo, viz. one of 3000, a second of 3250, and a third and a fourth each of 6000 copies; thus, in the space of a few months, the extraordinary number of 20,000 copies were disposed of. In the next year (1811,) there was another edition of 3000; there was one of 2000 in 1814; another of 2000 in 1815; one of 2000 again in 1819; and two, making between them 2500, appeared in 1825; since which time the Lady of the Lake, in collective editions of his poetry, and in separate issues, must have circulated to the extent of at least 20,000 copies more."

So that, down to the month of July, 1836, the legitimate sale in Great Britain has been not less than 50,000 copies.

Character of Boswell by Scott:—

"Boswell himself was callous to the *contacts* of Dr. Johnson, and, when telling them, always reminds one of a jockey receiving a kick from the horse which he is showing off to a customer, and is grinning with pain while he is trying to cry out, 'Pretty rogue—no vice—all fun.' To him Johnson's rudeness was only '*pretty Fanny's way*.' Dr. Robertson had a sense of good breeding, which inclined him rather to forego the benefit of Johnson's conversation than awaken his rudeness."

Scott's opinion of his own farming:—

"I am delighted with the account of your brother's sylvan empire in Glo'stershire. The planting and cultivation of trees always seemed to me the most interesting occupation of the country. I cannot enter into the spirit of common vulgar farming, though I am doomed to carry on, in a small extent, that losing trade. It never occurred to me to be a bit more happy because my turnips were better than my neighbours'; and as for *grieving* my shearers, as we very emphatically term it in Scotland, I am always too happy to get out of the way, that I may hear them laughing at a distance when on the harvest rigg.

'So every servant takes his course,
And bad at first, they all grow worse,'—

I mean for the purposes of agriculture,—for my hind shall kill a salmon, and my plough-boy find a hare sitting, with any man in the forest. But planting and pruning trees I could work at from morning till night; and if ever my poetical revenues enable me to have a few acres of my own, that is one of the principal pleasures I look forward to. There is, too, a sort of self-congratulation, a little tickling self-flattery in the idea that, while you are pleasing and amusing yourself, you are seriously contributing to the future welfare of the country, and that your very acorn may send its future ribs of oak to future victories like Trafalgar."

With these illustrations of the pleasant kind of reading of the work, we close our notice of the second portion, anxious as before for the continuation.

Thomas Hood. The Author's Club.—We commend to the attention of the authors' club, recently established in New York for the encouragement of native talent, a recent humorous essay by Thomas Hood, on the subject of remuneration to authors. He alludes to the many difficulties thrown in the way of authors, by the law, "the *prophets* of booksellers, the neglect of government patronage to the craft, and so forth. "If we enquire into the causes of this depression," he says, "some must undoubtedly be laid at the doors of literary men themselves; but perhaps the greater proportion may be traced to the want of any definite ideas amongst people in general on the following particulars:—1. How an author writes. 2. Why an author writes. 3. What an author writes: upon which head there is a wonderful diversity of opinions; one," he continues, "thinks that writing is 'as easy as lying,' and pictures the author sitting carefully at his desk 'with his glove on,' like Sir Roger de Coverley's poetical ancestor. A second holds that 'the easiest reading is d—d hard writing,' and imagines Time himself beating his brains over an extempore. A third believes in inspiration, i. e. that metaphors, quotations, classical allusions, historical illustrations, and even dramatic plots, all come to the waking author by intuition; whilst ready-made poems, like Coleridge's Kubla Khan, are dictated to him in his sleep. Of course the estimate of his desert will rise or fall according to the degree of learned labour attributed to the composition: he who sees in his mind's eye a genius of the lamp, consuming gallons on gallons of midnight oil—will assign a rate of reward, regulated probably by the success of the Hull whalers; whilst the believer in inspiration will doubtless conceive that the author ought to be fed as well as prompted by miracle, and accordingly bid him look up, like the apostle on the old Dutch tiles, for a bullock coming down from heaven in a bundle. Secondly. *Why* an author writes; and there is as wide a patchwork of opinions on this head as on the former. Some think that he writes for the present—others, that he writes for posterity—and a few, that he writes for antiquity. One believes that he writes for the benefit of the world in general—his own excepted—which is the opinion of the law. A second conceives that he writes for the benefit of booksellers in particular—and this is the trade's opinion. A third takes it for granted that he writes for nobody's benefit but his own—which is the opinion of the green room. He is supposed to write for fame—for money—for amusement—for political *ends*—and, by certain schoolmasters, 'to improve his mind.' Need it be wondered at, that in this uncertainty as to his motives, the world sometimes perversely gives him any thing but the thing he wants. Thus the rich author, who yearns for fame, gets a pension; the poor one, who hungers for bread, receives a diploma from Aberdeen; the writer for amusement has the pleasure of a mohawking review in a periodical; and the gentleman in search of a place has an offer from a sentimental milliner! Thirdly. *What* an author writes. The world is so much of a Champollion, that it can understand hieroglyphics, if nothing else; it can comprehend outward visible signs, and grapple with a tangible emblem. It knows that a man on a table stands for patriotism, a man in a pulpit for religion, and so on, but it is a little obtuse as to what it reads in King Cadus's types. A book hangs out no sign. Thus persons will go through a chapter, enforcing some principal duty of man towards his Maker or his neighbour, without discovering that, in all but the name, they have been reading a sermon. A solid mahogany pulpit is wanting to such a perception. They will con over an essay, glowing with the most ardent love of liberty, instinct with the noblest patriotism, and replete with the soundest maxims of polity, without the remotest notion that, except its being delivered upon paper instead of *vivâ voce*, they have been attending to a speech. As for dreaming of the author as a being who could sit in parliament, and uphold the same sentiments, they would as soon think of chairing an abstract idea. They must see a *bonâ fide* wagon, with its true blue orange or green flag, to arrive at such a conclusion. The material keeps the upper hand. Hence the sight of a substantial vicar may suggest the necessity of a parsonage and a glebe; but the author is, according to the proverb, 'out of sight, out of mind'—a spirituality not to be associated with such tangible temporalities as bread and cheese. He is condemned, *par contumace*, to dine, *tête-à-tête*, with the Barmecide or Duke Humphrey, whilst, for want of a visible hustings, or velvet cushion, the small still voice of his pages is never conceived of as coming from a patriot, a statesman, a priest, or a prophet."

We find in the New York papers the following "formula" of the "Authors' Club," designed for the encouragement of native talent, and rewarding literary labour, a plan which must have the hearty concurrence of every good member of society, provided it keeps itself to its legitimate object, which we trust this society will do:—

"Formula.—We, the undersigned, associates of the Authors' Club, founded in the city of New York, Anno Domini, 1837, with the design of devising and adopting measures for encouraging native talent, and rewarding literary labour in the United States, hereby agree to co-operate with the executive committee appointed for that purpose, in establishing and sustaining a literary periodical, to be called the 'Book of the Authors' Club,' by writing for the same, encouraging others to contribute to its pages and aid its circulation, or in such other modes as circumstances may require and justify:—it being understood and provided that no pecuniary responsibility shall be incurred hereby."

The "Book of the Authors' Club" is to be issued weekly, in elegant style, at $5 per annum; and a liberal compensation, consisting of all the net profits of the work, is to be allowed to contributors.

The officers of the club, for the current year, are:

President.—Washington Irving.

Vice-Presidents.—J. Fennimore Cooper, Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Executive Committee.—Rev. J. F. Schroeder, D. D., editor; Solyman Brown, A. M., secretary; Caleb Ticknor, M. D., treasurer.

Publishing Committee.—Greenville Mellen, Rufus Dawes, and Rev. Calvin Cotton.

Nick of the Woods.—It will be perceived by our list of London books, that Dr. Bird's novel, "Nick of the Woods," has been published in London by Bentley, and edited by Mr. Ainsworth, the popular, and, we may add, powerful author of Rookwood and Crichton.

Miss Landon.—We hear with unfeigned sorrow that the state of Miss Landon's health will necessarily cause some interruption to her literary labours. The annuals, to which she is always so liberal a contributor, must not hope for any aid from her pen this year. She is much too ill to write at present. The mention of this fact may possibly spare her some unavailing applications.

Miss Martineau's book on America was to have been issued in New York. We shall speak of it soon, if indeed we do not publish it in Waldie's Literary Omnibus immediately.

The London Quarterly, the new number of which, with all the magazines for May, is on our table, has, as we expected, demolished the "Evenings with Cambaceres," from which so many periodicals have made extracts. *M. Lamothe*, the concocter of sundry previous French memoirs of undoubted fictitious character, is the author of this new specimen of swindling. "They are," says the Quarterly, "below contempt for obvious falsehood and unreadable dulness—there is not, we believe, one single word of truth in the four volumes—nor have we found one single sentence which could interest or amuse any reader." (The American Gazettes differed, for they found much.) "These are the dregs of M. Lamothe, whose best productions are the dregs of all other writers, and we believe that there is not one single library table in England which will load itself with such absurd, incongruous, wearisome, offensive, and altogether execrable stuff. The four volumes cost us *forty shillings*—they are not worth *one penny!*"

Doctor Dunglison's "American Medical Library and Intelligencer" has reached the sixth semi-monthly number, and continues to be received by the profession with extraordinary favour; its amount of patronage we understand is far beyond the expectations originally formed by the publisher. Dr. Dunglison's Intelligencer embraces every possible variety of subjects bearing upon the topics of medicine, and much of the information is extremely interesting even to the uninitiated, as we propose sometimes to prove by brief extracts. The books published are of the highest and most practical character.

Lady Morgan.—The King of England has granted to Lady Morgan a pension of £300 per annum; her ladyship's eyes have failed her for the present, but there is a prospect of their restoration.

Athens; its Rise and Fall, with Views of the Literature, Philosophy, and Social Life of the Athenian People, by Edward Lytton Bulwer, is the title of the long announced *history* by the popular author of Pelham and other saleable novels. It has been published by the Messrs. Harpers in two duodecimo volumes, and may be had of the principal American booksellers. We have not yet found time to peruse it so thoroughly as to give a fair opinion of its merits.

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List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Early Recollections relating to Samuel T. Coleridge, by Joseph Cotti, 2 vols. 8vo. The Pirate of the Gulf, or Lafitte, 2 vols. post 8vo. Remarks on the Four Gospels, by W. H. Furness, 12mo. Hon and Rev. William Herbert on Bulbous Roots, 48 plates, royal 8vo. Rev. Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise, 2 vols. 8vo. 2d edition. James's Naval History of England, 6 vols. 8vo. First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan, by T. Bacon, 2 vols. 8vo. Dr. Currie's Principles of Homœopathy, 8vo. Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands, by John Williams, 8vo. Popular Treatise on Warming and Ventilating, by C. J. Richardson, 8vo. Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences, 3 vols. 8vo. Gentleman Jack, by the author of "Cavendish," 3 vols, royal 12mo. Phillips' Introduction to Minerals, by R. Allen, 8vo. The History of Banking in America, by J. W. Gilbart, 8vo. Nick of the Woods, a Story of Kentucky, edited by W. A. Ainsworth, 3 vols. The French Revolution, a History, by T. Carlyle, 3 vols. 8vo. Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas, 12mo. The Arethusa, a Naval Story, by Capt. Chamier, R.N., 3 vols. Society in America, by H. Martineau, 3 vols. Adventures of Captain Bonneville, by Washington Irving, 3 vols. 8vo. The Hussar, by the author of "The Subaltern," 2 vols. 8vo. Margam Abbey, a Historical Romance of the Fourteenth Century, 12mo. An Enquiry into the Nature of the Books of the Ancients. Lord Mahon's History of England, Vol. II., 8vo. A Birthday Tribute to the Princess Victoria, by L. E. L., 4to. Opinions of Lord Brougham, 8vo. A New Dictionary of the English Language, by C. Richardson, 2 vols. 4to. The Great Metropolis, second series, 2 vols. Library of Romance, illustrated edition, Vol. I. A Dream of Life, a Poem, by Rev. W. G. Moore.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY ADAM WALDIE.

46 CARPENTER STREET, REAR OF THE ARCADE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

From the London Spectator.

Society in America. By Harriet Martineau, author of "Political Economy," in 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

At the close of a long work in 1834, our fair instructer was ordered to travel for two years; and she chose the United States, partly from a political curiosity to witness "the actual working of republican institutions," partly from the advantage of a familiar tongue to one who is "too deaf to enjoy any thing like an average opportunity of obtaining correct knowledge where intercourse is carried on in a foreign language." The boundaries of her travels were pretty nearly the boundaries of the states,—Niagara on the north, New Orleans on the south, and the frontier line of civilisation on the west; and she threaded the country in various directions. Washington she visited when congress and the supreme court was sitting. She was "acquainted with almost every eminent senator and representative, both on the administration and opposition side; and was on friendly and intimate terms with some of the judges." "She enjoyed the hospitality of the president, and several of the heads of departments; and was in society from morning till night." In all the leading towns did our author reside; she was domiciled in the country; she consorted with professors and divines; and saw—but let her say herself what she saw and did.

"In the course of this tour I visited almost every kind of institution; the prisons of Auburn, Philadelphia, and Nashville; the insane and other hospitals of almost every considerable place; the literary and scientific institutions; the factories of the north, the plantations of the south, the farms of the west. I lived in houses that might be called palaces, in log-houses, and in a farm-house. I traveled much in wagons, as well as stages; also on horseback, and in some of the best and worst of steamboats. I saw weddings and christenings; the gatherings of the richer at watering-places, and of the humbler at country festivals. I was present at orations, at land sales, and in the slave market. I was in frequent attendance on the supreme court and the senate; and witnessed some of the proceedings of state legislatures. Above all, I was received into the bosom of many families, not as a stranger, but as a daughter or a sister. I am qualified, if any one is, to testify to the virtues and the peace of the homes of the United States; and let it not be thought a breach of confidence if I should be found occasionally to have spoken of these out of the fulness of my heart.

"It would be nearly impossible to relate whom I knew during my travels. Nearly every eminent man in politics, science, and literature, and almost every distinguished woman, would grace my list. I have respected and beloved friends of each political family, and of nearly every religious denomination,—among slave-holders, colonisationists, and abolitionists; among farmers, lawyers, merchants, professors, and clergy. I traveled among several tribes of Indians, and spent months in the southern states, with negroes ever at my heels.

"It has been frequently mentioned to me that my being a woman was one disadvantage, and my being previously heard of, another. In this I do not agree.

"I am sure I have seen much more of domestic life than could possibly have been exhibited to any gentleman traveling through the country. The nursery, the budoir, the kitchen, are all excellent schools in which to learn the morals and manners of a people; and as for public and professional affairs, those may always gain full information upon such matters who really feel an interest in them, be they men or women."

The result of all these advantages is one of the most methodical and elaborate examinations of the society of a country that has perhaps ever been produced. Dividing her subject into four grand parts, Miss Martineau places politics at the head of the first, and preaches upon them generally and in relation to America, in a style at once *ex cathedra*, and, if closely examined, superficial. She then treats of parties in the United States, and of the apparatus of government, and the morals of politics: the numerous subdivisions of each of which will be more readily shown in a tabular form.

APPARATUS OF GOVERNMENT.

Section 1. The General Government.
2. The Executive.
3. State Governments.

MORALS OF POLITICS.

Section 1. Office.
2. Newspapers.
3. Apathy in Citizenship.
4. Allegiance to Law.
5. Sectional Prejudice.
6. Citizenship of People of Colour.
7. Political Non-Existence of Women.

The second part bears the equivocal, but, applied to society, all-embracing title of economy. It contains a description, more or less according to the opportunities of the author, of the externals, manners, and modes of life amongst the various classes or rather peoples of America, especially of the four most marked races—the old New England country farmers, the planters of the southern states, the speculating, enterprising settlers of the west, and the pioneer of civilisation, the backwoodsman. It also includes a description of a sailing tour on the northern lakes; two valuable papers on agriculture, considered under the disposal of waste land and rural labour; the internal improvements of the country in transport and markets; manufactures—embracing the tariff and manufacturing labour; commerce—including the currency, and revenue and expenditure; and an excellent chapter on the morals of manufactures, commerce, and slavery, in which the effects of the last are displayed in the most searching and terrible manner we have yet seen.

Civilisation, indifferently handled, is the subject of the third part. Its divisions are the idea of honour, woman, children, sufferers—an equivocal term for criminals and paupers, and utterance—a phrase of still greater ambiguity, but the meaning of which is literature—that whose utterance may be said to convey a representation of the mind of the people. Under the head of the idea of honour, the feelings springing out of the possession of property, of social intercourse, and of caste, are described and dissected. Woman furnishes three sections, on marriage, occupation, and health.

The fourth part is devoted to religion, in its science, its spirit, and its administration. A conclusion, telling the reader he must conclude for himself, terminates the work, with the exception of appendices, consisting of various papers illustrating or extending the matters mentioned in the text.

The execution is of a mixed kind. In the general introductions to each part, and often in those to each particular division, the author attempts to exhaust the philosophy—to give a sort of universal rationale of her subject. And this is neither accomplished in a very masterly manner nor expressed always in a very winning tone. The lady dogmatises, without displaying either the power or the knowledge which induces a reliance on dogmas. She is didactic without teaching, and exhibits too much of the "preachee, preachee."

Something of this defect is occasionally visible in the other parts, though not to the same extent or in a similar shape. It takes the form of theorising on particular facts, and of broaching at least questionable doctrines. In the section on property, Miss Martineau seems to hint at a new and improved scheme of Pantisocracy; she falls foul of Mill, Jefferson, and Jeremy Bentham, for excluding women from politics; some of the passages, too, might have been written at home; and she occasionally displays a forced manner, a straining after effect, which, however pardonable in a periodical, is not adapted to the gravity of three volumes.

These are drawbacks; but the work will well bear them, for the breadth, the variety, the matter, and the spirit of the remaining parts. The studies of the author as a political economist and politician have sharpened and methodised her natural powers of observation in all that relates to government, social institutions, commerce, or the useful arts. Her practice as a tale-writer has had a similar effect with regard to the less tangible and more fleeting peculiarities of character, manners, and habits; whilst she tests them by a higher criterion, and turns them to more useful and better purposes than a mere novelist. With living principles and facts, and the applications she makes of them, Miss Martineau also intermingles some rich descriptions of natural scenery, very pleasant narratives of brief tours, and dramatic sketches of the persons and occurrences on the road. All these, however, are literary excellences, which might have had only a barren if not a mischievous effect as respects the main object of the book, the representation of "Society in America:" but the author has brought to her task a mind perfectly unprejudiced so far as concerns national or conventional feelings; and her volumes must be ranked, *longo intervallo*, as the best, the truest, the fullest, and, in despite of occasional blemishes, the most philosophical work that has yet appeared on the social condition of the United States.

And this social condition is better upon the whole with regard to manners—using the word in its most extended sense of behaviour and social intercourse—family morals, and the domestic affections, than the most moderate of Miss Martineau's predecessors would have led us to suppose. At the same time, it seems worse

than the foulest libellers of America have ever asserted in much that concerns the external relations between man and man, or between man and the community, as well as in the arts which grace and elevate humanity. Miss Martineau fully bears out De Tocqueville's assertion in respect to the tyranny of the majority, not with regard to actions, but to a point which should be still freer—opinion. Not only do private individuals and public persons shrink from avowing unpalatable doctrines, but the two great organs more especially charged with the inculcation of truth without regard to trimming policy or temporary results—the press and the pulpit—are silent and enslaved. If a few, prepared to become martyrs, meet to give a practical effect to their ideas, they are mobbed, not by the lower classes, but by the rich and respectable. If Miss Martineau is correct, the struggle is fiercer in America for wealth than it is in England for subsistence, without the plea of necessity, and without the redeeming or adorning graces, no matter whence derived, of art and science, and learning and letters. Whether from the tyranny of habit or opinion, no leisure is left even to the rich; professional men are generally underpaid, generally overworked, and, as professional men, always undervalued. The morality of the best states, though superior to that of Europe, is not so pure as one would have supposed. In the middle and southern states, murder is legalised under the fiction of the duello; the southern and new western states are still worse—

"A purple land, where law secures not life."

In all these last-mentioned provinces, there is the curse of slavery in addition, and of slavery under such circumstances as never, we believe, existed elsewhere. The picture drawn of this subject by Miss Martineau is one of the most frightful social expositions we remember, and all the more frightful for its perfect calmness, moderation, and justice. We do not allude to the physical sufferings of the slaves—for, generally speaking, they seem to have been much exaggerated, and Miss Martineau treats them slightingly, and considers them, where they exist, as of secondary consequence. Indeed, in all the obvious ills which appeal at once to our physical sympathies, the results appear to be, that there is much of good to qualify the evil, and that, as in many other cases, individual goodness, and the general tendency to right in the human heart, go far to modify the gross and palpable mischiefs of a vicious institution. Great familiarity was to be expected; but the patience of many slave-owners with their slaves, struck Miss Martineau as something wonderful. And this virtue, it seems, can only be attained by long habit, even if one must not be "to the manner born."

"Persons from New England, France, or England, becoming slave-holders, are found to be the most severe masters and mistresses, however good their tempers may always have appeared previously. They cannot, like the native proprietor, sit waiting half an hour for the second course, or see every thing done in the worst possible manner; their rooms dirty, their property wasted, their plans frustrated, their infants slighted, themselves deluded by artifices,—they cannot, like the native proprietor, endure all this unruffled. It seems to me that every slave-holder's temper is subjected to a discipline which must either ruin or perfect it. While we know that many tempers are thus ruined, and must mourn for the unhappy creatures who cannot escape from their tyranny, it is evident, on the other hand, that many tempers are to be met with which would shame down and silence for ever the irritability of some whose daily life is passed under circumstances of comparative ease."

De Tocqueville predicts, and grounds his prophecy on natural causes, that the southern states must eventually be peopled by a coloured race. Miss Martineau does not go this length, but she foretells the speedy extinction of slavery, from the external action of opinion, and the internal impossibility of going on much longer without a decomposition of civilisation such as it is.

For every assertion that we have made we could adduce proofs; we shall, however, vary our quotations. If any of the extracts are more ludicrous than the nature of the subject seems to admit, let the reader consider us as disciples of Democritus rather than Heraclitus.

ORTHODOXY IN THE SOUTH.

"I repeatedly heard the preaching of a remarkably liberal man, of a free and kindly spirit, in the south. His last sermon, extempore, was from the text 'Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.' The preacher told us, among other things, that God cares for all,—for the meanest as well as the mightiest. 'He cares for that coloured person,' said he, pointing to the gallery where the people of colour sit,—'he cares for that coloured person as well as for the wisest and best of you whites.' This was the most wanton insult I had ever seen offered to a human being; and it was with difficulty that I refrained from walking out of the church. Yet no one present to whom I afterwards spoke of it seemed able to comprehend the wrong. 'Well!' said they, 'does not God care for the coloured people?'

NEGRO IMITATIONS.

"The Americans possess an advantage in regard to the teaching of manners which they do not yet appreciate. They have before their eyes, in the manners of the coloured race, a perpetual caricature of their own follies—a mirror of conventionalism from which they can never escape. The negroes are the most imitative set of people living. While they are in a degraded condition, with little principle, little knowledge, little independence, they copy the most successfully those things in their superiors which involve the least principle, knowledge, and independence,—viz. their conventionalisms. They carry their mimicry far beyond any which is seen among the menials of the rich in Europe. The black footmen of the United States have tiptoe graces, stiff cravats, and eye-catching flourishes, like the footmen in London; but the imitation extends into more important matters. As the slaves of the south assume their masters' names and military titles, they assume their methods of conducting the courtesies and gaieties of life. I have in my possession a note of invitation to a ball, written on pink paper with gilt edges.* When the lady invited came to her mistress for the ticket which was necessary to authorise her being out after nine at night, she was dressed in satin with muslin over it, satin shoes, and white kid gloves; but the satin was faded, the muslin torn: the shoes were tied upon the extremities of her splay feet, and the white gloves dropping in tatters from her dark fingers. She was a caricature instead of a fine lady. A friend of mine walked a mile or two in the dusk behind two black men and a woman when they were courting. He told me that nothing could be more admirable than the coyness of the lady, and the compliments of the gallant and his friend. It could not be very amusing to those who reflect that holy and constant love, free preference, and all that makes marriage a blessing instead of a curse, were here out of the question: but the resemblance in the mode of courtship to that adopted by whites, when meditating marriage of a not dissimilar virtue—a marriage of barter—could not be overlooked.

"Even in their ultimate funereal courtesies, the coloured race imitate the whites. An epitaph on a negro baby at Savannah begins, 'Sweet blighted lily!'"

MANNERS OF GENTLEMEN AND LADIES IN PUBLIC.

"So much more has naturally been observed by travellers of American manners in stages and steamboats than in private houses, that all has been said, over and over again, that the subject deserves. I need only testify that I do not think the Americans eat faster than other people, on the whole. The celerity at hotel-tables is remarkable; but so it is in stage-coach travellers in England, who are allowed ten minutes or a quarter of an hour for dining. In private houses I was never aware of being hurried. The cheerful, unintermitting civility of all gentleman travellers, throughout the country, is very striking to a stranger. The degree of consideration shown to women is, in my opinion, greater than is rational, or good for either party; but the manners of an American stage-coach might afford a valuable lesson and example to many classes of Europeans who have a high opinion of their own civilisation. I do not think it rational or fair that every gentleman, whether old or young, sick or well, weary or untired, should, as a matter of course, yield up the best places in the stage to any lady passenger. I do not think it rational or fair that five gentlemen should ride on the top of the coach, (where there is no accommodation for holding on, and no resting-place for the feet,) for some hours of a July day in Virginia, that a young lady, who was slightly delicate, might have room to lay up her feet, and change her posture as she pleased. It is obvious that, if she was not strong enough to travel on common terms in the stage, her family should have traveled in an extra, or staid behind, or done any thing rather than allow five persons to risk their health and sacrifice their comfort for the sake of one. Whatever may be the good moral effects of such self-renunciation on the tempers of the gentlemen, the custom is very injurious to ladies. Their traveling manners are any thing but amiable. While on a journey, women who appear well enough in their homes, present all the characteristics of spoiled children. Screaming and trembling at the apprehension of danger are not uncommon; but there is something far worse in the cool selfishness with which they accept the best of every thing, at any sacrifice to others, and usually, in the south and west, without a word or look of acknowledgment. They are as like spoiled children when the gentlemen are not present to be sacrificed to them,—in the inn parlour, while waiting for meals or the stage, and in the cabin of a steamboat. I never saw any manner so repulsive as that of many American ladies on board steamboats. They look as if they supposed you mean to injure them, till you show to the contrary. The suspicious side-glance, or the full stare, the cold, immovable observation, the bristling self-defence the moment you come near, the cool pushing to get the best places, every thing said and done without the least trace of trust or cheerfulness, these are the disagreeable consequences of the ladies being petted and humoured as they are. The New England ladies, who are compelled by their superior numbers to depend less upon the care of others, are far happier and pleasanter companions in a journey than those of the rest of the country.

HONOUR IN THE SOU'-WEST.

"A passenger on board the Henry Clay, in which I ascended the Mississippi, showed in perfection the results of a false idea of honour. He belonged to one of the first families in Kentucky, had married well, and settled at Natchez, Mississippi. His wife was slandered by a resident of Natchez, who, refusing to retract, (retract?) was shot dead by the husband, who fled to Texas. The wife gathered their property together, followed her husband, was shipwrecked below New Orleans, and lost all. Her wants were supplied by kind persons at New Orleans, and she was forwarded by them to her destination, but soon died of cholera. Her husband went up into Missouri, and settled in a remote part of it to practise law; but with a remote suspicion that he was dogged by the relations of the man he had shot. One day he met a man muffled in a cloak, who engaged with him, shot him in both sides, and stabbed him with an Arkansas knife. The victim held off the knife from wounding him mortally till help came and his foe fled. The wounded man slowly recovered; but his right arm was so disabled as to compel him to postpone his schemes of revenge. He ascertained that his enemy had fled to Texas; followed him there; at length met him, one fine evening, riding with his double-barreled gun before him. They knew each other instantly; the double-barreled gun was raised and pointed, but before it could be fired, its owner fell from the saddle, shot dead like the brother he had sought to avenge. The murderer was flying up the river once more when I saw him, not doubting that he should again be dogged by some relation of the brothers he had shot. Some of the gentlemen on board believed that if he surrendered himself at Natchez, he would be let off with little or no punishment, and allowed to settle again in civilised society; but he was afraid of the gallows, and intended to join some fur company in the northwest, if he could, and if he failed in this, to make himself a chief of a tribe of wandering Indians."

SLAVES ON THE ROAD.

"We saw to-day the common sight of companies of slaves traveling westwards, and the very uncommon one of a party returning into South Carolina. When we overtook such a company proceeding westwards, and asked where they were going, the answer commonly given by the slaves was, 'Into Yellibama.' Sometimes these poor creatures were encamped, under the care of the slave-trader, on the banks of a clear stream, to spend a day in washing their clothes. Sometimes they were.

* "Mr. Richard Massey requests the pleasure of Mrs. Mikens and Miss Arthur's company, on Saturday evening, at seven o'clock, in Dr. Smith's long brick-store."

loitering along the road; the old folks and infants mounted on the top of a wagon-load of luggage, the able-bodied on foot, perhaps silent, perhaps laughing, the prettier of the girls perhaps with a flower in the hair and a lover's arm around her shoulder. There were wide differences in the air and gait of these people. It is usual to call the most depressed of them brutish in appearance. In some sense they are so; but I never saw in any brute an expression of countenance so low, so lost, as in the most degraded class of negroes. There is some life and intelligence in the countenance of every animal; even in that of 'the silly sheep,' nothing so dead as the vacant, unheeding look of the depressed slave is to be seen."

SLAVES AT HOME.

"We visited the negro quarter, a part of the estate which filled me with disgust wherever I went. It is something between a haunt of monkeys and a dwelling-place of human beings. The natural good taste so remarkable in free negroes is here extinguished. Their small, dingy, untidy houses, their cribs, the children crouching round the fire, the animal deportment of the grown-up, the brutish chagrins and enjoyments of the old, were all loathsome. There was some relief in seeing the children playing in the sun, and sometimes fowls clucking and strutting round the houses; but otherwise a walk through a lunatic asylum is far less painful than a visit to the slave quarter of an estate. The children are left during working hours in the charge of a woman; and they are bright, and brisk, and merry enough, for the season, however slow and stupid they may be destined to become."

A BACK WOOD PICTURE.

"One rainy October day, I saw a settler at work in the forest, on which he appeared to have just entered. His clearing looked, in comparison with the forest behind him, of about the size of a pin-cushion. He was standing up to the knees in water among the stubborn stumps and charred stems of dead trees. He was notching logs with his axe, beside his small log-hut and sty. There was swamp behind and swamp on each side, a pool of mud around each dead tree, which had been wont to drink the moisture. There was a semblance of a tumble-down fence; no orchard yet, no grave-yard, no poultry, none of the graces of fixed habitation had yet grown up. On looking back to catch a last view of the scene, I saw two little boys, about three and four years old, leading a horse home from the forest, one driving the animal behind with an armful of bush, and the other reaching upon tiptoe to keep his hold of the halter, and both looking as if they would be drowned in the swamp. If the mother was watching from the hut, she must have thought this strange dismal play for her little ones. The hard-working father must be toiling for his children, for the success of his after life can hardly atone to him for such a destitution of comfort as I saw him in the midst of. Many such scenes are passed on every road in the western parts of the states. They become cheering when the plough is seen, or a few sheep are straggling on the hill side, seeming lost in space."

PROFITS AND RISK IN ALABAMA.

"The profits of cotton-growing when I was in Alabama were thirty-five per cent. One planter whom I knew had bought fifteen thousand dollars' worth of land within two years, which he could then have sold for sixty-five thousand dollars. He expected to make that season fifty or sixty thousand dollars of his growing crop. It is certainly the place to become rich in; but the state of society is fearful. One of my hosts, a man of great good-nature, as he shows in the treatment of his slaves and in his family relations, had been stabbed in the back in the reading-room of the town two years before, and no prosecution was instituted. Another of my hosts carried loaded pistols for a fortnight, just before I arrived, knowing that he was lain in wait for by persons against whose illegal practices he had given information to a magistrate, whose carriage was therefore broken in pieces, and thrown into the river. A lawyer, with whom we were in company one afternoon, was sent for to take the deposition of a dying man who had been sitting with his family in the shade, when he received three balls in the back from three men who took aim at him from behind trees. The tales of jail-breaking and rescue were numberless; and a lady of Montgomery told me that she had lived there four years, during which time no day, she believed, had passed without some one's life having been attempted, either by duelling or assassination. It will be understood that I describe this region as presenting an extreme case of the material advantages and moral evils of a new settlement under the institution of slavery."

THE REAL VULGARITY OF AMERICA.

"The manners of the wealthy classes depend, of course, upon the character of their objects and interests; but they are not, on the whole, so agreeable as those of their less opulent neighbours. The restless ostentation of such as live for grandeur and show is vulgar; as I have said, the only vulgarity to be seen in the country. Nothing can exceed the display of it at watering-places. At Rockaway, on Long Island, I saw in one large room, while the company was waiting for dinner, a number of groups which would have made a good year's income for a clever caricaturist. If any lady, with an eye and a pencil adequate to the occasion, would sketch the phenomena of affectation that might be seen in one day in the piazza and drawing-room at Rockaway, she might be a useful censor of manners. But the task would be too full of sorrow and shame for any one with the true republican spirit. For my own part, I felt bewildered in such company. It was as if I had been set down on a kind of debatable land, between the wholly imaginary society of the so-called fashionable novels of late years, and the broad sketches of citizen-life given by Madame d'Arblay. It was like nothing real. When I saw the young ladies tricked out in the most expensive finery, flirting over the backgammon board, tripping affectedly across the room, languishing with a seventy-dollar cambric handkerchief, starting up in ecstasy at the entrance of a baby, the mothers as busy with affectations of another kind, and the brothers sidling hither and thither, now with assiduity and now with nonchalance, and no one imparting the refreshment of a natural countenance, movement, or tone, I almost doubted whether I was awake. The village scenes that I had witnessed rose up in strong contrast,—the mirthful wedding, the wagon-drives, the offerings of wild-flowers to the stranger, the uninterrmitting, simple courtesy of each to all; and it was scarcely credible that these contrasting scenes could both be existing in the same republic."

We had marked many more passages, instructive, amusing, illustrative, or graphically descriptive; but we must break off, and recommend the reader to *study* the work. He may judge of its value and its matter when we say that all that we have taken comes from a few sections, and that fully to convey an image of the book would require as many notices as it contains chapters.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"*The Adventures of Captain Bonneville;* or Scenes beyond the Rocky Mountains of the Far West," the new book by Washington Irving, has been published for some weeks in London. The ground traversed is much the same as that passed over by the founders of Astoria, and we are inclined to believe, from what we have read, that it possesses less general interest, and certainly less novelty, than its predecessor. It was published here last week. The third part of the life of Scott, too, will be forthcoming immediately.

Venetia.—Young D'Israeli, the author of Vivian Grey, Henrietta Temple, &c., has published a new novel, entitled "Venetia;" the beings attempted to be shadowed forth are Byron and Shelley, who are brought prominently on the scene; and their weaknesses and vices displayed without remorse, particularly those of the former; his daughter, too, and Lady Byron, with their most delicate and inward thoughts, are written down without much sense of propriety. The poet's mother also escapes not, and her violence and vulgarity are not extenuated. To make the matter more perfect, the scenes in the lives of Byron and Shelley are jumbled together, and attributed to each indiscriminately, as suits the purpose of the novelist.

Attila is the title of Mr. James's new romance in two volumes, fresh from the press of the Messrs. Harpers. These publishers seem to hope the deluge in which the literary world, no less than the mercantile, has been involved, is passing somewhat away. We have in addition from them this week, a new volume of

The Family Library, being the 82d. It consists of an historical account of the circumnavigation of the globe, and is illustrated with numerous engravings, not as well executed as in the English edition, or as well as we could wish,—but then *the price* how different; the reading matter is there, and the mind must suppose the engravings to answer the purpose.

Miss Martineau.—We have given so much space to-day to the review of Miss Martineau's book on America from the London Spectator, that we have little space left for our own remarks, in which we should disagree somewhat from the reviewer. She says that republican doctrines pervade even children, giving as evidence! that "A Sunday-school teacher asked a child 'Who killed Abel?' 'General Jackson.' Another enquired of a scholar, 'In what state were mankind left after the fall?' 'In the state of Vermont.'" This is the counterpart of the English story of an examination of a charity boy. "Whose child are you?" Boy—"The child of wrath." "Where were you born?" Boy—"In sin." On the topic of slavery our authoress has been well described as "rabid." The following are among her specimens of Americanisms:—

"We were often told that it was 'a dreadful fine day;' and a girl at a hotel pronounced my trumpet to be 'terrible handy.' In the back of Virginia these superlative expressions are the most rife. A man who was extremely ill, in agonising pain, sent for a friend to come to him. Before the friend arrived, the pain was relieved, but the patient felt much reduced by it. 'How do you find yourself?' enquired the friend. 'I'm powerful weak; but cruel easy.'"

"A dashing Kentuckian intimates to you the richness of the soil, saying, 'if you plant a nail at night, t'will come up a spike next morning.'"

What will the ladies say to the following?—

"The intellect of woman is confined. I met with immediate proof of this. Within ten days of my landing, I encountered three outrageous pedants among the ladies; and, in my progress through the country, I met with a greater variety and extent of female pedantry than the experience of a life-time in Europe would afford."

Family Interference.—The tale by Mrs. Abdy entitled "Family Interference," which occupies the pages of the Library to-day, may be read with profit by others than young married persons, to whom it is inscribed. We believe that though this species of annoyance assumes various garbs it is by no means uncommon; many have been destroyed by its influence, even though it has not been perceived, perhaps, by the victims. We think the tale will not only be profitable, but that it will greatly interest the reader. It is collected for the Library from five successive numbers of the London Metropolitan, in the May number of which it was concluded.

Mrs. Lockhart.—We find the annexed in the last London Literary Gazette:—

It is with sincere sorrow that we have to record the death, on the 17th, of this most amiable and accomplished lady; one so dearly connected with the literary feelings of the country. Mrs. Lockhart was the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, the wife of John Gibson Lockhart, Esq., and the mother of that child whose memory will long be preserved in the writings of his "Grandfather," addressed to him under the playful sobriquet of "John Littlejohn." The loss of Mrs. Lockhart at any time would have been a subject of heartfelt commiseration; but it seems to us to be rendered infinitely more poignant at this period, when the volumes

of her father's memoirs are making the public so intimately acquainted with the affecting share she had in all his domestic enjoyments, and her sweet and gentle ministration of every duty which could delight his hours of happy family intercouse, or soothe those later years which were touched with infirmity and decay. Few could charm the dull cold ear with Scotish minstrelsy so beautifully as Mrs. Lockhart; but that voice is now mute to which her fond father* so loved to listen. Her only sister preceded her to her grave. Mrs. Lockhart left two children, a son and a daughter.

Mr. Gilbart, who has previously written a valuable book on "Banks and Banking," published six or eight months since in London, and of which we have a copy, has just put forth another volume entitled, "The History of Banking in America, with an Enquiry how far the Banking Institutions of America are adapted to England; and a Review of the Causes of the Recent Pressure in the Money Market." In this new production he has committed the ludicrous mistake of informing his countrymen that the regulations regarding the banks in the state of New York are those of all the states! One of his objects is to attack the monopoly of the Bank of England. It may be well to inform those into whose hands the book may fall, that Mr. Gilbart is the manager of one of the most respectable joint-stock banks, said to be in active competition with the Bank of England; a circumstance which must have greatly influenced his views.

The Victims of Society.—This new novel, by the Countess of Blessington, was commenced in Waldie's Literary Omnibus last Friday. The following testimony to its merits is borne by the Metropolitan:—

"We read these excellent volumes through at once, eagerly though not hastily, pausing over those parts that required a deeper consideration, applauding much, and approving of the whole. Though it treats of modern manners, and of the frivolous actors on a frivolous though lofty stage, there is something very poetical, grand, and even awful in the construction of this tale. In its commencement it is blythe with creations, light, gay, and happy; the feast is crowned with mirth, wit sparkles, and there is a sort of graceful revelry among perfumes and flowers, but very early we see the serpent creeping from place to place, withering every thing by its trail. A blight falls on these bowers of joy, a wanness steals over the countenances of all, and, at last, the drama closes in an atmosphere darkened by horrors, and on a scene defiled by blood. Such is a general outline of the 'Victims of Society.' It is not only pathetic, but eminently tragic. The moral is blazoned forth with a fearful vividness—like the flash of lightning, felt through the closed, the wilfully closed, eyelids. It tells distinctly to even the deafened ear of the sensualist, that indiscretion almost always leads to vice, vice to crime, crime most certainly to a never-failing misery; and, that each is the more difficult to retrace, as it approaches the dread climax of wo that must terminate either in despair or death. But, to enter more into particulars, we must tell the reader that the "Victims of Society" are rather the victims of some of the errors that seem to be inseparable from it. Highly civilised society may be compared to a rich soil, and which, if it were not rich, could not produce so many goodly flowers and fruits, but this very richness will, and must, foster into a most rampant luxuriance, all poison-bearing weeds. To repress, if they cannot wholly eradicate, the latter, is the office of the divine, the legislator, and the moralist. Society itself is not to blame, if unfortunately, some be thrown into contact with its henbane and its nightshade. Society, strictly speaking, has no victims, but to the vices inherent on it there are very many. The whole scene of the story before us is laid in what is called high life.

"We will now speak of the merits of these volumes as a literary composition. With all our admiration of it, we must confess that it commences feebly, giving but little promise of the beauty and energy that is to follow. This story is told in letters, and advantageously told. So well and distinctly is the character of each writer preserved, that we know to whom the correspondence belongs by reading only the first sentence. The title is the worst, indeed the only, objectionable part of the work. Society is, throughout the volumes, nobly vindicated, whilst the vicious faction that is attached to it like a leprous sore, is courageously and energetically stigmatised. Is the countess right when she attributes the saying to Madame de Staël, that English society is like a pot of porter, the top all froth, and the bottom all dregs, whilst all it possessed of virtue was to be found in the middle? It is of no consequence, for it is not very true—not even *generally* true enough for an aphorism. English society is much more like a pine-apple not in the best state of preservation. The stem at the bottom, and the—but we see no just reason why we should throw away an excellent simile upon a notice even of Lady Blessington's spirited productions. We shall conclude by boldly stating, that, though the nature of her subject compelled the authoress to imbed many Gallicisms in her narration, no one writes English with greater purity and elegance."

The whole novel will be furnished to the subscribers of the Omnibus for about *twenty cents*. London price *six dollars*; American bookseller's *one dollar*, or nearly six months' subscription to the Omnibus.

The London Athenæum and other periodicals profess to be highly pleased and amused by "Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas." There is no accounting for taste.

Preventive of Hydrophobia.—An Ohio newspaper gives this short direction for preventing a dog becoming infected with hydrophobia, namely—cut off his tail close behind his ears!

LONDON LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We have much pleasure in mentioning, as a forthcoming publication, a volume by the Right Hon. Sir R. Wilmot Horton, Bart., Governor of Ceylon, under the title of Letters of the Dead: to which notes and an appendix will be added by the editor. Among the correspondents we find the names of Lord Grenville, Mr. Huskisson, Bishop Heber, Mr. Malthus, Mr. Simond of Geneva, and other eminently distinguished persons.

We learn that Mr. Haynes Bayly's novel, "Marriage Settlements," which has been delayed by his dangerous illness, is now completed, and on the eve of publication.

List of new books published in London to latest dates.

Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History, 24mo. Pictures of Private Life, 3d series, by S. Stickney. Central Society of Education, first publication, 12mo. Venetia, by the author of "Vivian Grey," 3 vols. post 8vo. Outlines of the Law, or Readings from Blackstone, &c., by R. Maugham, Esq. Three Voyages in the Black Sea, by the Chevalier Taitbout de Marigny, 8vo. Essay on Poisons, 7th edition, illustrated by 21 coloured plates, by Thomas Castle, M. D., 24mo. Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Germany and Belgium, by James Forbes, 8vo. Tasso's Jerusalem, translated by J. R. Broadhead, Esq., 2 vols. Family Prayers, by H. Cooke, D. D., 18mo. Ministerial Responsibility, by Rev. A. Dallas.

In the Press.

A new naval novel, under the title of "The Anchorite, or Ten Thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks," by the Old Sailor. New and Conclusive Natural Demonstrations, both of the Fact and Period of the Mosaic Deluge. Dr. Lindley's second and concluding volume of "Ladies' Botany." Horticultural Tour through Germany, Belgium, and France, by Mr. Forbes, author of "The Gardens and Grounds of Woburn Abbey." Lord Palmerston on the Civil War in Spain, and on the Policy of England. A Historical Account of the University of Cambridge and its Colleges, by B. D. Walsh, M. A. No. I. of Finden's and Ryall's Portraits of the Female Aristocracy of Great Britain, containing the Marchioness of Aylesbury, Lady Louisa Cavendish, and the Honourable Miss Cotton. Temples, Ancient and Modern; or Notes on Church Architecture, by William Bardewell, Architect. Voyages up the Mediterranean and in the Indian Seas, &c., by the late William Robinson. Eureka, a Prophesy of the Future, by the author of "Mephistopholes in England."

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* Such was the affection of Sir Walter Scott for his daughter, that he said, at her approaching union, "The man who marries that woman brings everlasting sunshine upon his house!"

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